

FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1839.

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VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1839.

No. CIX.

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M.DCCC.XXXIX.

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SPEECH

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SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, BART., M. P.

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JANUARY, 1839.

VOL. XIX.

DR. HOOK'S "CALL TO UNION"* ANSWERED.

THERE are different degrees and varieties of dishonesty, as well as of all other offences against the moral law. And it is very necessary to keep these distinctions in mind; else we might be understood to charge a man with one sort of misdemeanour, when, in fact, we had charged him with a very different one. There is the dishonesty, for instance, which wilfully misrepresents, and puts forward a false view of facts, intending to deceive. This we should be very loath to attribute to a Christian minister, save on the strongest evidence. We therefore wholly disclaim all idea of imputing such a transgression to Dr. Hook. But there is a lower degree of the same offence; and this is found when a man first contrives to deceive himself; and then, under the influence of that self-deception, sits down and fabricates a view of a certain question, so at variance with truth, so opposed to notorious fact, that it requires the exercise of a full portion of Christian charity to take him out of the first class just referred to, and to admit the possibility of his sincere belief in his own statements. This, however, is still dishonesty, though of a less culpable order. To frame, to write, to revise, to print, to put forth, statements not only not true, but the very reverse of the truth, cannot be entirely justified by the plea, that the author had first wrought his own mind up to a belief in them. He is morally bound, not merely to say what he *believes*, but to

say what is *true*; at least so far as the sources of truth lie within his reach. In this point of view, then, and as transgressing this second canon, we are compelled to accuse Dr. Hook of downright and positive DISHONESTY.

For what is the drift and object of his sermon? What is the impression it produces, and is meant to produce, on the minds of the susceptible and credulous among those who read it? Unquestionably this,—that there is a schism springing up in the church,—that the seeds of disunion are being spread,—that this schism and disunion is attributable to certain noisy and quarrelsome persons, who persist in writing and preaching against the *Tracts for the Times* and their authors; and that, consequently, the preacher's most urgent duty was to rebuke these factious and schismatic spirits; and to urge them to cease from their brawlings, and to "UNITE on the principles of the English Reformation."

His text is, "*Sirs, ye are brethren, —why do ye wrong one to another?*" (Acts, vii. 26.) Here is at once an implied assertion, that some of those to whom he spoke (and it was a visitation sermon) *were* "wronging their brethren." And, in following his argument closely, we perceive not the least trace of a wish to moderate—to admit error on both sides—to suggest a middle course. All is approval to the one side, and reproof and even contumely to the other. The sermon closes with this passage:—

* *A Call to Union on the Principles of the English Reformation.* By W. F. Hook, D.D. 8vo. London, 1838. Rivingtons.

"Remember, brethren, that if the propagation of evangelic truth be one portion of our duty, it is no less our duty, by the sacrifice of all personal considerations, by the humiliation of our proud, the restraint of our angry, the denial of our selfish passions—by the due control even of our better emotions—to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Remember, brethren, that our enemies are many and mighty: the two extremes of Romanism and Ultra-Protestantism are banded, together with infidelity, against us, and if, like Sampson's foxes, they are pulling different ways, the brands which are attached to them have one and the self-same object—our destruction. And is this a time to divide our house, and to form parties and factions? Is this the season for discord? Remember, brethren, the ties, the sacred ties, which bind us to one another: as men, we are all under the same condemnation, we are all heirs of the same corrupted nature, equally one and all children of wrath: as Christians, we seek for reconciliation with an offended Maker, through the atoning merits and the all-prevailing intercession of the same crucified, the same glorified Saviour, through the sanctification of the same Blessed Spirit: we worship the same God, the Trinity in Unity. We are brethren of the same household, with one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all; ministers of Christ acting under the same apostolical commission, pledged all to walk by the same rule, and to speak the same thing; bound all by the same vows, with interests, and pursuits, and duties, and privileges identical: where, I ask again, can Christian unanimity and harmony be found, if we find it not here? 'Sirs, ye are brethren;' oh, wrong not one another! 'Sirs, ye are brethren;' and your Master is praying in heaven that ye may be one, even as he is one with the Father: oh, seek not by your passions to frustrate his work! 'Sirs, ye are brethren:' as brethren let us act cordially together, and gradually our differences will lessen, our agreements will extend. Then shall we stand, a holy army, closely embodied together, prepared, with redoubled vigour, to prosecute our warfare against the powers of darkness,—and then we shall find how sweeter than the ointment with which Aaron was anointed, how refreshing, as the dews of Hermon, it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; then the peace of God will rest upon us—that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."—Pp. 43, 44.

And the notes add this further explanation:—

"Those who are called Low-Churchmen are the *assailants*; and in assailing High-Churchmen, they are, in fact, assailing our High-Church Reformers, and fighting the battle against them in favour of their old enemies, the Puritans. Surely, then, it is not much to ask, for the sake of peace, that if those who are on the strong side refrain from attacking, those who are, confessedly, so far as the Church and the English Reformers are concerned, on the weak side, should be equally forbearing."—Pp. 171, 172.

Here, then, is the charge fully and explicitly stated. Union is desired; harmony is anxiously to be sought for; but *those who break that union*, and who impair that harmony, are distinctly averred to be the "*low churchmen*;" in other words, those who feel themselves called upon to protest against the popery of the Oxford Tracts. Now, this accusation we must most deliberately and earnestly declare to be altogether *unfounded and calumnious*. The responsibility of the present breach of union rests palpably and indisputably on the Oxford Tract party, and on them *alone*.

Dr. Hook would fain represent them as quiet, unobtrusive people, who have proposed and attempted nothing new, and who are exceedingly ill-treated in being made the object of various attacks, and forced into an undesired and undesirable notoriety. Now, the justice and truth of this way of representing the matter may, perhaps, best be tested by imagining a parallel case, and applying it to Dr. Hook's own conscience and feelings.

Let Dr. Hook imagine himself quietly seated in a retired country town, where all is peace and harmony; and where he proceeds, undisturbed, in his daily walk, feeding his people with what he believes to be "the sincere milk of the word," unmingled with the acids of controversial discussion. After a long tranquillity, however, this calm is broken. Some new comer, perhaps, whether lay or clerical, but possessing property and influence, begins to write and circulate a series of "tracts." He writes one on the text, "*My Father is greater than I*;" in which he argues, in a very quiet and insinuating manner, that these words mean exactly what they appear to mean, and neither more or less. He then issues a second, on the text, "*Of that day and hour knoweth no man*,

—no, nor the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father." He merely recapitulates his former argument, doubling its strength by this second proof. He next produces a dexterous selection of passages from ancient writers, so arranged or contrived as to appear to support his views. And thus he proceeds, without noise or wrangling, silently to undermine the faith, and to unsettle the minds, of the inhabitants; and to shake, without any open opposition, the whole system of Christian doctrine in which it had been their pastor's constant effort to build them up.

Now we need not ask whether, on perceiving the growth of this mischief, Dr. Hook would immediately and strenuously oppose it? We know that he would. He could not, in fact, do otherwise. And we also apprehend that he would adopt the most open and manly plan; would frankly state who and what he was opposing, and would prefer a straightforward encounter, hand to hand, to any circumlocutory course of general declamation.

Imagine, then, a third party, a visitant, to come among them, and having some public opportunity of taking notice of these proceedings, to seize that opportunity to rebuke, not the propagator of false doctrine, but the defender of the truth! Imagine him lamenting the "want of union," the discord that prevailed; and concluding by regretting that he who ought to have been the minister of peace, had in this instance become "the assailant," and had shewn himself rather the wolf, to bite and devour, than the lamb, to endure with meekness and long-suffering.

Now, what would be Dr. Hook's reply to such an accusation as this? Would he not indignantly exclaim, "I deny that the term 'assailant' belongs to me at all? It is true, indeed, that I have preached and written against certain heretical publications. It is true, also, that I have done this openly and frankly, naming and describing the works to which I referred, and their author. But in all this I was merely fulfilling my bounden duty. I was not attacking, but repelling an attack, made on the doctrines of my church, and the faith of my people. This I dared not neglect to do;

and I cannot silently submit to be charged with creating strife and disorder, when I was merely discharging a clear and an unquestionable obligation."

Such would be Dr. Hook's reply. And yet, in a case exactly resembling this, in all essential particulars, he takes, himself, the office of the false accuser; overlooks those who began the discord by disseminating false doctrine, and charges the breach of unity on those who merely discharged their duty, by warning the people against the danger. The watchman "seeth the wolf coming," and, not being an hireling, he gives the alarm. Dr. Hook turns sharply upon him, and charges him with making an unseemly noise. But the word of God declares, that "if he [the watchman] see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."*

But can it be alleged, in defence of Dr. Hook, that he was not aware that this was the real state of the case; that he had merely seen various vehement attacks on the Oxford Tracts; and judged, from what he had read of the Tracts themselves, that they had not deserved such indignant reprobation?

This plea cannot be sustained. For the fact is, that while he unhesitatingly charges the contemners of the Oxford Tracts with being "the assailants," and with having created the discord and disunion which he laments, he admits his acquaintance with those publications of the Tract-writers, in which they explicitly admit that *they* are the assailing party!

Take, for instance, Mr. Froude's *Remains*, with which Dr. Hook acknowledges himself to be well acquainted. Mr. Froude is an unexceptionable witness to a fact like that in question; for he was himself one of the authors of the Oxford Tracts, and his *Remains* are published by Messrs. Keble and Newman, two others who are concerned in the production of that series. Now, what does Mr. Froude say, as to the actual position of the Oxford Tract-writers,—as to whether they were merely following the beaten track, or were opening new paths for

* Ezek. xxxiii. 3, 4.

themselves ; in other words, becoming "assailants" of the established faith of the church? He says :

"The first eclogue runs in my head absurdly ; but there is more in the prospect of becoming AN ECCLESIASTICAL AGITATOR, than in 'At nos hinc alii,' &c. — *Remains*, vol. i. p. 258.

"About acting as a party, and the *pros* and *cons*, &c.,—the Useful Knowledge Society have proved that the poisoning system may be carried on by a party."—P. 317.

"It has lately come into my head, that the present state of things in England makes an opening for reviving the monastic system.".... "I must go about the country, to look for the stray sheep of the true fold ; there are many about, I am sure ; only that odious Protestantism sticks in people's gizzards."—P. 322.

"Since I have been at home, I have been doing what I can to proselytise in an underhand way."—P. 322.

"I mean to have a touch at the king's supremacy."—P. 323.

"I wish you could get to know something of S. and W., and un—ise, un-Protestantise, un-Miltonise them."—P. 332.

"I am becoming a more and more determined admirer of the Nonjurors."—P. 363.

"Mind, send lots of tracts, for I shall try hard to poison the minds of the natives out here."—P. 365.

"Do you know, I partly fear that you and — and — are going to back out of the conspiracy, and to leave me and — to our fate."—P. 377.

"For my part, I had rather have had my orders from a Scotch bishop. The stream is purer, and, besides, it would have left me free from some embarrassing engagements."—P. 385.

"I am more and more indignant at the Protestant doctrine on the subject of the eucharist, and think that the principle on which it is founded is as proud, irreverent, and foolish as that of any heresy, even Socinianism."—P. 391.

"Would that the Nonjurors had kept up a succession ! and then we might have been at peace—proselytes, instead of agitators."—P. 395.

"The present Church system is an incubus on the country." "Would that the waters would throw up some Acheloides, where some new bishop might erect a see, beyond the blighting influence of our upas-tree."—P. 405.

"The Reformation was a limb badly set : it must be broken again, in order to be righted."—P. 433.

There! we should think that may satisfy the reader. We freely admit

that, in many of the expressions, there is a degree of jocoseness, and we have no wish to dwell particularly on their separate and individual meanings. But take the whole together, as all occurring within about a hundred pages of a single volume, and then say, Was it right, was it just, was it decent, in Dr. Hook, after having read all these confessions, to represent Messrs. Froude and Co. as mere passive adherents to the Church's system, and their opponents as "THE ASSAILING PARTY?"

But the true state of the case does not rest upon a single witness. We open the *British Magazine* for April, 1836. and there find a paper which Mr. Froude refers to as being the production of one of the parties in "the conspiracy." In that paper we observe the following expressions :—

"We can afford to give up the greater part of England to the spirit of the age, and yet *develope*, in a diocese, or a single city, those principles and tendencies of the Caroline era, which have never yet arrived at their just dimensions."—P. 357.

"This said union (of church and state) is much like the union of the Israelites with the Egyptians in the house of bondage. * * * We, too, who are in captivity, must bide our time."—P. 363.

"Hildebrand really had to create, as well as we."—P. 364.

"If master-minds are ever granted to us, they must make that basis their creed and their motive ; they must persevere for many years in preaching and teaching, before they proceed to act on their principles, introducing terms and names," &c.—P. 365.

Here we have several other distinct confessions, from the pen of one of the same party, all of which avow their conviction, that so far from resting content with the acknowledged principles and practices of the church, it was their grand object to effect a mighty change in both. And yet, when they are opposed in this their attempt, by men who prefer to adhere to the Articles to which they have set their names, Dr. Hook comes in with his *Call to Union*, and stigmatises, not the innovators, but those who protest against innovation, as disturbers of the church's peace!

We appeal, then, from Dr. Hook's extra-judicial decision. We might even appeal to the Oxford Tract-writers

themselves, who have not, as far as we are aware, sought to shelter themselves under a false pretence. They know, and they readily avow, that they are seeking to effect a vast, a momentous change in the church. Mr. Newman's own words are, that he expects "to be ill-used, and to *succeed*." The very word implies an enterprise, a crusade; and such is their constant language. But they equally admit the right and duty of all who look upon their course as a dangerous one for the church, to protest against it. "The Christian minister," says the 38th Tract, "SHOULD BE A WITNESS AGAINST THE ERRORS OF HIS DAY." The greatest, the most fearful "error of the day," in the view of thousands of the best of the clergy of the church, is that contained in the system enunciated in the *Tracts for the Times*. They, therefore, bear their testimony against them, as the Tract-writer himself says they are bound to do, and as they will continue to do, notwithstanding Dr. Hook's delusive *Call to Union*.

For, surely, Dr. Hook himself must know, that among honest men there can be no true and cordial union without unanimity; and, surely, he will not even imagine it possible for some thousands of the clergy of the English church to pocket their principles at a month's notice, and coalesce with men who are teaching what they conscientiously believe to be fearful and soul-destroying error. How often shall we be obliged to repeat the apostolic rule—"The wisdom which is from above, is first pure, then peaceable?" How often must we remind men that even the incipient Popery which was discernible in St. Paul's own days, was denominated by him "*the mystery of iniquity*," although we are very certain that it had not then attained to one-tenth of the growth and stature which is discernible in the Oxford Tracts?

But we are approaching the main question; and it will be wisest to state its character fully, before we ask for a decision on its merits. We have been endeavouring to shew, in the first place, that it was a most dishonest manœuvre on the part of Dr. Hook to endeavour to place the Protestant party in the position of aggressors and assailants, and the Oxford Tract-writers in that of passive, inoffensive, and ill-used persons; whereas, in fact, the

latter are, by their own confession, engaged in a crusade to effect a total change in the church, and those who object to them, ask for nothing more than that we should hold by our articles, homilies, creeds, and liturgy, neither adding to, nor taking from them.

This is our answer to Dr. Hook's unjust *Call to Union* (unjust, as addressed to the wrong party); but we have next to deal with his second assumption, which is contained in the remainder of his title, "*on the Principles of the English Reformation*."

The main drift of Dr. Hook's sermon is, to give a sketch of the system of the Oxford Tract-writers—to assume, and, as far as possible, to prove, the identity of their system with "the principles of the English Reformation"—and then to demand the adhesion of those who are now protesting against the "*Tracts for the Times*," on the score of that identity. His main positions, then, are two:—1. That the Tract-writers are the *assailed*, and not the *assailants*; and, 2. That they are maintaining, not opposing, the doctrines of the Reformation. The first of these positions we have already dealt with. We now proceed to the consideration of the second.

But we must not take our impression of the Oxford writers from Dr. Hook's pages. With all the dexterity of a practised advocate, he has carefully concealed the weaknesses and deformities of his clients' case, and has selected only such topics as admitted of a plausible defence. Not a word of prayers for the dead, saint-worship, the restoration of monkery, or the worship of the material cross, shall we find in this *Call to Union*! Whether this be a candid way of dealing with his readers, or not—whether it be a frank and straightforward proceeding, to profess to describe and set forth and prove a particular creed, and yet to keep out of sight many of the chief peculiarities of it, we leave to others to determine. One thing at least is clear, that should any one be attracted by Dr. Hook's account of Oxford-Tract doctrine, and led in consequence of that impression to join himself to the party in question, he will soon find that there is as much difference between the *portrait* and the *reality*, in this case, as he would have found had he taken up with Popery itself upon the representations of Dr. Wiseman!

We shall not, therefore, limit our

view to Dr. Hook's flattering portrait of "*Anglicanism*." He is not himself the head or the Corypheus of the party: he has merely volunteered a dexterous apology in their behalf. But their own declarations and reasonings are extant in abundance; and by them, and not by the partial representations of another, must they be judged. With those declarations and reasonings, then, we shall now proceed to deal; well knowing that it will be no difficult task to prove, out of their own mouths, that it is scarcely possible for any two systems to stand in more complete and perfect opposition to each other, than do the respective systems of the *Tracts for the Times*, and of the *English Reformers*.

And this comparison must not be limited, as in Dr. Hook's sermon, to a few secondary points, concerning the sacraments, the ritual, &c. The errors of the Oxford school are *fundamental*. We shall first notice one of their main objects, to which their strongest efforts are directed,—namely, to get rid of the Protestant rule of faith, and to substitute for it the Popish standard.

I. THE RULE OF FAITH with the Church of England has always been, the WORD OF GOD, without any admixture of the traditions of men. The Romanists are well aware, that so long as this is adhered to, there is no hope for them; and their first effort is therefore always directed (see *Wise-man's Lectures*) to the overthrow of the Protestant rule—the Bible only—and the establishment of a necessity for *something else*, to render the Bible intelligible. This something else is often called "tradition;" at other times, "antiquity;" at others, "the voice of the church, or "the church's teaching." But, under whatever guise it is introduced, the object is ever the same; to draw men away from the written word; and the end is also ever the same,—the establishment of Popery.

Now on this great cardinal point the language of the church is abundantly clear. Immediately after the confession of the Holy Trinity, and of the several persons in the Godhead, her articles go at once into this matter, and declare, in the most decided language, that

"Holy Scripture containeth ALL THINGS NECESSARY TO SALVATION; so that whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be be-

lieved as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

Here we have both the positive and the negative views of the question. "Holy Scripture containeth *all things* necessary to salvation." Here is the full sufficiency of the word of God. "Whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man," either as an article of faith, or even as "requisite to salvation!" Close up, then, your endless folios of the fathers, and take away your "proofs from antiquity" of prayers for the dead, prayers to the saints, the sacrifice of the mass, the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, and all the other corruptions of Popery. The language of the church is explicit. Prove these doctrines from the word of God, or be silent. If they cannot be founded on that authority, "they are *not to be required of any man*," either as articles of faith, or as requisite to salvation.

But the church goes still further. She places this question in the very front of her homilies; and there, also, she gives us not only advice, but also cautions.

"Let us diligently search for the well of life in the books of the Old and New Testament; and *not run to the stinking puddle of men's traditions* for our justification and salvation. For in the Holy Scripture is fully contained what we ought to do, and what to eschew,—what to believe, what to love, and what to look for."

And again does she return to the subject, in a homily on *certain places of the Holy Scripture*. On this topic, which would nowadays be entitled *Scripture Difficulties*, there can be no doubt that either Papists or Oxford Tract-writers would be most ready to seize the opportunity of sending us to "antiquity," or "the judgment of the church," for a resolution of all difficulties. Our reformers, however, do nothing of the kind; and most expressive is their abstinence from all advice of this description. They ask,

"Shall we Christian men think to learn the knowledge of God and of ourselves, in *any earthly man's work or writing*, sooner and better than in the Holy Scriptures, written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost?"

The writers of the *Tracts for the Times*, however, plainly state their preference for the Collects, rather than the Articles.

"The Liturgy," they say, "as coming down from the apostles, is the depository of their complete teaching; while the articles are polemical, and, for the most part, only protests against certain definite errors."—*Tract xli.*

Let us take, then, the second collect in the Prayer-book, and we find that it runs as follows:—

"Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning: Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Thus, uniformly, and without the least exception, the language of the church, in her articles, homilies, and liturgy, declares, that the only rule and standard of faith is the word of God, without the least mixture or connexion with any human writings.

But if the testimony of the church is clear and unhesitating on this point, equally unequivocal is the doctrine of the Oxford Tracts, in an exactly opposite direction. The grand fundamental principle of the reformation is nicknamed "ultra-Protestantism;" and we are told,

"True, the intelligible argument of ultra-Protestantism may be taken, and we may say, 'The Bible, and nothing but the Bible;' but this is an unthankful rejection of another great gift, *equally from God*, such as no true Anglican can tolerate."—No. lxxi. p. 8.

In another place we find a friend described, as

"One of those, who, feeling strongly the inadequacy of their own intellects to gauge them into religious truth, are prepared to throw themselves unreservedly on revelation, *wherever found*—in Scripture or Antiquity."—*Brit. Critic*, Jan. 1838, p. 224.

But, in fact, the whole frame-work of the Oxford-Tract-system hangs on what they call "Antiquity." Take away from them the constant reference to the fathers, and confine them within the limits prescribed by the sixth article, and their theory vanishes like an edifice of snow. Let it, however, suffice to say, that neither in the articles, homilies, nor liturgy of the church, is there the least countenance for that which forms the basis of their system,—the necessity of "antiquity," or "tra-

dition," or "the voice of the Church," to *complete*, if not to *form*, the Rule of Faith.

II. But we proceed from the Record itself, to the contents of that Record. And first of that which is the grand and central doctrine of Christianity, the chief topic of the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation,—the ATONEMENT.

The tendencies of the Oxford school are not towards Socinianism. They have not, therefore, shewed the least wish to *get rid* of this great doctrine. So far as this point is concerned, they are wholly clear of *doctrinal heresy*. Their fault lies, in this, as in all other points, in following the Church of Rome, which never denies or questions the doctrine of the Atonement, but merely *keeps it out of sight*.

Rome has ever retained an outward shew of reverence for this doctrine. She has her crucifixes, her "Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," and what not: but amidst all this, where is the Atonement of Christ ever brought forward in that church, as the grand hope of a sinner, the alone refuge of the desponding penitent? On the contrary, is not the Virgin, the patron saint, the mass, the priest's absolution,—are not these, one or all of them, constantly thrust between Christ and the sinner, and in this way the scriptural hope of the Gospel rendered for none effect?

Exactly in the same line are the writers of the Oxford Tracts now proceeding. Three or four years back, Mr. Newman, one of the leaders of this sect, thus described the practice of the Christian church in the fourth century, and described it approvingly:

"Even to the last, they (the catechumens) were granted nothing beyond a formal and general account of the articles of the Christian faith; the exact and fully developed doctrines of the Trinity, and the Incarnation, and, *still more*, the doctrine of the Atonement, as once made upon the cross, and commemorated and appropriated in the eucharist, being the *exclusive possession* of the serious and practised Christian."

And, following up this idea, a whole tract, No. 80, has lately been devoted to the consideration of the duty "of Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge." The writer, after much circumlocution, comes at last to this point:

"We now proceed to the consideration of a subject most important in this point of view,—the prevailing notion of bringing forward the Atonement *explicitly and prominently* on all occasions. (The boldness of what follows is quite startling.) It is evidently quite opposed to what we consider the teaching of Scripture, nor do we find any sanction for it in the Gospels. If the epistles of St. Paul appear to favour it, it is only at first sight."—P. 74.

This last astounding assertion is maintained by arguing, that when Paul says, "*I was determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified,*"—"it is our being crucified to the world, it is our humiliation together with him," that Paul meant! A more extraordinary perversion of a text of Scripture we never saw. We need not dwell upon one or two texts: let any one read St. Paul's sermons in Acts, xiii. xvii.; or the following chapters of his epistles: Romans, vii.; Galatians, iii.; Ephesians, i. ii.; Philippians, iii.; Colossians, i. ii.; and then say whether Paul ever failed to bring forward this great central doctrine of the Gospel whenever an opportunity was afforded him!

But our comparison is to be with the doctrines of the Reformers. These we shall always gather, whenever it is possible to do so, from those formularies of the church which were handed down to us from the Reformation. In the present case, the question is, Did the Reformers, in framing our articles, liturgy, and homilies, shew the least accordance with this sentiment of the Tract-writer,—that "to bring forward the Atonement explicitly and prominently was opposed to the teaching of Scripture?"

So far from it, that it is quite impossible to be for a single hour under the church's teaching without having this grand doctrine pressed upon you, not cautiously or incidentally, but fully, and in a variety of forms! Enter a church, you have the Atonement in the creeds, in the Te Deum, in the litany, and by the careful selection and constant use of every chapter of the Bible which sets forth this doctrine. An infant is brought for baptism, and all concerned are again made to understand, that it is by the virtue of Christ's death alone that Regeneration is to be obtained. So soon as the child can speak, he is to be instructed in the

Catechism, where the same great truth is without the least hesitation set before him. And not only so, but the church enjoins the parents to take care that he shall "hear sermons;" and she has accordingly provided a set of most admirable models for this purpose.

The book of Homilies is the most full and satisfactory developement that we could possibly desire, of the actual "principles of the English Reformation." The chief of those specimens of Protestant theology proceeded from the pens of Cranmer and his associates in the work of Reformation. The first book was published by the authority of Edward VI., the second by that of Elizabeth; and both were explicitly recognised in the 35th article, as containing "godly and wholesome doctrine." And what is the tenor of these books, as to the question now before us?

The first matter treated of, in the first book, is the authority of Holy Scripture,—a point which evidently required to be settled before any instruction could be drawn from those sacred writings. This question having been discussed, the preacher goes at once to the root of the matter, devoting his next homily to the condition of man by nature; and then immediately comes to a full declaration of the Gospel, in a beautiful treatise on *the salvation of mankind by Christ our Saviour*. The very first paragraph in this homily closes thus:

"It is our part and duty ever to remember the great mercy of God,—how that—all the world being wrapped in sin by breaking of the law—God sent his only Son, our Saviour Christ, into the world to fulfil the law for us; and, by shedding his most precious blood, to make a sacrifice and satisfaction to his Father for our sins, to assuage his wrath and indignation conceived against us for the same."

This homily was written by Cranmer. It was "set forth" by the whole body of the English Reformers in Edward's reign; and again, after Cranmer's death, in Elizabeth's reign. It was composed and published, not as a mere record of principles, but as a discourse *ordered to be actually read*, and which was actually read, to the whole population, by continual use in all the churches. This fact (though, indeed, the Book of Homilies would, if necessary, furnish us with a thousand others)

—this fact, added to the whole tenour of the church's services—will, we should suppose, be considered sufficient to decide the question, whether or not the opinion of the Tract-writers, that "the doctrine of the Atonement should not be brought *explicitly and prominently forward*," is in agreement with "the principles of the English Reformation."

III. The next point to which we shall direct our attention is, that doctrine—closely allied to the last—which has been described as the test of a rising or a falling church,—the doctrine of "JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH."

Equal care has the church taken, in this as in the former case, to make her doctrines clearly known. She gives one article to this subject, and therein, not to be misunderstood, she refers directly to Archbishop Cranmer's Homily for a fuller elucidation. The article runs thus :

"We are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and not for our own works, or deservings. Wherefore, that we are justified by faith only, is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the homily of justification."

Turning, then, to the homily, we find its venerable author evidently labouring under the greatest anxiety to express himself so clearly, so fully, and so emphatically, as to leave no possible way by which the unwilling listener might escape him. Let us hear how he returns again and again to the subject.

"The apostle touches specially three things, which must go together in our justification. Upon God's part, his great mercy and grace : upon Christ's part, justice ; that is, the satisfaction of God's justice, or the price of our redemption, by the offering of his body, and shedding of his blood, with fulfilling of the law perfectly and thoroughly : and on our part, *true and lively faith in the merits of Jesus Christ* ; which yet is not ours, but by God's working in us."

"And therefore St. Paul declareth here nothing, upon the behalf of a man, concerning his justification, but *only a true and lively faith*."

"Three things are required to the obtaining of our righteousness ; that is, God's mercy, Christ's justice, and a *true and lively faith* ; out of which faith spring good works."

"And after this wise to be justified,

only by this true and lively faith in Christ, speak all the old and ancient authors."

"By the law all men are condemned, whereupon it followeth necessarily, that some other thing should be required for our salvation than the law ; and that is, a *true and lively faith in Christ*, bringing forth good works."

"Because faith doth directly send us to Christ for remission of our sins ; and that, by faith given us of God, we embrace the promise of God's mercy, and of the remission of our sins, therefore the Scripture useth to say, that faith without works doth justify."

"Here you have heard the office of God in our justification ; and how we receive it of him freely, by his mercy, without our deserts, *through true and lively faith*."

Such was Cranmer's Homily. These seven passages might be doubled, or trebled, could we stay to copy all expressions of a similar kind which occur in it. We will only add one more proof of the "principles of the English Reformation," on this great doctrine, and that shall be taken from a later homily, one of the second book, *on the Passion*. Language more explicit and expressive could scarcely be imagined.

"As it profiteth a man nothing to have salve, unless it be well applied to the part infected ; so the death of Christ shall stand us in no force, unless we apply it to ourselves in such sort as God hath appointed. Almighty God commonly worketh by means ; and in this thing he hath also ordained a *certain mean*, whereby we take fruit and profit to our soul's health.

"*What mean is that ?* Forsooth, it is FAITH. Not an inconstant or wavering faith ; but a sure, stedfast, grounded, and unfeigned faith. God sent his son into the world, saith St. John. To what end ? That *whosoever believeth in him* should not perish, but have everlasting life. Mark the words : 'That *whosoever believeth in him*.' Here is the mean whereby we must apply the fruits of Christ's death unto our deadly wound. Here is the mean whereby we must obtain eternal life, namely, faith. * * *

"To conclude with the words of St. Paul, which are these : 'Christ is the end of the law unto salvation for every one that doth believe.' By this, then, you may well perceive, that the *only mean and instrument of salvation* required, on our parts, is FAITH."

Such, then, are the "principles of the English Reformation," on this most important point. Now, let us ask, What are the views of the Oxford

sect, touching this same matter? And here we have the advantage of dealing, not merely with an anonymous tract, but with a complete treatise, recently put forth on this subject by one who is an acknowledged leader of the party. Mr. Newman's *Lectures on Justification* announce the following views:

"That justification is the application of Christ's merits to the individual"—"will not be denied by English divines. Moreover, it will be agreed that his merits are not communicated, or a saving interest secured, except through an instrument divinely appointed. Such an instrument there must be, if man is to take part in the appropriation supposed; and it must be divinely appointed, since it is to convey what God only dispenses."

"All parties seem to agree as far as this; but when we go on to inquire what it is which God has made His instrument, then, as I said, we find ourselves upon the main subject of dispute between ourselves and the strict followers of the German reformer. Our church considers it to be the *Sacrament of Baptism*; they consider it to be *Faith*."—Pp. 3, 4.

"A theology which differs from our own in considering that faith, and not baptism, is the primary instrument of justification."—P. 31.

"The instrument of our righteousness, I would maintain, is *holy baptism*."—P. 146.

"Christians are justified by the communication of an inward, most sacred, and most mysterious gift. From the very time of baptism they are temples of the Holy Ghost."—P. 167.

Now, in thus flatly contradicting the very words of the homily, Mr. Newman could not but be aware that he was revealing his anti-Protestant leanings somewhat hazardingly. He therefore boldly grapples with the difficulty; and first strives to raise baptism to an equality with faith, and then to exalt it to a superiority.

"There is nothing inconsistent, then, in faith being the sole instrument of justification, and yet baptism also the sole instrument, and that at the same time, because in different senses."—P. 259.

But there is something inconsistent in a churchman's starting such a paradox, inasmuch as the church has declared faith to be the sole instrument some dozen times, and baptism not once! But we advance one step more, and find baptism raised to an entire supremacy over faith.

"Faith, then, being the appointed representative of baptism, derives its authority and virtue from that which it represents. It is justifying, *because of baptism*; it is the faith of the baptised, of the regenerate, of the justified. Faith does not precede justification; but justification precedes faith, and makes it justifying. And here lies the cardinal mistake of the views on the subject now in esteem. They make faith the sole instrument, not after baptism, but before; whereas baptism is the primary instrument, and creates faith to be what it is, and otherwise is not, giving it power and rank, and constituting it as its own successor."—P. 260.

This sort of reasoning, which would prove black to be white, and effects to be, in all cases, the forerunners of causes, may possibly succeed with the neophytes of the new sect. But any one who really studies the homilies for himself, will observe that this same homily—which Mr. Newman first quotes, and then distorts—sends him at once to the 4th of Romans, where stands the authoritative contradiction of Mr. Newman's fiction.

"We say that faith was reckoned to Abraham for righteousness. How was it then reckoned? When he was in circumcision, or in uncircumcision? Not in circumcision, but in uncircumcision. And he received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness which he had yet BEING UNCIRCUMCISED."—Rom. iv. 9-11.

Here, in St. Paul's own words, is the order propounded by Mr. Newman exactly reversed. Mr. N. says that the sacrament precedes faith, calls faith into being, and then "constitutes it as its successor." St. Paul says, that Abraham's faith preceded the sacrament; secured his justification without the sacrament; and that the sacrament was merely added as a seal of the righteousness which the patriarch already possessed. But the book of homilies, illustrates the truth by another example. The *Sermon on Good Works* observes,

"I can shew a man that, by faith without works, lived, and came to heaven; but, without faith, never man had life. The thief that was hanged when Christ suffered, believed only, and the most merciful God justified him. * * * Thus, faith by itself saved him; but works by themselves never justified any man."

As truly may we add, faith, *without baptism*, has saved, and is now daily

saving, thousands; while baptism, without faith, has left, and is now leaving, millions in their natural state of wrath and condemnation.

On Justification, then, as on the preaching of the Atonement, the system of the Oxford Tract-writers is in the most direct opposition to "the principles of the English Reformation."

We pass on to the consideration of the sacraments, and begin with

IV. BAPTISM. — Here we arrive at what may be called the central point of the Oxford system. The atonement, the distinctive doctrine of Christianity, they judge it safest to keep in silence and reserve. Justification they reduce to nothing more than a phase of, or denomination for, baptism; and, in fact, this one ordinance, Baptism, is made, with them, the point on which every thing else turns.

This probably arises from a feeling that their main strength lies in this direction. We admit that the church is weakest, and most open to misconception, on this point. But to judge accurately of this point, we must consult those of her formularies which date from the times of the reformation. These we will now quote.

In the office for the baptism of infants, the persons presenting a child are led to pray:—

"Give thy Holy Spirit to this infant, that he may be born again, and be made an heir of everlasting salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

They are then addressed as follows:—

"Dearly beloved, ye have brought this child here to be baptised; ye have prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would vouchsafe to receive him; to release him of all his sins; to sanctify him with the Holy Ghost; to give him the kingdom of heaven, and everlasting life."

"This infant must also faithfully, for his part, promise by you, that are his sureties, that he will renounce the devil and all his works, and constantly believe God's holy word, and obediently keep his commandments."

This pledge being publicly given, the rite is administered; and then the priest invites all present to thanksgiving, in these words, on the precise force and meaning of which the question now raised mainly turns:—

"Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ's church, let us give thanks," &c.

The ground of controversy, then, arises out of these words. The church speaks of the child as "regenerate." Does he do so *in the judgment of charity*?—in the same spirit in which the burial-service and other of her forms of prayer are constructed?—or does she mean to assert, positively, and without reservation, that every infant who is brought to her font, and receives baptism, is, *ipso facto*, born again, and translated from a state of wrath into "the kingdom of God's dear son?"

To decide this question, we must refer to the Articles; and must also call in the evidence of those by whom those Articles were framed.

The XXVth Article declares of the Sacraments, that

"In such only as worthily receive the same, they have a wholesome effect or operation."

The XXVIth further explains, that

"The unworthiness of the minister hinders not the effect of the sacraments, to such as by faith, and rightly, do receive the same."

In the XXVIIth, baptism is declared to be, not regeneration, but

"A sign of regeneration, or the new birth, whereby as by an instrument, they that receive baptism rightly are grafted into the church."

And in the XXVIIIth, the supper of the Lord is stated to be

"A sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death, inasmuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith, receive the same, the bread which we break is a communion of the body of Christ," &c.

Thus we find the stress laid, in every case, not on the mere formal use, but on the *right reception*, of the sacrament. And that which renders such reception a *right* reception is declared to be FAITH. Now, there can be no doubt that many, nay, multitudes, who receive the sacrament of baptism in their infancy, can neither refer to the faith of their sponsors, nor of the officiating minister, nor of any other person concerned in the ceremony. Faith was altogether absent: where, then, is the "right reception" upon which the articles lay so great a stress?

But lest any doubt should rest upon the real meaning of the language of the articles, we may as well refer to the recorded views of those who framed both the articles and the services. A few extracts may suffice.

In Cranmer's book on the sacraments (book iv. c. vii.), he says :

"In sacraments, saith St. Austin, is to be considered, not what they be, but what they *shew* ; for they be *signs* of other things,—being one thing, and signifying another. Therefore, as in baptism, those that come feignedly, and those that come unfeignedly, both be washed with the sacramental water, *but both be not washed with the Holy Ghost, and clothed with Christ* ; so in the Lord's supper," &c.

Latimer thus agrees with his archbishop :

"Except a man be born again from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God. He must have a regeneration ; and what is this regeneration ? *It is not to be christened in water, and nothing else.* How is it to be expounded, then ? Saith St. Peter, we be born again. How ? 'Not by a mortal seed, but by an immortal.' What is this immortal seed ? 'By the word of the living God ;' by the word of God preached and opened. *Thus cometh in our new birth.*"—Vol. i. p. 72.

So follows Bishop Hooper, a third episcopal martyr and witness :

"Although baptism be a sacrament to be received, and honourably used of all men, *yet it sanctifieth no man.* And such as do attribute the remission of sins to the external sign, do offend."

We will only adduce one more witness, Bishop Jewell, the great defender of the Reformation. He observes (in his answer to Harding) that :

"Even in St. Paul's time there were certain, that, of like *superstition*, began to baptize the dead. They thought that the outward work of baptism itself, only because it was done, was sufficient to remit sins."

The bishop also quotes St. Augustine to this effect :

"Christ saith not, Ye are clean for the baptism wherewith ye are washed ; but for the word's sake that I have spoken to you."

And he adds the strong opinion :

"Verily, to ascribe felicity, or the remission of sins, which is the inward work of the Holy Ghost, unto any manner of outward action whatsoever, is a superstitious, a gross, and a Jewish error."—Pp. 594–600.

Now, in the face of all these testimonies, let us see what the *Tracts for the Times*, which Dr. Hook puts forward as maintaining "the principles of

the English Reformation,"—let us see what these tell us of the power and virtue of baptism. Many are the various statements of this doctrine which the writings of this sect would furnish ; but perhaps one, of a late date, may suffice. In No. 76 (p. 1) this passage will be found :

"By the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is meant, first, that the sacrament of baptism is not a mere sign or promise, but actually a means of grace, an instrument, by which, when rightly received, the soul is admitted to the benefits of Christ's atonement, such as the forgiveness of sins, original and actual, reconciliation to God, a new nature, adoption, citizenship in Christ's kingdom, and the inheritance of heaven,—in a word, regeneration. And next, baptism is considered to be rightly received, when there is no positive obstacle or hinderance to the reception in the recipient, such as impenitence or unbelief would be in the case of an adult ; so that infants are necessarily right recipients of it, as not being yet capable of actual sin."

Now, we desire to avoid exaggeration, and "even the appearance of evil." But this Oxford Tract doctrine can only be thoroughly understood, in its whole length and breadth of monstrosity, by bringing it to the test of actual fact.

The younger son of a fox-hunting squire, who has just been inducted to a family living, rings his bell immediately breakfast is despatched, and orders his groom to bring his horse round instantly, or he shall be too late to meet the hounds. "But, please, sir, you must stop a few minutes, for here be Thomas Jones and Betty Sparkes, with the constable, who wants you to be so good as to marry them, and to christen their child."

Muttering something between his teeth, the young rector hastily flings his surplice over his hunting-vest, and almost runs into the church. There, in about seven minutes, he manages to scramble through both services, flings his surplice to the sexton, leaps up, and gallops off.

The father has been sullen from the compulsion used, and half stupid with beer. The mother's whole attention has been given to her half-starved and fretful child. The sexton has volunteered all the responses ; and the miserable couple, who have been supposed to pledge their child to forsake the world, the flesh, and the devil,

know and care nothing of what has been done, *except its legal consequences.*

Yet is this child, the offspring of gross sin, forced to the font by the overseer and the constable, unblest by one word of real prayer, either by the minister, the father, or the mother—yet is this child declared by these new theologians to be, by virtue of this horrible profanation, "admitted to the benefits of Christ's atonement; such as the forgiveness of sins, original and actual, reconciliation to God, a *new nature, adoption, citizenship in Christ's kingdom, and the inheritance of heaven*—in a word, REGENERATION."

So appalling a proposition ought, unquestionably, to be supported by the most invincible proofs, Scripture, assuredly, tells us nothing of the kind. The framers of our articles and homilies declare, as we have seen, the very contrary. How, then, does the writer of Tract No. 76 support his averments?

By one or two misapplied quotations from Jewel and Hooker, apparently inserted to make a shew, inasmuch as they do not prove his principle,—and then, by a large bundle of extracts from such writers as Laud, Bramhall, Hammond, Heylin, Allestree, Thorndike, Sharp, Jenkin, Potter, Nelson, Hickee, Bingham, Skelton, Jebb, and Mant! He then adds, "It would be very easy to extend this list;" of which, if *such* writers are to be reckoned authorities, there can be little doubt!

But where, amidst all this, is the supposition, that in these *Tracts for the Times* we should find "the principles of the English Reformation?" The principles of the English Reformation! The principles of the English Reformation, as far as baptism is concerned, are, as we have just shewn, at the very antipodes of this monstrous system.

Dr. Hook, however, comes to their aid, with two or three passages from Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; which bear an *appearance* of sustaining the Tract-doctrine. But it is only an appearance. Cranmer says, "Christ hath ordained one *visible sacrament* of spiritual regeneration in water, and another *visible sacrament* of spiritual nourishment in bread and wine." Ridley says, that "the bread, indeed, *sacramentally*, is changed into the body of Christ, as the water in baptism is *sacramentally* changed into the fountain of regeneration." Latimer says, that "this

sacrament of baptism is a thing of great weight; for it ascertaineth and assureth us, that like as the water washeth the body and cleanseth it, so the blood of Christ our Saviour cleanseth and washeth from all filth and uncleanness of sin."

In all these passages, the venerable writers are evidently lauding the sacraments, not unwisely or unduly, but without stopping in these places to furnish accurate definitions and reservations. But in the articles we have already seen how these same men state the doctrine, when strict accuracy is required. "In *such only as worthily receive* the sacraments, they have a wholesome effect or operation." "The grace of God's gifts" belongs to "such as *by faith, and rightly, do receive* the sacraments." "They that *receive baptism rightly* are grafted into the church." "Such as be *void of a lively faith*" "are in *no wise* partakers of Christ, but rather to *their condemnation* do eat and drink the *sign or sacrament* of so great a thing."

To this deliberate judgment of the church, then, we bring the fact of an outward baptism in which *all parties* are "void of a lively faith." And we say that in such a case the judgment of the church clearly is, that there has been no "worthy" or "right" reception; and, consequently, no grace conveyed.

The last passage quoted by Dr. Hook, and with great triumph, is one from Mr. Simeon; in which Mr. S., in defending the baptismal service, shews that there are several passages of Scripture which bear out its language. Dr. Hook, with more adroitness than candour, presses Mr. Simeon, without hesitation, into his service, as a witness in favour of the Oxford Tracts. He says:

"I venture to quote this as one of the most lucid expositions, and one of the most scriptural vindications, of the doctrine of regeneration, as held by our English reformers—and *for holding which* so much abuse is heaped upon those who are designated High Churchmen,—that has fallen under my notice."

Now, would it not have been rather more *honest* on the part of Dr. Hook, to have apprised his readers of the important fact, that although Mr. Simeon maintains baptismal regeneration, and the Oxford Tracts maintain baptismal regeneration, yet the baptismal regeneration of the one is *wholly different* from the baptismal regeneration of the other? Mr. Simeon, finding the term

"regeneration" in our baptismal service, and setting himself to defend that service, remarks that—

"After thanking God for regenerating this infant by his Holy Spirit, we are taught to pray 'that he, being dead unto sin and living unto righteousness, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin;' and then, declaring the total change to be the necessary mean of his obtaining salvation, we add, 'so that, finally with the residue of the Holy Church, he may be an inheritor of thine everlasting kingdom.'"

But *this* is not the baptismal regeneration of the Tract, No. 76. That Tract declares, unreservedly, that every baptised infant, without exception, "is admitted to the benefits of Christ's atonement; the forgiveness of sins, reconciliation to God, a new nature, adoption, citizenship in Christ's kingdom, and the inheritance of heaven." If any one had put the question in *this* form to Mr. Simeon, he would instantly have repudiated such a doctrine. Yet, upon the strength of an apology for the baptismal service, he is dragged forward as a witness in favour of the monstrous doctrine of these Oxford Tracts! Such is the advantage that an adroit controversialist know how to take of a deceased author!

V. Touching the other sacrament, COMMUNION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER, it will not be necessary for us to say much. The writers in question frankly admit their entire opposition to the church on this point. They acknowledge, without disguise, that they decidedly prefer "the Mass" to "the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

The ground deliberately taken by our English reformers will be best understood, by a few moments' consideration of what they actually did, in the matter of the eucharistic service. That service, like all other things which had passed through the defiling hands of the apostate church, had to be "reformed." In what did that reform chiefly consist?

It consisted almost solely of omissions, of purifications. The compilers of the Common Prayer-book settled this service by the simple mode of clearing away all the passages which spoke of an *altar*, of a *sacrifice*, or of the *offering up* that sacrifice to the Father. Every trace of these views of the sacrament was eradicated; and thus the communion-service became, once more, what our Lord and his apostles left it.

A few minutes' examination of that service will shew how carefully the extrusion of these objectionable terms was carried on. From the opening to the close, including the rubric, the expression "the table," "the Lord's table," occurs no fewer than *fourteen* times; the word "altar" not once. The word "sacrifice" is used but twice, and then not with reference to the bread and wine;—once referring to the communicants, "We offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively *sacrifice* unto thee;"—and once to the Saviour: "who made there (by his one oblation of himself *once offered*) a full, perfect, and sufficient *sacrifice*," &c. The sacramental elements are constantly, both before and *after* the consecration, termed "the bread and wine;" and the whole closes with a declaration that "the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substance, and therefore may not be adored; and the natural body and blood of our Saviour, Christ, *are in heaven, and not here.*"

Now, it is very necessary that, in observing these things, we should bear in mind, that the communion service was not a *new* composition, framed by our reformers in such and such words, and which they might just as easily have cast in other phraseology, if it had occurred to them. The omission of the Romish terms is most determined and emphatic. The service is an ancient service; it descended down to our reformers, filled with idolatrous corruptions. Every where it was filled with "altar," and "sacrifice," and "the body and blood," and the "offering up," and the "adoration." The entire and total exclusion of all this furniture of transubstantiation was as complete a protest, as full a declaration of their sentiments, as the reformers could possibly give.

So complete, indeed, that it seems hardly necessary to add any further proof. Yet a few sentences from the Articles and Homilies may be given.

The 31st Article plainly says, that

"The *sacrifices* of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were BLASPHEMOUS FABLES AND DANGEROUS DECEITS."

Stronger language than this, our

Reformers have nowhere used. In the homilies for *Whitsunday*, and on the *Sacrament*, they sustain it:—

"For this is to stick fast to Christ's promise made in his institution, to make Christ thine own, and to apply his merits unto thyself. Herein thou needest no other man's help; no other sacrifice, or oblation; no sacrificing priest; no mass; no means established by man's invention."

"Christ commended to his church a sacrament of his body and blood. They (the Romanists) have changed it into a sacrifice for the quick and the dead."

Language so explicit cannot be perverted or evaded. The *Oxford Tract-writers* are therefore driven, in this instance, to a candid confession, that they utterly dislike and mourn over the service and the doctrine of the church, in this matter. Mr. Froude says:—

"I am more and more indignant at the Protestant doctrine on the subject of the eucharist, and think that the principle on which it is founded is as proud, irreverent, and foolish, as that of any heresy, even SOCINIANISM!"—*Remains*, vol. i., p. 391.

Now, this sentiment, be it remembered, was published by Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble, *without a word of dissent*. But, being called upon by Dr. Faussett, Mr. Newman publishes the following defence and reassertion of Mr. Froude's view:—

"At the time of the reformation, we, in common with all the West, possessed the rite of the Roman church, or St. Peter's liturgy" (called also the canon of the mass). "This sacred and most precious monument, then, of the apostles, our reformers received whole and entire from their predecessors, and they mutilated the tradition of 1500 years."

"The first feeling which comes upon an ardent mind, on mastering these facts, is one of indignation and impatient sorrow." "The third, that we are mysteriously bound up with our forefathers, and bear their sin, or, in other words, that our present condition is a judgment on us for what they did."

These bold assertions of Mr. Newman's, of the mass being "a tradition of 1500 years," and of "St. Peter's liturgy" being "a relic of the apostles," may serve to shew us into what confusion we should plunge, were we to give way to "traditions" of any kind. Justin Martyr, writing one hundred years after St. Peter, knew nothing of any mass, or any sacrifice; yet, now, at the bidding of the Papists, we are

called on to believe, without hesitation, that their mass-book is "a relic of the apostles!"

However, the main point now before us is the agreement alleged by Dr. Hook to exist, between the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* and the English Reformers. We imagine that even the doctor himself, with these passages before him, will be obliged to admit that on *this* point, at least, instead of agreement, there exists, manifestly, and beyond all doubt, an opposition the most complete and total.

VI. Agreeing with Rome in all the chief points on which the Reformers differed from her, it is no matter of wonder that, in minor matters, the same leaning is equally discernible.

We have just seen, that the XXXIst article declares, that

"The sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

The *Homily on Prayer* adds:—

"Let us not deceive ourselves, thinking that either we may help other, or other may help us, by their good and charitable prayers in time to come."

"Let us think, as the Scripture teacheth us, that the soul of man, passing out of the body, goeth straightways either to heaven or to hell, whereof the one needeth no prayer, the other is without redemption." "Let us not, therefore, dream of purgatory, or of prayers for the souls of them that be dead."

Such is the language of the church. That of the *Tracts for the Times* is as follows:—

"Since they (the early church) knew not of our chill separation between those who being dead in Christ, and those who are yet in the flesh, they felt assured that this sacrifice offered by the church on earth, for the whole church, conveyed to that portion of the church which had passed into the unseen world, such benefits of Christ's death as were still applicable to them." "Why should men think it an unhappiness or imperfection that they should obtain additional joys and satisfactions thereby?—No. 81, pp. 6, 7.

In short, of the whole liturgy of the church, Mr. Froude speaks thus:—

"I can see no other claim which the Prayer-book has on a layman's deference, as the teaching of the church, which the Breviary and the Missal have not, in a far greater degree."—Vol. i. p. 402.

And, in accordance with this sentiment, is the practice of the Tract-writers. The preface to the Prayer-book of the Church of England states, that

"The godly and decent order of the ancient fathers hath been so altered, broken, and neglected, by planting in *uncertain stories, and legends, with multitude of responds, verses, vain repetitions, commemorations, and synodals,*" &c.

In direct opposition to which view appears Tract No. 75, with a heap of "uncertain stories and legends, a multitude of responds, verses, repetitions, commemorations," and what not, and the whole declared, in the preface, to be "a re-appropriation" of "a treasure" which had long been lost. It is in this number, also, that an attempt is made to introduce the practice of saint-worship, or direct idolatry, in positive contravention of the whole tenor of the homily on prayer. But time would fail us in the attempt to recount all the corruptions and errors advocated and reintroduced by these Tracts. The simple truth is, that on every individual doctrine or practice on which our Reformers differed from Rome, their bias is against the English Church, and in favour of the Italian apostasy. On a few minor points, indeed, such as the *degree* of honour to be paid to the Pope, the *degree* of homage to the relics and images of the saints, and three or four others, they do their own church the honour to hold partly with her, and partly with the adversary. But on all the great fundamental questions, their course, as we have already seen, is always with Rome and against England.

We answer, then, the *Call to Union* of Dr. Hook in the words of the martyred Latimer:—

"In the time of the Six Articles, there was a bishop which ever cried, 'Unity, unity!' but what he desired was a *Popish* unity. St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, saith, '*Be of one mind;*' but he addeth, '*according to Christ Jesus;*' i.e. according to God's holy word; *else it were better war than peace.* We ought never to regard unity so much as that we should forsake God's word for her sake."

Dr. Hook's assumption, that in uniting with the Oxford Tract-writers, we should "unite on the principles of the English Reformation," is about the most groundless supposition that we ever met with. We have gone through the leading doctrines of the new sect, and have shewn that in every point they forsake "the English Reformation,"

and approximate as closely as possible to the system of the Church of Rome.

Their *Rule of Faith* is not that of the articles and homilies, which constantly direct us to Holy Scripture, and to *nothing else*, as the alone source of Divine truth. On the contrary, it is precisely that laid down in Dr. Wiseman's Lectures—namely, Holy Scripture, not alone, but *joined with the authority of the Church*.

Their *Doctrines* are not those of the Reformation, any more than their Rule. The glory and excellence of that great recovery was, that it brought up again from under the heaps of rubbish under which they had been long buried, the grand Scriptural doctrines of the Atonement and of Justification by Faith. The Oxford Tract-writers, far from rejoicing in these privileges, at once propose to thrust back into concealment the main doctrine of the Bible, the Atonement; and Justification by Faith they declare to be nothing else than Justification by an external ceremony!

Their *Sacraments*, also, are not the sacraments handed down to us by the Reformers. The efficacy of baptism they make to consist, not in the prayer of faith, or the "right reception," but solely in the fact that he who sprinkles water on the child has had the hands of the bishop laid upon him. As for the other sacrament, over that they openly mourn, because it is no longer the Mass; and they plainly tell us that the Reformers "sinned" in "mutilating" the Mass-book, and that we "bear their sin," in having only a communion-service instead of "a sacrifice for the sins of the quick and the dead."

The *Liturgy*, also, which the Reformation gave us, is equally the object of their grief and their indignation. They tell us,—

"That the Catholic (Romish) ritual was a *precious possession*; and if we, who have escaped from Popery, have lost not only the possession, but the sense of its value, it is a serious question whether we are not like men who recover from some grievous illness with the loss or injury of their sight or hearing!"—*Tract xxxiv.*

Most entire and total, then, is their opposition to "the principles of the English reformation." But, if this be so, when has the Church of England had to bear with so gross an attempt at extensive imposition, as that which is contained in Dr. Hook's *Call to Union*?

THE POETRY OF GUY'S ARITHMETIC.

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

I.

A WONDERFUL NEW BALLAD,

Of a Five-Quart Jug, and a Three-Quart Jug, and a Princess enslaved by a wicked Turkish Hunchback.

NOW FIRST DONE INTO VERSE.

I.

A SWEET Princess, whose name I hide
— 'Twas in the days of faërie—
Stood sadly at the river side
Beneath a weeping willow-tree,
And wrung her little hands, and cried,
Most sad to see.

Her lord, a cruel dwarf (whose hunch
Was hideous as a hunch could be),
One morning had ogres four to lunch;
And to his slave thus shouted he:
"Go get four quarts to make our punch;
We're dry, d'ye see!"

She turned towards this ogre fierce,—
"My lord! what may this riddle be?
FOUR QUARTS you bid me bring, and here's
A five-quart pitcher and a three.
This puzzle in a hundred years
I ne'er shall see."

Loud laughed in scorn this wicked Turk,
And to her fiercely answered he:
"Go, minion base! and do thy work,
Nor more nor less bring back to me.
I'll slay you else—I will, by BURKE!
As you shall see."

And therefore by the river side
The Princess sate despairingly,
And wrung her little hands, and cried,
Beneath the weeping willow-tree;
And watched, and watched the silver tide,
Most sad to see.

* * *

A sage, with solemn looks and pace,
That way a wandering chanced to be.
I know not whether 'twas her case,
Because 'twas told so touchingly,
Or whether 'twas the maiden's face
So fair to see;

But soft he took her hand in his,
And said, "What wilt thou give to me,
Provided that this riddle is,
My pretty maid, made clear to thee?
I have a price, and that's A KISS;
You'll yield, I see."

A Princess is bidden,

by a wicked Turke, to
bring

four quarts (no more
nor less) in a five and a
three-quart JUGGLE.

Not knowing how,

she weeps at the river
side.

A certain Doctor,

for the price of a kiss,

This sage he was a doctor bred
 I' the London Universitie ;
 The little maiden blushing said,—
 "As you have wished, so let it be."
 "Now, then," he cried, "it shall be read,
 As you shall see.

instructeth her.

Go fill me up the five-quart pot,
 And from it fill me up the three ;
 Then quick unto the river trot,
 And let the three-quart emptied be ;
 And now two QUARTS, my love, we've got,
 As you may see.

She filleth the five-quart
 pottle, and from it the
 three ; then emptying the
 three, she poureth into it
 the two quartis remain-
 ing in the five ; which
 again she filleth. She
 filleth now the three
 from the five. She hath
 four quartis in the five.
 Q. E. D.

Into the little three-quart jug
 Empty the two quartis back for me ;
 Then fill once more the five-quart mug,
 And from it after fill the three."
 The maid here gave the sage a hug,
 And said, "I see !"

Four quartis were in the five-quart can !
 She quickly emptied out the three,
 And homeward to the ogre ran
 As happy as a slave could be ;
 But, ah ! she hoped that learned man
 Again to see !

She returneth to the
 Turke :

Then straight the hunchbacked Turk did say
 (He had a wee drap in his ee),
 "Not all thy work is done to day ;
 Now take the five quartis and the three ;
 Fill me four quartis *a different way*—
 Be quick, d'ye see !"

he biddeth her go yet
 again, and fill the pots
 a different waye.

II.

Then quickly back the maiden hied,
 More puzzled than before was she,
 And came unto the river's side ;
 And underneath the willow-tree,
 The doctor gazing at the tide
 Did joy to see.

She meeteth the Doctor,

He did not take a single kiss,
 As he had taken formerly ;
 But said, "Dear girl, take this, and this !"
 And, truly, nothing loath was she ;
 Two lovers like to these, I wis,
 'Tis sweet to see.

and rejoiceth,

When they had done philandering,
 He said, "What wilt thou give to me,
 Provided that this second thing,
 My pretty girl, 's made clear to thee ?
 Lo ! take this golden MARRIAGE-RING,
 And thou shalt see."

promising to marry him.

The maiden, blushing to the eyes,
 Said, "As thou wilt'st, so let it be ;
 If thou wilt seek so small a prize,
 Good lack ! I won't refuse it thee :
 A sage so handsome and so wise
 I never see."

The sage he filled the three-quart can,
Which in the five-quart poured he ;
Then filled the three-quart pot again,
And filled the five up from the three :
So in the three quarts did remain
ONE QUART, ye see.

The full five-quart he emptied out :
" Now pour the one-quart in't," said he ;
" Now fill the three-quart to the snout ;
And now, my princess, you are free !"
She flung her arms his neck about,
And said, " I see.

" Three quarts and one quart aye make four—
Oh, blessed be philosophy !
And blessed be thou, my heart's doctore,
Who read this riddle unto me !"
Back to the Turk the pot she bore,
And bade him see.

But when she reached the hunchback's house,
Behold ! the dwarf and ogres three
(Oh, sad effects of mad carouse !)
All lying higgledy-piggledye
Upon the floor, as drunk as sows,
She there did see !

The tipsy knaves did snort and snore :
She tripped among them daintily.
She picked the pockets of the four,
And carried off the great door key ;
And as she double-locked the door
Her love did see.

O then was joy, and then was bliss,
Sure ne'er was maid so bless'd as she ;
'Twas hug on hug, and kiss on kiss,
She was so happy to be free :
'Tis difficult to tell all this,
As sweet to see.

They mounted on the doctor's horse,
And off they journeyed merrilie.
Long time they did pursue their course,
Through all the land of Christendie ;
Through realms by dozens, towns by scores,
O'er land and sea.

* * *

III.

At length they reached a city grand,
And beautiful as town could be ;
She bade him stand, and press'd his hand
Unto her bosom tenderly.
" I am the princess of this land,
And this is LITTLE BRITANNIE :
From Mary Axe unto the Strand
My realm you see !"

Encontinentlie he fills the
three quarts, and pours
into the five. Again he
filleth the three, and
filleth the five up from
it ; emptying which, he
pours into it the quart
remaining in the three-
quart mugge, which once
more he filleth. 3 + 1
quart make four quarts.
Q. E. D.

She robbeth the Dwarf.

She kisseth the Doctor,

and rideth with him

to Tittel Britannie, of
which she is Princesse.

A smile the sage's lip did curl,
 As thus he spoke, on bended knee :—
 " I am, my love, no low-born churl
 (As many other doctors be),
 Of Newgate Market I am Earl,
 Of Aldersgate and Lothburie !
 And took, O Little Britain's pearl !
 This guise for thee."

*He, for his part, is Earle
 of Lothburie.*

Then in the kingdoms twain, a shout
 Arose of joyful loyalty ;
 The churches flung their banners out,
 And pealed their bells right merrily.
 From Aldgate pump strong ale did spout,
 To heighten the festivity ;
 The Thames that day ran double stout,
 Most rare to see.

The nations rejoice.

LET EACH MAN DRINK UNTIL HE DROPS,
 Their graces will'd it so to be ;
 On that bless'd day to taste of slops,
 Was voted foul disloyalty.
 And so the people shut their shops,
 That they might drink more comfortably,
 And swigged the lusty malt and hops,
 While they could see.

*The populace drinketh
 excessivelie.*

Meanwhile, the Lord of Aldersgate,
 And she of Little Britannie,
 Retired to rest in nuptial state,
 And passed the night full merrilie ;
 Bidding the poet laureate,
 In his most cunning poesie,
 The wond'rous story to relate
 Which here you see.

*The Earl and the
 Princessse are married.*

II.

A FAMOUS SONG OF THE THREE KNIGHTS, A, B, AND C, AND THEIR WIVES ;

*How they were to get over a river, each being so jealous that he never would allow his wife
 to be (without himself) in the company of any other man.*

I.

Gentles all, I greet you well —
 Listen to the tale I tell,
 Of a chance that once befell :
 Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three !
 Down unto a river side
 On a day three knights did ride ;
 Each on pillion had his bride —
 Oh, the woes of jealousy !

*Three knights and their
 ladies came unto the
 side of a river.*

II.

In the jovial days of yore
 Were the men more jealous, or
 Did the dames love flirting more ?
 Oh, the woes of jealousy !
 Know I not ; but ne'er a knight
 Would (from too much love or spite)
 Let his lady from his sight —
 With another of the Three !

*What was the reason
 of jealousy in former
 days ?*

*These knights were
 specially jealous,*

III.

Long they watched the stream beside ;
Much they puzzled — and they tried
How to pass to t'other side —

Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three !
Near them was a boat, 'tis true ;
But the boat held only two.
What should these poor trav'lers do ?
Oh, the woes of jealousy !

and quarreled mightily.

IV.

Words they reached a fearful height ;
Every man was bent to fight ;
Every lady pale with fright —

Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three !
"I'll go first," said haughty A ;
B he fiercely said him nay ;
C declared he would not stay —
Oh, the woes of jealousy !

In the midst of their
strife,

V.

Each man swore, and each man curs'd —
Vowed he'd cross the river first.

Thus the strife grew to its worst :
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three !

When up spake fair Mrs. C,
Youngest, wisest of the three.
"Stop your brawls," she says, says she —
Oh, the woes of jealousy !

when each was ready
to cut his neighbour's
throat, one of their
wives, Dame C, bade
them stop their brawls,

VI.

"I, methinks, have found a way :
Do you all as I shall say,
Ne'er a one shall be away,

Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three !
Of his lady's honesty,
Ne'er a one shall doubtful be,
If you will but list to me."

Oh, the woes of jealousy !

for she knew a way in
which each might go
over, without risk for his
wife.

VII.

To this plan could none say no ;
Each was glad to have it so
(Lucky was 't the girls could row) —

Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three !
"Row you, then, your wife, Sir A.
(Thus the cunning dame did say),
O'er the stream, and then, I pray,
Leave her, and row back to me."

A roweth over with
Mrs. A.

VIII.

A he rowed his lovely bride
Manfully to t'other side.

Backwards then the knight he bied —
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three !

Then uprose the lovely C,
"Come, my gentle Mistress B,
Row the boat across with me."

Oh, the woes of jealousy !

He returneth, leaving
Mrs. A on the far
side.

Mrs. B and Mrs.
C row over.

IX.

Mrs. C. rowed back alone.
 "B and A now get you gone;
 Bring your wife back either one.
 Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three."
 A and B rowed off with glee,
 With his lady back rowed B;
 "Now row over B and C."
 Oh, the woes of jealousy!

Mrs. C. punteth back.

B and A go ober.

Mr. and Mrs. B
 come back.

B and C row ober.

X.

"Send back Mrs. A.," she said;
 Mrs. A. she backward sped.
 On the furthest bank now staid
 A, B, C, the husbands three.
 "Haste my ladies, A and B,
 To your husbands merrily,
 And send C back unto me."
 Oh, the woes of jealousy!

Back cometh Mrs. A.

Thus the three ladies
 are on the near side, the
 three gentlemen on the
 off side.

Mrs. A and Mrs. B
 go ober.

XI.

Back came C, and rowed her o'er
 Gaily to the furthest shore;
 Tenderly the young knight swore
 By the sacred Rule of Three,
 Never, never, in his life
 Would he doubt his dearest wife;
 Or indulge in fatal strife
 Brought about by jealousy.

C cometh back and
 fetcheth Mrs. C.

C's reconciliation with
 my Lady C.

XII.

Lords and ladies, ponder well
 On the tale that here I tell;
 Ne'er had this sad strife befel
 But for woful jealousy.
 Oh! as ye would keep from strives,
 As ye value quiet lives,
 To your daughters and your wives
 Teach, oh teach, the Rule of Three!

And the moral to be
 drawn from the whole
 story.

NISBET'S SWEEPINGS OF EXETER HALL.*

WHEN, after a diligent investigation, we fail to discover the author of any work laid out for dissection on our table, we invariably set down the publisher as the responsible party. This will satisfy Mr. Nisbet that we do not father on him the progeny at the foot of the page. We saddle him merely with the credit. The work is clearly the offspring of a lady, who has fallen in love with Grant's Book of Blunders. With this remark, and our usual delicacy, we close our inquiries, merely adding that she was safely delivered of her very facetious and thriving infant in the spring of 1838, at 21 Berners Street; and that, by the new registry and poor-law regulations, Nisbet is the responsible or reputed father. The old gentleman can bear it, and support it too. His handsome and hearty donations to the Church Extension Fund, and the thorough abhorrence he cherishes for all voluntary bantlings, births, brick meeting-houses and plaster preachers, have considerably enhanced that *cannie* Scot in our view. He may not be able to cope with the Seeleys in originating a magnificent edition of Fox, but in his own careful line he is a *paukie* good sort of fellow. But this has little to do with the bookful of sweepings before us. Our readers are not, we hope, over fastidious as to our use of mixed metaphors on this one occasion. We must begin at the beginning, and see what can be said of Exeter Hall. This building, as every cabman knows, is situated in the Strand. Its entrance is its only ornament. Over the door there is inscribed, in legible letters, *φιλανθρωπία*, or love of the brotherhood. The interpretation of this handwriting is beautifully illustrated occasionally in the interior. The Hall resounds one day with the highest churchmanship, and next day with the lowest dissent. One day we have a strenuous Protestant, on another we hear Daniel O'Connell. Now we listen to a Christian, and anon to Joseph Hume or Lord Brougham. The sentiment of an apostle finds its comment here:—"Out of the same *place* proceedeth blessing and cursing"—the "fountain sends forth sweet water and

bitter"—"it yields salt water and fresh." We therefore conclude that *φιλανθρωπία* means what should be, not what actually is.

We lately paid a visit to Exeter Hall, and entered every cell in this prodigious beehive. A functionary, in sombre apparel, directed us to the copper-mine, and the expulsion of Adam and Eve, and some kindred exhibitions, which did not strike us as essentially of a missionary character. We introduced ourselves, in the first place, to the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. We got from the clerk a copy of the last report, and were agreeably informed that the society was rich, and increased in goods, and had need of nothing. This is an interesting institution, and has met with some considerable success. Of course, the synagogue and it are not exactly the subjects of a common *φιλανθρωπία*. On turning to the right, we came to the Reformation Institution, in which we found, as its only representatives, an errand boy and a clerk, or assistant-secretary; which last personage most pompously told us what and who they were. Its secretary, who is a clergyman of the established church, was not present. Between this and the Papists, we are told, the *φιλανθρωπία* is not very intense. We wound to the right on leaving this office, and visited the Protestant Association; of which, *stat magni nominis umbra*. It is a disgrace to the Protestants of England that this and the former society are not more strenuously and effectively maintained. On ascending the central flight of stairs, we reached the Hibernian Society, the object of which is to do good to Ireland; but we understand that it is so hampered by its union with Dissenters, that much of its usefulness is impaired. The Trinitarian Bible Society, the European Missionary, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, &c. &c. are the residue of the religious institutions of Exeter Hall. The chief missionary societies—the Church, the Wesleyan, the Independent, or London missionary societies—are, owing to their gigantic dimensions, domiciled in what the Scotch call self-contained

* Random Recollections of Exeter Hall, in 1834-1837. By one of the Protestant Party. London, 1838. Nisbet.

houses. The more recent societies which have been started into being, and carry on their operations beyond Exeter Hall, are the *Pastoral Aid*, the *Clergy Aid*, and last, though not least, the *Lay Association for Defence of the Church*. The last-mentioned institution is the only society organised for the sole work of defending the outworks of the church. It is fitted to do great good, and deserves the cordial countenance of all the friends of our constitution.

The great room at Exeter Hall is, perhaps, one of the most thorough blunders (always excepting the Charing Cross snail, with the mustard-pot on its back, which crawls in painful contiguity to St. Martin's) ever perpetrated. It was intended for hearing; but we venture to affirm that, if the architect had concentrated twenty times the quantity of brains he brought to bear on it, for the purpose of hitting on a room for extinguishing sound, he could not have excogitated a better representative of entire success. At p. 17 of "the sweepings," we find the following remarks:—"Some generally speak too low, or have too little power of lungs to be heard far beyond the centre of the area; while others, who almost deafen the sitters near them, are equally unintelligible to those at a distance from the echo of the place itself. Thus the gentle speeches of Lords Cholmondeley and Chichester, and the thundering orations of Dr. Duff, are nearly all alike pantomime to the occupants of the raised seats, from diametrically opposite causes." We must turn from the House to Nisbet's sweet Jeanie Jones, its profound historian.

There is one trait we like amazingly in the authoress. She is thoroughly in earnest. There is, moreover, a *gusto* in all she narrates, that shews she prefers a seat in Exeter Hall to one in the House of Lords. We question if she would not prefer that oaken chair on the platform to the archbishopric of Canterbury. We like enthusiasm in any person. Whether she dust a drawing-room, or stamp applause at a missionary meeting, our fair authoress is brimful. She describes a tone of voice, a Scotch or Irish brogue, a speaker's mind, or a president's inexpressibles, with exquisite accuracy and fervid enthusiasm. Whether she comments on a speech or a pair of spectacles, she is *tota in illo*. There is nothing of the stoic about her. The book is written

tolerably: certainly, it is heartily written. The writer records what she feels, rather than what she thinks. Her *encomia* are pretty wide spread, however. Her whole lapful of Exeter Hall sweepings she would fain make you believe is weighty with gems. We cannot afford space to present our readers with many specimens. This is, indeed, unnecessary, as we have already immortalised a few of her samples in our pages. One high characteristic we dare not pass by. The fair authoress is, what every chaste, noble-minded lady in the kingdom necessarily is, a CONSERVATIVE. This gives a turn to her sentiments, which renders them more welcome than their intrinsic worth would warrant. Our specimens shall be choice. We give them for the sake of our own comments, not Dolly Duster's genius. If possible, we shall give her portrait of an office-bearer or frequent speaker from each religious association, correcting our authoress, and blowing off the dust as we follow her.

LORD RODEN.

That fine fellow the Duke of Newcastle, it appears, had just sat down in the chair, after a preliminary address, when Lord Roden entered.

"Captain Gordon, who had slightly prefaced all the former speakers by some epithet or introduction, shewed his judgment by simply announcing 'the Earl of Roden,' without note or comment; and his lordship rose at the same moment. The effect was electric; and no sooner did it die away, and Lord Roden, bowing, in reply open his mouth, than it was followed by another and a louder peal, and that, at the interval of a moment, by a third. It was an unparalleled reception, and even the majestic composure of Roden seemed shaken; his colour heightened, and his lip slightly quivered. His friends around him looked transported with enthusiasm. Indeed, the whole assembly seemed *hors de soi*; and just as the last of the three rounds was dying away on our deafened ears, some one, with a trumpet voice and a Protestant spirit, gave the well-known signal, 'One cheer more!' That cheer I never shall forget; nor do I think his lordship will either. It was a sound to thrill all hearts; and it touched that of him for whom it was given. He raised his hands, with a most imploring countenance: it was enough, and too much for him; and I think, had he not been permitted to speak immediately, he would have re-

sumed his seat, overpowered by his feelings.

"His speech was short, but very effective: it was given in his finest style, the excitement of the occasion imparting an additional solemnity and pathos to both his voice and manner. The brief but touching allusion to the recent dissolution of the Orange Lodges, was as beautiful a piece of oratory from the heart as ever was drawn forth by a public proceeding."

We like such manifestations of genuine Protestantism. Nor do we know any nobleman whose whole conduct has been so uniformly and so consistently consecrated to the good cause. The Dissenters have of late made Lord Roden's name a scoff. A vile heretical and Voluntary monthly farago, amid a huge mass of rubbish, spoke of such a thing as a "Roden-like horror of Popery;" and this, perhaps one of the finest developments of human horror, it professes to regard as something dreadful, beyond all possibility of endurance. We should imagine there were few of the "interest" in the auditory. *En passant*, our authoress treats the whole herd of Dissenters with aristocratic silence. This is another good point, that sparkles with rare brilliancy amid the "sweepings."

LORD ASHLEY.

"His lordship looks about six-and-twenty, but is some ten years older. He is above the medium size, about five feet eleven, with a slender and extremely graceful figure, which might almost pass for that of some classic statue attired in a fashionable English costume; and the similarity is not at all impaired by the rigidity of his lordship's muscles.

"His fine head has also much of the 'marble' about it; his curling dark hair, in its thick masses, resembles that of a sculptured bust, and his brow and features are distinctly, yet delicately cut—the nose, perhaps, a trifle too prominent to be handsome. He has light blue eyes, deeply set, and near each other, with projecting white eyelids; his mouth is small, retiring, and compressed.

"The whole countenance has the coldness as well as the grace of a chiselled one, and expresses precision, prudence, and determination in no common degree. To judge from the set form of the lips, you would say, not only that he never acts from impulse, but that he seldom, if ever, felt an impulse in his life. All that Lord Ashley does seems to be done from conviction and principle; and not even a muscle dares to move without an

order from head-quarters. *Every separate lock of his hair appears to curl because it has a reason for so doing.*

"When he addresses an audience, he stands with his hand resting on the platform rail, and as erect as such a position will possibly allow. He looks his hearers coolly in the face, and, with a very slight bowing movement, barely sufficient to save him from the appearance of stiffness, he delivers, without a moment's hesitation, and with great dignity of voice and manner, a short, calm, serious address. The applause with which he is always heard (for he is very popular in the societies over which he presides) seems rather an interruption than a pleasure to him, as it breaks into the mutual dependence of his sentences."

We will comment on our fair writer's extended criticisms on "aquiline noses," "curling hair," and "handsome faces," by and by. Meanwhile, we would remark, that if she had learned more profoundly the sin and sorrow of "holding men's persons in admiration," and restricted her descriptive powers to their intellect and talents, she would have given birth to a better bantling. Her last touch on the character of Lord Ashley is the best by far:

"Should the Conservative party return to power [as they doubtless will], and Lord Ashley's life be prolonged for a few years to come, there is little doubt of his holding that distinguished station in political life for which he is so well fitted by his solid, cautious judgment, his fine talents for business, his high moral and religious principles, and his perfect self-control."

By way of relieving the panegyric deservedly conferred on the two noblemen we have introduced, we must treat them to a new and unexpected *figurante* in this caravansera of characters. From this it will be seen, that our authoress is gifted enough to distinguish bad and good noses, hideous and elegant contours. We quote one of the best sketches in the book.

LORD BROUGHAM.

"I had been prepared, by various busts, pictures, and caricatures, for something singularly the reverse of the beautiful, but I was not prepared for the reality. It is impossible for any of those representations to do him justice. Busts and prints cannot give the colouring of the original; and even an oil painting can give nothing of its 'perpetual motion.'

"Description is alike vain; such a mad *chevelure*, such a reptile complexion,

and such a restless, agonised, working, twitching face, can never be imagined until seen. I quit the task, and turn to his figure.

"It is tall and spare, and may be said to be built in the Norman style; for it is all projecting points and acute angles. Its attitudes are uneasy and ungraceful; its sitting still is a burlesque on the name of repose, for every limb seems anxious to be moving, to say nothing of the constant action kept up among the features.

"If a German mystic were to see Lord Brougham, he would imagine that he beheld one of those hapless genii who are denied the blessing of sleep. His lordship is said to have the power of dispensing with that restorative in an uncommon degree; and, certainly, there is a feverishness about him from head to foot, which makes him look as if he had never had a night's sleep in his life.

"His voice is as unmusical as his action is inelegant; and one cannot listen to him without regretting that such splendid talents should be inclosed in so repulsive a casket, and employed to such questionable, if not destructive purposes."

We can scarcely conceive a stronger or more complete specimen of moral wreck than Lord Brougham. Napoleon, in St. Helena, is nothing to him. Ambition repressed, and hurled inward on his heart, to madden and to fever it—golden prospects broken up, and blasted as by a peal of thunder, and the fragments goading him like thorns—despised by the Tories, and his speeches feared as mud from omnibus wheels in a wet day—distrusted by the Whigs, and avoided as an unsafe and dangerous character—lashed mercilessly by the *Times*, and fondled only by chimney-sweep prints, whose plebeian embraces must be worse than their enmity a thousandfold—hating the Radicals at heart, and using their hot breaths only when these may blow him with greater impetus and destruction against his ancient foes and quondam associates—panting for power he cannot reach—and coveting an influence he has lost for ever, he is rocked by every impulse, while he hangs suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and hell. His noisy demonstrations on the slave question had nothing to do with any new instincts of humanity, which seclusion from power had engendered in the noble lord's bosom, unless there might be a sort of fellow-feeling between the degraded chancellor and the de-

graded Creoles, which may have made him a meet personification of her who said—

"Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

The whole interest so pathetically felt by Harry Brougham on the slave question, sprung from the hope he cherished of being able to fire such a shot, or rather canister of shot, into the cabinet, as would explode the rickety concern into a thousand fragments. Our impression is, that he has finished himself. Should coffee and sugar rise in price, as will doubtless be the result, the plaudits of the unwashed will swell into execrations and contempt. Their humane hearts would bear with slavery in the West Indies, rather than with raw sugar at eighteenpence, and Jamaica coffee at three and sixpence a pound. Should the "tottle o' the whole" be freedom in the West Indies, and fifty per cent on sugar at Twining's, Lord Brougham may pack his port-manteau, and try another three days at Paris, where, in the upshot, something elevating may possibly occur. In the meantime, sugar and coffee prices are more important concerns at Brougham Hall than most people think. Rare popularity, which hangs on a bag of coffee or a hogshead of sugar! We pity Brougham. Had he retained principle in his public career, curbed his licentious fancy, pursued a steady course, and been satisfied with gradual and successive attainments, he might have been respected. At present, he is no more esteemed by the court or the *canaille* than an old spoke from a broken cart-wheel.

The "sweepings" throw up a few more coronets than we have space or time to pick up and set in our pages. Lord Kenyon is well and worthily delineated. It is by no means necessary that the right honourable presidents should always be gifted and eloquent orators. Their influence, rather than their advocacy, is the desideratum. We, therefore, hasten to the right reverend and reverend speakers, who descend from the pulpit, and interest, or animate, or plunder the auditories of Exeter Hall. Bishops, priests, and deacons, all make their appearance, and are all made to pass in grand panoramic majesty before us. The most "partickler missus" could not find fault with the thorough sweeping and

dusting of Mr. Nisbet's servant of all work. She gathers up every pinch of dust, every shred or patch on platform or hall, every article of "old clo'," as tenaciously as a Jew, and lays the whole produce, garnished with type and foolscap, before her readers. The bishops of London, Winchester, and Chester, are very fairly described. The late bishop of Lichfield and Coventry is also well characterised. We extract the sketch of our own diocesan.

"His lordship is a fine-looking man, about sixty years of age, with a commanding carriage; he is, perhaps, five feet ten inches in height, and very stout, particularly about the chest and shoulders. His head is capacious, and almost entirely bald; his features are small, and placed very near to each other, in the centre of his face, which is broad and full. His forehead is very expansive; his eyes small, sharp, and twinkling; and the whole cast of his countenance indicates acuteness, determination, and a propensity to command. His voice is clear, and rather pleasant, but does not correspond to the dimensions of his chest, for it is by no means powerful. His manner is dignified, and his style very good, but he does not speak fluently; he frequently hesitates and corrects himself.

"His lordship is undoubtedly a man of great talent, zeal, and prudence; and his sermons and speeches in debate are said to be of a very superior order."

One remarkable fact has struck our minds in reviewing the popular religious and Protestant orators of the day. The overwhelming majority are Irish. The English and Scotch are amazingly few in proportion. We refer, of course, to clergymen. If we look over the list of the most distinguished speakers furnished by this writer, the only English clergymen of power and popularity that appear on the London boards are Benson, Stowell, Noel, and perhaps Wilson—now bishop of Calcutta. The only popular Scotch speakers in England are, her ladyship tells us, Cumming and Duff. The Irish speakers of great eloquence are, on the other hand, numerous as Irish bog-trotters in harvest time. Croly, O'Sullivan, Cooke, M'Neile, M'Ghee, and Tottenham, are widely known. Ireland is by far most prolific of orators. An Irish beggar is essentially eloquent. There are reasons, no doubt, in the respective national peculiarities of the three countries. Englishmen

are prone to become prosy narrators of facts. Scotchmen mystify themselves and their audience in metaphysics and scholastic theology. Irishmen, on the other hand, combine a sprinkling of our matter-of-fact and a dash of Scotch mysticisms, with an exuberant fluency and glowing metaphor. We do not wonder at the dullness of *Sawnie*. The church service of the Scotch is enough to freeze a personation of Mount Etna. It has something of the nakedness, without the popular flexibility, of dissent; and the formality, without the richness, of the church. Their lazy sitting at praise, and their lounging-standing at prayer; and after this a dose of dryly read, and as dryly written, metaphysics, are meet reasons for denominating our sister ecclesiastical communion the church of the frigid zone. Our liturgy and instrumental music preclude any association of baldness or coldness with our worship; but too often the warm and glowing tones of devotion are followed by a sermon so meagre in material, so threadbare in argument, and so wrapped in formality of utterance, that some of our clergy largely deserve the description of Addison—"They seem in the pulpit as if they were cheapening a pig." If we go to an Irish preacher, we may, as is often the case, hear nonsense, but it is *red hot*; if it chance to be *sense*, it is necessarily eloquent. Sense or nonsense, the preacher is no automaton. We admit there is much bad taste among the Irish orators; nor can we at all admire the influx of those unfledged specimens who, despite the episcopal interdict of London, are filling our pulpits, and hunting after rich wives and widows. We do not think it altogether fair that our own men should be ousted by Irish clerical imports, whose education has been vastly cheaper, whose parentage is in almost every case plebeian, and whose manners are vulgar or affectedly refined. We state these facts to induce our English speakers to steal a spark of Irish fire, while they leave behind Irish rhodomontade and verbiage.

We must introduce a specimen or two,—first, of the eloquence of the rose; next, of the thistle; and, lastly, of the shamrock. Our first shall be Benson, of whom our authoress does not speak in terms sufficiently expressive,—

DR. CHRISTOPHER BENSON, MASTER OF
THE TEMPLE.

"The master of the Temple, Dr. Christopher Benson, is one of the most talented of the metropolitan preachers. He does not often speak in public; but when he does, his addresses are brief, clear, and forcible, though not peculiarly eloquent.

"He is a tall, spare, striking figure, nearly six feet in height, with very white hair, which is generally long, and in some disorder. His face and features are long, his forehead high, his nose prominent, and his eyes gray and piercing. His complexion is very pale, and together with his thin countenance, emaciated figure, and long, bare throat, give him an extremely ghastly appearance.

"He is the coldest looking man I ever saw; not cold in feeling, but in bodily aspect. He seems as if he had been frozen up, and was endeavouring to regain his vital warmth.

"His style of speaking is energetic, but not at all vehement; he uses little action, and never over-exerts his voice, which is clear and good.

"His discourses are said to be peculiarly logical and argumentative; as may be inferred from the number of legal gentlemen who frequent his church."

We have always been disposed to form a very high estimate of the pulpit and platform talents of the present master of the Temple, having ourselves listened to him with profound satisfaction. We predict his yet greater popularity, as the fruit of those lectures which he is pledged to deliver at the Hanover Rooms, in the spring of 1839. His are the stamina of endurance, not the meteor-blaze of a transient popularity.

HUGH STOWELL.

"In person he is tall, five feet ten or eleven inches, and very stout. His face is large and broad, but handsome after a certain fashion, which accepts good humour in the place of refinement. His complexion is light, but not florid, and his hair of a golden brown colour. His forehead is capacious; his eyes blue and laughing; and his mouth, which is very wide, is garnished with splendid white teeth.

"His style of speaking is rapid and energetic in a high degree; his action violent, but not graceful, and his voice strong and loud. His eloquence is of the bold and striking order, and he usually relates those anecdotes, and dwells on those points of interest which

are likely to call forth the loudest plaudits from his hearers.

"His language is very forcible; his images striking, sometimes rather coarse; and his style often the most jocular, even to broad comic effect. No speaker more frequently sets the hall in a roar, and the conscious hilarity of his own countenance tends to heighten the merriment.

"His zeal for the established church; his vehement Protestantism; his free, strong mode of speaking; his loud voice, merry face, and humorous anecdotes, give him a perpetual untiring interest with them. He appears every year, and at almost every meeting, yet no man is a greater favourite; they are never wearied with applauding him, and always cheer him rapturously."

In this character there is a good deal of truth. We delineated this popular speaker in our "Carnival," and have only to add that his genuine John Bullism, his enthusiastic Protestantism, and fervid attachment to the noblest element of Conservatism, the church, lead us to forgive his faults as a speaker, and to rejoice in his unquestionably vast popularity with thousands. We cannot afford space for more English portraits. There is one more, however, that rises above mediocrity, the Rev. B. Noel; but his erratic views, his notions on Irish education, his unity of the church, and other trash, deteriorates this pleasing and ladylike speaker to a prodigious extent in our judgment. We would rather listen to a Protestant and Conservative Irish apple-woman than to a polished and mellifluous Dissenter or Radical. We maintain that the rose flourishes in Conservative soil only. The way to blight it is to plant it in the puddles of Dissent, or in the marshes and amid the miasmata of Popery. That it has not utterly perished under the new botanic regimen of the Melbourne gardeners, is owing more to its powerful vitality than to the circumstances amid which it has been placed. We must next take a look at the thistle, and ascertain what thorns or petals Nisbet's maid has gathered up. We have little choice or power of selection,—for there are but two—and these appear to be gems—in the whole book. One of these, Dr. Duff, she has very appropriately sketched. The other, Cumming, she must be deeply in love with. If Cumming still exists in single blessedness, we merely say—*Hanc tu Scote, caveſto.*

"He is a tall, slender, young-looking man, with dark hair, bright eyes, and a deep damask colour. His voice is extremely powerful, and his Scottish accent very strong; his manner in speaking is energetic, even to a painful degree of violence; his voice is exerted to its utmost, both of loudness and rapidity, and his fine active frame is thrown into every variety of attitude.

"This is the case from the very commencement of his speech: he does not, like other orators, begin gently, and take time to warm with his subject; but he opens at once, at the full pitch of his powers, and continues at the same point of exertion for a length of time, which seems almost incredible. You expect him to sink from sheer exhaustion, and now and then some painful symptom of fatigue will shew itself; but it is checked in an instant, and he perseveres to the end with a degree of vehemence which it catches one's breath to witness."

We have heard only two speeches by Duff, the one very closely resembling the other. His gesticulation and violence of manner exceeded those of Stowell a thousandfold. There was also a want of judgment in some of his remarks, which did injury to his speech; and his bad health and uncalled-for strain and stress of muscle excited a sympathy in his audience which injured the effect. With all these defects, there was a vein of power and talent of no mean calibre.

CUMMING.

"Perhaps none of those frequent speakers who have been jocularly called 'the London standing dishes' are so generally popular, unless it be Mr. Stowell. This is not matter of surprise,—for he has every thing in his favour: his singularly handsome person, his brilliant flow of poetic thoughts, his striking talents, and his burning Protestant zeal, combine to make him one of the most interesting speakers of the day.

"Mr. Cumming is very small in person, not exceeding five feet four or five inches in height, with a slender and graceful figure. His face is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen,—for he is altogether too diminutive to be called strictly handsome. His hair is of a jet black, with a soft, waving curl upon it; his complexion resembles alabaster, with a deep damask colour; his forehead is high, and finely formed, and his eyes are concealed by 'invisible spectacles.' His nose is aquiline, but not large, and the lower part of his face is as perfect as that of some Greek statue, with the addition

of beautiful teeth. Altogether, he is what his countrymen call 'a very bonnie chiel;' and he would really be incomparable were he only magnified.

"His manner is very unassuming; he never puts himself forward, but remains behind the other speakers. While silent, he has all the meekness of a young child; but when he speaks, he displays all the vigour and energy of a young eagle.

"His splendid defences of the English church are, perhaps, his finest efforts—at least they are the best to our English ears. There is something so interesting and so stirring in the defence of one's own church by a member of another, that he naturally commands greater regard in that employment than in any other.

"The London Dissenters have a peculiar aversion to him, and no wonder, when he describes their idol, Liberalism, as having 'charity on its mantle, and hell in its heart.' They call him 'a presumptuous boy,' 'an upstart creature,' and the like; but I have never heard that they have answered any of his pamphlets or speeches. Indeed, he who undertakes to combat Mr. Cumming, either by tongue or pen, must have a good confidence in his own powers, and in the justice of his cause."

We quote this as, perhaps, the pet sketch from the pen of the fair authoress. We heard this favourite of her fancy in one of his defences of the church; and for a verdict on that single effort at Freemasons' Hall, in 1837, we refer to all the papers and the periodicals of the day. It was triumphant at all points. But we confess we should have preferred a longer sketch of the Scottish presbyter's intellect, and a shorter one of his person; less about his nose, eyes, wig, &c., and more about better qualities. We have heard him ourselves once in the way, in a big square box, up a court between the two theatres, called by courtesy a Scottish church; and we now venture to lay a bet that the reverend gentleman is nearer six feet than five; and as to his attractive exterior, we confess we went to hear his sermon, and forgot to notice it. It strikes us that he is a comely enough specimen of humanity; but there is nothing outrageously extraordinary about him. We give our best recollections, and may be mistaken.

The "sweepings" contain no more Scotch eloquence. The portion they do embody makes up, we trust, in

quality for what it wants in quantity. We believe for other good specimens we must cross the Tweed, which we cannot accomplish at present. Generally speaking, Scotch oratory is not attractive in England; it is rather at a discount. Those Scottish clergymen whose names we have mentioned, and on whom the eulogia of our authoress have been conferred, have scarcely one particle of the characteristic speaking of their country. Irving's speaking was too rich, Duff's too oriental, Chalmers's too imaginative, and Cumming's too earnest and polished. They succeed in the ratio of their abandonment of the distinctive intellectual features of their nation. The same fact is developed in both houses of parliament. The Scottish representatives are universally unwelcome speakers. Jeffrey, from whom so much was expected, broke down. Sir James Mackintosh, with all his profound international research and legal acquirements, was a heavy speaker. Colquhoun learns and speaks pretty sentences. Sir John Campbell should have been in his father's pulpit. Mr. Abercrombie does well for Speaker, as *lucus* does *à non lucendo*. We can scarcely include Brougham among the clans. He is a border-savage—a sort of natural and intellectual freebooter, who preys on all parties, and identifies his birthplace with none. There is no doubt that the characteristic caution, the elaborate mode of thinking as well as of speaking, the pendulum sort of utterance produced by the brogue, and other facts, injure the effect of the best Scotch speakers in the house.

But we must get through the work we have proposed to ourselves, and select a few more gems from the bag of sweepings. We have presented the best English and Scotch specimens. We must now enter on a more exuberant field—the land of the shamrock. Here every native seems to have licked the blarney stone. Pat is indigenously eloquent. Whether he begs, or blarnies, or threatens, or exculpates, he is invariably an orator. Whether it be that whisky and potatoes have an inspiring influence, or that the nakedness of the land and the wants of the natives inspire spontaneous thoughts and utterance, we pretend not to say. O'Connell is the only exception to Irish eloquence we know; he is a cackling goose—a mere *memoriter evaporator*. When any power breaks through his

repetitions and verbiage, it is the influence of the evil spirit under which the man acts. The agitator is indebted for two-thirds of his influence over the savages he plunders to the attacks made on him by our own party. In the "sweepings" of Exeter Hall we have abundance of emerald eloquence. The men of this school are the most numerous by far. Nor are the selections made by our fair authoress commonplace. To prove this, it is sufficient to mention the names of M'Neile, O'Sullivan, M'Ghee, and Cooke, and we may add Edward Tottenham. Let us say, in reference to the last, that we do not think the authoress has done him even-handed justice. We had occasion, in a former Number, to notice his admirable speech in defence of the church, at Bath, and since that time, we have read his *Downside Discussion*; and we venture to assert that, in his own line, Tottenham is *facile princeps*. Other speakers strike by their brilliancy and genius, but he only by his singularly lucid and logical statements. He is, or, rather, was, connected (we are told) with the Reformation Society. He is, certainly, the very antipodes to its other secretary, Mr. Seymour, who is dispraisingly sketched by the authoress. The clear and conclusive reasoning of Tottenham forms a perfect contrast to the muddy and metaphor-murdering harangues of his quondam colleague, Seymour. His unassuming deportment, coupled with his profound acquaintance with Protestant literature, shew the most when set *vis-à-vis* with the vulgar assumption and empty fusion of the other. We refer to the *Downside Discussion* as a model of admirable controversy. It is worthy of a Chillingworth. Our authoress says of him:—

TOTTENHAM.

"He has a good, clear voice, and an impassioned manner of speaking, for he always seems to have a little indignation about him.

"His action is not abundant, but it is good and graceful, and his matter is solid; but though his speeches are always valuable, the platform is not his element, unless it be the scene of a discussion. In debate, his talents are extraordinary, as the late celebrated Downside discussion triumphantly proves. His seemingly unfathomable store of polemic learning, his quick perception,

and his readiness of reply, make him an invaluable champion in the field of controversy."

But we must pass on to the other speakers, who are natives of Erin. We place at the top of the long roll we might record

CROLY.

We think this sketch by far the ablest in the whole book:—

"His frame is built in the Cyclopæan style of architecture, broad, firm, and massive; and the commanding head which surmounts the edifice is not less remarkable. His countenance has a strange, antique appearance, well according with the antediluvian kind of majesty which clothes his figure. I believe he has not passed far beyond his fiftieth year; there is nothing in the least old, or even elderly, about him, for his carriage is as lofty, and his stride as vigorous, as they ever can have been; and yet were any one to tell you that, like his own Salathiel, he has lived for centuries, you could not deny the strange assertion, judging merely from his appearance. His countenance has that rugged, weather-beaten complexion, of which the prototypes are the faces of the Elgin marbles; indeed, to comprise his general exterior in a few words, I should say that he is very like a brother of the 'Three Fates,' from the Parthenon.

"His forehead is square and heavy, and his dark gray hair is combed down and out straight across, as if to make it look as low as possible.

"His language is as magnificent as his ideas are lofty, and as his style and manner are majestic. To those who are in the habit of reading his publications, I need only say that their language is precisely that of all his sermons and speeches, and seems to cost him no more effort than the commonest chit-chat would cost a common mind. It is, indeed, the native language of his soul; so much a part of himself, that it would be as great an undertaking for him to use plain and meagre forms of speech, as it would be for a man, deficient in talent, to attempt the elevated, yet brilliant expressions in which all his thoughts seem naturally to clothe themselves.

"His mind seems, indeed, quite of the same mammoth class as his person; it is equally gigantic, but not so well proportioned. His fervid imagination, or some favourite theory, too often overpowers the more solid faculties of his intellect; but such is his commanding power of eloquence, that you are not conscious of this while you listen to him.

His addresses are writs, not of *habeas corpus*, but of *habeas animus*. He deprives you, for the time, of all power of resistance, and whirls you away on his eagle-wing, to regions of time or space far distant from the present. Whether his subject be celestial or terrestrial, Jewish, Romish, or British, antediluvian or millennial, it is all the same to him; he shews it to you as if it lay before his bodily eye, and he makes you almost as much present there as he is himself."

If Croly had written nothing beside his introduction to the new interpretation of the *Apocalypse* he had been immortal.

M'NEILE.

This sketch is not equal to the subject. In personal appearance, in action, in voice, in all the exterior attainments and characteristics of an orator we know none that come up to M'Neile. His acting is truly dramatic. Were these alone, however, his place in the list of orators would not be so distinguished; but he is by no means defective in some of the essential elements of real and enduring eloquence. He has imagination, reasoning powers, and taste. Occasionally he has failed in judgment, or in that delicate sense of the *re specter*, which is as rare as it is desirable. But the finest trait in the character of Hugh M'Neile, is his intense and untiring devotion to the circulation and purity of the life-blood of our constitution and of our country—its Protestantism. He sees it stagnates in the cabinet, and that it is actually contaminated in the Commons; and he has, therefore, solemnly resolved it shall not stagnate or corrupt for want of agitation among the merchants of Liverpool, or, indeed, wherever he can get an audience (and he can get one any where) to hear him. He is the O'Connell of Protestantism, as far as grossness and perjury can be dissociated from that name, and activity or agitation only represented by it. M'Neile is not a mere enthusiastic declaimer; he works and he perseveres till he gains the mastery. We need not say that Liverpool is a proof of this characteristic. Popery came full-blown from Ireland to take up her residence among the schools of that town; she conciliated mayor and magistrate, and engaged their patronage; there was every prospect of an importation of the spirit and the prin-

ciples of the bogtrotters of Maynooth ; but M'Neile met his townsmen and swept the pestilence from the shores of the Mersey, and nobly and triumphantly insisted that English children should have the heritage of their forefathers—the Bible ; and that the ministry of our church should be felt in the academy as well as in the congregation. This was worthy. It deserves a monument *are perennius*. But we must give the gem, and its setting, from the “sweepings:”—

“In person, he is rather tall, about five feet ten, and erect in his carriage ; his head is of a fine and peculiar form, his face somewhat long, his forehead high and square, and his eyes large, brilliant, and very piercing. His hair grows far back on the temples, and is cut in that primitive angular fashion which distinguishes some of the early Reformers. There is also an austerity and impenetrable self-possession about him which adds much of their stern, firm aspect, to his appearance.

“I have seen and heard Mr. M'Neile many times, but I never saw a smile on his face, unless it were a sarcastic one ; though there is scarcely any other expression that the human countenance is capable of assuming which I have not seen playing on his features, at one time or another.

“His manner is as varied as his subjects, and is composed of the most exact proportions of voice, eye, look, and gesture ; none of these are ever out of place, or out of keeping with the rest ; all is regulated with the most exquisite good taste, and gives so perfect a picture of what he is saying, that you might almost understand him without any articulate sounds.

“No actor by profession can excel him in this point. It is said that in his younger days he had a passion for dramatic representation, and used to delight his private friends by his performance, which was inimitable, and all who have seen him will readily believe it.

“Few, indeed, are the men whose style of person and powers is better adapted for giving expression to the highest style of epic or tragedy ; and as all his talents are now devoted to the cause of religion, it is not a matter of surprise that his addresses should surpass those of other men in the elegance of their delivery, and the beauty and majesty of their accompanying action.

“His voice is clear, strong, and equal toned ; his enunciation perfect, excepting in one word, for ‘superstition’ is the only token he gives of his Irish extraction.”

This is a fair picture. We only marvel that the same pen that made so much of Cumming has not made more of the personal appearance of M'Neile. The latter is a perfect study.

THE BINARY STAR.

Such is her ladyship's Irish rendering of Castor and Pollux, *alias* M'Ghee and O'Sullivan. Hibernia, instead of Leda, gave birth to the twins. They both left their motherland in quest of Erin's long-lost golden fleece. One has slain some score of Radicals, and the other has mortally wounded O'Connell. These *dioscuri* have been generally seen together ; but whither one or both have appeared, storms and hurricanes have ensued. We have already sketched them, we believe, eighteen months ago, and we see the authoress has made use of our observations :—

“M'Ghee is a little, slender, bright-looking man, with blue eyes and sandy hair, his features full of expression, and a form full of action ; one of the most gentlemanlike, lively, pleasant persons imaginable.

“Mr. O'Sullivan is far from tall, is very stout, broad, and heavy in person, with black hair, small gray eyes, and a rosy face ; as varied, as expressive, and as humorous in all his sayings and doings, as any Irishman ever was yet. His countenance is perfectly round, and perfectly happy ; it has small features, deep-set and twinkling eyes, and all the ruddy, joyous simplicity of a child. It alters but little during his speeches ; its chief variation is a serious, half-displeased glance, with the eyes fixed on the ground, and then immediately raised, with the most roguish twinkle in the world, while he says, with a sly curl of the lip, something totally destructive of the argument which had caused his momentary depression.

“In M'Ghee's last speech, perhaps, the finest point of all was when he held up in one hand Dr. Murray's hypocritically charitable letter to Protestants, and, in the other, the persecuting class-book of Maynooth ; while, in a series of short, emphatic sentences, he contrasted them together.

“He looked first at his right hand, with a bland, delightful smile, ‘Here is the kind, flattering letter ;’ then he turned to the left, with a fierce frown, ‘and here are the persecuting statutes !’ shaking them as if in vengeance. ‘Here is the epistle that compliments ye as ‘beloved fellow Christians !’ with a tone of in-

sinuating treachery; 'and here are the decrees that would burn ye for HERETICS!' and he thundered it forth in a terrific voice, that seemed the very echo of the Inquisition."

We have one remark to make on the speeches and appearance of M'Ghee and O'Sullivan at Exeter Hall. The whole has had the brilliancy and the evanescence of an *aurora borealis*. Their statements, reasonings, and discoveries on the nature and principles of Irish Popery, are either forgotten or undervalued. Dens is a mere by-word, clearly as he was saddled on the papal hierarchy.

One other Irish picture, and we have done. It is that of one whose name has been very widely connected with the "Binary Star;" we mean

DR. COOKE.

He is also celebrated for lashing the Voluntaries at Belfast, and banishing Dr. Ritchie, with the toads and other kindred reptiles, from the land of St. Patrick. We think he is etched to the life in most respects. He is a Presbyterian; but liked by most, and called to the aid of all.

"The Rev. Henry Cooke, D.D., the Presbyterian minister of Belfast, is one of the most talented speakers which any platform ever presented; and his person is well calculated to give effect to his speeches.

"He has a tall, commanding figure, very spare, but firmly compacted; short dark gray hair, a long thin face, an aquiline nose, a projecting brow, deep set gray eyes, and a compressed mouth; his profile, altogether, is not unlike that of the Duke of Wellington.

"His appearance, when silent, is one of the most deceptive I ever saw. You would think he had no more talent, or even intellect, than a dry tree, or a wooden statue. He sits motionless, with one knee put over the other, and his whole frame, as it were, doubled up; his eyes fixed on the ground, or wandering over the audience, with an imperturbable vacancy of expression, as though he had not, nor ever had, nor ever would have, one single idea in his possession. While thus meditating, many have been the guesses among the auditory as to who that 'dry-looking old gentleman' could be; and, on the name of Dr. Cooke being announced, many a look of astonishment has been raised to see him rise in answer to it.

"He has full possession of that secret of genius, the production of the greatest quantity of effect by the smallest quantity of means, and nowhere does he manifest this more completely than in his action while speaking.

"He uses very little of it, but that little is always exactly of the right kind, and exactly in the right place; moreover, two or three of his quiet gestures will convey as much meaning as twenty from most other men.

"I once saw him act an anecdote, in which he personated, to the life, the surprise of a poor Irish woman on finding an unexpected bundle in her cabin—her curiosity as to its contents, her peeping in at one corner, her stealthily opening it, her discovery of a cloak in it, the unfolding of the cloak, and, finally, the putting it on; and all this was done by a few, slow, quiet movements of his hands, and of a small book which he held in them.

"The story ended in the good woman's being informed by her husband, that the cloak was a present for herself, purchased with his quarter's salary as reader to the Irish Society, an employment to which she had been greatly opposed.

"Few who heard this part of the tale will forget the look of delighted simplicity with which Dr. Cooke cast up his eyes, and clasped his hands just below his chin, while, in a deep and fervid tone, he gave his final exclamation,—*'Ough, bless ut then for a darrlint of a soceety!'*

"This is but one among many things of the kind which I could relate of this extraordinary man. In debate and discussion he is said to be invincible; and certainly, to judge from his usual speeches, one would guess that at times, when extraordinary exertion is required, his genius would rise with the occasion."

Dr. Cooke is a man of great versatility of talent, full of racy humour, rich anecdote, and varied erudition, on his own subjects. His transitions are more extraordinary than those of almost any other speaker. He passes from perfect drollery to affecting pathos, and from witticism and sarcastic humour to sublime strokes of eloquence, by a process best known to himself. His services in the Protestant and Conservative cause have been so sustained and successful, that men high in authority and power have transmitted their acknowledgments to him; and Trinity College, it is well known, presented him with a doctor's degree, as an expression of esteem for his

services. He was one of the trio who brought forward the discovery of Dens, at Exeter Hall. His theme on that occasion was the royalties of St. Peter; but, in our judgment, he failed. He did not appear at ease, though one apology may be pleaded, that M'Ghee's opening statement had made so profound an impression, that every thing else lost in comparison.

We must draw our remarks to a close. Some of our readers may blame us for our lengthened extracts from this collection of "sweepings," and others for taking notice of the ecclesiastical convocations of Exeter Hall. But this censure will not be just: having reviewed at length such *farra-gines* as *Random Recollections of the Houses of Parliament*, we feel it due to the claims and merits of the case to introduce Nisbet's maid of all work, with her lap full of sweepings, under the plagiarised *sobriquet* of "Random Recollections of Exeter Hall."

This act of courtesy and gallantry has also afforded us an opportunity of canvassing the merits of men, who are some of them worthy of a better and brighter memorial. We have not always followed the judgment of the writer. She sees something good about all, from John Hockin, the belov-ing Brummagen blacksmith, at the Temperance Society, up to Hugh M'Neile, at the Protestant Association. We cannot withhold one gem from the "sweepings:" it is unique.

MR. JOHN HOCKIN, "THE BRUMMAGEN BLACKSMITH."

"We now turned towards the great hall, and found that it was a speech being delivered there, and of which we clearly heard some words, we being on the *outside* of its walls. Determined to examine into the phenomenon, and knowing that the best approaches were too full to be attempted, we ascended the upper stairs, and on entering at the top of the raised seats, we found that the immense volume of sound proceeded from a dark,

active little man, who stood on the platform, haranguing the multitude in tones of living thunder; bestowing, at the same time, by way of emphasis, such tremendous blows on the platform rail with his clenched fist, as he had been wont to deal upon his anvil, in the way of his calling; for it was indeed no other than John Hockin, the chain and anchor-smith, the reformed drunkard, and at that time the overwhelming *cheval de bataille* of the Temperance Society."

We commend her research, and her Conservatism, and express our sincerest wishes that she may soon get a husband. She presents a very interesting group. There she is surrounded by "rich and musical voices," "brilliant and sparkling eyes," "graceful figures," "handsome contours," "aquiline noses," "Grecian mouths," "alabaster complexions," "imposing exteriors," "dark hair, waving curls," "fine foreheads," &c. &c. We leave out her catalogue of "kilts," *inexpr---*, surtouts, knee-breeches, &c. &c. A lady, with a blue stocking on, and a white stocking half off, surrounded by a cartload of the elegant and varied appurtenances we have recorded, is the precise portrait of the authoress. Her delineations of personal charms are too frequent. Those she compliments the highest, on this score, will be the least thankful for her services. It is just such writing, let us add in sober seriousness, that originates caricatures of the religious world. Nisbet's maid-of-all-work is necessarily either the grandma or mamma of Mrs. Trollope. The "sweepings" of the one lead to the sarcastic and bitter novel of the other. We repeat our wish, that the fair authoress may soon exchange Exeter Hall for a respectable drawing-room in Hackney or Clapham; her admiration of orators' eyes and noses, for attachment to a husband, and that progeny of squalling brats, whose names we have given, for a dozen little trots, eloquent for shoes, petticoats, and bread and butter.

ROUGH SKETCHES AFLOAT.

No. III.

THE POST-CAPTAIN. PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein the tale is begun. A ghost seen—and a right cunning trader sold.

H. M. FRIGATE *Vampire* was cruising off the island of Amabono, on the western coast of Africa. It was far past midnight. The watch on deck, tired of skylarking with each other, had one by one quietly ensconced themselves under the lee of the booms; and, except the monotonous tramping of the sentries, and occasional rattle of some slack rope against the masts, all was quiet. So noiselessly did the ship glide through the water, and so little did she need the helmsman's hand, that the dark motionless figures at the wheel might well have passed for statues carved in solid rock, had not the incessant swaying of their shadows in the pale moonlight, as the vessel lifted, and they alternately drew out and shortened, served in some measure to dispel the illusion of the scene. What little wind there was, was from the northward, variable. The line of horizon was defined as clear as in the brightest day at noon; and though, here and there, a small black misty cloud might be seen floating in the air below the fleecy scud, the general appearance of the weather was as if the "fair and gentle breeze" would soon desert the heavier lower canvass for the loftier sails and lighter duck. There was a calm serenity, almost approaching to languor, in the state of things described, well calculated to act upon the mind, and awaken any lurking remembrances of absent friends or by-gone times; and, indulging himself in a deep reverie, the officer of the watch had long been leaning over the weather-quarter, intently gazing either on the slightly ruffled surface—or the miniature of a lady. Some space had been devoted thus, when he was suddenly startled by the reflection in the water of another head besides his own. Before he could turn, he felt the weighty pressure of a hard and bony hand upon his shoulder, which fairly made him shudder; and though no coward,

his hair bristled, his knees shook, his blood froze, and his voice failed, as he distinctly watched the form of a man pass aft, and disappear over the taffrail of the frigate. The young lieutenant listened for the splash astern, and heard, or thought he heard, one, "Man overboard!—down with the helm!—rouse up there, every soul!" he shouted, jumping from off the caronade on which he had been standing, and rapidly, though clearly, issuing the necessary orders for heaving-to the ship. He hurried aft himself to touch the life-buoy trigger; for the man stationed there had, since the striking of the last half-hour bell, followed the example of his officer—only with this difference, that for his tender recollections and waking dreams had progressively been substituted a state of forgetfulness and sleep.

Two boats were manned and lowered; but after vainly pulling some time round about in the vicinity of the floating beacon, they were recalled and hoisted up.

"Who was it, Mr. Donald?" inquired Captain Ardley, turning to the officer from whom had proceeded the alarm.

"I don't know, sir," was his answer.

"No—nor any body else, it seems. Mr. Severn!"

"Sir," replied the first-lieutenant.

"Call the hands out to muster." And the ship's company was accordingly mustered, all the foremast-men passing round the capstern as they answered to their names.

"This is rather extraordinary, Mr. Donald," continued Ardley, dryly. "You say a man has fallen overboard in your watch: there is not a single individual, officer, seaman, or marine, missing, and no one has been picked up. I don't understand it. Just explain, will ye, how it occurred."

Donald did so to the best of his ability (leaving the miniature, however, out of sight), and never had the teller of any tale a more attentive auditory; but the features of the captain relaxed none of their determined incredulity.

"All of the watch were on deck;

and it is to be presumed that some of the lookouts *were* awake," Ardley ironically added. "Did any body witness this besides yourself? Where were the midshipmen?"

Some of the reefers, it appeared, had been on the fore-castle at the time, others aloft, and the rest——

"Caulking in the nettings," shrewdly guessed the captain. "For which, young gentlemen," he continued to a brace of the delinquents, "you'll take your choice——settle it between you——of which of the two maintopsail earings you'll dangle out at till I call you down." And, accordingly, stretching their legs, and striding up the Jacob's ladder into the main-rigging, they sulkily ascended to their posts of punishment.

Had the sentries or the lookouts seen it? No. Some had been looking one way, some another, but none in the right direction. Had the men at the wheel been vouchsafed a sight? No. All their attention had been bestowed upon the helm; and all they knew was that Mr. Donald told them to put it down. Who was by the life-buoy?

"Jenkins, sir; Bill Jenkins," answered at least a dozen of voices; and the word having passed for him, Mr. William Jenkins was called on to give *his* account. Unfortunately for himself, it happened to be rather lame and full of contradictions; for fearful of at all denying, or in any way throwing discredit upon the statement Donald had so positively made, lest the latter might prefer an accusation against him, which would inevitably bring him to the gangway, and not sufficiently master of the story to come forward with a ready and accurate corroboration of its particulars, he had nothing to rely upon but the forbearance of the lieutenant and the fertility of his own imagination. Consequently, he did not stick at trifles, or lies either; but the more of these he told to flounder through it, the deeper his struggles served to sink him in the mire.

"Where is your hat, sir?" said the captain, sharply.

"I ax pardon, sir; I ax pardon, gentlemen," replied Master Jenkins, hastily putting his hand to his head, to uncover it in the presence of the august assemblage on the weather-side; but finding it already bare, he was rather taken aback, and stammered out something about its having been "blow'd off."

"You lie!" exclaimed the captain, fiercely. "You lie!" he repeated in a louder tone, which paralysed the seaman's tongue. "You lie, sir; and you know it. Hark ye, now! however reprehensible in officers," he continued, casting on Donald an eye of some severity as he delivered this cut at him, "may be their shameful neglect of the state of men on duty, the self-conviction on the part of a lookout of drunkenness or sleep is far too gross to be passed over. Rig the gratings. Strip, sir, strip; and let your shipmates learn from your example to keep awake and tell the truth."

Punishment completed, the poor fellow was cut down, and stowed away comfortably in his hammock; where, this being a case calculated to enlist the sympathies of seamen, he received the kind condolences of his messmates till the calling of the morning watch, when he was left to indulge himself in ruminations upon the three dozen he had just received. The deck was relieved by Bell, the master: and on Donald's leaving it to go below, he found the excitement among the rest of his brother-officers too great to admit of their turning in; and huddled together at one end of the mess-table, by the dim glimmer of the master-at-arms' lantern, they were talking over, and endeavouring to explain away, the strange occurrence when he entered.

"I am not going to impeach your veracity, Donald," said Dr. Mann, the surgeon, who, in addition to a perfect knowledge of his own profession, possessed a large stock of information upon general subjects connected with science, and a clear, inquiring mind; "but I feel extremely disposed to look upon it in the light of an optical delusion. You have been bilious. Let me feel your pulse."

"But, doctor," remarked Severn, "though a man may think he sees a thing and be mistaken, he must know whether it laid hold of him or not. Then there was the shadow in the water——"

"The same causes which would produce the one effect would be extremely likely to produce the other," interrupted Mann; "though, in regard to the hand, you must excuse me, Donald, if I remain sceptical on that point. There are so many instances——"

"Instances! Bless my body and soul, doctor!" exclaimed Donald, his

Highland blood a little warmed by the incredulity of the other, "will you believe your own eyesight?"

"In such a case as this, I should be inclined to doubt it."

"Then it's no use talking. Here," said the lieutenant, baring his shoulder, which certainly exhibited the recent impression of a hand; "I suppose you'll call these marks delusions: but if they're optical, the pain is not."

"By the seven wise geese that eat the grass off Solomon's grave, did any body ever see the like of that!" exclaimed Severn, taking the fag-end of the purser's dip out of the lantern, and holding it in his fingers up to Donald's shoulder. "Look there!"

"There, indeed! Mercy on us, do look!" said the second-lieutenant, Ripley, who, though bearing a better reputation on ordinary occasions for courage than for wisdom, was, to speak vulgarly, rather in a funk just now.

"Curious, certainly. What had you on?" inquired Mann.

"On," repeated Donald, impatiently — "devil a thing but that crape-jacket," pointing to the one he had just taken off, "and this shirt underneath."

"Distinct impressions those, very," continued Mann, in the same tone of composure as before. "The extremities of the nails have quite indented the soft parts above the clavicle."

"So they have, doctor; and here's his thumb," struck in Ripley, reaching over Severn, and scrutinising the place with the same attention as Mann himself.

"Now, doctor!" exclaimed the first-lieutenant, triumphantly.

"Well."

"Well," repeated Severn after Mann, "what do you say now?"

"Why, had we passengers on board, I should have supposed that some of them had been amusing themselves. As it is, I conclude it to be either some somnambulist —"

"A somnambulist!" echoed Ripley, with a shudder, screwing his head round, as if he thought there was one behind him then. "I don't mind tackling any man, sober or drunk, sleeping or waking; but Heaven defend us all from being haunted by such a thing! They never appear to more than one, do they, doctor? I shall take a ship's pistol on deck with me the next middle watch I keep; and I think I see the beggar then," he added, working himself up.

"I hope you won't, for his own sake," answered Mann, with a smile; but he found himself in a minority for once, and the butt of his messmates escaped ridicule for that which entitled him more fairly to it than even his usual blunders.

"Hilloa! what's that? Listen," exclaimed Severn, hastily replacing the candle-end in the socket, with its wick downwards; by which it would have been extinguished, had not Ripley's dislike of being left in the dark made him exceedingly active in rescuing and resuscitating the cauliflower-top. "'Hands, make sail — call the officers.' There's the skipper hailing the main-top;" and catching up his hat, the first-lieutenant made a bolt.

"South-and-by-west."

"South-and-by-west, sir," echoed the steersman, to whom this order had been delivered by Ardley.

The whole ship was in a bustle. "Trim the yards, and crack on every stitch there, Mr. Severn," continued the captain, as the other tumbled up the hatchway.

"What's it all about, Donald?" inquired Ripley, coming forward on the fore-castle after the ropes had been belayed.

"Look a-head," replied his junior, handing him a glass, and pointing to three strangers, a schooner, barque, and brig, which were standing to the southward in company, across the frigate's bows.

"The headmost has got a blue and yellow flag up at his fore, sir," sung out Ripley.

"Clear the coachwhip," exclaimed Ardley, glancing at the pennant which had entwined itself in snakelike turns around the mainroyal-backstay; "and pitch a shot," he continued, raising the deck-glass to his eye, in the middle of the sentence he was uttering; which he finished by a motion of his hand, and a curse between his teeth, that for profanity and pithiness was equally remarkable.

The flash of the bow-chaser burst brightly, as a rising sun upon the dull gray light of morning; and as the shot plunged into the water under the fore-foot of the barque, she hauled up her courses and hove-to, with her consorts on her quarter to leeward, while a long swift galley, manned by six negroes, shoved off and pulled for the frigate, which still stood down towards the

strangers, till almost within a speaking distance, when orders were given to round-to.

"Keep fast the cutters, Mr. Severn," said Ardley, observing the men instinctively handing out the falls. "Pipe the side for the officer from the barque, and send him down to me." Saying which, he descended to his cabin in a state of mind that, to judge from certain outward appearances, was far from amiable or happy.

A coarse, vulgar-looking individual, was standing up in the stern-sheets of the galley, with the tiller in his hand: while his diction was calculated to offend the ear as grossly as his exterior to disgust the eye; for, as he drew up alongside, he exclaimed, with true Cockney prodigality and saving of his *h's*, "'Eave us a rope! Captain h'Ardley aboard?"

"Ay, ay—yes," said Severn, in answer to the request and inquiry of the speaker, about whose manner of steering his boat and coming over the side there was something seamanlike withal.

"Morning, gents," said the stranger, familiarly ducking his head to the officers clustered at the gangway. "Tidy 'ooker this," he added, squinting round with an air of approbation. "I know'd the Wampire——"

"Your sagacity, sir, is excessively acute," said Severn, by whom (however acceptable such language might have been from an Admiralty lord, on a visit of inspection) the stranger's assumption was felt to be intolerable; "but I would advise you to exercise it in any way rather than in reference to this ship, or any one belonging to her."

"What did you say?" rejoined the other, swaggering up to the first-lieutenant; "cos I'd punch your head——" But a colloquy, that would soon have risen from words to blows, was broken off by a message from the captain for the pugnacious individual to come below.

"Well, you villain!——"

"Willan!" exclaimed he of the small craft, in answer to Ardley's salutation, savouring, perhaps, more of truth than civility, on his entering the cabin—"which is blackest, pot or kettle? 'oo's the biggest villain?"

"Not so loud, Sweeny, not so loud," struck in Ardley, in a conciliatory tone: "I was only in joke."

"Was ye? Your jokes isn't generally no laughing matters neither. You carries 'em pretty far sometimes: and then you overshoots yourself, you know," he added, with a sneer. "I s'pose you give me this in jest, too," continued the post-captain's companion, producing a greasy letter, so worn in its creases, that any attempt to unfold it would have made it fall to pieces.

"Well, well, Sweeny," returned the captain, "dissembling his wrath, though it was but the cautious wiliness of a serpent, repeated betrayal had ingrafted on a disposition originally too careless not to be imposed on, that taught him to meet treachery by stratagem, in preference to crushing it by force, and prevented him from strangling his fractious disputant upon the spot—" let all that pass. Give me your opinion on that rum; and then just tell us what brought you here, and what you're going to do: for it 'll never answer contract to either party for your ship and mine to be at work upon the same station."

"I differs there," said Sweeny, gulping down a considerable proportion of neat spirit, which, rolling his tongue about the inside of his mouth, he decided to be "old and 'ily;" adding, "To do, my bo? Shut up shop, now I've made my fortin—wash my 'ands of the niggers, and turn innocent."

"Umph," said Ardley, "I can have no possible objection to all that; and knowing your veracity of old, can easily credit any thing you say. But you must expect to find other captains of king's ships rather harder of belief about your honesty. The cut of your craft is enough to condemn her; and there's rather a queer appearance about your consorts."

"Consorts! Do you think I wants any thing to keep me in countenance? Them's prizes both. The brig's a Portuguese—schooner's a Yankee."

"Prizes, eh!—Yankee, too? How did you come by them?"

"Honest."

"Of course," said Ardley, with emphasis, as if, from the character of the party, it were impossible to harbour a suspicion to the contrary.

"I hinwiggled the little, and bullied the big un," expressively continued Sweeny.

"Where?"

The other cast a look up at the com-

pass overhead, and then, pointing his left thumb over his right shoulder, in the direction of the place, said, "Bight o' Be-nin."

"Any slaves?"

"No; they was coming down next day."

"You were all at anchor, then?"

Sweeny moved his head up and down in a perpendicular direction, thereby signifying an answer in the affirmative.

"Any dollars, or gold-dust?"

Sweeny sat himself erect, expanded his chest, and ejaculating "Boilin's I!" as if his mouth had been full of plums, crumpled the letter up, and tossed it in the air. Ardley's eye glittered like a serpent's. A sudden gleam shot athwart his weather-worn and haggard countenance; and, stretching out a hand, he intercepted it in its descent to Sweeny's.

"Honour among thieves! No tricks now, capt'n, cos I neither stands nor understands 'em; and security don't never injure no one. Come."

"Will you have it now, or wait till you get it?" was the answer; and as Sweeny awoke from the engrossing visions of his wealth to the agreeable discovery that he had met his match, the whole expression of his face changed at once from arch villany and low cunning to a species of ferocious boldness.

"Give it hup—give it hup, I say!" he shouted, vainly essaying to wrest the bone of contention from Ardley's iron grasp; while his fishy eyes started from his head with apoplectic fulness, and his frantic scream of disappointment might have vied (to borrow an expression Dr. Lardner uses in allusion to myself) with the laugh of an hyena.

"Mr. Severn!" shouted the post-captain.

"Sir!" answered the astonished officer, rushing in and collaring the slaver, whom he did not omit to favour with a kick. But Sweeny was a man not easily dismayed, and by far too much habituated in personal scuffles to rely for safety on his own resources to lose his presence of mind now; and, accordingly, planting a judicious blow in Ardley's side, which fairly doubled him up, he broke one of the small bones in Severn's fore arm with a stroke from the sharp edge of a decanter, and darting through the cabin past the sentry, flung himself out of a

maindeck port into his boat, and hailed the barque to fill and pick him up: which she did, but not before the guns of the Vampire had commenced belching forth upon her sulphur, smoke, and fury.

Half a broadside did for the brig and schooner, mangling them severely. But though the sails of the barque were riddled till they presented the appearance of a colander, and several shots had entered between wind and water, her spars were pretty well untouched. She was running on a taut bowline. The wind had fallen light,—so light that the frigate had just steerage way on her, and that was all; while her chase still slipped a-head at a rate that soon took her out of range.

Nothing now remained for Ardley but to secure his guns again, recover his breath, and put prize-crews on board of the two vessels which had previously been respectively "bullied" and "inwiggled" by Sweeny; whose hold over Ardley had departed with the document when it passed from his possession.

The Vampire's station was the coast of Africa; and, though another ship was shortly coming out to relieve her, by the rules of the service it was her business to stop there till it arrived. But despatching his prizes to find their way into port, her captain thought proper to proceed home upon his own responsibility. A quick passage brought them into the Channel, about the time of the winter season's setting in; and Ardley's intention was to carry the frigate into Portsmouth; but when abreast of the Eddystone, the wind drawing forward and heading him from the eastward, he bore up for Falmouth. Directly the anchor was down, the captain went ashore, and started with four post-horses for the Admiralty. What passed there, the reasons he gave, or how they were received, is little to the purpose now. It is quite sufficient, that the business which took him up to London was arranged in one interview; and, travelling night and day without intermission, he returned to his ship as quickly as the heavy state of the roads would allow him; when he sent for Bell, who has before been mentioned as the master.

"Mr. Bell," he said, "if I put the ship's head for you between Land's End and the Scillies, can you navigate her up the Irish Sea without scraping her copper for us on either coast?"

"Why, sir," replied the master, after reflecting a few moments,— "if you'll take her out of *here*——"

"I shall take her out of *here*," interrupted Ardley, "and that with the first of the next ebb."

"Then I'll engage to carry her up there—that is," continued Bell "provided the wind holds."

"It *will* hold—long enough at least," he added, in some measure qualifying his bold assertion, which argued a more intimate acquaintance with that mysterious personage, the clerk of the weather, than usually falls to the lot of most men besides Mr. Murphy.

"Well, sir," said the master, "the nights are long and the days are short. But, nevertheless, provided, as I before observed, the homeward-bounders are kept knocking about in the chops some eight-and-forty hours——"

"You mean to say, it may be done?" said Ardley, cutting the other short.

"Yes."

"Then *let it*," and, leaving orders to be called in time, he threw himself upon his couch to get some sleep.

CHAP. II.

In which a wreck is seen—the barge sent away—a sprat ventured for a her-
ring, and a Tartar caught.

The evening of a dreary, cold December day, was gloomily closing in. To a hard gale had succeeded a listless lull; but the wild and streaky sky portended harder coming weather; while the hoarse scream of the sea-birds, as they flitted around a heavy vessel like spirits of the storm, sounded a dirge strangely in unison with the solemn grandeur of the scene. The black and bristling teeth of the ship, her flush deck, taunt masts, and the squareness of her yards, with the slender pennant streaming from aloft, proclaimed the man-of-war; and the uniform of two officers who were walking up and down the quarterdeck was the undress of the British navy.

"I'll tell you what it is, Donald," said the elder of the two, addressing his companion in an under-tone, "it's exactly as I've always thought. Every thing goes by interest in this world. One man may steal a horse, and get clear off, while another mustn't look at a halter without having it fitted to his neck. I should like to know who was our skipper's father, that his mother's

son has only got to shew his ugly muzzle to the board, tell a yarn as long as my arm, and then go where he pleases, and do as he likes——"

"Ardley's a particular friend of yours, Soundings, I know of old," said Donald, in answer to the master.

"No he isn't; but I hate injustice. If it had been you or I, or any body else, now, that had played those rigs off Africa, and then walked home before our time was up, wouldn't they have asked us what we came for?" exclaimed poor Bell, who had been piqued about something coming out of Falmouth, had not quite recovered his twistiness, and was now indulging himself with a good growl. "I should like to have seen him get her ashore the other night, if it was only for telling Severn that he'd have a pig up, and make a better master of him than I was. I'll not stay in the ship——"

"Maintop—gallant—yard, there!" sung out Donald, hailing a topman, as he heard the well-known step of the captain coming up from below, about his usual time. "Make the most of the little light that's left you. Keep a sharp look out there in the clear."

"Send a midshipman up to see that he does so, Mr. Donald; and another time don't wait to remind him of it till I come on deck," said the captain; for he saw through the little harmless byplay, and was too unsparing of his officers or men to let it go unnoticed.

Whether—and it is by no means unlikely that it did—the appearance of his captain quickened the eyesight of the man or not, a sail was shortly afterwards reported broad upon the larboard bow; but, on examination, she proved to be nothing better than a Scotch fruiterer bound outwards to St. Michaels, and so badly manned, that her crew scarcely exceeded a fisherman's proverbial complement (which is composed of what those who do know need not, and those who don't know should not, be informed). Ardley, however, had the master brought on board, and out of him extracted some intelligence which, as he never vouchsafed any thing to any body, not excepting his first-lieutenant, was only beneficial to himself. The captain of a king's ship, if he know his station, and do his duty strictly, must always be in some measure a solitary being,—the nature of the service imperatively demands that he should stand alone; but

fierce, haughty, stern, contemptuous, and proud, the commander of the Vampire held himself forbiddingly aloof from all, and all from him. True, the usual round and interchange of formal dinners between the cabin and the ward-room was rigidly adhered to; but it would have been a relief, probably, to both parties could they have been consistently dispensed with. Contrary to a custom latterly very general in the navy, neither Severn nor the surgeon messed with him; nor did the officer of the morning-watch breakfast at his table. All this was not arising from his being on *bad terms* exactly with the lieutenants,—for he would never have stooped to quarrel with them; but he seemed to shun their society more from misanthropy than personal dislike, seldom conversing with them on any topics unconnected with the duty of the ship, unless when, by the fire of the enemy, his men were falling fast around, and he would break out with some almost blasphemous mockery which shewed his bitter spirit and utter insensibility to any thing in the shape of fear.

After the Scotch trader had been suffered to proceed upon her voyage, he watched the weather attentively, casting many an anxious look towards a bank of clouds forming on the lee bow.

"I don't like that thick stuff to leeward, Donald," remarked Bell,—for if we get it from the norrdard and westard half as hard as we've had it from the eastard lately, we shall just find ourselves upon the wrong side of the land."

"It's falling calm!" exclaimed Donald; but it was only the calm preparatory to the storm.

"She's coming to—she's coming to against the helm, sir!" sung out the steersman; and true enough, as the strong swell rolled sluggishly in from the north-westward, it swept her head round towards the Orkney Isles, which happened to be not very distant.

"Square away the yards, Mr. Donald," said the captain to the officer of the watch; and the yards accordingly were squared.

"How have you got the helm?" said Ardley.

"Hard a-starboard, sir; hard a-starboard!" replied the man.

"Right it." And the helm was placed amidships. The frigate stripped to her topsails, which were double-

reefed, labouring painfully, as though struggling to escape the threatened blow. It came, and striking the Vampire, as Ardley had anticipated, on her larboard quarter, bellied out the broad expanse of canvass, and drove her suddenly a-head.

"Port, boy—port! steady—y—meet her!" exclaimed the captain loudly; and, placing himself at the foot of the mizenmast, he trimmed the yards, and gave the course.

Donald was forward on the booms, but Ripley and Bell were aft; and the former stared at the latter, and the latter at the former, when they heard the course, as if they doubted their own ears. Then one walked to the binnacle and the other walked to the binnacle, and, exchanging ominous looks, Ripley nudged Bell, and Bell nudged Ripley — "You," whispered the master.

"No—*you*," replied the lieutenant.

"Very well," said he; and, hemming! to gain confidence, and clear his throat, he loosened his hat that he might take it off more easily, and then, approaching Ardley as if he were fearful of being bitten, commenced with—"Captain Ardley —"

"Mr. Ripley," said the captain, addressing the lieutenant without heeding Bell, "you may beat to divisions at the usual time; but keep the hammocks where they are,—we shall not have them piped down to-night."

"Captain Ardley —"

"Get a touch of the weather main-topsail brace, there, afterguard! Belay that—belay!"

"Captain Ardley," said the master for the third time—"I think it my duty —"

"Well, sir."

"As master of this ship —"

"Yes."

"To remonstr —"

"Eh?" exclaimed the other, darting a look at Bell from underneath his shaggy eyebrows that made him flinch.

"To—to—point out, rather, I would say"—continued the master, correcting himself—"the extreme risk and danger incurred —"

"What!" impatiently struck in the commander of the Vampire.

"Danger incurred —" Bell went on — "in—in—by running his majesty's ship—hem!—on—stem—on—ahem—Orkneys —"

"Mr. Bell," said the captain in re-

ply, "I have *not* got a book of pictures below in my cabin, or I should ask you to step down and amuse yourself with it until I wanted you on deck again."

"Sir!" said the other, in a voice of suppressed passion, losing his nervousness by the stinging of the taunt—"may I ask, sir, what you mean?"

"Certainly," replied Ardley, with austere politeness. "A responsibility like this is too heavy for you, and therefore I choose to take it on myself."

"Did I ever shrink from responsibility?" exclaimed Bell, whose blood was up.

"You never will," was the reply. "I know the powers of every man in this ship, and never press beyond them. If the frigate was really where you made her an hour back, we ought to have land on our larboard bow and starboard beam, and Pentland Firth n-head."

"Pentland Firth, sir?"

"Yes, certainly, Pentland Firth; for which I'm running, and through which, were the night ten times more murky than it is, I intend to take the ship; or scatter her bones, and yours and mine, and the bones of every body in her, where they'll lie till they rise again, or rot."

If Fortune favoured the bold, Ardley ought to have been particularly lucky; and so he was in this instance, for he succeeded. Directly he was clear through, he bore up right before the wind, shook his reefs out of the maintopsail, set his lower stunsails; and, relying on dead reckoning, carried on till he judged Kinnaird's Head was broad upon his quarter; when, shortening sail again, he hauled up, and steered boldly to the south, nearly in a parallel direction with the bending of the Scottish coast.

On the following evening again, after cruising about to the northward of the Bell Rock, boarding every thing they fell in with, the frigate sailed into one of the large deep bays which are numerous all along that part, and anchored for the night.

"There's something ashore there, sir, surely," exclaimed one of the midshipmen, attracting Ripley's attention as they brought up to a moving object on a long continuous reef of rocks, which formed, as far as the eye could reach, a stoney barrier to the bleak and barren coast.

"Ay—yes; so there is. Away there, Mr. Donald, in the barge, and see what you can make of her!" exclaimed Ardley himself. "It's some craft or other that has got embayed in the late gales." And the boat being lowered and shoved off, he left the deck.

"Look out Pearson," said Ripley, slightly touching his hat to a mate as the captain went below, and he followed his example.

"The devil's busy there again, youngun; but though the water's deep, and the bottom's rotten, the chain is veered out to the clinch, and a long scope may hold us," observed the mate to a younger messmate at his side, as the lightning played among the hills inshore; and a hard gust following, a bursting cloud of sleety rain suddenly struck the Vampire, stretching and tautening her cable, and driving the wreck, which had long been gradually shifting, off from the breakers out to seaward, where it sank, before the barge had swept over half the space between it and the frigate.

"Look, Pearson, look!" exclaimed the youngster; "Mr. Donald can do no good, and is coming alongside again."

"He had better mind how he does that, unless he wants to swamp the barge, and get a ducking. Stand by to give them a rope, Baines!" he continued to one of the men near, who instantly jumped into the chains to execute the order. "You're cold, Walters," he said, seeing his little companion shiver; "run up to the mizen-topgallant-mast head, and come down again by the backstay,—that'll warm you like a glass of hot grog."

"I can't—I'm so sleepy. I wish I was at home," responded Walters, with a sigh; "it's not near eight yet, and I was on deck all last night. I wish *I was at home*," he repeated piteously, yawning and sighing from the bottom of his heart again, as he inwardly contrasted his present dreary lot, coarse fare, and all the fatigues and hardships he endured, with the warm fireside and comfortable home he had voluntarily abandoned—for what?—the pleasure of donning a blue "regulation" jacket with bright gilt buttons, out of which the shine had been taken a sufficient time to thoroughly convince him "all that glitters is not gold." And wearied out in body, and depressed in spirit, he

fell asleep, still standing, to dream of his fond mother's care, and those childish delights in which he was fated never more to share or join.

"The captain on deck?" inquired Donald, coming up the side.

"No, sir," said Pearson; "you may be sure of that by him,"—pointing to Walters, who, from his upright posture, had sank with his head down, and his body across a carronade.

"He's regularly done up. Send him down to his hammock," said the lieutenant; "he'll be frozen there."

"Sunk is she, Mr. Donald? sunk, you say!" repeated Ardley, on receiving the officer's report. "I wonder what's gone of her crew."

"Got ashore, sir, perhaps,—for it struck me I saw a ship's boat hauled up on the beach high and dry, and there is a landing —"

"The deuce you did! Is there?" eagerly interrupted Ardley. "Man and arm the barge again. Land at once: take a midshipman, and bring off any sturdy rascals you can lay your hands on. Men I want, and men I will have too, if they're to be got; for we lost so many with that blasted yellow fever, that we've scarcely enough left now to work the ship or fight the guns!"

Two bells in the first night-watch had just been struck, while Donald was still away, when pealing booms louder than the thunder overhead, succeeding a series of dazzling, flashing sheets of flame, aroused Ardley from a train of moody thought, and, taking his night-glass, which was hanging in its becket above the back of the couch on which he had been reclining, once more he left his cabin. But all was dark again, and the sullen rolling echoes were dying murmuringly away as they reverberated fainter and more faintly yet among the distant hills.

"Recall the boat—hands out, up anchor!" were his orders; and, springing into the empty nettings, he swept the void expanse, in the vain hopes of discovering traces of any vessel in the offing. He jumped down, took a couple of short, hasty turns, as if in deep deliberation with himself, and then stopped short.

"Keep fast that signal!" he exclaimed. "See all clear for making sail, and let the armourer unshackle the chain as far forward into the hawse as he can —"

"It'll not take us long to trip the anchor, sir," suggested Ripley, who was acting in the place of Severn; "and there is no buoy to it."

"That's your fault, sir! Unshackle," said the skipper; "the capture I want to make is worth a cable."

A couple of strokes or so from the armourer's hammer, and a fathom or two of links flew clanking out; all but the first length from the clinch round the mainmast, being thus sacrificed together (which was certainly of much less consequence) with the bower. The loosened wings of the Vampire were expanded to the wind, and, like the creature from which she had derived her name, she proceeded under cover of the night to seize upon her prey.

The hammocks were piped up, and stowed; men were stationed aloft to look out; sheets stoppered, and yards slung; and, all lights being carefully shrouded, or extinguished, the people were suffered to lie down at their quarters, and snatch a hasty repose, from which many of them were shortly to be awakened only to fall into the sounder sleep of death. Things had been in this state full half an hour, and Ardley had repeatedly and impatiently hailed, to know if any thing was in sight, and had as often received for answer, that nothing could be seen; when all at once his ears were gladdened by the shout—"A toplight, sir! she's carrying a toplight!"

"Then there are two of them, or else it's a rising star." But its motion was too unsteady for the latter. "Haul the bunt-slabline of the foresail up; keep it a-head—keep that light a-head! D'ye here there at the wheel?" added Ardley in a louder angry tone, the frigate slightly yawing, from the sleepiness or inattention of the man. "Get a pull of the larboard braces, Mr. Ripley. He's standing to the southward,—for we're falling off," continued the commander of the Vampire, attentively watching the compass, as the *fleur de lis* gradually increased its distance from Lubber's Point, receding steadily against the sun.

"May be, sir, it's one of our own cruisers, after all," observed Ripley, venturing to speak.

Ardley shook his head, impatient even of remark.

"We're close upon him, at any rate. How shall we steer, sir?"

"Steady!" replied Ardley, in a

hoarse whisper; "cross him close a-stern. Rouse the men up quietly, and pass the word to rake him. "Give it me," he said, putting his hand out towards a marine who was looking to the priming of his piece. The man handed his musket to the captain. "I used to be a crack shot *once*," he added, grimly; and, raising it to his shoulder, he took aim at the light in the stranger's mizen-top,—the total annihilation of the lantern, as his finger touched the trigger, and a shrill moan from some poor fellow who was hit, proving that he was by no means an indifferent one *now*.

A regular "hoorooosh" (as it is expressively termed afloat) succeeded the report. Another moment, and the stranger's illuminated stern presented a fair mark for the concentrated broadside of the frigate, which swept destructively through her, fore and aft—every shot telling as it scoured on. She wore immediately, coming round to the wind upon the same (the larboard) tack as the Vampire; and whether she hailed her consort to bear up, or whether in the confusion of the attack the position of the latter was forgotten altogether, can never be decided now, but the craft on the lee-quarter of the headmost stranger, holding on her course, and crossing the English frigate's hawse, ran slap into the weather-bow of her own commodore. The crash of wood—the hollow rush of the water into the cavities of the vessel—and the drowning cry, that once heard can never be mistaken or forgot, telling their own tale. The lighter craft had foundered with every soul on board.

But that which Ardley had engaged was still afloat; and, whatever damage she might have sustained in the collision, she both forereached and weathered on the Vampire, whose worst sailing point being closehauled, now dropped so far a-stern, and bagged so much to leeward, that, without luffing her up every time at the expense of deadening her way, none of the guns abaft the gangway could be brought to bear.

"He's putting his helm down to cross our bows and rake us, sir, I think," sung out the boatswain; for the eye getting accustomed to darkness, and the two ships being scarcely more than musket-shot apart, the warrant-officer could pretty well discern the shaking of the jib and staysail as the

head-sheets were either let go or cut away. But whether he was right or wrong in his apprehensions, Ardley finding it was impossible he could keep the weathergage, and resolving not to give his enemy the chance, rounded in his weather braces, and did his best again to run under the other's stern.

"Over to the larboard guns—fire away!" he shouted.

But the stranger was too *wary* (if a pun may be excused) to come in for a second edition of the opening manœuvre of this running fight. What he got, momentarily sickened him, however, and his fire slackening, the Vampire's seamen cheered.

"Silence! silence!" thundered Ardley. "Keep your breath, men, while you may: many of you'll have none left when morning breaks!"

"Hark at him, Pearson. Oh, how wicked! he's jesting upon *death*!" cried little Walters; who thought this the acme of all that he had been taught at home to shun as *improprietous*, though the every-day examples of his present masters had much impaired the effects of the previous Sunday precepts of his "spiritual pastors." This was the first time of his smelling angry powder—it was destined, it would seem, to be the last,—and terrified, perhaps, more at Ardley than at the surrounding dangers, he turned pale, and crept closer to his messmate's side. But ill luck followed in his wake, poor child; and as every bullet has its billet, so, with rare exceptions, do the junior hands receive the most. He had scarcely shifted his position, before a shower of splinters ushered in a double-headed shot, that spun through the side, and struck him high above the knee.

No sound escaped the lips of the midshipman as his leg was knocked away, and he fell helplessly upon his back, for he was stupified; but his frothy mouth, and contorted struggles of the severed limb, bore witness to the shock his nervous system had sustained. Pearson speechlessly motioned a couple of hands from the two nearest guns to carry him below; but it seemed as if the captain's prophecy was indeed to be fulfilled, for before they reached the coamings with the wounded boy, some flying iron, from the carriage of a dismounted piece, made them fit subjects for the surgeon's hand themselves.

It is no trifle, however, that turns the seaman from his work. They first deposited their bloody burden on the deck with all the care their little strength remaining would allow of: then one rolled slowly over on his side; the other crawled away.

"Bear a hand; he'll bleed to death," said Pearson, beckoning for additional assistance, and pointing to the mutilated stump. But though the hemorrhage was extensive, the lacerated arteries had shrunk spasmodically up within their protecting coats of muscle, and he lingered yet a little longer, to breathe his last beneath the amputating. Out of numerous instances, this is only one —

"Cockneys of London, muscadins of Paris,
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is."

Meantime, the fire of the enemy grew brisk again, while that of the frigate, on the contrary, fell slack.

"Are you all asleep in the main-deck?" sung out Ardley.

The exertions of the seamen followed this appeal, and the stranger's guns suddenly became silent.

"She's struck!" said Bell.

"She's off!" said Ardley; "and out of gunshot, too," he added, as her bulldogs barked again, and ten or a dozen balls splashed short, the rest of her broadside sticking barely *skin-deep* in the bends.

"We'll lay-to till daylight, with our head in-shore," continued the commander of the frigate; "for we must have made a good deal of nothing on the whole, and — What the devil is that gone forward, now?"

"The fore-topmast's over the bows, sir, sail and all," was the reply; and the rustling of the canvass attached to the wreck, verified the speaker's words.

"Curse it! — Hark! though," exclaimed Ardley, with fierce exultation, bending low to catch the sound, and gripping the master by the arm. "We may be crippled, but he's winged. There goes stick for stick, and two for one," he added, as a couple of falling crashes were distinctly heard.

"Then we can't be so far off, sir, as you thought," replied Bell, "or we shouldn't hear the parting of the wood in this breeze."

But the captain thought differently, though who was in the right was seen when the first faint sickly gleams of

the struggling sun pierced the yellow mists, and presented to the wondering eyes of the crew on board the Vampire their antagonist of the previous night lamely hobbling off, steered with a makeshift rudder. Her own had been seriously damaged; her mizenmast was gone; and since her last broadside she had been laying at the mercy of the sea, within half-gunshot almost, the frigate having run down that distance before heaving-to; but they had now succeeded in getting her before the wind, and out of range of the Vampire's fore-castle nine-pounders. And Ardley bit his nether lip, till the blood sprung, with vexation, at finding how narrowly the stranger had escaped him. Immediately making sail in chase, he beat to quarters, and with a proud and haughty step strode round the decks, to see what strength was left. Fearfully were their numbers thinned, and the men whispered low their quaint remarks, as the crew of every gun was changed or weakened, to supply the deficiencies of nearly all; but on the captain's approach, the growlers grew dumb, mechanically relapsing into blind, unreflecting obedience. But pursuit was fruitless now; and, however unwillingly, the frigate was compelled to haul off, and stand in for the land, to see after her boat.

"He's all right again, now," said the master, who was looking through a "fathom of Dollond," as that celebrated optician's spyglasses used to be sometimes nicknamed, "for he's cut his steering tackle adrift. By the Lord Harry, how he walks!"

"So much the better, perhaps," said Severn; "for if this old tub were to come up with him, he mightn't leave us much to boast of, Bell."

"No," replied the master, dryly; "it's been six of one and half a dozen of the other: we've got as good as we gave. But ought you to be moving, with your arm?" For he yet suffered with it, portions of the bone continually coming away through the flesh; but though, while in the list, the first-lieutenant would never have attempted to deprive Ripley of the chance of distinguishing himself in action, he was too zealous to remain below when there was fighting going on, and during the continuance of the engagement, he had been on the main-deck, stimulating the men by his example, and, without interfering with

his junior brother-officers, forwarding the execution of their orders like a midshipman.*

"She doesn't lay up better than W.S.W. Soundings," said Ripley to the master; "we shall never fetch our last night's anchorage on this tack."

"No; and on the other, you'll carry away that main-topsail yard," replied Bell, pointing up at an ugly gap, about four feet inside the lee-earing. "It may stand as it is," continued he; "but all you can do with it will never make it hold it together if you go about."

"Who's killed on your deck?" inquired Ripley, as Pearson passed him.

"Who isn't, sir, would nearer hit the mark," he replied, sorrowfully. And he was right, for the carnage had been horrible.

"You've got a weft up for'ard," Mr. Ripley?" said Ardley.

"Yes, sir," answered he.

"Keep it flying, then, and blaze away a little powder every ten minutes or so. That may bring Mr. Donald out, and make him come to us; for, like a friend in heaven, we can't get to him."

This was done, and had the desired effect; for a small black speck was shortly seen to windward, which, on the fore-topsail's being backed—the original stump having been sent down, and a mast swayed up, a yard crossed, and canvass bent, notwithstanding the darkness, in as short a space of time as it would have been possible to have done the work in harbour,—eventually proved the barge.

"Where's Mr. Donald, Williams?" said Pearson to the reefer who had accompanied him, on the boat's coming alongside. "Where's Mr. Donald?" he repeated; but before Williams could make any reply, he was beckoned aft by Ardley, who was leaning against the capstern. "Drop astern—hook on, my lads," continued Pearson to the bowmen. "Two in, and seven out," he cried, counting the rest of the boat's crew, as they came on board; "why, there were ten of you, besides Mr. Donald, when you left the ship—you're not all here!"

"No, sir!" emphatically replied one of them; "we isn't now, nor never shall be neither, till the dumb speaks, and the dead ar'n't deaf."

"Send those men aft. What's the meaning of all this?" inquired the captain of the Vampire, surveying the soiled tattered uniform of the youth, and the fragment of a cutlass blade stuck through his sword-belt, from whence the scabbard had been plainly torn away by force.

"It's a long story, Captain Ardley, and —"

"Make it short, sir, then, and bring us to the point at once."

But leaving him to listen to the reefer's tale, and to receive Mann's report, which was even heavier than he anticipated, we shall carry our readers back to the landing of the frigate's barge.

CHAP. III.

Sheweth what took place ashore—and how a young lady, being wished to marry a rich man, fell in love with a poor one.

This was easily effected, and the barge being hauled ashore, Williams was left with the two bowmen as boat-keepers; and giving strict orders for them not to straggle, Donald proceeded onwards, followed by the other eight. The night was cold, and, except when the forked lightning played around, as dark as thief or smuggler could have wished, for not a single star in the whole wide canopy of heaven was visible; but this was of little consequence to the lieutenant, who knew every inch of the surrounding country well, having been born and bred within two miles of the very spot where he had beached the boat. And skirting the margin of a frowning cliff, he commenced ascending by a steep and narrow pathway, more fit for goats than men.

"Are you all here?" he inquired, on getting to the top.

"All here, sir," was the reply.

"Keep close. They'll either be at the admiral's, or down in the glen with Dermid," continued Donald, musing. "I'd pay Sir William a visit first, only I'm in a hurry to be off again, and the other's the most likely place."

And to the glen, accordingly, he bent his steps. Lights were seen moving; and notwithstanding that he sunk up to his knees in the snow at every stride he took, the young officer,

* Fact.

forgetful, in the excitement of the moment, of every thing but the purpose he had come for, pressed forward at a rapid rate.

"Carry on—carry on, you laggards there astern!" sung out Donald to such of the press-gang as found difficulty in wading as expeditiously as their officer. "Listen!" he exclaimed, suddenly bringing up.

"Won—night—came on —a—ur-re-kin,
The sea—was—mountains—rol-lin,
When Barn-y-y Bunt-line—tarned his
quid,
And sed—to Bill-y-y Bowlin," &c. &c.

At these symptomatic sounds, drawled forth in a true seaman's chant, the press-gang, halting for a moment as they approached the light, snuffed the air like beagles, and loosened their cutlasses in their sheaths, preparatory to their flashing forth, not upon the "foe," but on future messmates, towards whom, afterwards, would be manifested the utmost cordiality; for whatever, when it comes to *his turn*, Jack may think about being impressed *himself*, it is an undeniable fact that, like the elephant, he feels the greatest possible pleasure in entrapping others.

Two hands being posted at the entrance of Mr. Dermid's domicile, to prevent all escape from within, the remainder, with Donald at their head, rushed through the doorway, seizing every one his man. But more were inside than were at first compounded for—a kind of tea-party, where they drank whisky-toddy, having been given in honour of the wrecked seamen,—and the victory was not to be thus easily gained, or the contest for it which ensued to have a bloodless end.

Though rather staggered and taken by surprise, the Highlanders speedily found their way to some old rusty

broadwords and agricultural weapons in defence of their outraged hospitality, and pitchfork, cutlass, spade, and claymore dashed against each other, while wild, outlandish imprecations, and the coarsest English oaths, were pretty freely bandied between the infuriated combatants. The merchant-seamen (for it was a trader which had gone ashore) being between the engaged parties, and not having caught up wherewith to aid them in the fight, came second-best off, receiving many a cut not intended for them; and at last, one whose ear had been shaved off, disengaged himself from Donald's grasp, and laying hold of a blazing billet of split pine, hove it at the officer with all the force that pain and rage, added to a pair of brawny arms, was calculated to impel it. By ducking his head, the young lieutenant narrowly escaped the flaming messenger of wrath; but the impression it made behind him in the wall, served to give some idea of the effect upon it, it might otherwise have had.

Hitherto no powder had been burnt, and Donald's repeated injunctions, to "spare the lead, and use the steel," were attended by more merciful effects than usually succeeds that order in the field; but no authority could now restrain the barge's crew from using their firearms, and two Highlanders, besides the man who had thrown the faggot, had already bit the dust; when one of the lieutenant's sturdy countrymen, snatching his ship's pistol from him—the laniard snapping with the jerk like twine,—shot him through the neck. He fell.

"Leave me—leave me!" he exclaimed. "Down—down with you to the beach, and save the boat," were the last words he instinctively gasped out, as a film came over his eyes, and

* The system of impressment having been abolished by a late act as unnecessary (till the next war), it is of little use, perhaps, saying any thing about it; but that the foremast-man cared much for it, or looked upon it as a hardship, very few who have been to sea will feel inclined to believe; and, on examination, as great, or even a greater number of broad R's might be found against the names of those who "bore up for the bounty," as of the men who were found a berth without the trouble of looking after one. Some years ago, the writer of these pages was visiting an officer on board a frigate, when a press-gang, consisting of six men and a quartermaster, were sent away in charge of a mate one night. The officer got separated from his party, and nearly lost his life; but shortly afterwards, the quartermaster joined him, and on returning to the landing-place together, they discovered four of the crew—all originally *pressed men*—had found their way back with *another* man they had laid hold of, while the two missing ones—*both volunteers*—had deserted, and were subsequently claimed, and taken out of an Indianman in the Downs.

his head dropped dizzily like lead upon the rugged floor.

The press-gang paused for a moment, and hung back; and the Highlanders, allowing them no time to breathe, assailed them with redoubled fury, driving the whole party out. They rallied, however, in a moment, and manfully returned to the assault. But the pressure from within kept the door firmly closed against the exertion of their most strenuous efforts, and they failed in forcing their way in. Finding they could neither effect a breach nor bring away the body of their officer, they came to the determination of burning the others in their stronghold. For which purpose they collected a heap of wood, peat, furze, or whatever else they could lay their hands on, and clearing an area some feet square of the accumulated snow, stacked it loosely in a pile to windward. Half-a-dozen pistol cartridges, exploded underneath, soon had the effect of kindling a blaze, which darted its lambent tongue around the exterior of the cabin till the current directed it to a chink, through which it streamed too freely to to admit of check.

"What's the row, men, now? Where's Mr. Donald?" inquired Williams; who, hearing the shots and shouts, had come up with one of the boat-keepers to lend a hand.

"Killed, sir—murdered; but we're giving them as did it a taste of —," and he mentioned an unmentionable place, which bears the character of being warm, "before they go there."

"Stand back. Load, all of you," exclaimed the midshipman.

"Are you primed?"

"Primed of all, sir."

"Then here goes for a funeral volley. Fire!"

And the pistols were discharged through the door at those inside. But the spent bullets dropped harmlessly among them, and were only answered by a burst of deep defiance.

But the heat and smoke had now become too dense and scorching for the besieged to bear it any longer without risk of suffocation; and, rushing out in a body, they made a desperate *sortie*, the merchant-seamen being provided with the arms of those who would never want them more.

"Cleave their skulls, and cut the scoundrels down!" exclaimed the midshipman, whose blood was up and

boiling; and leaping in, heedless of the falling roof, he dragged poor Donald out. In doing which, he got separated from his party; who, without a leader, a second time gave ground, and were sent tumbling down the pathway rather quicker than they came up. Guided by their voices, Williams attempted to rejoin his men, but stumbling under the weight of his load, with which it would have been impossible for him to descend in any safety, he found out that he must either relinquish the body or lose his own life; and accordingly, he chose—what most others in a similar situation would have done, and yet no disparagement to their courage either,—though even as it was, betrayed by their light, and almost blinded by the dazzling, painful glare, caused by the reflection of the flames upon the snow, he only escaped by dint of sheer hard fighting.

The boat was fairly afloat when he regained the beach, and laying off a good couple of oars' lengths; but dashing through the surf, he scrambled into the stern-sheets, and desiring the men to give way, pulled out into the bay. But the Vampire had slipped long ago: the action had commenced, and their only resource was to let go a grappling for the night.

When there was any thing to be done that wanted doing immediately, Ardley thought, spoke, and acted simultaneously; and on hearing the above account, with that energetic, prompt decision, and careless independence of every body else, forming two of the most prominent features in his character, he determined to anticipate the issue, and altogether avoid the "glorious uncertainty" of the law, by taking it into his own hands; and landing a party of marines under an officer, about fourteen miles to the southward of where the events described took place, he ordered him to procure a guide, push up into the country, and bring off not only the merchant-seamen, but all and any whom he might suspect of having been concerned in the affair.

The only habitation within some miles of the glen, was a house where Donald's father had originally lived, but which, since his death, had been occupied by Admiral Sir William Mills and a young lady of about seventeen, whom he always called his

niece. The remnants of a large party were still down for grouse-shooting (an amusement in which the admiral was too old to join), and had started early in the morning, taking a contrary line of country from the coast; and the first intelligence, therefore, Sir William received of the fray, was the entrance of a London servant, white from terror, but swelling with the big importance of the news he was about to communicate, bringing an exaggerated account, and adding, what was true enough, that the redcoats were out in search of the delinquents.

The veteran was past eighty, but still in the enjoyment of a green old age, and happy in the possession of all his faculties, and an easy-going, sure-footed cob; on which he now proceeded forth to ascertain particulars, and loyally request the officer in charge of the men would refresh them with the contents of his larder. He had not ridden many hundred yards, when a deep groan struck upon his ear, and his horse started as some one rose up, pale and bloody, under his head, and then sank down again.

"God bless me!" he exclaimed. "Who are you? What are you, my poor fellow? Here, sir!" he continued, hailing a lieutenant of marines, who was approaching at the head of his party, with some prisoners he had made; "here's one of your wounded officers. Handsomely, men, handsomely," repeated the admiral, to some of the marines, as they went to lift him up; "unbuckle your cross-belts, and pass them underneath his body—ease him off the ground—that's it!" And dismounting from his saddle, the veteran assisted to sling the sufferer up on to the horse's back.

"It's Donald," said his military messmate.

"Donald!" exclaimed Sir William, who had known him from a child. "What, Angus Donald? So it is."

The lieutenant was carried in, and laid upon a sofa, a servant being despatched in quest of a medical man—one of the guests upon a visit there. He was shortly in attendance, and the bullet having providentially passed through without injuring the windpipe, or cutting any of the larger vessels, the wound was pronounced not dangerous, though severe. After being dropped by Williams, the keen, nipping air, and intense smarting of the shothole, had,

if I may so express it, *revived* Donald, and stimulated him to crawl to where he had been discovered by Sir William.

"What are you going to do with those fellows?" inquired the admiral of Jopson, for the merchant-seamen never dreaming of such a move as the foregoing, had fancied themselves in perfect security, during such time as the wind might hold, and had thus been captured. "Have them committed for trial?"

"No, sir; take them on board the frigate."

"Ah! very proper," returned the admiral, his eye kindling. "No law like martial law. What ship?"

"The Vampire, captain——"

"The Vampire!" repeated the old admiral. "The Vampire!" he exclaimed; "Where's she now, then?"

Jopson told him, and gave a brief account of the recent "brush."

"Brush! You're always having brushes—wasting powder and men's lives—for they only end in smoke. I don't know any frigate in the service that has done less, or lost more. How comes Mr. Donald on board the Vampire? He was appointed to the Thunder not ten months ago."

"Yes, sir; but he exchanged."

"Exchanged, did he? You young men of the present day are far too fond of change. When I was a lieutenant——"

"The twilight is closing in, sir," interrupted Jopson, instinctively dreading what was likely to follow, "and my fellows must be marching now, for the road is long, and the snow deep." And thanking the admiral for the refreshment he had so hospitably afforded them, he summoned the sergeant, and desired him to draw the men out in readiness for marching.

"Well, sir," said Sir William, extending two fingers of his hand, "I shall always be very happy to see you or any other gentleman bearing his majesty's commission. But give your captain my compliments, and tell him I shall be at the Admiralty before he gets to London."

"Sir!" said the lieutenant of marines, not quite seeing the drift of the other's speech.

"Give him that message, sir," replied the admiral, knitting his brows. "Good morning." And turning on his heel, he left the party to pursue their route.

We have before alluded to the admiral's niece, with whom one of the visitors, a young man named Howard, of considerable fortune, but low birth and questionable character, aiming solely at the connexion, and encouraged by Sir William, had long sought an alliance. Hitherto, the only obstacle was the young lady's disinclination to the match; which might have been got over so long as she entertained no

penchant for any body else. But Donald was a dangerous man, and the trifling circumstance of his being penniless, rendered him additionally interesting; for Eva was an heiress and a beauty—a spoiled child, and a wilful one. The young lieutenant's illness was of long duration, and before its crisis even was determined, she resolved on a little bit of romance, and either fell in love—or fancied it.

HUMOURS OF THE NORTH.

No. VIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DUGALD STEWART.

THERE are grave humours as well as gay, and in "Recollections of the North," lights and shadows come alternating so fast, that we know not which to choose. Often have we reflected on Sir W. Scott's observation, that a true chronicle of the lives of all those who had suffered in the "Heart of Mid Lothian," would afford far more interesting *matériel* than aught which the most fertile invention of romance-writers could supply. We have never contemplated a very old and *queer*-looking house, without applying the same remarks; without wishing to know the adventures and sentiments of the individual by whom it was first occupied. The same notions occur with regard to a whole street, if it be sufficiently ancient, or large square, in town. On such occasions, we think only of the past; we care nothing for the present residents. We are *Paltingenists*, and desire to raise voices from the tomb, to reanimate the dead, and profit by their experiences. But it may not be. Their experience, even if we had it, would be of little use. The most complete and authentic biography of the most adventurous individual, however carefully studied, is no safeguard. Nay, the having been for years a companion of Bonaparte or Frederick the Great, would not make a man qualified for the station of field-marshal. Besides, the events and situations of life are like ocean waves. Every one is alike, and yet every one differs. The general laws of navigation are applicable to and by all mariners; but the special feelings and modes of conduct arising from a peculiar situation, even if they could be revived,

are of little service for guidance afterwards, for circumstances *precisely* similar may never occur again.

What, then, is really the source of this interest? What is the instinct that prompts it? To us it seems but a variety of that impulse which excites to change of scene and change of residence. You perceive habitations wholly different from those to which you are accustomed, and indicating a different mode of life. Yet it is obvious that the former inmates must have been people of consideration, and you wish to know "how they got on," how they "battled the enemy," and disposed of the long twenty-four hours! Or may not the interest which we take in *queer* old houses be very briefly explained as a modification of that curiosity which is an inherent quality of human nature, and is always excitable by whatever seems odd or unusual in any way?

There are few situations where such fancies may be indulged to greater extent than at Edinburgh, where, within the limited range of the old town, you have not only enough of antique houses, but respecting almost every house you find some tradition or story, which is good so far as it goes. It is rarely *sufficient*, however; and we sincerely wish there had been more individuals actuated by that *cacoëthes scribendi*, which led to setting down reminiscences and diaries, like those brought to light by Mr. C. K. Sharpe and Sir J. G. Dalyell. Had such things fallen in our way, we are not sure that we should have resolved on publishing them in their crude state; we should rather have drawn from them a picture

of the times after our own fashion, having the satisfaction to know that our outline groundwork was unexceptionably correct.

But, to return: by no street are such notions more forcibly suggested, than by the Canongate. During the recess of September and October, when "Edinburgh" is entirely "out of town," how often, in our walks through the city on our way to the top of Arthur's Seat, have we paused to mark the golden autumnal sunlight gleaming on tenements once the habitations of the *élite* of the land, and which are now the abodes of labouring artisans, or of squalid poverty! In those idle days, too, we have gone in quest of *haunted houses*, and felt extremely annoyed that the *ghostly* "flat" in Moll King's "closs" had been taken down to make room for part of the Royal Exchange; and that the house called Major Weir's, in the West Bow, though it may have belonged to a very interesting personage, could not have been the sorcerer's home, as that worthy's domicile is historically ascertained to have been burnt down by the mob about the time of his own execution.

Let us walk down the Canongate, and take the first house of remarkable appearance that offers. However, it will not exactly do to fix on that of John Knox, or Regent Murray; the subjects are too hackneyed, and every chronicler has got them. Among the most notable appearances from the street is a carriage gateway, with old trees rising above it inside: we say notable, because the Scotch formerly had a hatred to trees in town, and it is superfluous to observe that the Heriot Row, North Loch, and Queen Street Gardens, are a modern innovation. The house to which these old trees are an adjunct (by whom possessed *now*, we reck not), was formerly inhabited by one of the idols of Edinburgh tuft-hunting worship. It was the abode of Dugald Stewart, to whom (*individually* a character of no little importance) tufts adhered, or were drawn by attraction, so that the hunters followed him as if he did in his own person constitute and conglomerate a variety of tufts. Professor Stewart was naturally a man of retired and somewhat indolent habits, such as are almost inseparable from the idiosyncrasy of genius, which demands repose of body in order to the concentrated activity of

mind. One of his own favourite maxims was the self-evident proposition, that mind and body being in partnership, each is dependent for its energies on the other; and, in his dutiful care of health, he became a valetudinarian. Yet, from the amenity of his manners, joined to the fortunate circumstance that he was in early life guarded against the horrors of dependence, it so happened that the *retiring student*, who found his labours at the university more than enough to encounter, and wished to spend the remainder of his time in the tranquillity of his own study, was nevertheless forced, *volens volens*, into fashionable society; was made a "lion" and political partisan; lastly, to his own great surprise, found himself at Paris, no longer in the humble station of travelling tutor, but as private secretary to an ambassador.

On account of those distinctions, though no man on earth ever had fewer enemies, Professor Stewart did not entirely escape being lampooned, ridiculed, and envied. Modern Athens, as we have already observed, is notable for the incongruities displayed in its leading characteristics. The propensity of tuft-hunting, which we have often mentioned, has been classed among indications of Toryism; yet Athens, in the palmy days of the "blue and yellow," was pre-eminently distinguished for its Whiggery. It was remarkable, nevertheless, with regard to the influential and tip-top class of Edinburgh Whigs, that whatever might be their professions about the "cause of liberty," and "equality all over the world," yet, in their own limited sphere, they were excessively dictatorial, assuming, and uncompromising. Nay, more than this, some of them (for example, the once popular Earl of L.), when the theories were at length to be put into practice, and Earl Grey proposed the Reform-bill, suddenly appeared as if they had said to themselves, "Nay, *this* is going too far; *talking* about parliamentary reform, universal suffrage, and all the rest, was very well, but the *practice* is a different affair." Accordingly, they either did nothing, or wheeled about and joined the Tories. Another incongruity among Edinburgh Whigs was their disposition to form among themselves a sort of oligarchy, from whose judgments there was no appeal. The principal con-

tributors to the "blue and buff" Review were, indeed, all regarded as oracles, whose decisions were final on every point of science, literature, and statistics. And that, for the first eight or ten years of its existence, this journal merited high praise, no one has ever doubted. In those days, a single article, however easy and flippant its style might appear to the reader, had often more care and labour bestowed on it than would serve at the present era for the manufacture of a whole *Cabinet Library* volume. Whether the cause of literature, generally speaking, has progressed, since all the world took to writing (or bookmaking, with paste and scissors), we shall not here pause to inquire. Sometimes we have been disposed to join in opinion with an old humourist of the North, who maintained that the best specimens of English authorship are to be sought during the era of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Junius, Hume, Robertson, Fielding, and Smollet; and used to add that a few sentences or pages of Johnson (especially his *Lives of the Poets*) had on the mind a reviving effect, similar to that which a dram of genuine Ferintosh has on the body. But this *par parenthèse*. It is odd enough to look back on early sections of the *Edinburgh Review*. What exploded tenets! What a pother about questions then doubtful or mysterious, but which have long been cleared up! Yet the *matter* was deeply pondered, and the *style* highly wrought; so much so, that our ancient friend's remark on the productions of Dr. Johnson would be found applicable to many portions of the "blue-and yellow" journal. Professor Stewart did not, indeed, contribute often to this work, being too much engaged with his metaphysical lucubrations; but he was, nevertheless, one of the infallible *clique*, and always in their society.

Painters often talk about good or bad subjects for the pencil; by which they mean faces such as they can easily hit, and, *per contra*, those which baffle the usual processes of art. On similar principles, it has occurred to us as remarkable how much more clearly and forcibly certain characters start up in recollection than others on whom perhaps we bestowed more attention, and who were considered more eccentric. We imagine every one who knew and esteemed Professor

Stewart must hold him very clearly in remembrance. His countenance belonged to a physiognomical class, not common at any time, and which (if we may be allowed such an expression) have gone more and more out of fashion. It was a visage that would have shewn to special advantage accompanied with the red velvet and ermine robes, and contrasted with the large powdered wig of a Scottish supreme judge. The portraits, however, which we have met with are not successful. That (by Raeburn, we believe) which has been often engraved, exhibits the good-humoured *ponderosity* of a rich farmer, devoid of those deeply indented lines, those traces of laborious valetudinarianism and nervous sensibility which the original possessed. The most remarkable features, it is true, were the rather aquiline nose and the prominent, bushy, black eyebrows, traits with which we frequently associate the notion of a stern temper; whereas his aspect wore the most unequivocal expression of suavity. What Lavater would have said of it we presume not to guess, never having been able to discover the rules of the system, if he really had one, on which that ingenious enthusiast proceeded. By the by, this physiognomist's blunder was indeed superlative, when, on receiving together the portraits of Immanuel Kant, and a notorious highwayman, *without any names affixed*, he detected all the philosopher's traits in the robber, and decided that the amiable moralist of Königsberg was one of the most vindictive miscreants who ever escaped the gallows. But, returning to Stewart's physiognomy, the mouth usually indicated, as Lavater would say, great seriousness, and even firmness; but on any emotion (of which he was easily susceptible), the lips quivered: moreover, the austere gravity was easily exchanged for a most benevolent smile. His dress, being of the old school, was always the same; that is to say, a well-made and full suit of black, with powdered hair, and a very unpretending tie of a white neckcloth (in days when the neckcloth was an affair of deep and scientific consideration). His figure was stout, compact, and muscular. His habits were mostly those of an invalid; of which, more anon.

How vividly awakes in our remembrance the image of Dugald Stewart in

his best days, when he resided at the large old house already mentioned, to which he felt partial, because it stood retired from the noise of the street, and had its two or three old trees, in which the rooks had begun to build; and when they commenced their noise, in March and April, he delighted to *imagine* himself in the country. This disposition to avoid, if possible, the "*fumum et opes strepitumque*" has always been a leading trait in studious men; but the quiet of the country seems especially and indispensably requisite for cultivating that peculiar vein of literary talent, that striving after an *ideal* of perfection as to harmony of style and symmetrical arrangement, to which Dugald Stewart was always addicted. Compare his writings with the harsh, crude, and (however forcible) confused style of metaphysicians from whom he often drew his *matériel*, and we have a contrast even more violent than that existing betwixt an Italian air sung by Grisi, and the same notes as delivered by a street performer, assisted by pan-pipes and lurdy-gurdy.

The house had been the town-residence of Sir John Whitefoord of Whitefoord, an antediluvian baronet, of some note at Edinburgh, and was nowise improved since that dignitary left it; but it afforded ample, though rather gloomy, accommodation. In particular, the professor had an excellent study on the first floor, where, surrounded by his world of books, he elaborated his "*Elements*," lectures, and "*philosophical essays*;" in turning every sentence of which he bestowed as much care, and felt as much enjoyment, as a poet in weaving the stanzas of an original poem. For this kind of highly finished composition, it is requisite that mind and body should be to a certain pitch *toned and tuned*, and the author must on no account be "*put out of his way*." A metaphysical train of thought is often sadly fragile and evanescent; and, when once broken, is not easily put together *de novo*. *Par conséquent*, no poet, however sensitive and addicted to the pleasures of an ideal world, could be more averse than Dugald Stewart to the system of conviviality and dissipation which used to prevail at Edinburgh from Christmas till May. But, on the other hand, he was extremely hospitable at home, and would frequently invite to dinner young

students, whose acquirements and conduct rendered them deserving of such honour—endeavouring, by hints and suggestions, rather than formal advice, to direct them in their labours and aspirations. In Stewart's ordinary conversation, the leading *trait*, as it has been observed of most other truly eminent men, was what the French untranslatablely call *abandon*; and, like Sir Walter Scott, he so much abhorred colloquial controversy, that probably no stratagem would have succeeded in goading him to dispute.

This distinguished metaphysician belonged to a class of authors who rarely appear in the world. To us it always seemed that his leading characteristic depended, in phrenological language, on the organ of ideality—in plainer terms, on an intense sensibility to notions of perfection. Almost any passage, whether in prose or verse, which was admirably expressed and highly finished, would move him even to tears. Every season, during his moral philosophy lectures, some favourite poetical quotations were introduced, in reading which his firmness always broke down. You perceived that he began with composure; a friend could observe, also, that he knew his own weakness, and strove to guard against it—but in vain. The melody of the numbers, as he proceeded, infallibly touched his heart. He felt acutely that the sentiment was good, and the music perfect; drew down his bushy eyebrows frowningly, to conceal the tears that stood in his eyes, and either stopped altogether (at which there was usually an indication of sympathising applause by the students), or he concluded the passage inaudibly. One of the stanzas which puzzled him in this way (though he always got through it), was the following, from Beattie's *Minstrel*, in which, essentially, there is not much, but the *music*, at least, is very beautiful:

"Oh, how can'st thou renounce the
boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary
yields—
The warbling woodland, the resounding
shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of
fields—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even—
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom
shields,

And all the dread magnificence of Heaven—

Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

Of this class of mankind, having the organ of ideality, or *sensibility to perfection*, so fully developed, as we already noticed, there have not been many; and *these* acquired distinction, less by original invention than by their propensity to remodel and amend the works of others. Pope adopted this method as a poet, and Dugald Stewart as a philosopher. Both improved the *matériel* afforded by others, like alchemists transmuting lead into gold. Both delighted in the mere task of composition, and could truly say, "*Labor ipsa voluptas est*;" yet neither felt inclined for the additional toil of inventing an *original* basis. But, of this peculiarity, have we not another and far more illustrious example? Had Shakspeare taxed his genius to invent new and unheard-of *plots* for his dramas, is it not probable that the *vivida vis*, the unparalleled power of improvement and *transmutation* which he has evinced, might have been worn out and wasted unnecessarily? When he found an old canvass, or panel, with a conceptive outline already filled in, was it not wise to make this into a picture, instead of lavishing time and toil in preparing new materials, and inventing an *entirely* novel design?

It has been sensibly remarked by Lavater, in his *Aphorisms*, that if a man passes through life wholly without enemies, this alone is quite enough to prove that his own character is good for nothing. Even malice and envy, however, are soon disarmed by conduct so irreproachable, and manners so unassuming, bland, and courteous, as those of Dugald Stewart. There was, on his own part, a disposition always to view things on the bright side, to make allowances for the faults of others, and steer clear of altercation, literary as well as colloquial. We do not suppose that he would have admitted himself to be in the wrong, and agreed that black was white, in order to escape contention; but he was fortunately numbered among people, who, loving peace and tranquillity, are lucky or adroit enough to preserve it in the tenor of their lives. By his admirable *tact* and powerful eloquence, the Edinburgh chair of moral philosophy became, without exception, the most dis-

tinguished in Britain, attracting young men of the highest rank from Oxford and Cambridge to finish their studies in the North. It was a situation exactly suited to his abilities, which, though not *bornés*, would have been ill-adapted to a lectureship on any of the physical sciences.

* * * *

By the very few who affected to understand German metaphysics, Dugald Stewart was lavishly blamed for his determined aversion to Kantism. But let the question be considered, *how* on earth was the good professor to understand it? Of German he scarcely knew one word. That language had never been fashionable in Scotland: there were no teachers, and hardly any books. The accidental circumstance of Dr. Willich coming to Edinburgh, in consequence of which Sir Walter Scott acquired a knowledge of the works of Goethe and Schiller, formed a solitary exception. A fourth edition of Kant's principal work appeared in 1786; but no serious efforts had been made for the promulgation of its doctrines till the year 1812, when Mr. Stewart, feeling that decay of strength which many of his friends thought imaginary, had given up his lectureship, and lived in seclusion at a large country-house belonging to his friend the (late) Duke of Hamilton. And, at this period, what had been done for the cause of transcendentalism in England? Coleridge only alluded to the subject in terms which increased mystification. In France, the sketches given were either superficial or obscure. But, it is true, Mr. Wingman's quartos had appeared. Respecting them, Mr. Stewart was probably satisfied with the first glance. He was not called on to refute the system; and to do so would have been a very troublesome task. Had he granted it even a partial approval, or subjected it to a fair investigation, the consequence must have been an uprooting of many notions which had become essential to his very existence. He must disturb the symmetry of that structure which for so many years he had been labouring to erect; and the feelings with which he regarded any such innovations probably resembled those of a nervous invalid, when told that he must give up his elbow-chair, to which he has been accustomed these forty years, and henceforth sit

holt upright in a straight-backed wooden settle.

In all sagacious people, whether Whig or Tory, we suspect there exists the same instinctive aversion to *bouleversement*, the same mistrust of novel projects. Of this we remember a ridiculous (but wholly unpolitical) instance at a grand dinner party, where "all the talents" (such was the then fashionable phrase) of Edinburgh were assembled. On such occasions, there was not only a luxurious banquet of various courses, but usually a five hours' *sederunt* over good wine afterwards. It happened that one of the wax candles (as candles will do) caught fire in the middle, which led Professor Playfair to remark that, in his opinion, a time would come when inflammable air would be used all over the world, in place of other materials for illumination. This philosopher had just before expressed his entire approbation of the Château Margôt, a third *magnum* of which was then circulating; and though in the mornings rather *humdrum*, was now inclined to be tolerably loquacious.

Unanimous was the mirth excited by this bold *dictum* of the good, simple-minded professor, who, though renowned for his lectures on natural philosophy, yet, as an experimentalist, yielded the palm to Dr. Hope, who filled the chemical chair. The Earl of L——, at that time buoyant in spirits, and regarded as the *facile princeps* of northern Whigs, was the first to set up a loud laugh at Mr. Playfair's opinion; and, for want of better topics of discourse, the joke was prolonged for half an hour.

"But, professor," said his lordship, "how are you to provide pipes and vessels that will contain your inflammable fluid? Air, I humbly suppose, is rather apt to leak."

"There is no absolute objection why I should not," replied the professor, "provided I find good workmen."

"There would be *some little* difficulty, no doubt, in finding suitable workmen to make air-pipes and reservoirs fitted for the aerial wants of a large city," oracularly observed Mr. Dugald Stewart.

"All men are stupid, till they are duly instructed," answered Mr. Playfair, calmly.

This, which the honest professor uttered with the most perfect good

humour and sincerity, was absurdly taken as a rebuff, a satirical retort aimed at Mr. Stewart; and there arose another peal of laughter.

"Well, but let us consider the matter a little further," resumed the noble lord. "You do, then, think it really possible to carry about your inflammable air in tubes, through all the ramifications which would be necessary in a great town, and in private houses, and you think there would be no leakage of the fluid?"

"Leakage, no doubt, there might be," replied the undaunted professor; "and this is one of the most formidable difficulties to be guarded against. Because, for example, if an inflammable air-pipe chanced to leak in a cellar, or close room, and one came into it afterwards with a lighted candle, the gas, of course, would explode, and perhaps blow up the whole house."

A great roar of ironical mirth followed this quaint and frank confession on the part of the philosopher; and Mr. Stewart slyly expressed a hope that, when the inflammable air came into use at Edinburgh, it might not be made a government measure, and that no one should be compelled to use it against his will. He, for one, would beg to be excused admitting it into his house.

The noble earl, willing to try how far the professor's obstinacy would hold out, started every other difficulty he could think of—how the pipes would be liable to clog up from the natural foulness of the gas, and how expensive would be the process of refining, &c. &c.; to all which Mr. Playfair opposed the same front of perfect calmness and imperturbability. There was another joke at the expense of the philosopher, who, on some one asking him whether he did not also think it would be possible to discover the philosopher's stone, answered briskly, and as any man of science might have done, that "discoveries equally unexpected had already been made, and he saw no reason why it should not be considered quite as practicable to make gold as to make water." Rather uncharitably, it was now concluded that Mr. Playfair's reasoning powers had been somewhat innovated by the third *magnum*. At all events, not one of the party doubted that his plan of lighting towns with gas was quite as chimerical as the notion of making gold.

Of the amiable and accomplished individual thus introduced, it would be well to preserve some memoranda. He also belonged to a class of authors now become more and more rare. We have repeatedly mentioned Mr. Dugald Stewart's fastidiousness in composition, and his acute sensibility to perfection, but as a most careful and operose writer, Mr. Playfair was even more remarkable than his illustrious colleague, and, *on system*, would hardly answer a note of invitation to dinner without making a scroll copy. The effects of this laborious habit were particularly marked in his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, where his articles on science attracted even unscientific readers, merely on account of his extreme smoothness, clearness, and condensation of style. But in other respects the characters of Stewart and Playfair were widely different. Although an excellent critic of *belles lettres*, and delighting in works of fiction, the latter shewed but little imagination. His fastidiousness was that of a patient and scientific investigator, not of a poet; and having less of morbid sensibility than Stewart, he was more frequently to be met with in convivial circles, good humouredly accepting invitations from which the moral philosopher's love of quiet and retirement made him shrink. Lastly, he gave into a practice which Mr. Stewart had refused to adopt on any terms,—namely, admitted into his house young men of high rank as boarders and pupils, the most distinguished of whom was the present right honourable home secretary.

But to return. Mr. Dugald Stewart had always complained of infirm health, and unequal spirits; and he never recovered the shock experienced by the death of his son, which occurred about the year 1810, aggravated by very needless self-reproaches for having led the young man to habits of severe study, to which his strength was unequal. After this event, there arose in the professor's mind an unalterable wish to give up the labours of lecture-

ship, and spend the remainder of his days in retirement; which plan he at length effected, obtaining from the Duke of Hamilton the use of Kinneil House, beautifully situated on the banks of the Forth. Here he addicted himself to that system of literary occupation, varied by long rural walks, in which he delighted, whilst his large mansion enabled him to entertain, without inconvenience, such chosen guests as were worthy to partake of his hospitality. The last volume of *Philosophical Essays*, and some biographical sketches, were all that he lived to finish. In these his wonted fastidiousness of style was carried almost to excess. Sometimes a fortnight's correspondence would be kept up about the modelling and remodelling of a single sentence in a proof sheet. Various readings of the identical passage were produced, with suggestions of "D'Arcy and Maria" (Mrs. and Miss Stewart). Finally, the printer was requested to end the matter, by taking which edition he liked best,—the original author not having been able to make up his mind!

It had been usual for Mr. Stewart's acquaintance to describe him as a *malade imaginaire*, and find fault with his retirement from public life, as being ill-judged, and premature. But the result proved that his invalid feelings were not imaginary. His loss was deeply deplored by all who had access to know his real character; for no one was ever more free than Dugald Stewart from that alloy of selfishness, irritability of temper, and vanity, which has too often been found in combination with literary talent. In his friendships he was most sincere and steadfast, delighting in the success of contemporary authors who had attained a degree of popularity at which, indeed, he never aimed, and always ready to assist by his advice and influence the humbler aspirants, who had begun to feel

" — how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple
shines afar!"

OUR ANNUAL EXECUTION.

THE best part of education in England used formerly to be the rod. It made good scholars, brave soldiers, and honest gentlemen: it acted upon our English youth in a manner the most gentle, the most wholesome, the most effectual. It was applied indiscriminately, it is true; but were any the worse for it? Is there any man, of Eton or Westminster, who reads this, and can say that any part of him was injured by the rod-application? Not one? Is there any, to go a step further, who can say that he was not benefited? We pause for a reply. None? Then none has it offended. Blessings be on the memory of the rod! It is dead now: all the twigs are withered, all the buds have dropped off. It is a moss-grown and forgotten ruin, sacred only to a few, who worship timidly at the shrine where their fathers bowed openly, who still exercise the rod-worship, and cherish the recollections of the dear old times.

The critical rod, too, is, for the most part, thrown aside. This, however, was subject to more abuses than the scholastic rod (which was applied moderately only, and to parts where the defences against injury are naturally strong); critics were too fierce with their weapon, and did not mind where their blows hit. A poor, harmless fellow, has been whipped unto death's door almost, when the critic thought that he was only wholesomely correcting him; another has been maimed for life, whom fierce-handed flagellifer had thought only to tickle. Such abuses came sometimes from sheer exuberance of spirits on the part of the critic (take the Great Professor, who, in fun, merely seizes on an unlucky devil, and flogs every morsel of skin off his back, so that he shall not be able to sit, lie, or walk, for months to come); sometimes from professional enthusiasm (like that which some great surgeons have, who cannot keep their fingers from the knife); sometimes, alas! from personal malice, when the critic is no more than a literary cut-throat and brutal assassin, for whose infamy no punishment is too strong. The proper method, finally—for why affect modesty, and beat about the bush?—i

that particular method which we adopt. If the subject to be operated upon be a poor weak creature, switch him gently, and then take him down. If he be a pert pretender, as well as an ignoramus, cut smartly, and make him cry out; his antics will not only be amusing to the lookers on, but instructive likewise: a warning to other impostors, who will hold their vain tongues, and not be quite so ready for the future to thrust themselves in the way of the public. But, as a general rule, never flog a man, unless there are hopes of him; if he be a real malefactor, sinning not against taste merely, but truth, give him a grave trial and punishment: don't flog him, but brand him solemnly, and then cast him loose. The best cure for humbug is satire—here above typified as the rod; for crime, you must use the *hot iron*: but this, thank Heaven! is seldom needful, not more than once or twice in the seven-and-thirty years that we ourselves have sate on the bench.

Some such gentle switching as we have spoken of (mingled, however, with much sweet praise and honour for the meritorious) we are about to administer to the writers and draughtsmen for the *Annals* of the present year. We had intended to pass them over altogether, having belaboured one or two of them twelve months since, had not the rest of the London critics, as we see by the advertisements, chosen to indulge in such unseemly praises and indecent raptures as may mislead the painters, authors, and the public, and prove the critics themselves to be quite unworthy of the posts they fill. Bad as the system of too much abusing is, the system of too much praising is a thousand times worse; and praise, monstrous, indiscriminate, wholesale, is the fashion of the day. The critics, for the most part, are down on their knees to authors and artists: every twaddling rhymester who fills a page in an *Annual*, and every poor dabbler in art who illustrates it, turn out to be a Raphael, a Byron the Second; and the public—with respect be it spoken, in matters of art the most ignorant, the most credulous public in Europe—falls down on its knees in imitation

of the critic, and to every one of his prayers roars out its stupid amen.*

Thus we have been compelled to revert to the Annuals, for there are dangerous symptoms of a return to the old superstition, and unless we cry out it is not improbable that the public will begin to fancy once more that the verses which they contain are real poetry, and the pictures real painting: and thus painters, poets, and public, will be spoiled alike.

An eminent artist, who read those remarkable pages on the Annuals which appeared in this Magazine last year, was pleased to give us his advice, in case we ever should be tempted to return to the same subject at a future season. He had adopted the new faith about criticism, and was of opinion that it is the writer's duty only to speak of pictures particularly, when one could speak in terms of praise; not, of course, to praise unjustly, but to be discreetly silent when there was no opportunity. This was the dictum of old Goethe (as may be seen in Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics" of that gentleman), who employed it, as our own Scott did likewise, as much, we do believe, to save himself trouble, and others annoyance, as from any conviction of the good resulting from the plan. It is a fine maxim, and should be universally adopted—across a table. Why should not Mediocrity be content, and fancy itself Genius? Why should not Vanity go home, and be a little more vain? If you tell the truth, ten to one but Dullness only grows angry, and is not a whit less dull than before,—such being its nature. But when *I* becomes *we*—sitting in judgment, and delivering solemn opinions—*we* must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for then there is a third party concerned—the public—between whom and the writer, or painter,

the critic has to arbitrate, and he is bound to shew no favour. What is kindness to the one, is injustice to the other, who looks for an honest judgment, and is by far the most important party of the three; the two others being, the one the public's servant, the other the public's appraiser, sworn to value, to the best of his power, the article that is for sale. The critic does not value rightly, it is true, once in a thousand times; but if he do not deal *honestly*, we be to him! The hulks are too pleasant for him, transportation too light. For ourselves, our honesty is known; every man of the band of critics (that awful, unknown *Vehmgericht*, that sits in judgment in the halls of REGINA) is gentle, though inexorable, loving though stern, *just* above all. As fathers, we have for our dutiful children the most tender yearning and love; but we are, every one of us, Brutuses, and at the sad intelligence of our childrens' treason we weep—the father will; *but we chop their heads off*.

Enough of apology and exposition of our critical creed; let us proceed to business.

The *Book of Royalty*† has the finest coat of all the Annuals, and contains, by way of illustration, a number of lithographic drawings, by Messrs. Perring and Brown, gaily coloured with plenty of carmine, emerald green, and cobalt blue. The pictures are agreeable, though not very elaborate—perhaps *because* not very elaborate; for the sketches of the above-named artists are far better than their pictures in a great book which is called *Finden's Tableaux of the Affections*,‡ and in which Messrs. Perring and Brown have had every thing in their own way. Nothing can be more false, poor, or meretricious, than the taste characteristic of these productions, which consist

* In matters of art, the public is entirely led by critics, or by names: for instance, in theatrical matters, what was the Kean mania of last season? The power of a name merely. Why is the Olympic Theatre not so well attended during the absence of the fair lady who rents it? The performances are, if possible, better and smarter than ever; but the public has been accustomed to think Madame Vestris charming, and will have no other. Why was the opera of *Barbara*, at Covent Garden, the prettiest, the liveliest, the best acted piece, we have seen for many a day, unsuccessful—hisssed even regularly? Because the public has a notion that Covent Garden is for tragedy only, and will not allow that it can produce a good musical piece.

† The *Book of Royalty*. Characteristics of British Palaces. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. The Drawings by W. Perring and J. Brown. London, 1839. Ackermann.

‡ *Finden's Tableaux of the Affections*. A Series of Picturesque Illustrations of the Womanly Virtues. From Paintings by W. Perring. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village." London, 1839. Tilt.

of female pages, in light pantaloons, dissolved in grief; Moorish ladies; Greek wives; Swiss shepherdesses; and such like. They are bad figures, badly painted, and drawn, standing in the midst of bad landscapes; the whole engraved in that mean, weak, conventional manner, which engravers have nowadays,—in which there is no force, breadth, texture, nor feeling of drawing; but only that paltry smoothness and effect which are the result of pure mechanical skill, and which a hundred workhouse-boys or tailors' apprentices would learn equally well—better than a man of genius would do. But, what matters? The beauty of certain English engravings is, that they are so entirely without character, that one may look at them year after year, and forget them always; especially if a new set of verses appear every Christmas, being fresh illustrations of the old plates.

The dumpy little *Forget-Me-Not** opens with a very poor engraving, from a very poor picture by Parris, which is as flimsy as an engraving in the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, but not so authentic; and contains a dozen other pieces, of which "Pocahontas," by Middleton, and Nash's "Sir Henry Lee at Prayers," are perhaps the best specimens. This and the *Friendship's Offering*† are the last of the original Annuals: and a great comfort it is that the publishers and public have found out the mistake of size, and that the younger Annuals are in dimensions far more capacious than their fathers and mothers—young Jupiters, who have deposed the old paternal dynasty. Unable to say much for the pictorial part of the *Forget-Me-Not*, we are glad to find the literary contents much superior to many of the very biggest Annuals; and quote a piece of an admirable marine story, at which the reader cannot but be frightened:—

"The lad performed his task, and gave the result to the mate, who was seated before his log-book. 'Latitude, 3° 6' N.; longitude, 63° 20' 5" E., sir,' said he, as the captain slowly opened the door of his cabin. It was instantly closed with the utmost violence, and the startled apprentice hurried away.

"The dinner hour arrived, and the steward summoned his chief. No reply was given, till the mate repeated that the table was served. 'I do not choose any dinner, Mr. Osborne,' was the reply: 'these warm latitudes take away my appetite. Let me have some soda-water.'

"The order was obeyed, and the solitary mate hurried over his meal in silence. The day passed on with its accustomed duties; and, to the astonishment of every one, the captain appeared on deck with a more cheerful countenance than he had ever been seen to assume: he looked around and inhaled the cool breeze of the evening with apparent pleasure. He spoke kindly to the mate, and attempted to smile at the fine lad who had reported the progress of the ship. A gentle ripple curled against the sides of the vessel; and there was almost an air of gladness throughout her inhabitants, as she skimmed the surface of the deep blue waters.

"The next day, the mate, the apprentice, and the captain himself, prepared to make their observations. The sun reached its meridian, and the latitude was worked; the lad looked at the mate with astonishment—the latitude was the same as the day before. The quadrant dropped from the hands of the captain; but, as Mr. Osborne picked it up, he said, 'Perhaps we have had too much easting, sir; we will work the longitude.'

"Ah, true!" said the captain.

"I am sure," said the helmsman, 'we have been steering N.E. by N. ever since yesterday.'

"Hold your tongue," said the mate. He and the lad retired to the cuddy, and made their calculations; and the longitude proved to be the same as the day before.

"There must have been some mistake," said the mate; 'but we must enter it as such. She seems to be going along nicely now, however. But so she did yesterday,' thought he. 'What can be hanging over us?'

"No rest was taken by either master or mate the whole of that night: the latter paced the deck, and the former the cuddy, throughout the dreamy hours; and they met at breakfast without exchanging a word. Noon approached; and, as they took their stand, 'Now, my lad,' said the mate to the apprentice, 'we have been steering due north all night, and I think we shall find some difference.'

* *Forget-Me-Not*: a Christmas, New Year, and Birth-day Present for 1839. London. Ackermann.

† *Friendship's Offering* and *Winter's Wreath* for 1839. London. Smith and Elder.

"Again did the sun, with its dazzling brightness, reach the southernmost point, and again did the mate and the apprentice look aghast at each other: the figures were the same; and yet the quadrants were in excellent order. The mate first recovered himself: 'For your life,' said he, in a low voice, 'tell this to no man, but see what your longitude is, and come quietly into the cuddy with it, written on the edge of your quadrant. Again, I charge you not to utter a sound.'

"The lad sat down in a corner close to the door, and having performed his task, tremblingly presented it to the mate within, who was leaning his head upon his hand, as if buried in thought, but evidently knowing the result: he copied the figures into the log-book, left it open on the table, and quitted the cuddy with the apprentice. No sooner had they departed than the captain softly opened the door of his cabin, and, with stealthy pace, crept to the log: the same figures, three times repeated, saluted his eyes. A look of frenzied despair passed over his features; then, clenching his fist and striking his forehead, he rushed back into his cabin.

"A deathlike stillness reigned upon deck; the crew stared at each other with wondering and anxious looks; the mate seemed to gasp for breath as he sadly leaned over the gangway; the sky was bright and clear, and of that deep colour which is so beautiful between the tropics; not another living thing was seen in the equally clear and blue ocean; and that doomed vessel, with her twenty-six souls, seemed to be the only speck in the vast wilderness around. Five minutes more, and the captain rushed on deck in a frantic state: 'Crowd on all sail, Osborne—let her stagger under it! By all the powers in Heaven, we will leave this accursed spot!'

"His orders were obeyed, and he himself lent a hand to facilitate their execution; his hat fell off; his long black locks blew from his ample forehead; his flashing eyes, his finely cut features, his muscular frame, seeming to possess superhuman strength; his sonorous, yet melodious voice, resounding from stem to stern, seemed to fill the vault above. But, crowd as they would, they were now sensible that the vessel did not move. The sea became smooth as glass; the canvass flapped listlessly against the masts: but still the ship did not roll as in a calm; she seemed to be out of the power of ordinary events.

"As the last rope was pulled, and the men could do no more, a loud ringing laugh was heard by every one; each thought it was his neighbour. A breeze passed over every wondering face; and

still the sails flapped. But presently a small black cloud appeared in the horizon. 'A white squall!' said one of the men.

"'Take in all sail, stand by to cut the halliards,' cried the mate, 'or we are lost!'

"'A white squall do you call it?' said one of the men, sulkily. 'I call it a black one.'

"They looked round for the captain for orders, but he was gone; and they heard his door close with frightful violence.

"The black cloud came, and spread over a large surface immediately above the ship: it then opened, and two figures of frightful form descended from it, bearing between them a coffin, which they placed on the deck. One of them stationed himself by its side, with a huge hammer and several nails in his hand, and the other took the lid from the coffin. 'Charles Osborne!' exclaimed he. The mate advanced, and was laid in the coffin: it was much too narrow for him, and he was rudely pushed upon the deck. Another and another was summoned by name, till all the twenty-five had tried the dimensions: for some it was too short, for others too long; it was then too wide, or too slender in its proportions: but, as each took his station in it, the figure with the hammer and nails stood with uplifted hands, ready to strike and to close the victim within it.

"Those who had clear consciences advanced with pale but calm countenances; others trembled violently. Those who had much to repent of were convulsed, and big drops of perspiration stood upon their foreheads. These were so near fitting, that the figures grinned with delight; they were even pressed down into the coffin, as if to stuff them in: but the demons, shaking their heads, violently tossed them out again, with an impatient gesture.

"At length the whole of the twenty-five had taken their turn; and, while they blessed their own escape, they anxiously fixed their eyes on the cuddy-door.

"'There is yet another,' said one of the demons, in a hollow tone: 'Come forth, Ferdinand Conder!'

"With erect mien and ghastly smile, the captain for the last time issued from his place of refuge, looking like a man who knew that his hour was come, but determined to meet his fate with firmness. He gave one look of affection at the mate, and quietly laid himself in the coffin. In an instant the lid was closed over him; nine nails were driven in, with one blow to each: and, taking the coffin in their arms, the figures ascended into the black cloud, which closed over

them. The vessel seemed to rise out of the waters; and as she returned to their surface with a mighty plunge, a tremendous rush and the word 'Murder' were heard above. The cloud disappeared, and all was still!"

The first and most important fact of the *Keepsake** is the binding. Hancock's India-rubber binding answers to a wonder, and displays the plates and the letterpress of the *Keepsake* as they never were displayed before: as for the latter, perhaps, the binding is a little too liberal towards it, for it compels one to read the text willy-nilly, and, of course, to grow angry over the silly twaddle one reads. How much better, in this respect, is the arrangement of the *Forget-Me-Not*; of which the copies before us will neither open nor shut, so cleverly has the binder arranged it. But, "*revenons à nos Kipsicks*." In the frontispiece figures Madame Guiccioli, a clever engraving by Thompson, after Chalon the monopolizer. Next follows:—

2. "The Unearthly Visitant." A beautiful picture, by Herbert; engraved by Stocks. This picture is in the very best style of English art, carefully drawn, well composed, graceful, earnest, and poetical; and we, the most ruthless critics in the world, are pleased to say, "Well done, Herbert!"

3. "The Shipwreck." A scene from *Don Juan*. By Bentley.

4. "Maida." By Miss Corboux. Portraits, most probably. The child is pretty and graceful, like one of Sir Joshua's.

5. "Mary Danvers." Dyce. A charming, smiling, little girl. One of the very best figures that appear among the prints of the season.

6. "The Tableau," *alias* Beppo. Mr. Herbert never makes *bad* pictures, but this is not a very good one.

7. "The Battle-Field." Harding. Alp's midnight interview with Miss Minotti, from the popular poem of the *Siege of Corinth*. Guns, ruins, horse-tails, moonlight, ghosts, and Turks. Not quite the best of Mr. Harding's works.

8. "Constantine and Euphrasia." A picture, by E. Corbould, in the fiddle-faddle style. This picture represents Conrad carrying off Gulnare in the most milk-and-water manner

imaginable. The corsair has his right foot forwards, like Monsieur Albert; and Gulnare, in his arms, smiles like Mademoiselle Duvernay.

9. "The Reefer." Chalon. One of Mr. Chalon's pretty affectations. A young midshipman leans across the foretop-gallant yard, and turns towards heaven the largest pair of eyes ever seen. The dear little fellow's collar is sadly rumpled, and his hair entirely out of curl. Sweet fellow! Pray Heaven he don't catch cold!

10. "Mary of Mantua." Miss Corboux. A beautiful head, but a droll pair of hands.

11. "Speranza appearing to Vane," *alias* Manfred. Meadows. Oh, Mr. Meadows!

And this is the *catalogue raisonné* of the *Keepsake* gallery for the present year: an improvement, decidedly, on the last, containing, for the most part, better pictures, and of a better class. A great improvement, too, is in the size of the plates, which, since the first unlucky discovery of Annuals, have been expanding and expanding, until, at last, painter and engraver may hope for justice, and their hands need no longer be so miserably cramped as they have been.

So much for the plates of the *Keepsake*; and now for the poetry and the prose. We have bestowed praise enough on Mr. Herbert's "Unearthly Visitors;" a noble lady has composed the following verses to it:—

"The grave hath opened now, and hath
restored
The lost, the loved, the lovely, and the
adored,
Death! thou'rt the awful, thou'rt the
mighty Death!
And who but trembles at thy power be-
neath!
But thou art not the almighty Death;
thou'rt not—
Despite thy mastery o'er our troubled lot—
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
The unconquerable, the unconquered of
12 13
the earth.

[A good liberal measure for a decasyllabic line.]

No! Praised be Heaven that called us
this birth!
Love is the mightier! He thy bounds
can break,
And bid the slumberers from the tombs
awake.

* The *Keepsake* for 1839. Edited by Frederick Mansell Reynolds. London. Longman.

What is this form, from thy dark realms
set free,
That looks a sovereign thing o'er Fate and
Thee?

That thus hath burst thy dull and dismal
bound,

With beauty beatific clad and crowned?

Ay! *beatifically beauteous* there

She stands, than life more lovely far, and
fair.

Spirit to spirit the long parted meet,
And solemnly, mysteriously, they greet.
The world recedes; gray Time draws
back in fear —

Gray Time, a monarch and a master here,
With all his shadowy years, that *fleety fly*
Before the presence of the Eternity:

Before the Eternity that looks in light,
From those calm eyes the spiritually
bright.

Earth's son shakes off earth's pain-sur-
rounding things;

His soul soars proudly on unfettered
wings.

Spirit to spirit, the long parted meet,
And solemnly, mysteriously they meet!"

What can we say of these lines?
They are "*beatifically beauteous*," and
no mistake. One is puzzled to know
whether they are the more clear in
thought, or lucid in expression; one
is puzzled, above all, to know why
ladies will write such things, or editors
of *Annuals* print them. Here are some
more aristocratic

STANZAS.

By Lord J. Manners.

"Most beautiful! I love thee,
By thy eye of melting blue:
In life and death I'll prove me
Faithful, kind, and true.

Most beautiful! I love thee,
By the heart that now I give:
O let my fond prayers move thee
To bid me hope and live!"

When it is recollected that the above
lines were made by his lordship at six
years of age, the reader will make
every allowance for him; had he been
six years older we might have been in-
clined to be severe. One more spec-
imen let us give, from a sweet tale
by the Honourable Grantley Fitzhard-
inge Berkeley, M.P., who says that,
since he published an article in the
Keepsake, in the year 1835 —

"I have mingled much in the world,
and, with a heart cold and storm-worn as
the brow of Jura, sought out its asso-
ciations, and affected to feel and be
swayed by impulses and attachments, of
which I only remembered the force; but
which remembrance enabled me to act the
part, or feign a reality, sufficiently to make
my fellow-creatures believe I was as gai-
ly, as gregariously inclined as they were.
Had the undisguised truth been known,
I stood amid the pliant and breeze-
swayed forest of humanity, as the blight-
ed and lightning-struck oak rears its dry
and unmovable limbs above the sur-
rounding verdure of the wilderness;
stretching forth my arms, and pointing
alone to that blessed sky, to which, as it
is the home of all blessed souls, I deemed
my own, my sweet, my fascinating spirit
of the Wye had, in all her loveliness,
departed!"

O day and night! But he is a rare
genius! Fancy the hero of the tale of
the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge
Berkeley standing "a blighted oak,
amid the pliant and breeze-swayed forest
of humanity!" "with a heart cold and
storm-worn as the brow of Jura!"
"rearing his dry and unmovable limbs
above the surrounding verdure of the
wilderness!" "stretching forth his
arms, and pointing alone to that bless-
ed sky!" * where dwells the kind-
red spirit of Bayes! This man — we
speak it as a Niagara cataract of im-
petuous emotion gushes softly from
each eye, and an abysmal earthquake
of storm-up-rooted feelings, and smoul-
dering chaotic lava, heaves the tem-
pestuous bosom — this is THE man of
the *Annuals*! Amid the desert of con-
tributors he stands, a huge and lonely
pyramid, in solitary greatness. Let
the red simoom rage at his base, what
cares he? Awe-stricken, the red
simoom scuds screaming away, and
the lustrous stars look calm upon his
stalactitic apex! In a word (for if
we were to keep the steam of our style
crescendo, we might blow the Magazine
and all Regent Street into atoms), as
the *Athenaeum* says, Mr. Berkeley
"may now take his place," &c. &c.
among the brightest spirits, &c. &c.
of our time.

There are three landscape annuals,
as before. The *Oriental*,* with engrav-
ings after sketches by Mr. Bacon; the

* The *Oriental Annual*. Containing a Series of Tales, Legends, and Historical Romances. By Thomas Bacon, Esq., F.S.A. With Engravings by W. and E. Finden, from Sketches by the Author. London, 1839. Tilt.

Landscape,* which Mr. Holland has illustrated with Portuguese views; and the *Picturesque*,† which contains an elaborate description of Versailles, with numerous engravings after Callow, Mackenzie, and Collignon. All the letterpress of these books merits applause. Mr. Bacon tells pleasant Indian stories; Mr. Harrison has a store of Portuguese sketches and legends; Mr. Leitch Ritchie, finally, writes or translates a history of Versailles, which alone will give the reader a very tolerable smattering of French history. Mr. Bacon is not, we presume, artist enough to do more than sketch; so Roberts, Stanfield, and others, have been employed to complete the drawings. Mr. Callow's are capital designs for the *Picturesque*; and Mr. Holland is a welcome addition to the landscape painters. His drawings are not quite so glib and smooth as those from more practical hands; but they are, perhaps, more like nature, and certainly less mannered, than the excellent, though exaggerated, performances of some of the seniors in the art.

Mr. Fisher has employed, as usual, the aid of L. E. L. to set off his old plates, many of which we recognise as having been shifted from a work published by Mr. Tilt into the *Drawing-room Scrap-book*‡ and *Juvenile*§ ditto: not, however, that there is any harm in so doing; for, luckily, such is the character of English art, such a beautiful rapidity pervades the chief portion of the pictures submitted to the public, that to remember them is a sheer impossibility: we may look at them over and over again, year after year, *Scrap-book* after *Scrap-book*, and never recognise our former insipid acquaintances; so that the very best plan is this of the Messrs. Fisher, to change, not the plates, but just the names underneath, and make Medora into Haidee, or Desdemona, or what you will. As for the poets, they are always ready, and will turn you off a set of stanzas regarding either or every one

of the characters with ingenuity never failing.

Here, *à propos*, comes a letter which has been slipped into our box, written on pink paper, in a hand almost illegible, without the aid of a magnifying glass, smelling of musk, and signed "Rosalba de Montmorency."

To the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

Sir,—In making you *mes compliments empressés*, allow me to state how flattered and proud I should feel if the accompanying *chansonnettes* could appear in the pages of your *Recueil*.

I have presented them, I confess, to the editors of one or two of the Keepsakes, in humble hope, that, amid the poetesses of our clime, the humble Rosalba de Montmorency might be permitted to rank — a wild flower amidst the gorgeous blossoms which form the dewy coronal that binds the lofty brow of the female Poesy of England! Say, sir, have I or have I not drunk of the Castalian cup?

In almost the same words did I address myself to the editors of the *Annals* above hinted at. They replied not — responded not — answered not. In vain I have cast o'er their gilded and illuminated page an eye of fever; my strains were not permitted to be heard in their exclusive temples, or swell the chorus of England's aristocratic minstrelsy.

Will you, sir, succour a damsel in distress? Yes, your true heart I know responds to the echo! Will you tell me, are not my stanzas as impassioned, ay, as fashionable, as those of my gemmed or coronetted sisterhood, whose passions twine round so many a page?

The idea of the little stanzas I enclose is not altogether new. A strain oft sung by vulgar mariners has, I know not how, come to my ears; and as I thought I discovered in the coarse garment which envelops them some lurking gems of poesy, these I have extracted, and set them in more appropriate guise. Should you accept them, 'twill be the proudest moment in the existence of

ROSALBA DE MONTMORENCY.

P. S. My real name is Miss Eliza Slabber, Margaret Cottages, Buffalo Row, Hick's Street West, Upper Cuttle Place, Camden Town; where, if you write, please address.—E. S.

* Jennings's Landscape Annual; or, Tourist in Portugal. By W. H. Harrison. Illustrated by Paintings by James Holland. London, 1839. Jennings.

† Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1839. Versailles: by Leitch Ritchie, Esq. London. Longman.

‡ Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1839. With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. London. Fisher.

§ Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1839. By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. London. Fisher.

My first is in the romantic style, and
has been sung with much applause at
— Rouse, esquire's, the Eagle Tavern,

City Road, and other fashionable as-
semblies, by a celebrated female vocalist
who shall be nameless. It is called

The Battle-Axe Polacca.

Untrue to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,
My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,
As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your Crest!
Eleleu! in the desolate hour!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.
Eleleu! in the festival hour!

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-melée.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!
Eleleu! in the dire battle-hour!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me;
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his CREST.
Tralala! for the festival hour!

The little turn from *eleleu* in the first
three stanzas to *tralala* in the last has
been admired very much, and is con-
sidered by judges as a beautiful alternation
from grief to joy. It is quite in the regu-

lar way of modern poets, I assure you.
Now follows a *sprightly ditty*. A French
friend has kindly inserted several phrases,
and the whole is pronounced quite fa-
shionable. It is called

The Almacks' Adieu.

Your Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the triste moment when we parted
On the staircase at Devonshire House!
I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent, *en province*, all December,
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses,
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisais moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set,
And you gave, *oh, mon Dieu!* to revive her,
My beautiful vinegarette!

Return, love ! away with coquetting ;
 This flirting disgraces a man !
 And ah ! all the while you're forgetting
 The heart of your poor little Fan !
Reviens ! break away from those Circes,
Reviens for a nice little chat ;
 And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
 And a lovely black satin cravat !

There : Is it not *the thing* now ? Perhaps you will like to see the vulgar ballad on which I have founded my strains ? It is so paltry and low, that were it not for curiosity's sake I really would not send it.

" Still your — I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make."

Improper stuff ! I am really almost ashamed to write it.

Wapping Old Stairs.

" Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
 Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs ;
 When I vowed I would ever continue the same,
 And gave you the 'BACCO-BOX' marked with your name.
 When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
 Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew ?
 To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stayed,—
 For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal ;
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
 Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more prized ?
 For the heart that is true it should ne'er be despised.
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake ;
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make."

Although we do not agree with Miss de Montmorency as to the merits of the piece last quoted — one of the simplest and most exquisite ditties in our language,—we are quite ready to acknowledge that her parodies are to the full as original and spirited as the chief part of the verses in the *Annals*. Here, for instance, are some verses by a clever lady—a beautiful lady—a lady of rank, which we quote, because they have been quoted and admired by some of our contemporaries.

" The Letrilla.

When the knight to battle went,
 Leaving her he loved so well,
 How the maid grew pale and pined
 None might witness, none could tell.
 Weep ! the while I sing !

Through the gardens like a ghost
 All the evenings she would creep.
 Fears, not dreams, her pillow strew'd —
 Ah, that youth should fail to sleep !
 Weep ! the while I sing !

Still she hoped — the tower would climb,
 Whence she saw him ride away —
 There to watch for casque and plume
 Glancing in the evening ray.
 Weep ! the while I sing !

There she watch'd ; but tidings came —
 Wo is me ! — by Moorish guile
 Fell the knight ! A broken flower
 Marks her tomb in minster-nisle !
 Weep ! my song is done !"

Weep ! my song is done, indeed !
 On the contrary, one is by no means sorry to arrive at the conclusion, and only weeps that the song should ever be begun. Miss Montmorency Slabber has quite as much pathos as the Spanish "*Letrilla* ;" and her pathetic *refrain* of "*Eleleu*" to the full as touching as the burden of the latter ditty. We have chosen the words because they really are good and smooth, not from a desire to seize upon the worst portion of the silly bits of clinquant strung together, and called gems of beauty. It is a harmless, worthless little book, as ever was seen. All the pictures are poor. Except Dyce's "*Signal*," and Cattermole's "*Duenna*," not one is worth a penny.

In *Fisher's Scrap-Book*, Miss Landon has some pretty verses ; and we give a set from the same publication, which shew that, among the annual contributors, at least *somebody* can

write good, honest, manly lines. Such verses are perfectly intoxicating, after so much fashionable milk and water.

“ *The Sack of Magdeburgh.* ”

When the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack ;
Five times the assault was made,
Four times were we beaten back.

Many a gallant comrade fell
In the desperate *mêlée* there ;
Sped their spirits ill or well,
Know I not, nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode
O'er the dying and the dead ;
Hot the western sunbeam glowed,
Sinking in a blaze of red.

Redder in the gory way
Our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of ‘ Slay ! slay ! slay ! ’
Echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew —
Slew them with un pitying sword :
Negligently could we do
The commanding of the Lord ?

Fled the coward — fought the brave,
Wailed the mother — wept the child ;
But there did not ‘scape the glave
Man who frowned, or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men
When the morning sun arose ;
Lived not twice three hundred when
Sunk that sun at evening close.

Then we spread the wasting flame,
Fanned to fury by the wind :
Of the city, but the name —
Nothing more — is left behind !

Hall and palace, dome and tower,
Lowly shed and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour
Which consigned the town to fire.

All that man had wrought — all — all —
To its pristine dust had gone ;
For, inside the shattered wall,
Left we never stone on stone.

For it burnt not till it gave
All it had to yield of spoil :
Should not brave soldadoes have
Some rewarding for their toil ?

What the villain sons of trade
Earned by years of toil and care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
By one moment won, was there.

There, within the burning town,
‘Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sound of hostile moan,
Did we the joyous banquet spread.

Laughing loud, and quaffing long,
With our glorious labours o'er :
To the sky our jocund song
Told the city WAS NO MORE.”

The reader knows the name that is signed to these verses — that of the Standard-bearing Doctor : not Gifford, the learned Doctor ; not Southey, the polyglot Doctor ; not Bowring, the encyclopædian Doctor ; not Dennis — THE DOCTOR, in short, and long life to him ! — the man who reads, writes, and knows every thing, and adorns every thing of which he writes — even Homer. Modesty forbids us to mention his name ; but it hangs to the end of certain translations from the *Odyssey*, to which we refer the public, and which may be found in this very Magazine.

And now, after the Doctor's fierce lyrics, let us give some of Mr. Milnes's stanzas ; which ought to have appeared among the other extracts from the *Keepsake*, but that they are fit for much better company.

“ SONG.”

By R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still ;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not !
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind ;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer, nearer —
We did not speak a word ;
But the breathing of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.”

Kissing, actually! Oh, Mr. Milnes, you naughty, naughty man!

The diversion made by Miss Slabber has occupied us so long, that we are obliged to bring our remarks abruptly to a close, with the briefest possible notice of the remaining Keepsakes. The *Amaranth** is remarkable for the very bad engravings it contains, and the excellence of its literary department. The *Children of the Nobility*† contains Landseer's beautiful picture of Miss Blanche Egerton, and no more. In the *Book of Beauty*,‡ most especially to be admired is the most beautiful, smiling, sparkling Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Mahon, who looks beautiful, gentle, and kind; and Lady Powerscourt, whose face and figure seem to be modelled from Diana and Hebe. Oh, Medora, Zuleika, Juana, Juanina, Juanetta, and Company!—oh ye of the taper fingers and six-inch eyes! shut those great fringes of eyelashes, close those silly coral slits of mouths. Avaunt ye spider-waisted monsters! who have flesh, but no bones, silly bodies, but no souls. And ye, O young artists! who were made for better things than to paint such senseless gimcracks, and make

fribble furniture for tawdry drawing-room tables, look at Nature and blush! See how much nobler she is than your pettifogging art!—how much more beautiful Truth is than your miserable tricked-up lies. More lovely is she than a publisher's bill at three months—a better pay-mistress in the end than Messrs. Heath, Finden, and all the crew. The world loves bad pictures, truly; but yours it is to teach the world, for you know better. Copy Nature. Don't content yourselves with idle recollections of her—be not satisfied with knowing pretty tricks of drawing and colour—stand not still because donkeys proclaim that you have arrived at perfection. Above all, read sedulously REGINA, who watches you with an untiring eye, “and, whether stern or smiling, loves you still.” Remember that she always tells you the truth—she never puffeth, neither doth she blame unnecessarily. Recollect, too, that the year beginneth. Can there be a more favourable opportunity to pour in with your subscriptions?

One word more. Thank Heaven, the *nudities* have gone out of fashion!—the public has to thank us for that.

THE IMPOVERISHED P. R. S.

His R—— H——ss said, of late,
To feast the learned his funds would fail;
But men of science calculate,
They do not sup by *Gunter's scale*.

If tea and teapots ruin brought,
Why need our honest King-qua§ fret?
For sure the country (as it ought)
Would pay the poor Hong-merchant's|| debt.

Clarence of old (as Shakspeare says)
In butt of wine would drowned be;
The modern scene, alas! displays
S——x himself a butt for tea!

F. R. S.

* The *Amaranth*: a Miscellany of Original Prose and Verse, contributed by distinguished Writers, and edited by T. K. Herry. London, 1839. Baily.

† Portraits of the Children of the Nobility. A series of highly finished Engravings, executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from Drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq. R.A., Edwin Landseer, Esq. R.A., and other eminent Artists; with Illustrations in Verse by distinguished Contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. Second Series. London, 1839. Longman.

‡ Heath's *Book of Beauty* for 1839. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London. Longman.

§ The name of a late bankrupt Hong-merchant. Vide *Times*, Dec. 3.

|| See one of H. B.'s last, and best.

CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH ON MANNERS, FASHIONS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

"*Fluellen*. It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth ere it is made an end and finished."—SHAKSPEARE, *Henry V.*

NOTHING but the generous and philanthropic wish to save the world from being bored to death, could well induce any one to write an article on conversation. When the meaning of every word is influenced by the tone of voice in which it is uttered, and every sentence qualified by the gesture, look, and attitude of the speaker, no work short of a thousand folio volumes can possibly do full justice to the subject. But if we cannot remedy the evil at once, and slay the Briareus of twaddle at a single blow, must we therefore sit still with arms across, submit quietly to the tortures which are destroying us, and bless, like martyred saints, the very hands that turn the wheel and stretch the rack. Perish the thought; if we cannot write a thousand volumes, we can help, at least, to render folly perceptible to the meanest capacities; and the pensive public will do well to recollect that hundreds, who could not themselves detect silly and impertinent affectation, are ready enough to point the finger of scorn against it the moment abler hands have exposed it to general view.

And first, let it be fairly understood, as an indisputable rule, that no man can ever shine in conversation unless he possesses a complete mastery over his tongue: the power of silence is the first requisite to pleasant discourse, and who cannot be silent has no business to speak. Of course, I do not mean the dull, ignorant, sulky, or supercilious silence, of which we see enough, in all conscience; but the graceful, winning, and eloquent silence—the silence that, without any deferential air, listens with polite attention,—is more flattering than compliments, and more frequently broken for the purpose of encouraging others to speak, than to display the powers of the owner. You must also be able to give a polite rebuke by silence; that is, when foolishly interrupted by some interminable talker, your silence, the moment the interruption is decidedly marked, should say, "You perceive that I know what good manners are, if you do not." Till the publication of

the thousand volumes already mentioned, tact must decide the application both of words and silence; but, as a general rule, we may safely assert that, except in cases of mere raillery, or of casting fancy bubbles in the air, no one should ever, under penalty of being deemed a bore, ignorant of the first rules of society, interrupt another in discourse, however trifling, or answer when the discourse is addressed to another person. If every body knows this, as you may possibly think, the greater shame it is that so few will practise it.

There is another point that should be fairly understood by all who walk at large in the world, and that is, a true perception of the small quantity of knowledge men are really endowed with. We live, no doubt, in that age of intellect, an age when more persons have been birched into the arts of reading and writing, than in any other age ever recorded; and yet, with all these advantages, how few people do you see who can do any one thing even tolerably well, or who possess a fair share of what a young lady—and young ladies are the only philosophers I ever quote,—once termed common *savoir*. The truth is, that rudeness is the only art in which the mass of men can attain to any degree of proficiency; a discovery which I look upon as one of the greatest yet made in the philosophy of manners. It is idle to assert that we all know men can be rude if they like; millions, indeed the world at large, know no such thing, for if they did, we should not see such hosts of persons seeking renown, honour, and distinction, by various shades and degrees of mere impertinence. Look at the exquisite, the vapid exclusive; are they not absolutely rude and ill-bred in common intercourse, unless when speaking to those whom they know, or believe, to be their superiors in wealth or station? And would such persons, who are often of respectable rank, fall into such silly errors, if they were really conscious of the facility of rudeness, and knew that every vulgar blockhead could be

as rude as themselves? Perhaps you will say that such persons are only skilfully and elegantly rude, and always, under a varnish of exterior politeness, purposely transparent indeed, but always strong enough to shelter them from the consequences or reproaches of direct impertinence. This, indeed, is often the case, and the offenders, instead of being looked upon as clever fellows—the character to which they aspire,—should be set down as regular sneaks, “willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;” as gentlemen, indeed, to whose seat of honour a toe might be applied without the least inconvenience.

Notwithstanding the praise just bestowed upon silence, it must be explained, nevertheless, that there are also various modes of being silently rude. There is the rude silence of disdain, of not hearing, of not even deeming your words worth attending or replying to. These are minor and mere passive modes of impertinence; the direct and active sort of silent rudeness, is to listen with a fixed and attentive stare on the speaker, and without any necessity of raising the eyebrows—for that might be precarious—shew your utter amazement that any one should think of thus addressing a man of your rank, wealth, genius, or greatness. There are, of course, various styles and degrees in all these modes of impertinence; but they all originate in the same cause—ignorance of the real facility of being rude, and a wish to acquire distinction by such practices: but no man who can acquire distinction by good manners, ever strives to acquire it by bad ones.

When formerly speaking of affectation, I explained to you that women were in general far less affected than men; in regard to the rudeness, however, resulting from a wish to be thought superlatively grand or fine, they sometimes equal the silliest dandies in the land, particularly when addressing their own sex: they are more merciful towards ours, particularly towards us *soldados*; and I recollect one of the haughtiest heiresses on the turf changing her tone towards a gentleman, from the *altissimo* *surpiso* to the most charming friendliness, merely from having the simple words, “one of the Frasersians” whispered into her ear.

As rudeness is not my present theme, I cannot stop to describe the thousand different modes in which it shews it-

self in polite society; for the tone of voice in which the most commonplace thing is uttered, and the manner in which the simplest thing is done, may alter the character of the words or action from ordinary courtesy to extraordinary rudeness. The ejaculations “ah!” “ha!” the word “indeed,” if at no time to be recommended, are, at least, harmless in themselves; yet nothing is easier than to give them, by application and intonation, an offensive, and even insulting meaning. And yet you meet men, who would not like to be called simpletons, very proud of their fancied skill in handling the “ah!” and the “ha!” I have often wished to see such coxcombs answered with a “bah!” But even this must be qualified to some extent, for there are defensive ejaculations as well as offensive ones; and the “ah” may sometimes be used with effect on the defensive. The words “indeed,” “curious,” “how strange,” “how very singular,” are all good defensive terms,—shields to arrest the progress of a bore, and prevent you from adding fuel to the flame, by entering into the subject of some tedious disquisition, or still more tedious tale of wonder. Still you will observe that these defensive terms are not very polite, only necessity has no law, and they are, of course, better than silence and inattention. You will do well to attend to the hint, and check your tongue, and shorten your visit, the moment such sounds strike upon your ear.

Another safe, and not unusual mode of being rude, is to collect and have at command, all the set phrases used by vulgar persons, in order to say what they fancy very sharp and severe things,—to silence some one, perhaps, who is attracting more attention than falls to the share of the vulgarian himself. Such a man shall break in upon the most harmless conversation with “I think, sir, you lie under a mistake.” If any remark is made on the expression, he shelters himself behind the plain, inoffensive meaning of the words, and refers you, with exulting coolness, to Johnson’s *Dictionary*: he has shewn himself coarse and ill bred, but thinks that his rudeness, of which he is conscious enough himself, has been mistaken by others for sharpness and wit. There are a thousand phrases of this kind, with which a certain class of persons, mostly of an envious disposition, always provide themselves. A single

sentence uttered in such a spirit, should blackball a man out of good society.

"But, to the subject, Captain Sabertash!" I think I hear the impatient reader exclaim. "We all wish to shine in conversation, and are anxious to learn how." You are, are you? And do you know how much you have to learn beforehand? If not, I will tell you. I have no wish to condemn the pensive public to eternal silence, but must inform them that it is not so easy to shine in conversation as many may suppose. Fluency of tongue, and a little modest assurance, though very well for imposing on the unwary, go but a little way when you have to do with those who are really worth pleasing. What figure will a person cut in elegant and educated society, whose thoughts have never been engaged on any but mere eating and drinking matters; who has never reflected upon life, men, and manners; whose mind has never turned to a contemplation of the works and wonders of nature; and who, in the events of his own time, has not seen the results of the many deeds of sorrow, shame, greatness, or glory, that crowd the pages of the world's variegated annals? Whoever would take a share in polite conversation, must, at least, be well versed in the philosophy of life, and possess a fair acquaintance with general and natural history, geography, and the outlines of science. And though he need be neither a poet nor an artist, he must be well read in poetry, and acquainted with the fine arts; because it is only by their study that taste can be cultivated, and fancy guided: a familiarity with the fine arts is necessary, in fact, in order to give him a perception of the sublime and the beautiful, the very foundation from whence our emotions of delight must arise.

Any man who attempts to take a share in conversation, without possessing the trifling acquirements here mentioned,—for I have said nothing about learning of any kind,—will assuredly cut an indifferent figure. By merely uttering words, saying nothings for the purpose of annihilating silence, so to express myself, he only lowers himself in his own estimation, and seldom imposes upon others. If you cannot do better, just hold your tongue, and some one may, perhaps, be charitable enough to say that you are not so silly as you look.

In society, we must have neither long dissertations, nor mathematical demonstrations; if people will not understand short and simple accounts or explanations, let them just remain in ignorance. As little do we tolerate puns, epigrams, or play upon words, unless introduced with a degree of tact and delicacy which it is almost hopeless to expect. No opinion must ever be assailed, or defended, with warmth; three or four neatly turned sentences, of four or five words each, uttered in a light and easy tone, is the utmost extent of indulgence that can be granted. As to arguments, they are entirely out of the question; and pounding in a mortar is too mild a death for any one attempting to bring on, or maintain an argument in company. Make it a rule, indeed, never to argue, except pen in hand; it is not only *de très mauvais ton*, but absurd also; for unless at the bar, where the judge secures you a hearing, how can you expect to find listeners? Even the Speaker of the House of Commons is powerless in such cases.

In society, the object of conversation is, of course, entertainment—for we must not pretend to speak of instruction,—it must, therefore, be adapted to the circle in which it is carried on, and must be neither too high nor too deep for the party at large, so that every one may contribute his share, just at pleasure, and to the best of his powers. Every man in the land has been told a thousand times over that he must not speak too much of his own sweet self, and yet we constantly see people tumbling headlong into this gross and glaring error; thus broadly displaying, to all the world, the wretched selfishness of their nature, and their utter inability to think of any thing but self, self, self. This egotism always fails in its object; the plan is to make others delighted with themselves, and then I will engage that they shall be delighted with you. On the other hand, you must take care not to overact your part, not to be meanly deferential, or oppressively polite, for nothing is so unpleasing—I could almost say, offensive—to men of sense and feeling, and even women dislike to be troubled at every turn by an excess of attention to *les petits soins*. This is the error that Frenchmen constantly fall into when they wish to be particularly polite; a thing that rarely enough happens indeed to the gentlemen of *la*

jeune France, unless when, in some shape or other, they are in pursuit of the ready. Now, do not flatter yourself that I have done; you are not yet dismissed from squad drill, and far from being able to take your place in the battalion of good society: attention, therefore.

Besides the acquirements already specified, there are also a number of qualities essentially necessary for enabling a man to join with advantage even in an ordinary conversation. He must be good tempered, cheerful, patient, observant of the looks, words, and tones of the company; he must be able to repress the bore, and draw out the reserved, and possess an easy and well modulated voice, neither loud, coarse, harsh, nor grating. Above all, he should be able to smile without effort, or contortion of the face and muscles; and yet, how few are there who can smile with beauty, and with a total absence of all that is feeble, false, or little in our nature! And how seldom do we really hear a manly voice unshaded by the betraying sounds that spring from feelings which the speaker would gladly hide in the darkest recess of his bosom! The ancient sage who wished to have a window placed in the breasts of men, in order that their hearts might be laid open to inspection, must have lived in the darkness of a hermit's cell; for had he lived in the world, he must have seen that every look, word, and gesture betrays, to ordinary observation, the heart, mind, and temper, of a feeble child of clay; but, by "gazing on ourselves grown blind," most of us are, for wise purposes, perhaps, rendered unable to perceive the beam in our neighbours' eye. Once dispassionate, however, and freed from the mist cast before us by the thousand follies and prejudices of society—once the lord, instead of being the slave, of pride, malice, envy, avarice, and uncharitableness,—and then what a scene is presented to the view! It is a sight worth fighting for, even if the battle must be waged against the tawdry goddess of modern fashion, or against the spirit of tuft-hunting, the real spirit of the age, the other spirits—such as those of reform, philanthropy, patriotism, and liberality, being only so many phantasmagoria goblins conjured up for some momentary and special purpose.

The proper management and modu-

lation of the voice is a point to which I would particularly call the attention of all young ladies; for a fine and melodious voice makes the heartstrings vibrate to their very core. This can only be done, however, by a certain degree of confidence, and by a total absence of affectation; for uncertainty, agitation, and striving for effect, are always ruinous to the voice of the speaker, which is constantly running against breakers or getting on flats. I am confident myself, that temper and disposition are far more generally and more perfectly marked by the voice and manner of speaking, than we are disposed to allow. The thin small voice is the most difficult to manage, as it is liable to degenerate into shrillness; and ladies who have this kind of voice must keep strict guard over their tempers, when within hearing of any one on whom they wish to make a favourable impression: for the very idea of a shrill-voiced scold makes us put our hands to our ears. But, with a sweet temper, a pretty little harmonious voice is pleasing enough. The very deep-toned voice, again, though very effective when well controlled, has great difficulties; for, unless backed by kind, cheerful, and airy feelings, by that bright "spirit which is always gladness," it is liable to fall into a coarse, rude, and vulgar tone, and should never be heard except at times of brilliant sunshine. The owners of such voices should never think of getting angry, nor even saying what they fancy sharp or severe things. Dick Pendulum, our adjutant, jilted a young lady three days before the intended wedding, merely on account of her voice. Miss Trombone was not only a fine-looking girl, but a clever one also; and the pair had, like most other pairs, got on extremely well during the courtship, while all was sunshine, till three days before marriage, when Dick, on ascending the stairs, heard the lady scolding a servant about the non-arrival of a bonnet, or some such mighty matter. Astonished at this new altitude of the well-known dulcet tones, the adjutant halted, as at the colonel's own word of command, listened at attention for the space of one pendulum vibration, and then, going to the right about, hurried out of the house, and never stopped till he got fairly within the barrack-gate, when he immediately sent the orderly sergeant, with his best compliments to

the family, to declare the match off altogether. In Ireland, where this happened, a half-pay ensign is often looked upon as no indifferent catch, so that a full-pay adjutant was not to be given up without a struggle. Lawyers were called in; but, willing as they were to take up the cause, they were forced to resign it, protesting that no jury in Tipperary would declare the lady heart-broken while her voice remained whole.

On the other hand, I know a lady who is greatly admired for this very description of voice; though the circumstance of its being in harmony with other advantages tends, naturally, to make it more strikingly pleasing. The lady is a blue of the deepest die, whose petticoats, as so rarely happens, conceal entirely the colour of her stockings. She is tall, has high features, and is of high family, and has a cheerful and amiable disposition, which always gives music to the voice and grace to the *tout ensemble*. I therefore recommend to all ladies, with double-bassed voices, to act up to this model as much as possible.

If you chance to meet a lost love of mine,—one on whose face and figure nature has written “lady,”—who has large blue eyes,—whose full, mellow, clear, and silver-toned voice, tells not merely of the high and generous spirit so congenial to the soul of woman, but of the gentler feelings of the heart also,—who loves to flirt, dance, and be gay,—can be grave if necessary, and has a tear for others’ wo more readily than a sigh for her own,—who sings like a siren, and plays on the harp with the grace of all the Graces:—if her you see, then I say, beware; for it is when danger comes through the ear, as well as through the eye, that real, deep, and lasting impressions are made. The world pretend to laugh at me for having asked such a girl nine times; wishing to have it believed that a captain of the Royal Grenadiers could receive nine refusals. Simpletons! do they not know that her equal would be worth asking a hundred times? What think you of a set of boobies strutting about like turkey-cocks,—regular bubbly-jocks, as we say, in Scotland,—swelling with magnificent pride, and declaring that they would perish rather than again condescend to ask a girl who had refused to fly into their arms on the first intimation of their willingness to receive her? Such heroes make no allowance for doubts, fear, delicacy, and hesitation,

and do not know that a girl, worth asking once, is worth asking a hundred times, unless she shews the cloven foot by the manner of her refusal; for it is not every one that can give a really graceful refusal. I have been refused a hundred times, and, fortune willing, intend to be refused a hundred times more. If not, I shall at least get a pretty, dashing wife instead, which will be some atonement. Is Miss Conts Burdett engaged yet?

I recollect making half-and-half love to a young lady for some time, who had the sweetest and most melodious voice that ever, perhaps, fell upon the heart of man; and which, I may truly say, I never heard, in its pure and unconstrained tone, till she bade me farewell for the last time. Yet it was not owing to affectation,—she was far above that,—but to circumstances, which, as they may happen to every one, must be here related, to serve as warnings to others. Miss Peerless was not exactly beautiful, but extremely pretty, very clever, and highly accomplished. She was vain, as most spirited young girls of her age are, and a little aristocratic; but her natural good sense and just feeling kept all these slight failings within bounds—indeed, they were so slight as not even to amount to failings. She came out, as the saying is, very young; and I was, in a passing way, one of her first admirers. But the circumstances of society under which we met,—a most important point in all such cases,—prevented me from shewing my admiration in any very clear and distinct manner. This you may think was owing to my own inability. No such thing. One of the ladies of the party, who had great influence with the rest, being the oldest of the young, and having seen most of society, hated me most cordially. A sort of bantering warfare was, by degrees, carried on against me. The pretty dears were all, to appearance, enlisted under the hostile banner, so that an accidental *tête-à-tête* was altogether impossible; and as to any gentle speeches addressed, even in bantering style, to *la jeune belle*, they would, I knew, be turned against me by my cunning adversary. Women have all plenty of cunning in such matters; and my speeches would only have exposed my little beauty to be quizzed by her seniors—a danger you must guard against with the greatest care; for young girls are extremely sensitive on this point, and are easily,—

till they have taken their stand in society, and know that they can judge for themselves,—laughed out of any rising *penchant* for a gentleman. I knew well enough that my fair foes would not attempt to laugh at a captain of the Royal Grenadiers; but they would laugh at *la belle* for believing or listening to one of our set—for attending even, as they would say, to a mere man of gallantry, accustomed to try his skill on the heart of every young lady that would give him a hearing. This is the very character for which I entertain the greatest scorn, and never could act in my life; for though I have made love a thousand times, I never did so once, unless when inspired by the dear, delightful, tender passion itself. Might not a captain of the Royal Grenadiers have had his choice of half a score of heiresses, could he have feigned love, or sold love at pleasure? But people may accuse you of any thing. It is no doubt true that ladies sometimes like to shew their power, by captivating gallant insensibles like those of whom we have been speaking; but they dread being laughed at as the dupes, real or pretended, of such men; and are careful not to expose themselves to railery, for the chances of enslaving them. But, to proceed, time flew on. Miss Peerless and I parted and met, and parted again, in the usual routine of society; but, unfortunately, the bantering style of conversation, which had marked our first acquaintance, was still continued; and though we became more intimate as her knowledge of the world increased, we never got upon an easy footing. I was always kept at that sort of distance at which you keep a half suspected foe. I was neither a mere friend nor a mere acquaintance; but evidently something more, without the advantages of either. She was, however, so lovely, that I became every day more attached to her, till at last I only waited for courage and an opportunity to make the great declaration in form. You must here understand that both courage and opportunity may be lost, unless both happen to come together; that is, you may have the opportunity at a moment when you cannot muster courage to make use of it, and you may have a superabundance of courage at times when it can be of no avail.

I have witnessed, perhaps, as many trials of courage as most men,—have

seen it tried on flood and field, as well as in the *boudoir*; and hold the latter trial to be by far the most difficult to undergo. It is an awkward thing to be hanging on by the fragment of a wreck, in a dark night, when every wave is breaking over you, as I formerly described the thing in these papers; but I am not sure whether, in such situations, much difference is witnessed between the conduct of the brave and the cowardly. It is where danger has to be entered upon and encountered that the relative qualities shew themselves in the most conspicuous manner. In cases of extremity, and where danger must be grappled with, all do their best; though some, no doubt, more energetically than others. In the field, a certain quantity and quality of courage is easily commanded—

“For fame is there to tell who bleeds,
And honour's eye on daring deeds.”

The spirit of animated thousands, the time, the scene, the wild excitement, give an impulse to the whole that lends action, at least, if not courage, to the dastard himself: and I have seen men trembling from head to heel, as if they had not a sound muscle in their composition, march into battle, and do their duty along with the best. As many men as there are in the world, even so many different kinds and qualities of courage are there to be found. The direct, manly, robust, and soldierlike courage, ready to spring upon the foe, however numerous, and to hold out to the last, is evidently a plant of English growth, and may be met with, in full abundance, in every regiment and company in the service. But the higher and more chivalrous species of courage, which is mental as well as personal, which smiles in peril stern and wild, and, conscious of what must and may be achieved, follows, serene and calmly in the paths of duty, amid the darkest and most appalling dangers, is comparatively rare; and the dread of responsibility often makes those tremble who, at the bidding of superiors, would rush fearlessly upon hostile thousands. Our military institutions tend rather to depress than call forth mental courage. Promotion is sold for money; so that merit can go for nothing in the army. Professional knowledge, which must form the basis

of confidence, is not valued, and would probably tell more against than in favour of the possessor. We have the ingredients out of which the higher quality can alone be composed; but, not calling for it, must trust occasionally to what mere soldiery, and soldierlike courage, can effect.

I am a *soldado*; and having always received my full or half-pay, though little at best, with the most punctual regularity, may be allowed to speak well of my profession, even if it should slightly contrast with others. The private soldiers with whom I served, who built huts, cut wood for me, and lent me ready aid in many an hour of toil and danger, are the only persons on the world's surface to whom I owe, or ever did owe, any obligation equal in value to the sheet of paper on which I write, so that I may speak my mind of them without being ungrateful to any other class of the community, either high or low, civil or military; and doing so, have no hesitation in declaring my conviction, that the world cannot produce a braver, better, kinder, more cheerful, generous, and tractable set of men than the private soldiers of the British army. I have known them at home, in the field, and in the colonies—have seen them in danger, suffering, and idleness—and have never, from first to last, had cause to change my opinion of them. The "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," may talk of generosity, kindness, nobleness of spirit, and many other fine things; but, long as I have lived in the world, I should never have learned the meaning of the words, had I not been a military man; for in civil life I have never once seen a particle of these fine qualities practised, unless, perhaps, by women, and their sphere of action is naturally a confined one. "Jew Rothschild and his Christian fellow Baring" would have a different tale to tell, no doubt, and we each speak of the world as we find it. That there are plenty of rascals in the army need not surprise, as where do we find thousands without them? The wonder is that patriots, economists, and the War Office—I mean the secretary-at-war's department; an office through the dull and frosty atmosphere of which no ray of intellect or noble feeling was ever yet enabled to penetrate—should not have made rascals of the whole.

As stated, however, the courage re-

quired for a regular declaration of love and proposal of marriage, is evidently more rare than the courage required in the field or on the ocean. This is clear from the circumstance, that few gentlemen venture to make verbal declarations, but content themselves with firing at a distance,—writing letters, which, as all the world know, never can bear inspection; and wrathful, indeed, are the writers at the bare hint of the tender epistles having been exhibited. I have often assisted a friend in need, by writing a despatch, memorial, guard report, or love letter; and though I have always succeeded, passing well, in the former, never could write a love letter to please the sender. There was always a something wanting, but what that was I never could discover; nor was I ever shewn the substitute for my unsuccessful attempt. The want of courage in love matters I can easily, however, account for. In the field, we have only to encounter men, and are proud of the feeling that hurls us on the foe. In the *boudoir*, you are face to face with one who, at the time, is deemed little less than an angel, for whom, if you are a gentleman, you entertain not merely adoration, but the most respectful adoration, and whose look and word are every instant expected to decide your fate, whether you are to share the bliss of angels, or be consigned to despair a thousand times worse than any death-shot or shell could inflict. There are, no doubt, courageous, dashing, and huge-whiskered persons, who cannot understand this, and address a pretty, modest, blushing, and sensitive girl, on what to a lady must be the most important of all subjects, with the same easy assurance with which they would address a coachman or waiter; and, with second-rate women, such men are not always the most unsuccessful. But it is not every one who can command such composure; and I have known those stutter, stammer, and look foolish before a little bright-eyed thing of eighteen, who, during the war, had walked their squadrons up to the enemy, and never deigned to give spur and rein till near enough to hope that *Messieurs les Français* were *en bonne santé*, and would pardon *les coups de sabres* which they were, *malheureusement*, obliged to inflict upon them. And as you may belong to this class, it is well to be prepared;

for an opportunity, once lost, never returns—at least, none ever returned to me.

As mentioned, I was only watching for an opportunity to make a regular proposal to the Peerless; and I have been told that, by advice of friends, it was given me, in order to convince *la belle* that I was only trifling with her. If I had the opportunity, I had not the courage at the same time; and advantage was probably taken of the circumstance by some of the lady's *very* good friends, who brought about something like an estrangement between us, and I had nearly lost sight of her, when the usual parting season arrived. We met by mere accident, and, after upbraiding her a little with her coquetry, or whatever I called it, requested that she would be at home on my calling some day before leaving town. She refused to give the positive promise, and I refused to take my chance: and the little foolish pride which then influenced me sealed my fate for ever; for the probability is that she would have received me: but, knowing perfectly well what was the object of my visit, timidity and uncertainty—for she was far above coquetry—prevented her from acceding directly to a request, that would have looked something like saying "Yes" before being formally asked. My foolish pride evidently offended her a little.

We met again by accident the same evening, at a children's ball. After dancing with some of the little things, she sat down in a distant part of the room, where I immediately joined her. She was hardly polite; and, after exchanging a few commonplace words, she left me and took up a different position. I felt the unkind cut more keenly than I should have done; and, after praising the fair complexion of some half-mulatto snub-nose, and the pretty *brunetteness* of a young lily-forced thing, I made my bow in form. Miss Peerless was standing near the door as I left the room; and it was exactly when I passed her that she uttered the few words I had ever heard her speak in a perfectly unconstrained voice. "Farewell, Captain Sabertash," she said, in accents so soft, musical, and in some respect repentant also of her unkind conduct, that I *now* feel they ought to have made me her slave for ever. But the pang of unrequited love, real or fancied, had sunk deeply in my breast;

wounded pride had embittered the pain; and the parting words tended but to soften the heart, without extracting the envenomed dart. I left the house torn by conflicting emotions, and hardly knowing what I did, till a walk in the cool night air again restored me. Of course, I did not think of suicide, for the French have vulgarised the fashion, as, indeed, they vulgarise most things with which they meddle.

Months passed away, and winter again brought Miss Peerless and me near each other. Our first meeting was in the street. We only bowed in passing; but her look spoke volumes, and said, far plainer than words could say, "I have been wrong, and repent me of my conduct." What was it, think you, that prevented me from immediately joining her, and expressing at once the sentiments of affection I had so long entertained for her? No want of ready inclination, but simply the want of a rascally pocket handkerchief. The day was cold; I had just come out, and, finding myself without one, was hurrying back to remedy the evil when this unlucky *rencontre* took place. As she could not know the cause of my inattention, she was naturally offended. Thinking myself now sure of success, I allowed trifles to delay the explanation, and before I could remedy the evil, was informed, from a hundred different quarters at once—for it is astonishing how eager the world are to communicate what they think will prove painful news—that my beautiful friend had become Mrs. Humdrum of Humdrum, the wife of a gentleman of extensive possessions, and of ancient and far-spread family.

You must not call this a humdrum story, for it contains an important moral, and shews you the necessity of keeping every little kind of pride within bounds; it suggests, also, that women may have their pride, for which far greater allowance should be made than for yours, that deference is due to their delicacy and timidity, and that you should not look for direct encouragement from them, but follow up an honourable attachment till success crown your efforts, or till you find that there are real objections to your suit. But there are so many pretty, portionless, and accomplished girls to be provided for in these days of bachelorship and fortune-hunting mothers, that gentlemen are rendered more ridiculously

silly than at any other period of the world. Let a man of any property or expectation make his appearance in society, and he is literally beset by mothers, and too often by daughters also; for tuft and fortune-hunting have actually become essential parts of modern female education. This is one of the reasons why you see so many young men completely spoiled by affectation and selfishness: they fancy attention is paid to their merit, whilst it is only to their fortune, real or supposed. I recollect a dandy of the first water being cut out by his own footman, an ill-looking fellow into the bargain, who contrived to pass himself off for the richer man of the two, and as having "great expectations"—that darling recommendation to all mammas. The only advantage we half-pay officers possess in the world is, that our fortunes are known to a shilling; so that we may always set down any little kindness shewn us by a pretty girl as being more for love than money.

Having spoken of voices, we must next say something of temper, which is also closely connected with our subject; for an ill-tempered man must never expect to shine in conversation.

There is a class of persons who, from some sourness or acidity mixed up in their composition, can neither do nor say the most commonplace thing in an agreeable manner. Their hearts' vinegar is constantly overflowing; their efforts at a smile is absolutely painful to behold; and the most ordinary terms of everyday greeting are uttered with a voice and manner that shew how much the unhappy *soursop*—to use the name of a West India fruit—has suffered in merely keeping within the bounds of ordinary courtesy. Educated men of this class are greatly to be pitied; for they cannot, after all, give vent to their acerbity on every occasion, except to dependants; can only be disagreeable, and not insulting; so that the acid must necessarily prey upon their vitals, and bring them, as it generally does, to an early grave. The sufferers mostly believe themselves men of talents, and think they are cynics because they are ill-tempered; but this is a great mistake; for I never knew a clever man belonging to the class, and for the best of reasons,—no really clever man would allow himself to be the slave of his acid disposition, and become a mere walking vinegar-cruet.

I have often fancied, indeed, that talent might be easily measured by mere temper and disposition. That you often meet with good-natured fools proves nothing, even if true; for, at the best, you are certain to meet far more ill-natured than good-natured ones. But it must be evident that a mind well fixed on a broad basis of understanding will not be thrown off its equilibrium by the miserable little *contra tempos* which so constantly shake the narrowly based mind to its very centre. This, you will say, is only a mechanical illustration, the proper application of which has yet to be established. True; but I am not calling for that public kind of verdict against either classes or individuals which could only be demanded as the result of direct mathematical demonstration. In these papers, I merely address myself to the silent feelings of the reader, which in a thousand cases will acknowledge the true force and justice of a proposition, the logical proofs of which the tongue would still deem itself bound to call for.

You often hear superficial people say, that they would rather have to do with quick, hasty, or violent tempered persons, whose outbreak of passion, once over, is supposed to leave only calm and sunshine behind, than with revengeful, rancorous, and malice-bearing parties, of whom you can never be certain. This is a mere foolery; the outbursts of rage are no security against malice and revengefulness; for the tendency to fly into a passion about every trifle, when not resulting, as it generally does, from mere mindless folly, can originate in no very amicable disposition. Besides, men may really possess ordinary equanimity of temper, be free from all flights of fury, without being either malicious or revengeful; and no pigmy of a walking vulcano should be allowed to shelter itself after every half-hour's explosion under an assurance that it never harbours malice. The fact is, that in nine cases out of ten, people only get into a towering passion when their avarice is assailed, some selfish gratification endangered, or when they strive to conceal error, or shabbiness, beneath an explosion of paltry rage. In society, such men should be *tubooed* at once.

Cheerfulness, unaffected cheerfulness, is the thing that you must bring into company, if you wish to shine in conversation. Now, I do not mean by

this, any of those outbreaks of loud mirth, nor what the world sometimes call a "high flow of spirits," but a light and airy equanimity of temper, that never rises to boisterousness and never sinks down to immovable dullness,—that moves gracefully from "grave to gay, from serious to serene," and by mere manner gives proof of a feeling heart and generous mind. The high and boisterous flow of spirits, so often praised by the superficial world, that keeps up during a party or visit, and then sinks down to absolute loutishness, is, on the other hand, a sure sign of a coarse and vulgar nature. Let the women look to this matter, for, though rarely coarse and vulgar in their own nature, they may suffer from the coarseness of others, and should, therefore, set their pretty faces against it, however much they may pretend that it is redeemed by the "dear fellows'" wild, rattling spirits. How far they can make unaffected cheerfulness go, a single example will prove.

When our regiment was stationed at —, nearly all the officers of the corps were in love with the same girl, and she was, I really believe, the plainest in the whole circle of society to which she belonged. She was what Lord Byron would have called a dumpy figure; had a coarse, dark complexion; and, except her mouth, which was beautifully formed, had almost negro features. No beauty you will say: and yet she made more conquests than all the *belles* of the place put together. She was accomplished, certainly; but accomplishments alone make no great impression; it is the mental cultivation that results from them which is effective, and not the mere power of display to which all the pretty dears are now so carefully brought up. There is, perhaps, more lost than gained by shewing off accomplishments in society; for, however perfect a singer, player, or dancer, the performer may be, there is a grace which only taste, tact, and just feeling, can cast over the whole, and without which all the skill in the world is worse than "leather and prunella." The lady of whom I am speaking made her conquests by unaffected cheerfulness and good humour; to which talents added, no doubt, a great charm; and thus armed she was almost irresistible; and so may most of you become, if you will only cast affectation aside.

And this reminds me of a question

put to me by a fair descendant of kings, though now only a princess in beauty. "She wished to know," she said, "how she stood in society, as it would help her to regulate her manners accordingly." We were on the top of a very high hill at the moment, and it was blowing half a gale of wind, so that no very calm answer could be given at the time; but I may as well say a word in reply at this exact place. The lady is as brilliantly beautiful as brilliantly clever; and these advantages will always, of themselves, command a high station in society, when the effect is not destroyed, as so often happens, by conceit and affectation. With unaffected cheerfulness and good humour they must, of course, be irresistible; but the moment we begin to affect, then it is a matter of chance on whom, and to what extent, the acting takes. With the better class of men it is necessarily a drawback; to what extent is again dependent on circumstances; beauty and talents may overcome the obstacles, but they would shine more brilliantly without the darkening shades. Young ladies sometimes think that it is enough if they are on their best behaviour to those only on whom they wish to make a favourable impression. This is an error, however: men are vain, no doubt, and rarely pleased with such attention; but, where there is any discrimination,—and a princess would not wish to please fools only,—they will draw conclusions from general as well as particular manner. My princess is, however, above affectation or conceit,—a little too fond of mere pleasure, perhaps, a thing excusable at her age; but, what is more dangerous, she is inclined to a Queen Elizabethan style of temper. Her majesty was, I know, a relation of the family; but she was a crowned queen, and had no beauty to forfeit, or the effects of which could be injured by giving way to her royal temper.

"Subjects of conversation," I think I hear some calling for; but all subjects not leading to the coarse, the vulgar, or offensive, are good, provided they are well treated: in conversation, it is the manner far more than the matter that must be attended to. Only avoid *self*—that is a fixed rule which can in no case be deviated from with impunity. It is not even allowed to praise your near relations, and the nearer the worse, because no one can do more than assent to your opinion; it is a bar to all discussion. I mention

this, because I know some charming people who constantly praise up their relations to me. I believe they do it to quiz me a little, knowing that I am particular about the maintenance of these laws, which I think should be held as sacred as those of the Medes and the Persians. A very pretty girl, that I had been in love with some half-dozen of times, told me the other day that her brother was "a dear fellow," as he might justly be to her; but the sound grated upon my ear, nevertheless. I would much rather have had the term "dear" associated with myself than with that of any one else.

I am not sure whether ghost stories are not growing too much out of fashion, and whether they may not sometimes be brought in with effect. Care must, of course, be taken to make them short; for no one, unless a privileged talker—one who from wealth, station, or reputation, is sure of being listened to—should indulge in stories, unless addressed to a very small circle, the attention of which you are sure to command; for there are plenty of people who listen only to great men. Rank and reputation, indeed, make the most dull impertinences pass current for excellent and witty things; while the most brilliant things said by the humble and unknown are passed over without the slightest notice. Take a couple of instances of the power of fame and station.

Teh *Edinburgh Review*, of July last, speaking of Talleyrand (page 554), and praising him, of course, as the silly liberal could hardly fail to do, gives, among other sayings equally brilliant, the following specimen of his polished wit. "A gentleman in company was one day making rather zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topics at uncalled-for length; he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. '*C'était donc, Monsieur, votre père qui apparemment n'était pas trop bien,*'" was, if we believe the northern leviathan, the witty answer of the celebrated Frenchman. We had, in the Royal Grenadiers, an officer who, owing to his supposed dulness, and dandy style of dress, was termed, by our ill-natured youngsters, *bauf à la mode*, and to whom all the unlucky sayings of the corps were ascribed; and the very speech which is here ascribed to Talleyrand, as an exquisite piece of witticism, pressed upon our

young subaltern, for months together, as a regular blunder of the first order. I have no doubt, indeed, that the party before whom Prince Talleyrand made this very polite speech, looked approbation at the *millionaire* wit and minister; but in doing so they displayed almost as little judgment in such matters as the *Edinburgh Review* itself. The party ought to have left the speech unnoticed, and apparently unheard; and the master of the house should never again have asked Monsieur de Talleyrand to dinner.

Take an instance of want of tact from the *Quarterly*. In an article on etiquette, which we ourselves ought to have written, the Albemarle Street giants give us, on the authority of an American book of etiquette, and with approbation it would seem, the following instance of perfect self-possession and supreme *bon ton*. The vice-president of the American republic, in going to a ball one night, was, by accident, set down at a wrong house, and shewn into a drawing-room in which was only the lady of the mansion, to whom he was a stranger, and whose husband happened to be unwell at the time. Nothing discomposed, the vice-president sits down to tea, passes the evening *tête-à-tête* with the lady, and then takes his leave, as if nothing particular had happened. Now, the fact is, that here was a total want of self-possession, and correct breeding: the man did not know what to do, and not wishing to appear confused in consequence of the blunder of a coachman, fell into a greater one of his own. The simple and elegant thing would have been to express regret for the mistake, adding, that as accident had brought him a stranger to the house, at a moment when he could hardly fail to be an intruder, he trusted that he should be allowed to repeat his visit, as an acquaintance under more auspicious circumstances. This is what a man of the world, or an officer of the Royal Grenadiers, would have done. Another time, the *Quarterly* had better apply to us for information on such points.

Having had more than a thousand letters addressed to me, requesting further instructions on various matters connected with matrimony and love-making, I shall here conclude with a few words on the subject, as general answers to my most pressing querists.

It is an old saying, that a man can elevate a woman to his own station in

society, if he happens to be her superior in rank ; but that a woman cannot elevate her husband. But if a man elevate his wife in the world, he can also pull her down ; and this should be carefully avoided. Leaving, for the present, distinctions of rank out of the question, and confining ourselves to good society in general, I think that gentlemen of very small fortune — say, half-pay officers, younger brothers, briefless lawyers, unfeud doctors, landed proprietors whose creditors allow them three-and-sixpence a-day, and other persons so situated — should never marry, unless they marry women below them in station, and who can be elevated in rank by so moderate an alliance ; or they should marry heiresses with money enough to keep both parties moving in their proper sphere of life. To marry a pretty girl with a few thousand pounds, is to bring her down in the world ; for most such women belong to good families, are accustomed to the comforts and elegancies of life, and have a right to expect that their husbands should support them in the style of the class to which they naturally belong. The lady's few thousand pounds, added to your three-and-sixpence a-day, will not enable you to do this ; you, therefore, bring your wife down in the world, oblige her to lose *caste* for your sweet sake, without knowing how far it may ever be in your power to make up to her all that she has sacrificed on your account. Women are generous, kind, and confiding, and will sometimes overlook these dangers ; and having, also, more resolution than men, they do not easily complain when they find their expectations deceived ; but if they are confiding, that is no reason why you should take a selfish advantage of their confidence. I have known families willing to make the most generous sacrifice to ensure, what they thought, the happiness of a dear and deserving daughter ; but how would you like to owe every thing to your wife's relations, — exposed to your own reproaches, if not to those of others, for having thrust yourself in among strangers, and curtailed advantages that should have fallen to different members of the family. No, no ; forget "fair eyes and tempting looks" — I am obliged to do so myself occasionally, — and stick to your three-and-sixpence a-day. It is not an overwhelming fortune, I grant, but it is enough for a man of hale health and

elastic spirit, who can live without champagne and burgundy. You have no idea how long a coat will wear, with good brushing and attention, when you know not where to get another.

And now a word about ages, a difficult but very important point, nevertheless. Fixed rules cannot be laid down upon the subject, because years are, as formerly shewn, very uncertain criterions of what is generally termed "age." We see persons who were never young, and are already old at twenty ; while we all recollect the story of Ninon de L'Enclos, who was young and made conquests at eighty. The best relative ages must depend, therefore, upon the disposition, character, temperament, and constitution, of the parties ; but, as a general principle, I would recommend people to marry so as to *grow old*, and go down hill hand in hand together. Let not the one get too much the start of the other, — for it is difficult to say which is attended with the worse consequence, — being the old husband of a young wife, or the young husband of an old one. The old husband may be jealous, in which case he will certainly make both parties look a little foolish ; and if he is harsh, grumbling, and ill-behaved — the exact reverse of an attentive lover — may perhaps suggest the idea of giving cause for unjust suspicion. If the lady outgrows her husband in age, and is at all under the influence of the green-eyed monster, then mischief, whether loud or noiseless, is sure to reign triumphant. Even when there is no active jealousy, it is a painful and afflicting thing for an amiable woman to find herself gradually neglected, as charms fade and wrinkles augment ; for men have proved inconstant to the young and the handsome, and may prove so to those who are no longer either the one or the other. You know the old French story which has lately been revived in favour of a gentleman of literary distinction. The friends of the Marquise de Verdier remonstrated with her husband for neglecting so deserving a wife. "*Mais, mon Dieu !*" was his reply ; "you are very unreasonable. I married a beautiful young girl, to whom I was most devotedly attached ; but as she has thought proper to grow old and ugly, she has herself to blame for the alteration that has taken place in my conduct towards her."

GIUSEPPE RECCA.

"If any body but yourself had told me, I would not have believed it," exclaimed the *conducteur* of a Paris diligence, as he sat lounging at a table in a *café*, at the corner of a small square called La Place de Bel-air, in the centre of the ancient city of Geneva.

"Well, perhaps I might have done better," observed his companion, a remarkably fine young man, about seven and twenty; while a smile upon his countenance indicated that he was perfectly satisfied with his own conduct.

"Better!" cried the *conducteur*; "why, you could scarcely have done worse! You have given yourself away. *Par exemple!* You, an Italian! And here, after paying all your expenses from Paris—here, just at the season when the English visitors are about to go into your country! *Parbleu!* You might have made your own terms with any of them, and been courier, purse-bearer, and paymaster, travelling *en prince*; and you have engaged yourself for five louis for a single month! And to whom? I have nothing to say against Monsieur le Major: he is a Frenchman; but he has served, and knows, of course, pretty well how to arrange his affairs *en voyage*. And a single man, too! And you are to travel by diligence or *voiture*, just as you can, and live, I suppose, *comme à la guerre*. *Pardie!* I'm sorry for you!"

"And I'm very well contented," said the Italian; "so, *allons, mon brave!* Your glass! This wine is more to my fancy than any I've tasted since we left Paris together."

"As for that," observed the *conducteur*, "we don't quite agree: but the wines of your country, they say, have quite a different flavour from ours. I remember once tasting what they called Asti——"

"Hah!" exclaimed the Italian; and his dark eyes flashed wildly, and a sudden paleness overspread his countenance, which deepened into a crimson glow as he continued. "Asti! Who told you that Asti was my country? No, no; I tell you I come from Lastra in the Val d'Arno, near Firenze: Florence, as you call it. Not Asti; no, no! And my name is Luigi Bambolo. Bah! You've seen my passport. But what am I talking about?

Ha, ha, ha! You seem surprised. It was very foolish of me to take offence, certainly, when I see you didn't mean any thing. Ha, ha, ha!" and, extending his hand to his companion, he laughed most unnaturally.

"Asti or Astra is all the same to me," said the bluff *conducteur*; "but why any body should be offended at one's mistaking the one for the other is more than I can comprehend."

"There is a wide difference," observed the Italian, gravely: "Asti, which you call my country, has been—— But, no matter; the time will come——"

"*Mais, monsieur, monsieur!*" exclaimed a waiter; "What are you doing there? You are ruining the table, digging into it so with your knife."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the *conducteur*, in his turn; "that's an old Italian trick! They say the emperor used to hack the arms of his chair to pieces, whenever he was meditating any enterprise; so I suppose you've got some scheme in your head, signor?"

"Diavolo!" muttered the Italian, with a momentary frown, "when I think of my country I am apt to forget myself." But as he spake, the cloud passed away from his brow, and he affected gaiety, as before; and ere the conversation could be renewed, his companion was called away to perform some duty of his vocation.

"There's something I don't like about that young fellow," said the *conducteur* to himself, on his way to the "Bureau." "Italian! Humph! Never could get him to chat during all our journey from Paris. Scarcely touch wine, neither. Wanted a place: wouldn't look after the *God-dens*; prefer single man. Means to rob him when he gets into Italy, perhaps. Can drink wine, too, now; and altogether changed. Let me think; what shall I do?"

Accordingly the honest fellow thought, and the result of his cogitations was, that he would call at the *Hôtel de la Couronne*, and communicate his observations to Major Montravel, the gentleman who had hired the Italian valet. And this resolution he performed the same evening; but the major was gone to some *café*, from whence he went to the theatre, and

returned not till midnight; a few hours after which the well-meaning *conducteur* was *en route* on his return to Paris.

"I should like to have seen the major, too," said he, when looking down from the Jura upon the distant city. "But, bah! it's no affair of mine, after all; and a French *militaire* can always take care of himself."

So he dismissed the affair from his mind, and thought no more thereof till after many months, when certain inquiries met his ear on one of his periodical visits to Geneva.

We must now attempt briefly to describe Major Montravel. In person he was a trifle under what we term the middle height, but exceedingly well formed and active, and his figure altogether strongly resembled the most flattering paintings of Napoleon. His features were regular, and the expression of his countenance extremely prepossessing; perhaps not the less so from a certain dash of military *hauteur*, and an upward curve of the short upper lip. He was now in his thirty-second year, and had spent more than the half of his life in the French service, and undergone all the vicissitudes incident upon active warfare. Of his character, it is needless to say more than that he had ever been the slave of his passions, and an ardent lover of pleasure.

"So you know the country well, Luigi?" said he to his new valet, on the morning after their compact. "I know something of it, also; but when I was there, we travelled in a different style. We had no occasion to bargain with the *vetturini* then. Eh?"

"No, *mon major*," observed Luigi, "you had it all your own way then; but now, the Austrians——" and, without finishing the sentence, he turned away to conceal a smile, as his new master uttered an execration.

"I don't mean to enter the country they call theirs," said the major: "we shall go first to Chambéry, where, perhaps, I may stop a day or two; and then over Mount Cenis to Turin; and then—— You know the country beyond, you say? Along the banks of the Po? I was stationed, there once, and think I should like to see it again."

"Si, si, *signor*!" exclaimed Luigi, hurriedly, and occupying himself in folding a coat, with his back turned towards his master.

"Well, go and take places in the

first diligence for Chambéry," said the major.

"Si, si!" murmured the Italian, almost rushing out of the room.

"He has learnt to obey orders apparently," observed the major to himself. "If he goes on as well as he begins, I shall not have made a bad bargain. I have missed Auguste sadly, hitherto; but as he knows nothing of Italian, he would have been only a bore. A month! ay, one month of wandering, and then *ma belle comtesse* will be at Florence. Belle indeed! Ha, ha! Well, well, never mind; she is rich. Rich! Yes, in that one word are included promotion, pleasure, and a thousand gratifications which this villanous peace has deprived me of the chance of enjoying otherwise." And, throwing himself upon a sofa, he soon became lost in pleasant anticipations of a brilliant future, never to be realised.

The going out, or, rather, the going up, from Switzerland into Savoy, affords many a wild, wide, and magnificent prospect of accumulated hills and mountains, strongly and beautifully in contrast with the far extending fertile plains that form what is termed the basin of Geneva. On the lower ground, the industry of man is every where apparent. Pleasant are the homes that he hath thereon erected, and luxuriant the verdure and foliage by which they are surrounded. But the lofty, distant back-ground of the scene—the alps o'er alps, terminating in the wide outspread line of "cloud-land," the eternal and unpolluted reservoirs of congealed waters, there upheld to feed the stupendous glacier, and pour forth rivers to gladden many a far, foreign, and thirsty land: these form no part of the dominions of the self-styled lord of the creation; but seem, as it were in scorn, to look down upon him and his professions.

Strange is it that men can be found to look at these awe-inspiring and inscrutable works of the Omnipotent with aught save reverential feelings, and a deep sense of their own insignificance! Yet, when unruly and unlawful passions bear sway, the human being is a grovelling animal. His darkened mind holds no communion with the beauty and sublimity of nature; but, feverishly absorbed, darkly gloats over some favourite scheme of future self-gratification.

And, in such mood, our two travellers wended their way towards Italy. It were hard to say whether the master's condescension, or the valet's assiduity to gain his perfect confidence, was most remarkable; but long before they reached Turin the object of the latter seems to have been obtained. He was consulted on every occasion, with a familiarity upon which he never ventured to presume. Seldom now was he subject to any starts or changes of countenance; his demeanour to his master was staid and deferential when in his presence, and at other times nothing was observable about him, save a peculiar lightness of step, as that of a man whose mind is perfectly at ease, and a sort of triumphant glee in his smile, and the glistening of his dark eye. It has, however, been since ascertained, that when the major was engaged for the evening, he always absented himself from the hotel, and seldom, during his brief stay at Turin, associated with the other domestics in the house. How he was employed in those intervals, may be surmised from the sequel; but his chief ostensible duty was to engage a light carriage, with a driver perfectly acquainted with the district they were about to visit. And so fastidious was he in his selection, that, though *vetturini* are to be found at every corner of the Sardinian capital, a week had elapsed ere he made choice of one Strambo Massa, a huge, dark, athletic man, about forty years of age, and with a louring, reckless expression of countenance, any thing but prepossessing.

"He was born at Crescentino, and lives now at Vercelli," said Luigi to his master, when reporting progress; "and he knows every borgo, and hamlet, and byroad between here and there: and besides that, monsieur, he has served in your army under the emperor."

"Aha! *un vieux moustache!*" exclaimed the major. "Let me see him; I must ask him a few questions. I have not forgotten the country either, and if he pretends to more than he knows I shall puzzle him."

Accordingly, the *vetturino* was summoned, and underwent a long examination, by which his local knowledge was made sufficiently apparent, and he was immediately engaged.

It was October, one of the loveliest months in that delightful country, the

period at which the richest produce of the earth hath attained its full ripeness, and the fierce summer sun, having performed its perfect work, looks with a milder ray upon all below, as though smiling compassionately on the weakness of man, toiling laboriously at his vintage harvest. Gladness was on every countenance, and the merry laugh pealed, ever and anon, along the hillside and the valley. But the sight and sounds of joy were unwelcome to Major Montravel, as he sat alone, leaning back in the carriage, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and wrapt in his military cloak. Far different had it been when last he moved with his regiment along that road. Then boisterous and triumphant glee, and glorious anticipations of conquest and future victories, were with him and his comrades, while the affrighted peasantry cowered before them, or fled away to the hills. Now, few noticed his presence, and those few gazed upon or saluted him with an air of careless independence.

"And this was ours!" thought he, scowling upon the fertile land: "ours by the right of conquest!" And letting his hand fall upon the hilt of his sword, he sank into a bitter reverie, concerning the fallen glories of the empire and his own disappointed hopes.

The dreams of young ambition are proverbially visionary and fantastical; but the young *militaires* who served under Napoleon, ever had before their eyes men risen from low estate to the highest grades in their profession. And even when the honours of that profession were all won, the fountain of rewards for bravery and talent was not exhausted: dukedoms, principalities, and kingdoms, remained to be disposed of by the emperor. Therefore was it no marvel that his youthful followers had their "visions of glory," and that each, in fancy, beheld himself loaded with glittering honours, and enacting wondrous deeds in the dazzling vista of futurity. Such visions had often visited Major Montravel, whose good fortune it was to attain the rank of captain when scarcely two-and-twenty, and at the time when, as he deemed, the empire was so established in its strength as to laugh scornfully at envious foes, and sway the destinies of Europe.

Subsequently, his regiment had been stationed for many months in the dis-

strict he was now about to re-visit, and that he had not forgotten the country was evinced during the day, by the minute inquiries he addressed to the *vetturino*; and occasionally, as if to recall pleasant recollections, he would alight and walk across the fields or vineyards by some path less circuitous than the high road. Thus, much time was lost: but nothing could exceed the patience of Strambo Massa, the driver, who always stopped his horses when a question was asked, and most garrulously entered into a history of every château and its present and former possessors; and, as if all military news must interest his employer, took occasion at every village to relate something of its occupation alternately by the French, Austrians, or Sardinians. So, after dining early at Chivasco, it became a question with the major whether he should pursue his journey as far as Veccelli that night.

"Monsieur will please himself," said Luigi; "but we have still two hours of good daylight, and Strambo says there are just as good hotels on the road as here. Besides, he knows the roads so well, that the darkest night would be all the same to him. There is no danger, monsieur; you need not be afraid."

"Danger! fear! *Sacré!* What does the coquin mean?" exclaimed the major, testily.

"Oh," replied Luigi, in a careless strain, "nothing. Only foreigners are always thinking about robbers and banditti, and nobody knows what else, on this side the Alps; and so I thought, perhaps, that Monsieur le Major might have heard: but, bah! there's nothing of that kind hereabouts now; for when the Austrians were here,—no, I believe it was the Prussians—"

"Will you have done with your confounded chattering, and leave the room?" cried the major, who cherished, with many of his fraternity, so bitter a hatred against the Prussians, that the mere mention of their name was sufficient to excite a paroxysm of anger.

Luigi quitted the room instantly, and on meeting Strambo Massa in the yard burst into a fit of laughter, and then exclaimed, "He thought of stopping here all night, but he dare not. I talked of his being afraid first, and then spoke of the Prussians. That's the word the proud Frenchmen can't bear. He'll be bad company for him-

self, if he stays here, and he'll have no other."

"Well, I'm in no hurry," replied Strambo, with a hideously expressive leer, "if the signor will travel in the dark, it's not our fault, you know; and so I think, my good friend Giuseppe—"

"Hist!" whispered the valet; "that one word, if he had heard it, might have ruined all, even now."

"Well, well, I beg your pardon," said Strambo; but the fact is, I am not used to such roundabout ways. And, mark me, he knows the country so well, that I should'nt wonder if he gave you the slip after all."

"Let him, if he can," observed Luigi, sneeringly. "No, no, I'm prepared for all, even if my father should have any scruples, and that's not likely."

"No, indeed," observed Strambo, "His being a Frenchman would be quite enough for the old man, if there were no other reason; but when he knows who this fellow is, if he's any Italian blood left in his veins, he'll be of my way of thinking, mayhap, and vote for short work. However, it's all your own affair, so I'll say no more; but, as this is our last stage, I think it would be as well to drink success to your undertaking, and '*bon voyage*' to Monsieur."

"Willingly," said Luigi; and while they were thus engaged the major consulted his map, wished that he had a brother officer as a companion, strolled out, and took a turn or two in front of the hotel, and returned dissatisfied with himself and his arrangements. Indecision was not his usual failing; but whether he had any presentiment of coming ill, or that he was merely "*ennuyé*," nearly an hour elapsed ere he made up his mind to proceed as far as Cigliano.

When the carriage was at the door, Luigi entered the room, and, begging pardon for the liberty he was taking, produced a flask of sparkling red Nebbiolo, a wine of the country which he assured Monsieur le Major was almost equal to champagne.

"If I had wished for wine, I should have asked for it," observed his master, haughtily.

Luigi again asked pardon for his presumption with the most profound humility, and was about to quit the room apparently deeply mortified, when the major, feeling, perhaps, that he had

been too harsh, and that it was as well to keep his servant in good humour, recalled him, and, after taking a glass of the wine while it was yet effervescent, pronounced it execrable, to the surprise and indignation of the landlord, who entered at the moment.

"We reckon two hours to Cigliano, signor," said Strambo Massa, mounting his seat; "but my horses are good and fresh, and so don't be afraid, we can do it in an hour and a half."

Four hours, however, had elapsed, and the carriage was still moving slowly along a narrow road, and daylight had long since departed.

"He sleeps soundly," said Strambo. "There, that jolt was enough to wake any body. You have not overdosed him, have you?"

"The holy Virgin forbid!" exclaimed Luigi. "But when we get over the next hill, I'll rouse him up; and mind you play the drunkard well."

"Never fear," said Strambo, "you'll envy me when you hear how I'll abuse him and his conceited countrymen; but never mind, your turn will come after, and you deserve it, too; for how you can have controlled yourself so long I cannot think. Brushing his coats, and cringing and waiting upon the scoundrel! I should have sent a knife into him long ago."

"In common cases that might have done very well," observed Luigi; "but—hark! Yes—there go the old bells of Rivaletta! Ave Maria purissima! Oh, Strambo! I could cry like a child. What happy days do they bring back to my mind! Father, mother, sister, friends! Oh heavens! I dare not think! Drive on faster. Let me get there."

"Ay, ay!" said Strambo, "I know how you feel. I recollect, after my discharge from the army, when I first caught sight of Vercelli; but then I didn't know who was alive and who was dead, while you know who you'll find."

"Ay!" muttered Luigi, compressing his teeth, "and also who I shall not find. But I can't talk now! I will walk up the hill;" and, springing off the seat, he went forward alone. And when the carriage attained the summit of the hill, there he stood, with folded arms, gazing upon the indistinct loveliness of the vale beyond, through which the course of the river Po was here and there apparent, gleaming beneath the deep blue sky and countless brilliant stars.

"And now!" he cried, with a shout of most unnatural laughter, "Now let us wake the sleeper!" and, opening the carriage door, he effected his purpose with little ceremony, and then informed the major that the driver was intoxicated, and had certainly mistaken his road.

"Drunk!" roared Strambo, hiccupping,—"*drunk!* Haven't I, an honest *vetturino*, as good a right to get drunk as a French spy, that hired me to shew him over the country? Why he's been fast asleep for these three hours. No, no,—the time is gone by when they used to press us for guides;" and he began to sing a low song, in which the reverses and downfall of Napoleon were strung together in a ludicrous and abusive style.

For awhile, Major Montravel gazed almost unconsciously, and doubtless would have sunk again to slumber, but for the startling change in all around him.

"What means this! Where are we? Am I in a dream?" he exclaimed, starting up, and endeavouring to rally his energies, but evidently still under the influence of the narcotic draught.

"You see the state the fellow is in, *monsieur*," replied Luigi; "but we heard the bells of some town just now, and it cannot be far off. It must be Cigliano."

"Cigliano!" exclaimed Major Montravel; "no, no. Put down the steps. Let me out;" and, descending from the carriage, he rushed forward a few yards, and then stood gazing wildly before him.

"Hist!" whispered Luigi to his noisy comrade, and all was silent. And then from the valley below arose the deep booming toll of a passing bell. The two Italians crossed themselves, and muttered a prayer mechanically; and, the moment after, Strambo whispered, "The old bells are welcoming *Monsieur le Gouverneur*."

Luigi placed his forefinger on his lips, and, saving the slow, monotonous tolling of the bell, all remained perfectly still for many minutes, during which the major continued alone. What then passed across his mind cannot be told; but, whether from local influence, or the yet remaining power of the sleeping potion he had taken, his manner was strangely altered and subdued when he returned to the carriage. Instead of angry and

haughty invective, he said, in a faltering tone, to Luigi,—

"My good friend, you should have told me of this fellow's state earlier; we are leagues out of our road. It is strange that I should have slept so long; but I know where we are—well. There is a village at the foot of this hill called Rivaletta; we can find accommodation there for the night, no doubt. I have been—yes, I was once there. You can drive or lead the horses down the hill. I will walk; no, let me get inside again. I feel the night air chills me. It is strange!"

"You have taken cold sleeping, mon major," said Luigi; "but never mind, if we can get into snug quarters below that may be remedied. There, wrap yourself well up in your cloak. That will do; you may leave all to me."

He then shut the carriage door, mounted the box, and took the reins from Strambo, who grumbled thereat, according to his assumed character, which it was not necessary long to support, as before they had descended half way down the hill the major had again sunk into sleep.

"Nothing could be better," said Luigi: "he knows where he is; but, as he didn't tell me what house to drive to, I must choose one for him: that's all '*en règle*,' as they say. I have now only to see first if my father will recollect me."

"It's impossible," replied Strambo; "you are no more like what you were nine years ago than you are like me. Besides, he's prepared to receive you as the major's German valet; so there'll be no guessing about you, even if he should fancy a resemblance to his son."

Luigi made no reply, but appeared lost in thought as they slowly moved downward; and ere they reached the foot of the hill drove out of the road, between two shattered stone pillars.

"You must take the reins now," said he then briefly to his companion, and his heart seemed too full to utter more; for, leaping down, he clasped his hands together, and threw himself upon his knees, and appeared to be uttering a prayer or a thanksgiving.

The carriage, after passing about five hundred yards through a somewhat neglected vineyard, turned suddenly to the right, and stopped before a stone building, which might once have been termed a villa, or château; but the di-

lapidations visible by day were now concealed by the increasing darkness.

"So, you are here at last," said a tall, aged man, as he came forward, holding a light that barely served to shew the meagre outline of his sharp features, and the brilliancy of his dark eye.

"Stop a moment till the valet comes," said Strambo. "Oh, here he is."

"My master is asleep," whispered Luigi to the old man; "but if you will be kind enough to shew me his apartment, it will be better to get all ready before I wake him, as he is somewhat of an invalid."

"Very well, young man," replied the elder: "this way;" and they proceeded up a lofty flight of stone steps to a spacious room, in which were scattered various articles of massy furniture.

"There," said the master of the house—"this is where the Frenchman, whom I curse every day in the name of the Holy Trinity, used to carouse. Your master's an Austrian, I understand, and you a German of some sort, or I wouldn't have had you here; for this is no inn, you will please to observe."

"I am aware of that, signor," observed Luigi, respectfully; "and you may rely on our giving you as little trouble as possible."

"These folding doors open to the bed-room," said the old man; and a sigh escaped him as he added, "All was better furnished once. But, blessed be the Virgin! why should I talk of such trifles, when there is no one but myself left?"

"Do not despair, father," said Luigi; "there may be good news yet in store for you."

"Eh! what?" cried the old man, wildly: "Father! Who are you? Let me look at you? Why do you call me father?"

Luigi hurriedly drew his travelling-cap over his eyes, and replied, "It is a term of respect we are accustomed to use towards our seniors. But, hark, my master is calling. Don't trouble yourself. I can find my way down without a light." And he rushed out of the room.

"I am growing old, and weak, and foolish," said the old man: "it seemed the voice of my son." And, passing his hand across his forehead, as if to dispel

the illusion, he sank into a chair, and, utterly forgetful of his present duties, allowed his spirit to wander away over trackless regions of northern snow.

From this reverie he was aroused by hearing the major and Luigi ascending the stairs, and scarcely recovered his self-possession in time to meet the former at the door, and bid him welcome to the farm of Rivaletta; immediately after which he left the room, pleading that his presence was necessary below.

"This is a strange adventure," observed Major Montravel, who seemed to be effectually roused from his lethargy by a conversation which had just passed in whispers between himself and his valet ere he alighted.

"So it is, mon major," said Luigi, with a cheerful air; "but it has ended well: we are in good quarters at last."

"Perhaps so," said the major, laying his pistols on the table. "But, mind you, leave no article of dress exposed that may lead to suspicion of who I am. Look to your fire-arms, too. There are two beds in the next room: you will sleep in one of them. Come here—nearer! Look me full in the face. You have shewn much presence of mind in suggesting the character of a German for me here. You are a sharp, clever fellow, that's certain. But, for your personal courage, how stands that? Mind, I can take care of myself. I don't wish to expose you. Indeed, I had much rather be without you, if I cannot depend on you."

As he was speaking, the expressive countenance of the Italian underwent several changes. When complimented on his presence of mind, he smiled somewhat proudly; at the insinuation of cowardice, a deadly paleness overspread his features: but, when the major ceased to speak, his aspect was that of one facing his mortal foe, and determined "to do or die." The eyebrows were slightly lowered, the well-formed nostrils expanded, the small mouth was compressed, with the lower lip somewhat projecting, while the starting eyeballs seemed kindled as by a flame within. Major Montravel had seen many such, and wilder and more ferocious countenances, in the battlefield, yet was he startled when Luigi approached him so closely that he could feel his warm breath, as, striking the table with his right hand, he said, in a low, clear, hollow tone, "I will

stay by you—to the death!" But scarcely were the words uttered, ere, as if ashamed of his vehemence, he had retired to the further end of the table, and stood motionless as a statue.

"Well, well, Luigi," said the major, after a short pause, and smiling to conceal his emotion, "I believe you. But you Italians were always theatrical, I remember." And he affected to glance carelessly round the room, while it was evident that some painful impression or reminiscence was upon his mind.

"So we are, signor!" almost shouted Luigi: "it's *dolce fur niente*, or else—but, I'd almost forgotten, our next scene must be supper; so I'll go and see about it." And he left his master "to chew the cud of sweet or bitter fancy."

* * * *

"No, signor," exclaimed the old man to his guest, as they sat at table, "I am not, I cannot be, too severe upon the rascally French. I know what war is, and that, when armies are moving, the people must suffer much inconvenience. But I will give you my own case in few words, and you shall judge whether I have not reason to curse them. It is now nine years since that——"

"Well, well," said Major Montravel, after hastily emptying his glass, "I can believe that you were harshly treated; but, my good friend, you should consider that it was—it was not the nation—certainly not. There will be always some bad subjects in an army—some thoughtless——"

"Thoughtless!" cried the old man, indignantly. "No, no!—it was a deep-laid, cold-blooded scheme, signor. I was hurried from my home and wife and children, to be a guide, and—oh, it chokes me almost now to tell you—because some military movement, of what nature I know not, failed, they swore I had purposely misled them. I was thrown into a dungeon at Alessandria, and, after a mock trial, condemned to be a galley-slave—a *forçat*!—at Villa Franca. And, in the meanwhile—nay, you must hear me! I see you are affected, and no wonder. In the meanwhile, this, my house, the home of my ancestors, was taken possession of by a set of fiends in human shape. My son, my only son, was seized and marched off as a conscript, though he had the means, ample means, to provide a substitute. But, then, the

villain's purpose could not have been effected. Giuseppe, young as he was, would have protected his mother, and — oh, *Santa Maria di misericordia!* — have pity upon the weakness of a poor, childless old man!"

In spite of every effort to control his emotion, the major felt a trembling throughout his whole frame, while cold drops stood upon his forehead, and deathlike paleness overspread his countenance. Still, after a short pause (during which his grayheaded host sat with his face concealed by his shrunken hands), he recovered himself sufficiently to say, "Spare yourself any further recital, signor: it distresses you too much. Come, take some wine; it will cheer you." And, according to the fashion of his country (while his hand shook violently), he poured wine into the old man's glass; and added, "Indeed, I feel for you; and if there be any com——if I can be of any service to you — if you think I ——"

"Hah!" exclaimed the aged man, starting upright in his chair, and passing his hand across his brows, as though struck by a sudden thought — "Hah! what did you say?" and, facing his guest, he gazed upon him with an intensity similar to that of the shipwrecked seaman on a desert coast, when doubtful of the existence of a speck on the distant horizon.

"If I can serve you, you may command me," said the major, affecting a bold and open manner, though his lips quivered as he spoke.

"No, no," said the old man, shaking his head despondingly; "it is too much to expect from a stranger. And yet chance may throw you in his way, and —— so you shall know all. No, no! I cannot, I need not, tell you all — a few words will suffice. I had a daughter called Bianca — beautiful — beautiful — good — dutiful — innocent — all — all! After her brother was torn from her side — oh, spare me more! — she has long been in the grave. May her soul rest in peace! — enough! The villain commanded a French company of the —— regiment, quartered in the village. He lived in this house, in these apartments. I never saw him; but his name was Montravel. If you should meet him ——"

"I will let the fellow know what I think of him, you may rely upon it," exclaimed the major, with an air of indignation, which his previous know-

ledge of what was about to be said enabled him to assume.

"If my brave boy, Giuseppe, was alive," observed the old man, sighing, "then I should ask no stranger. Ah, signor, he was a brave boy, and had been well educated. But I never heard from him after they went into Russia. Sometimes I yet hope; but it is better not, better not." And he shook his head mournfully.

"And yet," observed the major, "many have returned most unexpectedly from the further parts of Russia."

"He would have written," groaned the bereaved father. "No, no — they are all gone! My poor wife died, broken-hearted, soon after our dear lost girl's funeral. They lie together in our churchyard; and poor Giuseppe far, far away from this, his blessed native land. May their spirits rest in peace! And may the curse of Heaven alight upon and ever attend the wretch who caused their deaths! May his body wither and perish, and his name be blasted, and his soul tormented to all eternity!"

Major Montravel's total want of any religious belief hardened him against whatever feeling an injured parent's curse might otherwise have produced; and there was even something sarcastic in his manner, when he observed that, as many years had elapsed, perhaps the delinquent had repented.

The old man made no reply, but rose and took leave of his guest, thanking him for the interest he had evinced in the tale of family affliction. Luigi, who had been waiting at table, and, consequently, heard all that past, lighted his parent down stairs; and, as they were about to part, said, "Do not despair of seeing your son return, signor. I was with the grand army in Russia too, and taken prisoner, and marched off I know not how many hundred leagues up the country; but I am come back, you see. So I shouldn't be surprised if you see your Giuseppe yet."

"Felicissima notte!" said the old man, calmly, as if unwilling to be tantalised by vain hopes; and, the moment after, he was startled by Luigi's return of the valediction in the perfect Italian accent of the country. But the speaker had forgotten himself only for a moment, and was already half way up the stairs.

"So, Luigi," said the major, on his valet's return to the room, "you have heard this poor old fellow's story, and, of course, know that I am the person upon whom he lays all the blame of his misfortunes: but the real fact is, that I had no concern whatever in them. All I knew was that he was away with some of our troops when we arrived, but in what capacity I never heard. These became my quarters as a matter of course, because there were no others fit for our mess in the village; and, as for the conscription, bah! what affair of mine could that be? His son was fairly drawn, no doubt: every man must take his chance."

"No doubt, no doubt, mon major," observed Luigi, with apparent carelessness, as he occupied himself in clearing the table—"all was *en règle*, of course. How could it be otherwise, when mon-sieur was commandant?"

"I tell you," said the major, "I know nothing about the young fellow; and as for the girl, bah! she was a common——"

"Liar! villain! coward!" shouted Luigi, snatching a concealed stiletto from his breast—"take that, and that! I am Giuseppe Recca!"

"Villain!" cried Major Montravel, as he discharged a pistol at his antagonist, "take that!" And he endeavoured to rise, but fell back in his chair.

"Fool that I was not to control my passion!" exclaimed the Italian, as he stood gazing upon the wounded and apparently dying man. "Slow poison should have been thy fate, miserable wretch. Ay, thou shouldst have lingered for months in this room, the scene of thy villany—in this room where I, Giuseppe Recca, went on my knees before you, for my mother's and my sister's sake—for those whom thou hast destroyed! Nay, shrink not! I strike thee no more. Ha, ha! thou wouldst have thy revenge? Well, well, I will not flinch."

The major here summoned all his remaining strength, levelled his remaining pistol, and fired at the Italian, who, having previously extracted the bullets, stood firm, and, as the smoke cleared away, laughed scornfully at his victim. "Hah!" said he, "thou wouldst fain have another murder to answer for?"

"How! what means this?" asked the grayheaded host, rushing into the room in alarm at the report of fire-arms.

"This is retribution, father," said the young man. "Forgive me that I wrote not to you. But when I learned what had happened here during my absence, I made a vow, and I followed that miscreant from the Rhine to Paris, and from Paris to Geneva; and I have brought him here, to the scene of his crimes. Look at him, my father! That is the villain Montravel; and I am thy son, Giuseppe Recca."

"Let me see, let me see!" gasped the bewildered old man, trembling with agitation, as he vainly attempted to tear open the covering of his son's bosom.

"I understand you, father," said Giuseppe, unbuckling his cravat, and exposing his neck: "there is the mark you would see."

"My son, my son! my dear, dear, long-lost boy! Yes, yes; it is him, indeed!" and, forgetting even the presence of his enemy, the old man pressed his child to his heart, and kissed him, and wept tears of joy.

From this paroxysm of delight, they were both startled by a groan of deep anguish. "Ha!" asked the father, wildly, "what is that?"

"Forgive me," said the son; "it was not as I meant: but the villain dared to speak vilely of my sister. I was proof against all but that; and——"

"Ha! the wretch Montravel!" exclaimed the old man, "I had forgotten him. But, now, now," and he approached the arm-chair in which the major was seated, "I will curse him to his face."

"Unhand me!" cried their victim. "Stand off! You stifle me! A whole family!" And his glassy eyes wandered round the apartment with a glaring expression of horror.

"Ah! what?" exclaimed the elder Recca: "Doth thine evil conscience at last speak to thee? Look at me! Hear me while I curse thee! Dreadful! he hears me not—he sees me not. Look, look! his eyes are fixed. Horrible, horrible! Where are you, Giuseppe? See, see!—he is dead, and hears me not. But—but—give me thine hand—thy right hand—my son: let me press it to mine heart. There, there!—bless thee, my son! Ha, ha, ha! we are avenged!"

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN.

No. I.

TIMON; OR, THE MISANTHROPE.

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON.
JUPITER.
MERCURY.
PLUTUS.

It appears to us that Lucian has never been adequately translated into any language—certainly, not in English; but we shall not enter upon detailed criticism on that head. One principal reason is, that no other prose can represent the peculiar Greek of Lucian. It is essentially as dramatic as Menander; and the style, sentiment, and characters, bear in many features a great similarity to our older comedians—

“The Fox, the Alchemist, the Silent Woman,
Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man,”

are remarkably Lucianic; and the Greek wit would have delighted in such characters as Sir Epicure Mammon, or Volpone, or, indeed, any of Jonson's *dramatis personæ*. We have, therefore, made an attempt to render him into our dramatic metre, which we submit to the indulgence of our readers; selecting *Timon* for a commencement. This dialogue, as Solanus truly says, “inter Luciani optima merito censeatur. *Comædiam habes elegantissimam*, in qua adulatorum non unius generis mores artesque graphice admodum depicti, cum aliis multis ad divitias spectantibus miro artificio exhibentur.” When Solanus, however, proceeds to prefer Lucian to Aristophanes, he will not find many who have read them both to agree with him. “Hoc opusculum qui cum Aristophanis Pluto contulerit, palmam, si mecum sentiat, huic nostro multis de causis quas hic enarrare nimis longum foret, deberi, facile concedet.” Certainly not *facile*. We might as soon compare Sheridan with Swift, Voltaire with Rabelais.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Desert near Athens.

TIMON, solus.

O Jove! the Philian, Xenian, Hætæian,
Ephesian, and Asteropete, and Horcian,
Nephelegeretan, and Erigdupous!
Or what beside brainstricken bards may call thee
When puzzled in a line. For chieftly then 5
Thou, God of many Epithets, assist
As Jove the Polyonymous, to prop
The staggering metre, and fill up the void
Of yawning rhythm. Where now, I ask, is laid
Thy far-resounding bolt, thy deep-toned thunder, 10
The blazing flash of thy tremendous lightning?
Have all these dreaded implements become
But empty jest, and mere poetic thunder,
With nothing noisier than their names? Thy bolt,
Song-famed, far-darting, ever-prompt-at-hand, 15
Is, how I know not, all burnt out and cold,
With not a single spark of anger left
To frighten evil-doers. They, whose minds
Lead them to perjury, care just as much
For the extinguished wick of last night's lamp, 20
As for thy lightning's all-subduing flame,
They think thy hand has not the power to fling

Aught of more danger than a half-burnt brand
 Plucked from the embers. Neither fire nor smoke
 Is dreaded from such missile; for they feel 25
 That the worst present which its blow can bring
 Is smearing them with ashes. Had Salmoneus,
 Hot and high-spirited as he was, no reason
 Upon his side, when he set boldly up
 As rival thunderer against a Jove, 30
 So cold, and slow to wrath? Why should he not?
 When he perceived thee lulled, as with a dose
 Of drowsy mandrake, without ears to hear
 The voice of perjury, without an eye
 To cast upon the wicked. In thy seat 35
 Blink thou with blear-eyed glance upon the world,
 While thy dull ears like those of age-worn dotards
 Are deaf with clogging wax. When thou wert young,
 Brimful of spirit, and alive to rage,
 Against the men of force or fraud thy war 40
 Was constant; holding of the hand was none.
 Then at all moments did thy lightning glow,
 Thine Ægis shake, thy rattling thunder roll,
 And thick as spears in battle flashed thy bolts.
 Then quaked the earth, as shaken in a sieve, 45
 Down came the snow as mounts, the hail as rocks;
 And, to relate the tale in swelling style,
 "So fierce the rainy torrent, one would deem
 Each drop descending was a river-stream;
 Till in a moment, in Deucalion's day, 50
 A general shipwreck swept mankind away.
 One skiff alone left by the ebbing tide
 After much peril gained Lycoris' side,"——
 And bore in it one seed of human race,
 To propagate far greater villanies. 55
 Now hast thou found the natural consequence
 Of this thy course of sloth. No sacrifice
 Is offered at thine altar; no one crowns thee,
 Except, perhaps, some conqueror at the games;
 And, even he thinks it an idle rite, 60
 And done but to comply with ancient custom.
 Mankind, thou noblest of the gods, will soon
 Make thee a second Saturn, from thy honours
 Forcibly thrust. No need have I to tell
 How oft thy fanes are robbed; nay, on thyself 65
 Have the Olympian thieves laid violent hands.
 While thou, high thunderer, couldst not find a voice
 To rouse the dogs, or to call in the neighbours,
 Who, running to thine aid, might seize the culprits
 Preparing for escape. No! valiant god, 70
 Thou Titan conqueror, and giant-killer,
 There didst thou, with thy bolt ten cubits long
 Grasped in thy right hand, unresisting sit,
 While plundering hands sheared off thy golden locks.
 But, O, most wond'rous! when is it thy will, 75
 That this disgraceful negligence should cease?
 When wilt thou punish such a mass of wrong?
 What number of Deucalions will suffice,
 How many Phaëtons, to curb and check
 The o'erweening pride of man? Pass lighter matters: 80
 Hear my own case. I, who so many people
 Of Athens have uplifted; made them rich,
 From veriest paupers; helping every one
 Who needed my assistance, pouring, rather,
 My wealth in floods to benefit my friends: 85

With what result? I am reduced to want,
 And no one knows me. Nay, the very men
 Who bent in awe before me, fawned upon me,
 Hung on my nod, won't look upon me now;
 Or, should they meet me walking by the way,
 90
 Pass me, as if I were a worn-out tombstone
 Of one long buried, now decayed and fallen,
 Not worth a glimpse. If any chance to spy me
 Coming along, they choose another path,
 As if I were a thing of luckless omen,
 95
 Boding of evil: I, not long ago
 Their patron and their saviour! All these wrongs
 Have driven me to the desert; where, arrayed
 In leathern jerkin, must I till the ground
 For hire of fourpence, and philosophise
 100
 In solitude to my spade; with this one comfort,
 That in this desert haunt I do not see
 The crowd of knaves prospering beyond their meed.
 That were more grievous sorrow. But, great son
 Of Saturn and of Rhea, do shake off
 105
 This deep and balmy slumber, which has now
 Outlasted longer than Endymion's sleep.
 Whirl round thy lightning till it glows again;
 Or kindle it at Ætna, so to make
 A glorious blaze, and shew a manly feeling
 110
 Of anger worthy of the youth of Jove;
 (*Aside*) Unless the tales the Cretans tell are true,
 And their old stories when they point thy tomb.

SCENE II.—*Olympus.*

JUPITER. MERCURY.

Jup. Who, Mercury, is this man that cries so loud
 From Attica, beneath Hymettus' foot,
 115
 Clad in a leathern jacket, all in filth?
 He, from his stooping posture, I should think,
 Is digging — an impertinent, prating fellow.
 He's some of your philosophers, perhaps,
 Or he'd not dare address such impious words
 120
 To us.

Mer. What sayest thou, father? Know'st thou not
 Timon, the son of Echeeratides,
 The Colyttensian? Him, with whom so oft
 We used to feast in perfect sacrifices?
 Who from his new-born fortune treated us
 125
 To hecatombs at a time? With whom we were wont
 So splendidly to keep thy festal days?

Jup. Alas, the change! Is that the handsome Timon,
 The man of wealth, surrounded by his friends?
 What brought him to this pass? Abject and foul,
 130
 A digger, and a hired one I conjecture,
 So heavy is his spade.

Mer. Were I to speak
 I'th' way of the world, good nature, I should say,
 Kindness and sympathy with all in need,
 Have ruined him; but if I spoke the truth,
 135
 Ignorance, folly, undiscerning waste
 Of friendship, never dreaming that his gifts
 On wolves and crows were lavished, while the dupe,
 Even as the vultures gnawed his very liver,
 Thought they were all his friends, his fond companions,
 140
 Out of mere kindness to himself, rejoicing

In what they could devour. They bared his bones,
 And picked them with due skill; and if within
 They found a grain of marrow, sucked it out,
 And that most carefully; and then departed, 145
 Leaving him withered, from the very roots
 Cut up, no longer to be known or looked at.
 Where finds he now those to assist in turn,
 Or help him in his need? The spade, the jerkin
 You see, are all his portion; so, through shame, 150
 Leaving the city, as a hireling tiller
 He digs the ground, driven crazy by the thought
 That they, whose wealth is all derived from him,
 Now pass him by with supercilious brow,
 Not even knowing if his name be Timon. 155
Jup. Ay: truly he is one whose case we hold
 Not to be overlooked or slighted; Timon
 Has just occasion for his angry fit,
 And we ourselves should act in the same style
 As those accursed swindlers, were our thoughts 160
 Forgetful of fat thighs of bulls and goats
 Which he as offerings burnt. The savoury steam
 Yet dwells within our nostrils: want of leisure
 And bother about perjurers, robbers, larceners,
 Besides the fear of temple-thieving rascals, 165
 Hard to be watched, and now in number great,
 Have left me scarcely winking time. In fact,
 'Tis long since I have looked on Attica.
 Seldom, indeed, since that philosophy
 And wordy quibbles occupy their time; 170
 The noise these wrangling brawlers make disputing
 Drowns all the sound of prayers; for I must sit
 My ears well closed, or have them split asunder
 With cry of, "Virtue," "Incorporeals"—
 Nonsense in short—strung forth with noisy voice. 175
 So Timon was neglected, though by no means
 Deserving such a fate. Well, Mercury,
 Take Plutus, and depart with utmost speed.
 Let Plutus bring Thesaurus, and they both
 Must dwell with Timon, and not easily 180
 Depart from him, even though the man's good nature
 Should drive them from the house. As for the flatterers,
 And the ungrateful conduct which they have shewn,
 I must resolve hereafter; they shall suffer
 When I have had my thunder-bolts repaired,— 185
 Two of whose largest flashes have been broken
 And blunted since the day when 'gainst the sophist
 Who taught his pupils that we deities
 Had no existence—Anaxagoras—
 I flung with too much zeal, and missed my aim 190
 (The hand of Pericles was over him);
 The lightning on the temple of the kings
 Darted away, and set it all on fire,
 And there was nearly smashed against a stone.
 But they will feel sufficient punishment 195
 If once they see that Timon's rich again.

SCENE III.

MERCURY on his Voyage.

What a fine thing is impudence, and noise,
 And brawling! Why, not only at the bar,
 But even in prayer, such qualities are useful.
 See how from beggary to wealth extreme

Is Timon raised, merely because he roared
And bullied in petition, libelling Jove.
If bending to the earth, he dug in silence,
He would unmarked have been a digger still.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Olympus.*

PLUTUS. JUPITER. MERCURY.

Plut. But, Jupiter, I *will* not go to him. 205

Jup. Why so, good Plutus, when I give the order?

Plut. Because, by Jove, he hath insulted me,
And driven me forth, and cut me into pieces,
Though his paternal friend — ay, almost thrust me
With pitchforks out of doors — dropped me as fast 210
As those who handle fire. Shall I return

Again to be betrayed to trencher-friends,
Flatterers, and strumpets? Send me, Jove, to those
Who feel the value of the gift, whose arms
Are ready to embrace me; those by whom 215
I shall be held in honour, and desire;

And let those gulls stick in that poverty
Which they prefer to me, and, taking from her
The spade and jerkin, live with her content
In wretchedness upon their daily fourpence, 220
Who once were wont to fling away ten talents
As an uncounted present.

Jup. No such thing
Will Timon do. The spade right well has taught him,
Unless his loins know not the taste of pain,
How much thou art to Poverty superior. 225

But I must say that thou art querulous,
Now blaming him who opens wide the doors
And lets thee wander as thou wilt, without
A jealous thought, or turning of the key;

In other cases on the rich thou raillest, 230
Complaining of the bars, and bolts, and seals,
That keep thee close, preventing even a peep
Into the light of day. I have heard thee growl

Of being in darkness choked, and thy appearance
Was pale, and full of care, thy fingers cramped 235
As those of money-reckoners, always planning,
If chance were given thee, like a fugitive slave,

To quit those cruel guardians. On the whole,
It *did* appear to me a dismal thing,
That thou, in brazen or in iron chamber, 240
Should lead, like Danaë, a virgin life,

Under those harsh and rigorous duennas,
Account and Usury. Thou wert wont to say
Their conduct was absurd, who, loving thee
To madness, when they might enjoy thy charms, 245

Dare not to do so; nor in perfect ease
Will satiate their desires, as if they thought,
While looking upon seal and lock with eye
Unblinking, 'twas enjoyment quite sufficient

Not to enjoy, but (like the dog i' th' manger, 250
Who did not eat the barley, nor permit
The hungry horse to eat it), to prevent
Others' enjoyment; and with many a laugh

Didst thou deride them for their niggard sparing,
Their ceaseless watch, and, strangest case of all, 255

Their jealousy of themselves, and all the while
 Not knowing that some cursed slave or steward,
 Or other hireling, will indulge in feasting,
 Privily stealing in, and leave the wretched
 And misbegotten master by the light 260
 Of some poor dim and thirsty, thin-wicked lamp,
 To calculate his usances. Is't not then
 Somewhat unjust to blame such practices,
 And censure Timon for the opposite course?
Plut. If thou inquire the truth, it will be plain 265
 I blame them both with justice; for the freedom
 Of Timon will appear respecting me
 Not liberality, but negligence.
 And I must count them fools, and deem their conduct
 Towards me mere insolence, who shut me up 270
 In darkness, there to fatten, swell, and bloat,
 Untouched, and ever banished from the light,
 Fearing I should be seen, consigned to rot,
 For no wrong done, under a load of chains,
 Not once reflecting that in some brief space 275
 They must depart, and to some lucky owner
 Leave me at last. Nor can I speak in praise
 Of prodigals, commending only those
 Who, as is best due moderation hold,
 Not altogether slighting me, nor yet 280
 Flinging me all away. Do, Jupiter—
 For sake of Jupiter—consider this:
 If a man duly wed a fair young damsel,
 And heeds her not, or shews no jealous feeling,
 But lets her wander as she lists, by night 285
 Or by the day in all men's company,
 Encouraging gallants, opening his doors,
 Playing Sir Pandarus, inviting visits—
 Would he appear to love her? Surely, thou,
 So versant, Jupiter, in love affairs, 290
 Wouldst never say so. On the other hand,
 Suppose a man should bring his freeborn wife
 Into his house, with hope of lawful offspring,
 And never touch the fair and blooming maid,
 Nor suffer other eyes to look upon her, 295
 But shut her up to lead a virgin life,
 Barren of children, all the while declaring
 He loved her, and declaring truly too—
 As by his faded hue, his wasted flesh,
 His sunken eyeballs, is most manifest, 300
 Wouldst thou not think him mad, perverting thus
 The end of marriage? Should he not perform
 Conjugal duty, sooner than permit
 A fairfaced, lovely girl, to waste away,
 Keeping her all her life as if she were 305
 A priestess vowed to Ceres? I am angry
 That some should kick me out, and fling me forth,
 While others hold me like a fugitive
 And branded slave in fetters.
Jup. Be not angry 310
 With either party: both of them are punished.
 One set, like Tantalus, without food or drink,
 Gaping with parched tongue alone for gold.
 The others, like poor Phineus, with their meals
 Torn from their throats by Harpies. Go to Timon: 315
 I warrant thou wilt find him wiser now.
Plut. He! Will he ever cease pouring me out,

As from a tub whose bottom's pierced with holes?
 Before I am fairly in, wishing, perhaps
 To anticipate my flow, lest in a flood 320
 I'd swamp the owner. I appear with him
 To pump in water to the Danaid tub,
 And lose my toil; the bottom will not hold it;
 The flowing out will beat the flowing in,
 The chasm below being wider for the efflux, 325
 And the escape incapable of prevention.

Jup. Well, if that hole's not stopped, and the wide vent
 Seriously closed, upon thy flowing forth,
 In some short space, he'll find again his jerkin
 And spade embedded in the lees of the tub. 330
 But now depart, and make him rich. And, Mercury,
 Remember, coming back, to call at Ætna,
 And bring the Cyclops hither to repair
 My lightning on their whetstone; for, just now,
 I shall require to have it rather sharp. 335

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Note on l. 1.] We have followed the Latin translator in adopting the Greek epithets, without giving an English meaning, for upon their being the standing resources for Greek poets the jest depends. If any body prefers

O! Jove the friendly, social, hospitable,
 Domestic, oath-confirming, lightning-darting,
 And cloud-compelling, and loud-thundering!

it is at his service.

THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

"Grant me patience, just Heaven! Of all the cants in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting! I would go fifty miles on foot (for I have not a horse worth riding on) to kiss the hand of that generous man who could give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—he pleased he knows not why,—and care he knows not wherefore!"—*STERNE.*

I HAD just completed, to my perfect satisfaction, an "Ode to the Nile," and a "Sonnet to Leonidas," and sat down in the happiest mood to revise my grand epic, "The Artemisiad," all of which are now and for ever—but let me not anticipate!—when my cousin Rufus entered, and, having seated himself, commenced one of his ordinary attacks upon the world and every thing in it, for my especial edification, provocation and mortification. I am in general quite as irritable as he is blistering, so we carry on an argumentative warfare in the Spanish style (neither giving nor taking quarter) 'till our powers of infliction and endurance are fairly exhausted. I have often wondered why we seek, or how we bear, each other's society—we carp and quarrel so confoundedly! This time, he was, I could perceive, charged to the muzzle with bile; while I, simmering over with the play of poetic ideas,

was evidently not in a train of mind or body (in short, not in training) to stand or sit before him: so, adapting my mode of warfare to my resources, I sought present refuge, and anticipated future triumph, in an obstinate silence, not broken, but cracked only, by incredulous and contradictory shakings of the head. It now became a point of honour with Rufus to have me out, and cut me to pieces.

"And so," he exclaimed, glancing contemptuously at my MS., "you are, I perceive, still endeavouring to solve the problem of Cadmus and the Dragon's teeth—to discover which way the letters can be ranked and filed without falling foul of each other?—what latitude of syllables and longitude of lines can reconcile sound with sense?—to concoct a compound of rhyme that shall not destroy the reason?—to compose a couplet that shall bear criticism?"

This was too much for literary flesh and blood! "Despair on your own account, if you please," said I. "Adopt the counsel of Parnell's angel—

'Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more!' in the regions of poetry; but utter not your prosy blasphemies against the divine art itself!"

"I know," replied Rufus, "that your mythology admits (like that of pagan Rome) of sixty thousand divinities, each of whom claims to have his beard stroked and sworn by. But I can see the blocks they are made of; and defy the power of the whole rhyming craft to make me fall down and worship, or cry out, 'Great is Diana——'"

"Hold!" I exclaimed. "Peruse this exquisite poem of Mrs. Hemans, 'The Burial in the Desert,' and confess the power of poesy—the charm of composition—the concord of sweet sounds—the harmonious value of versification—the rich resources of rhyme, presenting to the ear (as a painting does to the eye) a pictorial fullness of chosen images, appropriate conceptions, euphonious epithets, epigrammatic illustrations——"

"Peace, peace!" exclaimed Rufus: "let the poem speak for itself. It is, I am aware, admired by all the poetically deranged portion of our 'most thinking people,' as one of the finest pieces of composition in the language. Now, if I, in a careless running commentary, can shew you that it is all inconsistent, not merely with fact or truth or common sense, but also with religion, morality, and good taste—that every line of it is commonplace balderdash, smooth childish rigmarole, or stark staring nonsense,—I claim as forfeit, to wind up the mistake in your child's play, that you throw 'that fine thing, and that superfine thing,' with all its neatly written lines in row of ten syllables each, into the fire?"

"Agreed!" said I. "Prove Mrs. Hemans' angelic poem to be mortal and vulnerable, and I renounce all hopes of success. Artemisia shall die the death."

"A sentence!—come, prepare!" exclaimed Rufus, in Shylock's most vengeful style; and taking up a copy of Mrs. Hemans' works, he pounced upon the page, and read, in a tone which was torture to me, as follows:

The Burial in the Desert.

"The desert? That's a wide word, as Edie Ochiltree says. The burial? That, of course, will tell us all about it:—whose? what? which? and when? But 'tis not fair to try to understand the first line of a poem till we've hunted all the contexts out of cover, and beaten about the foliage and verbiage of the very last metaphor. Besides, *the* is the indefinite article of poets. I concede them the full right of disregarding all the rules of grammar. Now, I pray, 'lend me your ears,' while I recite the motto, the argument, the symphony, the preface, the chorus describing the scene and *dramatis personæ*, the overture which attunes the soul to harmony; and be sure you understand it—if possible:

'How weeps yon gallant band
O'er him their valour could not save!
For the bayonet is red with gore;
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.

WILSON.

"The country is defined—that's a comfort! But, not having read Wilson's poem throughout, there is no knowing which party wielded 'the bayonet,'—whether it inflicted the fatal wound (and was left sticking in it), or was used in defence of the hero by his friends. We might have guessed that they were Europeans, at least, if the line had run in the possessive plural:

'For their bayonets are red with gore.'

But the 'gallant band' is so cavalierly treated by the poet, who now tells us it 'weeps' with one eye, and anon talks of *their* valour, that we cannot really tell whether he means to use the word 'bayonet' as significant of one or more! But let the prelude pass. I shall not throw away any criticism on it, having heavy work before me. I merely wished to give you or Mrs. Hemans the benefit of any grains of information you could discover in the chaff of prefatory words. Now, *place aux dames!* I shall read each stanza conscientiously through, before I presume to condemn a word of it.

'In the shadow of the pyramid
Our brother's grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.'

"In the shadow? That's rather an unsteady landmark to bring home for

the enlightenment of relatives who might wish to become pilgrims to that primitive valley of geometry — especially at sunset, when the shadows stretch (in the language of the Pasha's inundation-tax-gatherer) 'from mountain to mountain.' I think it would have puzzled Tommy Two-shoes himself (who discovered the treasure indicated by the shade of the oracular statue) to unriddle the shadowy mystery of this entombment.

'In the shadow of the pyramid.'—

The line is a syllable too long: and what pyramid?

'Our brother's grave we made.'

I don't like this *brother*. 'Tis so doubtful, and yet so commonplace at a burial, and there are so many Joe Millerisms thereabout. Imagine the parson, in the midst of the service, turning to a bystander, and asking, 'Which is it, a brother or sister?' and receiving for answer, 'Oh, no relation at all, sir! only an acquaintance.' And then one can't forget Pope's lines:

'I have no hope!' the duke exclaims, and dies

'In sure and certain hope,' the prelate cries.

The duke he dies an infidel confess'd:

'He's our dear brother,' quoth the lordly priest.

The duke, though knave, still 'brother dear' he cries;

And who can say the virtuous prelate lies?

"His grave? A conical hole scratched in the shifting sand, like the nest-trap of a lion-ant, out of which the jackalls will pull him as soon as the funeral party have retired! I hate French compliments and *grave* practical jokes.

'When the battle-day was done.'

What *battle-day*? Was there only one battle fought near a pyramid? But for the occurrence of the word 'Egypt' in the prelude, we might imagine it was fought in Mexico, or on the banks of the Ganges, or under the pyramid of Caius Sestus, in the Deserta near the walls of Rome: but thrown as it is into juxtaposition with the pyramid, we can only suppose that it was some of the 'thousand and one' battles fought, from the days of Sesostri to Bonaparte, near the Great Pyramid of Gizeh — perhaps that immortalized by the presence and memorable address of Napoleon to his brave Oriental legion,

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when about to withstand the fury of the grand assault of the Mameluke cavalry in the plains of Cairo, on the 21st July, 1798: "*Soldats! vous allez combattre aujourd'hui les dominateurs d'Egypt! Songez, que du haut de ces pyramides, quarante siècles vous contemplent!*" This was the battle of battles, that won from the Turks, for the victorious Corsican, the title of SULTAN KERIR, or 'King of Fire.' Never was triumph more doubtful at first, or more complete at last. The Mamelukes fought (while there was any use in fighting) more like devils than men; drawing from Napoleon the exclamation, 'Oh, could I unite the Mameluke cavalry to the French infantry, I feel I might become master of the world!' Two thousand of them fell there, slain or wounded; and the conqueror took possession of Murad Bey's camp, baggage, treasures, and fifty pieces of cannon that guarded them. That was a victory! Let us take it for granted, then, for the sake of consistency, that the poetess does intend to celebrate an incident attendant on *La Bataille des Pyramides*, and is, in a philanthropic and Christianlike state of mind, endeavouring to excite our sympathies in behalf of a fallen one of 'our natural-born enemies,' as we used to say during the career of Napoleon.

— 'The desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.'

"I don't like this confusion of tenses. First, not merely the battle, but the day was done, or at least the sun had set behind the pyramid, and the survivors were interring the fallen in its shadow? Very well! Then the concluding lines make the sun rise again to play at bo-peep above the pyramid, just as if the poetess were writing in a balloon, and caught a new glimpse of it by ejecting her ballast. English poets ought to be aware of the very decided character of southern skies, and recollect (what Tom Moore assures them) that —

'When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;'

and that it does not keep *surveying* in twilight, and glimmering and blinking like our own uncertain Cockney luminary, or (to use Byron's expressive simile) like

'A drunken man's dead eye, in madd'ning sorrow.'

"Then, what right or title can a sandy plain, without an herb or blade of grass to redeem it from the curse of barrenness, have to a *field*? Neither can I tolerate the unnecessary apocalypses in *survey'd*, and, further on, in *rock'd*. Nobody was going to take the trouble of pronouncing them *survey-ed* and *rock-ed*! George Colman's night-gown-and-slipper lecture ought to have been quite sufficient for cramp-syllable rhymers during the nineteenth century at least. The lue might as well have been left, as three others have been left further on :

'Was darkening into night'—

'Unsullied to the grave'—and,

'Was gathered to his place'—

to the discretion of the gentle reader, without any danger of word-slaughter.

'The blood-red sky above us

Was darkening into night,

And the Arab watching silently

Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river

Came hollow and profound,

And one lone palm-tree where we stood

Rock'd with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the pyramid

Hung o'er the grave we made,

When the battle-day was done,

And the desert's setting sun

A field of death survey'd.'

"This is all merely pictorial—at least, nothing results from the portents of sound, and sights, and shadows, in air, water, sky, and sand, so the repetition and surplusage might have been spared,—unless, indeed, the poetess composed on the principle of the Irish bards and story-tellers alluded to by Spenser, who followed their lords in military expeditions, and whose principal business it was, by a judiciously pitched and prosing tone of round-about recitative, to talk or sing their chiefs to sleep in the open woods at night, after harassing marches and combats, whilst suffering from fatigue, wounds, hunger, &c. I shall try the effect of this poem the first fair opportunity. *The Arab*! I wonder whether that phrase means one or a thousand?—friends or enemies? *Watching silently* does not explain the occupation, or even the distance. Napoleon found that they saw clearly on the horizon, what his staff could not catch with their best telescopes! Were they sentinels or amateurs? Some 'taste of their quality' should have been given us to

undo the unpoetical images of mutes or regimentals-resurrection-men which, in the vagueness of the description, we are left to conjure up for filling stuff.

'Our sad and hurried rite.'

"Now, a word as to epithets. Unless you write for children (and very stupid ones), never describe a funeral as *sad*, or term a joke, *merry*, or write hot, *not cold*. Above all, don't speak of the *sky above us*, unless you must needs rhyme to *love us*, or in contradistinction to that of the antipodes, *below us*, or that you wish to strike your readers comical, in the style of

'Alone, by the side of a brook,

An old elderly gentleman sat ;

On the top of his head was his wig,

And on top of his wig was his hat.'

"I can't describe what a ludicrous effect these epithets of supererogation have on me. They only need the grace of antithesis to render them irresistible: vide Horace Smith's travestie in the *Rejected Addresses*.

'George Barnwell stood at the shop-door,

A customer hoping to find, sir ;

His apron was hanging *before*,

And the tail of his coat was *behind*, sir.'

"Above all, Tom, eschew that adjective, *sad* : it has been hunted through all the inflexions and associations of pitiable suffering and contemptuous sufferance? Tom Moore's line 'On the Puppy of Exeter Change,' will afford you a receipt in full for the virtue of the expression :—

'This cur was a dog of the breed they call *sad*.'

"Then, as to the *hurried rite* : Lord Chesterfield very clearly explains to his son that gentlemen are never in a hurry (*i.e.* in confusion); and here, as far as we can gather, there was not the least necessity even for the camp followers to tread upon the priest's or each other's heels or toes, as it is to be supposed that they remained masters of the *field* (as it is termed by courtesy), when the Mamelukes fled and drowned themselves. Indeed, it may be dooted (as they say in Aberdeen) if such a *hurried* hiding in the sand, where no mention is made of either priest or ritual, can, by any stretch of poetic license, be permitted to be termed a *rite*. The *palm tree* and *Egypt's river* appear to be the only vocal officiating attendants! Now, at the burial of Sir

John Moore at Coruña, where there was some real cause of departure from military etiquette (and from the *field of death*, too)—and where, accordingly, we read, with perfect propriety, the *original* expression,

'His corse to the ramparts we hurried,—

his friends did find time to breathe some appropriate words of prayer, 'few and short' though they were; but this *burial in the desert* seems to have been as unceremonious a piece of work as our old Meg Flagon used to make of it on behalf of any of her grenadier company who had a mind to be married *en militaire*, during the peninsular campaign. Her few *brief words of soldier love* were simply these:—

'Bairns! luvie an' faicht

By day and nicht,

Wi' a' yere nicht;

And de'el steek wha' turns tail first!'

"There they were—*few and brief* enough—monosyllables less than a score!

"As to the *profoundness* and *hol- lowness* of the voice of Egypt's river, where it slowly winds beside the pyramids—that is, a pyramidal hyperbole! A lie, with a circumstance!—you might as well talk of the roar of the Regent's Canal when the lock-keepers are all asleep. The rocking of *one lone* palm-tree would drown it. (Take this line as a perfect illustration of *tau-taulogy*.) But it is not a *rock- ing* motion, as any one who ever rocked a cradle, a cock-horse, or a loggan-stone, knows: the palm-tree has a swinging, elastic, jaunty joggle, the nature, sound, and sensation of which are very imperfectly described by the terms *rock'd* and *shivery*. You might as well talk of a loose 100-ton block of Portland stone *weaving* in the wind! But, to proceed:—

'While the shadow—

Hung o'er the grave—

"Here's a shadow of pretence for you! Aping a cloud, or a fog, in its vapouring metaphorical ambition! It might, with much more consistency, have (like Hamlet) *jumped in*, or *fullen in*, or *hidden in*, or *filled up*, the grave they made. You might as well tell me that the new pitch *paré* of Whitehall *hung o'er the pathway*! To continue:—

'The fathers of our brother

Were borne to knightly tombs,
With torch-light and with anthem-note,
And many waving plumes;

But he, the last and noblest

Of that high Norman race,
With a few brief words of soldier-love
Was gathered to his place;

In the shadow of the pyramid,

Where his youthful form we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's setting sun
A field of death survey'd.'

'The fathers of our brother.'

"This is rather too liberal and patriarcal a poetic license, even for the French service, where the paternity of chiefs and heroes is sometimes exceedingly questionable, and one is tempted to inquire—How many? There's a confusion of metaphorical relationship about this compound expression—a *concordia discors* of genealogy that would puzzle a College of Heralds! If the buried hero be a *bona fide* brother, the claims of the antithetical *fathers* to his and their filial reverence, must have been (to say the least of them) as amicable as they were intricate and amusing. If, on the contrary, he were merely a *brother-soldier*, of whose ancestors the survivors meant to speak, the literal apposition is equally ill-managed. Either phrase may be separately permissible; both are ruinous: reminding one of the late Professor Higgins's eulogium on Roger Boyle—'the father of chemistry, and grand-uncle to the Earl of Cork.' Now, in mercy to the undertakers, I shall pass by those essentials to defunct respectability, the *knightly tombs*, and *torch-light*, and *bearers*, and *anthems*, and such a *many waving plumes*, and all the heroic man-millinery or (as Mr. O'Connell very precisely terms it) 'wiggery' of the ceremonial, and come at once to the sentimentality:—

'But he, the last and noblest

Of that high Norman race.'

"Here's further cross-relationship and metaphorical insinuation! Their dead *brother* is the *last* of his race! Then what kind of children are they who survive? The *noblest*, too! What, then, were his forefathers? Has *la Jeune France* got up a crablike system of ancestral dignity, by which the star of the Legion of Honour shines backward through the dark ages, and

ennobles progenitors with the glory of a *gamin* of the Revolution?

— 'That high Norman race.'

"Now, if ever a race of rascally robbers and cut-throats infested earth and sea, it was that of these Normans, or Norsemen! The page of history has not space to record their reckless, brutal acts of outrage, against every principle and institution, religious, moral, or social! They lived only by rapine! Piracy was their profession; extermination their policy; murder, fire raising, and violation, their amusements! They devastated all the coasts of Europe and Asia, from North Cape to the Nile, for a thousand years: and now (with the memory of all the misery inflicted in their race of ruffianism), here we have a most high and ladylike compliment paid them by the highly professing poetess! 'Out on the craft!' (quoth Tom Moore, as he flays Jean Jacques Rousseau) that can select a set of savage spoilers, branded with the habitual perpetration of every imaginable sin against society, as subjects for the sublime!

'With a few brief words of *soldier-love*.'

"'Tis easily to be seen that this is a lady's composition. Had she ever been in camp, under fire, or on burial duty, her experience would have led her to have used another epithet. I shall never forget the rage of Colonel —, after dinner, when he called for the key of the *garde-vin*, and found it had been buried that morning in the pocket of his Orderly. The whole mess sallied out to disinter him, but only myself and another raw Ensign stayed to see him covered up again. Unfortunately for the pathos of this poetic scene, we have the concurrent testimony of all the French writers who described that expedition, that a more disgustingly selfish set of wretches never existed than those who composed *la grand armée*; that the moment any of them began to totter under fatigue, wounds, or epidemics, on a march—their comrades, instead of offering a helping hand, replied to their prayers for aid by a volley of heartless jibes, the zest of which was heightened by the poignancy of the distress; and finally abandoned them to the tender mercies of the prowling Arabs and jackals, as a good practical joke that could never be repeated too often; though

it often happened that the ruffian who displayed the most callous levity in the morning, sank before evening under the effects of intemperance and the climate, to be similarly abandoned by his *soldier-loves*! Meg Flagon never deserted a fallen comrade throughout Spain and Portugal, as long as he could open his lips to receive a drop of burnt brandy. Well! here's something quite as bad—impiously burlesque:—

'Was gathered to his place;'

not in Abraham's bosom, but in a sand-hole. I abominate these perversions of sacred texts—'gathered to his fathers;' and 'gone to his place.' As the line before us huddles and jumbles both into one, it leads to an association of ideas touching upon the consequences of Mameluke dissections, and connected more with the anatomy of the battle-plain than the anatomy of melancholy, of beauty, or any other merely mental analysis. We think of the species of *gathering* and restoration which one of Hood's *Comic Annual* ghosts implores on behalf of her dismembered self, as she assures her soldier-love

'The hand which used to take your hand,
Is given to Doctor Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's!'

"Then, look here! What's the meaning of this semicolon between *his place* and *in the shadow of the pyramid*? As if the poetess forgot where he was buried, or was sensible that *the shadow of the pyramid* was not his proper place, and wished, like a careful crocodile, to slur over and obliterate her questionable deposit in the sand! And now to conclude:—

'But let him, let him slumber,
By the old Egyptian wave!
It is well with those who bear their fame
Unsuited to the grave!

When brightest names are breathed on,
When loftiest fall so fast,
We would not call our brother back,
On dark days to be cast.

From the shadow of the pyramid,
Where his noble heart we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.'

"Whom does the poet apostrophise with—

'Let him, let him slumber!'

She knows that the jackals and hyenas of the desert would not stay their stomachs to accommodate the *slumber* of a monarch; nor listen to the lays of Orpheus himself, if he attempted to keep them fasting during his recitative! *The watching Arab* is not a mere reckless, indiscriminate body-snatcher: he will, to be sure, pay any body a visit, for the sake of a cloak or shirt; but he is not so inhospitable as to turn out and carry off those interred, since embalming has gone out of fashion. They won't burn! and he prefers digging for good bituminous combustible subjects within the Pyramids, and in the catacombs of the Necropolis. Again, I don't like this *let him—let him*. It reminds one of the adagio music of the pestle and mortar (apothecaries' measure), compounding for a rich patient: 'Let him linger! let him linger!'—so different from the jig style of 'Despatch him quick! despatch him quick!' carelessly smashing away for a poor one. Then that affectation of using *slumber* for *decay*! It can only be equalled by the delicacy which terms rotten cheese 'ripe,' or a putrid woodcock 'gamy.'

— The old Egyptian wave.

"Spirit of the British Association of Science, listen to this, after all your lectures on the rapid propulsion of waves—things that can travel one thousand miles an hour! But Mrs. Hemans wrote before your day. Had she been alluding to the waters of the Dead Sea, or of the Caspian Lake, which do not (apparently) pass away every moment like those of the Nile, the metaphor might have been pardoned: but a wave! With the exception of its partner—

— 'a leaf on the stream that can never return'—

she could not have chosen any thing more *mal-à-propos* in that land of inundation. *The old Egyptian Ephe-meris* would be better sense, and more appropriate alliteration. An *old wave*! The words, like 'Bonaparte,' and 'reverses,' are astonished to find themselves together in the same sentence!

'It is well with those who bear their fame Unsullied to the grave!'

"What creed or doctrine is Mrs. Hemans teaching here? It certainly is not Christian; it may be Jewish; it is possibly Scandinavian; and the poetess

may be sympathetically giving her hero's fame to the winds, 'that it may be well with his soul.' Here's 'the damnable doctrine of good works' made manifest, and the Ossianic hope of 'a good repute' illustrated! Vanity of vanities! to depend for one's soul's rest on the chance of earthly *fame* enshrined in the despatch of the commander-in-chief! If the Registering Angel of Renown have not a better memory than mortal writers and readers, even those placed on 'the distinguished list' by generalissimos and poetissimas stand a fair chance of perdition. Well may Byron exclaim,—

'I'll stake an even bet
You can't repeat nine names from each Gazette.'

"Were I merely criticising grammatically, I might prove that the line would run in better concord with the rules of person, time, and being, if written,

'It is well with those whose fame is borne;'

and were I in Jack Falstaff's vein, I might dilate on the superiority of the sentiment,

'It is well with those who bear their fame Unsullied from the grave!'

But I am not in a merry mood in the midst of such provoking misdemeanours and fallacies, religious and moral, poetical and practical.

'Strip me the *sentiment* unto the skin?
What is it?' (quoth George Colman)
Truly ridiculous enough!
Mere trash, and very childish stuff!

"Who is this fellow? A soldier of fortune at best,—some French Jack Johnson,—some professional slayer of men for hire and rations,—some jovial brother of the blade, who cut and thrust, shot and slashed away, with equal recklessness (per order), at English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Flemish, Russians, Prussians, Hanoverians, Austrians, Tyrolians, Swiss, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Corsicans, Haytiens, Turks, Mamelukes, and Arabs! Is this the style of elegiac poetry in which Christians and Englishwomen should endeavour to work out the practical fulfilment of the national prayer?—'From battle, murder, and sudden death, good Lord deliver us!' Were I impelled on a jury to try such an instigator to the perpetration of these diabolical glories,

I would find her guilty of high treason to the Divine revelation of 'peace on earth and good will to men.' I would recommend her to the safe keeping of Bedlam, deprived of paper, pen, and ink; and would further, perhaps, on behalf of the rising generation of Christendom, be tempted to memorialise the privy council to have this dangerously illusive poem burnt by the hands of the hangman! But, stay! the thing is too ridiculous! it must work its own cure. Look here!

'It is well with those who bear their fame
Unsullied to the grave.'

"Why, this beats Bailie Nicol Jarvie hollow! He merely maintained, at the town-council—not that Rob Roy's fame was *unsullied*—but that, 'saving the hership of the *Lennox*' (the burning and plundering of two counties), 'and that some honest men had the misfortune to lose life by him, Rob was as honest a man as stood on two shanks!' But I see you are blushing for your poetess; so let us hasten to an end, through the rondo of her peroration, whether she will or not!

'When *brightest names* are breathed on,
When *loftiest* fall so fast——'

"Who are these heroes of the bright and lofty patronimies that were 'breathed upon' at the Battle of the Pyramids? Mere *sans culottes* and *gamins* of the Revolution! The nobility and gentry of France were either exiled or guillotined. Robespierre and the Directory had even condemned and swept away all who bore their family names, just as they happened to find them in the columns of former *Court Guides*, whether old *employés*, *attachés*, *avocats*, or *abbés*. The bright and lofty names of *l'armée d'Égypte* were borne by foundlings and volunteer scamps of the sections of Paris and Marseilles, and by elect conscripts from the *levée en masse*! But let us come to the point: WHO IS THIS HERO? What is his name? Where are his actions? How did he deserve his fame? Has the poetess buried them all together in her sandy shadow? 'Here's a precious go!' as Buckstone says. She sets at naught the plainest rules of religion, morality, and common sense, as well as composition, that her hero's fame might be trumpeted with the magniloquent flourish befitting (according to classic canons) the annunciation of his *lofty soul en route* to the Elysian fields.

Very well! The poetic *passport* is made out *en règle*—the *signalement* is duly filled up,—but *Monsieur's* name is forgotten! and the luckless shade of the *shadono* may wander on the shadowy shores of Styx for centuries, *pas vue, pas visé*! This is too bad! Let us find, if possible, one redeeming line; but, first, this 'breathed on?' By whom? The destroying angel of the Lord? That would be contrary to the sentiment—

'It is well with those who bear their fame
Unsullied to the grave.'

Now, a providential interference (such as the plague at Cairo) supposes not merely a sullying, but a damnatory breathing on the part of the Angel of Death! So that won't do! *Breathed on* by the simoom? No! that's contrary to history; for, although the blast of the desert did unstring their nerves some semitones, it did not prevent their triumph at the battle of the Pyramids. I really don't see what the words can signify, saving the screams and curses of the Mamelukes, when they found their charges unavailing against the squares of French infantry,—when they had tired their hands, and blunted their sabres, cutting through bayonets and gun-barrels,—when they had flung their carbines, pistols, and yataghans at the heads of the Franks, and backed their horses to kick through their ranks, in vain; and when, at last, naught remained for their wounded and dying, but to cut with their sabres at the legs of the infantry, to grapple on the ground with, and bite their foes in the dust till death! *Breathed on*, indeed! This is softening the shadows and toning down the tints with a vengeance! Let's try again.

'We would not call our brother back,
On dark days to be east.'

"Unsociable scoundrels! why not? They were most completely victors! The Mamelukes were fallen, or fled, or drowned, as they swam in a panic across the Nile. Napoleon had by that battle won Egypt, as he did the Swiss cantons, Flanders, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Malta, Spain, and Portugal, for a time; and, although he had turned Mohammedan, the Prophet did not vouchsafe him a second sight of the thrashing Nelson gave the grand fleet eleven days afterwards! Did they fear that there would be too few commissions vacant for themselves? 'Tis

possible that the poetess may have caught so much of the tontine *esprit du corps* of the French service, on the subject of survivorship, and may now be giving us a touch of nature in the midst of tinsel and *tracasserie*? Indeed, 'tis English nature, too! I recollect the case of a young midshipman, a friend of mine, whose promotion was stopped, because the captain overheard him singing out to a gunner's mate, after the second broadside, 'D—n those French balls! they seem to have the *Navy List* by heart! There's not one of the cursed lieutenants down yet!' But what annoys me throughout this poem is the bad taste displayed in the choice of words and images:

'We would not call our brother back.'

Leaving aside the professional selfishness, the phrase conveys a notion of presumptuous quackery sufficient to rouse a Hotspur-spirit in a critic, and urge him to exclaim:

'You may call spirits from the vasty deep;

But will they come when you do call for them?'

"And here again:

'On dark days to be cast.'

There's a clashing metaphor in the first place, and an image totally inapplicable to the then triumphant position and bright prospects of the Army of the Expedition in the second. Only think of *dark days* in the ever-blazing sky of Egypt, where even a shower is unknown,—where a picture in water-colours on a temple-wall remains unwashed off for three thousand years! Had the survivors expressed a feeling of repugnance to restore their brother to life (if possible), and to withdraw him from the shelter of the sand and the cool shadow of the Pyramid, lest he

should be killed next noontide by a sun-stroke, there would be some sense in it! Poets should always adapt their metaphors to the climate, and transmute clouds, fogs, and mists, into sunbeams, according to the genius of the scene. The Icelandic priest, who depicted a frozen hell in Spitzbergen, was a better poet, and more effective preacher, than ever will be found amongst those who disregard the geography of physical feelings.

'The shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his noble heart we laid.'

"Some people have a curious knack of discovering *two* wrong ways among two hundred right ones; and here Mrs. Hemans has hit them both. She has lapsed into the false and vulgar anatomy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and buries Mr. Nobleheart in the shadow of Despond. And again. She has got *per hazard* into the region of embalming, disembowelling, pitch-plastering, and so forth; and, although I am nearly sure she did not intend to convey any idea of such extra-butcherly manipulations, she has succeeded à *merveille*, in just doing the thing that she ought not,—picking out the idea of his heart, and sticking it *solus cum sola* in the sand! But these are all second-rate objections, comparatively unimportant, superficially trivial, and properly prefatory. I now come to a higher class of criticisms, and that I may omit nothing essential, I shall recommence with the harmonic extract from Wilson:

'How weeps yon gallant band!'

I could bear no more; but throwing my "Ode to the Nile," my "Sonnet to Leonidas," and my grand epic, "the Artemisiad," into the fire, I rushed out of the room—forswearing poetry and its parasitic plague for ever!

ODE TO THE HEATH-BELL.

LOVED flower ! the desert's lonely child,
That meekly hangs thy purple bell
Mid Nature's still and solemn wild,
On some old bank or bosky dell !

Thou givest no fragrance to the air,
To tell where spreads thy mossy bed ;
The whispering winds that lingered there,
Seeking sweet-scented flowers, are fled.

But many charms thou hast for me,
So sadly flowering on the moor ;
Stillness doth ever rest on thee,
And dimness thus doth speak of yore.

And thou, too, hast thy friends, I wot,—
Companions of thy silent hours ;
The hare-bell and forget-me-not,
And dews that love the lowliest flowers.

And gentle spirits of the night,
That come when evening winds do sigh,
And stars shed down a dreamy light ;
Full often flit where thou dost lie.

Thou art to me like vanished years,
And thought of happiness gone by,
Watered so late by evening tears
In the long waste of memory.

That thought is sometimes chill and wild,
And yet I do not love it less ;
Like thee, lone flower, the desert child,
It blooms amid a wilderness.

SINNERS AND SAINTS IN FAR CATHAY.*

By an association of ideas, probably due to a peculiar course of reading, we never think of China without calling to mind poor old Coleridge's critique on Wordsworth's gipsies. The, in some few instances, too grandiloquent poet, feeling his ire rise at the apparent indolence of a certain knot of gipsies, whom he had found in the same place in the morning and in the evening of the same day, sentimentalises upon the awful circumstance thus:—

"The weary sun betook himself to rest :
Then issued vespers from the fulgent
West —

Outshining, like a visible god,
The glorious path in which he trod ;
And now ascending, after one dark hour,
And one night's diminution of her power,
Behold the mighty moon ! This way
She looks, as if at them ; but they
Regard her not. Oh ! better wrong and
strife !

Better vain deeds, or evil, than such life !
The silent HEAVENS have goings on—
The STARS have tasks—but these have
none !"

Poor Gipsies ! They might have needed twelve hours' rest, in consequence of many previous days' severe travel. But the poet's righteous indignation was kindled, and he thus expressed it "in a series of lines," says Coleridge ; "the diction and imagery of which would have been rather above than below the mark, had they been applied to the immense empire of CHINA, improgressive for thirty centuries."†

Ah ! it is this alleged improgressiveness of China that startles the imagination ! And, were it true to the full extent, it were, indeed, a thing really sublime to reflect upon ! The allegation is liable, however, to similar objections as the same poetic hypothesis concerning the foresaid gipsies.

We never think on China, but we are all straightway poets ; many of us as great as Wordsworth himself ! Nevertheless, we believe that the assumption of its improgressiveness is rather an arbitrary one ; that, at any rate, it is to be received in one sense, and not in others. Manners and customs may remain the same ; yet who shall doubt that the moral being of individuals is susceptible of development, and that changes come over the heart and mind of men there as elsewhere ? There, as elsewhere, too, men have good and bad luck, according to their conduct or their destiny ; they move, likewise, backwards and forwards ; they come, and go, and return, as did he of old, from walking to and fro upon the face of the earth. Whatever uniformity also may seem to predominate, there is variety of character, of occupation, of tastes, of pursuits — nay, of races of men. There is, moreover, progression in the population, which is now rapidly on the increase.

"As we watch," says Mr. C. Toogood Downing, "the mass of moving human beings in the square before the factories, and observe the crowd every moment replaced by herds of others, who seem to have no occupation, but are apparently formed to eat and drink, *nati consumere fruges*, we are at a loss to imagine where such immense multitudes are able to find a habitation during the night, or in stormy and tempestuous weather."

How frequently does the same reflection come across us in the streets of London ! where it is emphatically and proverbially said, that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives !" But, in Mr. Downing's opinion, the poor people who gave rise to his reflections do not require so much accommodation as those of a similar class in other parts of the

* The Fanqui in China, in 1836. By C. Toogood Downing, Esq., M.R.C.S. 3 vols. 1838.

China: its State and Prospects, with especial reference to the Spread of the Gospel. Containing Allusions to the Antiquity, Extent, Population, Civilisation, Literature, and Religion of the Chinese. By W. H. Medhurst, of the London Missionary Society. 1838.

The Chinese ; or, General Description of the Empire of China, and its Inhabitants. By John Francis Davis, Esq., F.R.S. &c., late his Majesty's Chief Superintendent in China. 2 vols. 1836.

† Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 153.

world; or else, he says, the ground would be covered with their dwellings. Every part of the land swarms with natives, nor is the surface of the waters exempt from the living burden. The people of other nations make only excursions, at most, very temporary residences on the water; but among the Chinese there are whole families who consider it as their natural home—who were born, still live, and will, doubtless, die on it. They resort to the land as others do to the water, merely to supply their wants, and again return to their floating houses. Canton alone is supposed to contain a million of living human beings, and every town in like proportion; while the inward lakes are represented as being covered with the houses of inhabitants, who can find no legal resting place on shore. The poorer classes lie upon the floor, with their heads resting on bamboo pillows, so that very little space is occupied by each individual. Many families can, therefore, live in the same chamber, and as many couches be made up for them to pass the night as the floor can possibly hold. In addition to this, thousands of the poor wretches who live upon the water, make their little san-pans their only dwellings, scarcely moving from their positions for days together, and drawing a small shed, or cover, over them during the time devoted to sleep.

The great variety of craft on the rivers, suggests to our traveller reasons for believing not only in the improbability, *alias* progressiveness, of the Chinese, but actual improvement and progression. Considerable ingenuity is displayed in relation to this same craft; and he is, therefore, of opinion that "the Chinese, as a nation, are endowed with great originality, and with a very considerable proportion of the noblest faculties of man. Here custom," he adds, "appears to be the result of unbounded experience, and the great degree of excellence attained is the work of ages of continual, though sluggish, improvement."

Much as we despise this people, it is, perhaps, to them that we owe the invention of the compass. According to Klaproth, it was they who communicated the knowledge of this instrument to the Arabs, from whom it was introduced into Europe during the crusades. Though sufficiently aware

of its powers, they, however, are not solicitous of exercising them. Hence, they generally keep their junks as much as possible within sight of land. It must be confessed they are not adventurous voyagers.

In the art of cultivating the soil, the Chinese have greatly improved. The primitive population of the country subsisted on the spontaneous fruits of the earth, and the animals killed in hunting; while the soil was overspread by one vast and continuous forest, similar to the backwoods of America. To their sovereigns, Yao and Chun, the Chinese are indebted for the projection of great works, by which the land was cleared of its incumbrances. Still, for a long time, a very limited extent around the capitals might come under the plough, while the surrounding parts were the abodes of such numbers of wild animals, that armed bodies went forth, with the prince at their head, to make war upon them. Hence, at length, the face of the country was cleared throughout; and in addition to the tillers of the field, multitudes of the people were employed in rearing cattle; and vast flocks of sheep were fed upon the pasturage of the open and extensive glades. Agriculture, moreover, was promoted by the sanction of religious rites and ceremonies, and rapidly advanced in estimation and utility. At present, it is in a very flourishing condition. Every portion of ground capable of improvement has been turned to account. The extent of cultivated lands in China amounts to 596,172,500 English acres, the greater part belonging to the people. The whole of this extensive area is divided into small patches of one or two acres each, occupied by separate individuals. These little plots are separated from each other by small ditches, to carry off the surplus water; and frequently by little footpaths alone, so that no space is uselessly thrown away. No portion of the earth being diverted from its most essential purpose, that of raising food for the subsistence of man, no pasture ground is afforded for animals, which are but little used, and wretchedly cared for. The industry of the Chinese exceeds that of all other nations. The exertions they make for obtaining water and manure are miraculous. Nor are the sides of the mountains exempted from paying tribute to the diligence of the

people. Apparently unmanageable steeps are turned to advantage.

"Terrace above terrace rises around the mount, often to the very summit, and glows with ripening grain, mixed with the green foliage of clustering fruit-trees. This plan of cultivation, almost peculiar to the Chinese, seen only, and that partially, in the hilly districts of Switzerland, must necessarily be a work of untiring perseverance; to be accomplished only by a nation which could build the Great Wall, or dig out the Imperial Canal, a thousand miles in length."

As we become better acquainted with the language of the Chinese, we shall possibly learn to esteem better their means, and the advantage that they have taken of their opportunities. Mr. Downing anticipates that, in a few years, the greater number of the best works which have been published in the Celestial Empire will be as well known in Europe as in the country where they are produced. We shall then learn what progress, if any, they have made in literature. What we already know of it is highly creditable to the people, both in the ethic and poetical classes.

It is in the arts that the Chinese have been esteemed to be most stationary; but we must, we are inclined to think, submit to some modification of our opinions, even in this respect. We have, in the excellent work before us, a remarkably interesting chapter on Chinese painting, and on one artist in particular, by name Lamquoi, who was a pupil of one Mr. Chinnery, of Macao, and accordingly adopted from him the European style of painting; in which he succeeds in taking very good likenesses, of a small size, in oil colours, of the transient visitors to Canton. One innovation may lead to many more; neither would it appear that the Chinese object to improvement in any thing, though they reasonably object to the improvers, in many respects; anxious, as they justly are, for the integrity and independence of their empire. Their fair dominion would, doubtless, be attempted by European enterprise; and the policy which excludes it is prudent. If China is closed against us, says Mr. Medhurst, even piously inimical as he is to their erroneously supposed atheistic customs and creeds, we may thank ourselves for it. Nevertheless, the exclusion is not severely carried out. For instance: to

protect the frontier, it is enacted, that whoever, without a license, passes the barriers, and holds communication with foreign nations, shall be strangled; and whoever introduces strangers into the interior, or plots the removal of subjects out of the empire, shall, without any distinction between principals and secondaries, be beheaded. Our missionary, however, tells us that no law is more frequently, or more lightly, broken than this; the natives emigrating by thousands annually, while dozens of Catholic priests are every year clandestinely introduced into the country, and Protestant missionaries land frequently on all parts of the coast, and walk over hill and dale unhurt, and almost unbindered, by the natives.

What has been, may be again. That by nature the Chinese are not insusceptible of progression, may be demonstrated by the improvements that have taken place in their written language. Pictorial writing gave way to the curiologic hieroglyphic; this to the tropical; and this again to the symbolic; and, ultimately, all these to the phonetic. Besides these, they have a running hand; which is an exceedingly abridged form, and yet is much esteemed by them as a graceful one. We have yet to make advances in our own written and printed tongue. Some improved and universal system of stenography should be universally taught. Books might then be sent forth in large quantities, indeed; and at small cost. A railroad publication is much wanted; and it may be reasonably expected that this obvious one will not be long neglected.

We have already yielded to the Chinese the credit of inventing the compass; we must now claim for them the merit of having, nine hundred years ago, practised the art of printing. The ruler of Tang, A.D. 926, ordered the *nine classics* to be engraved, printed, and sold to the people. Indeed, in the time of Kung-foo-tsze, B.C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo, upon which they wrote with the point of a style. About 150 years after Christ, paper was invented, when the Chinese wrote on rolls, and formed volumes. A.D. 745, books were first bound up into leaves; and two hundred years afterwards, they were multiplied by printing. Like their ideas now, the books of the Chinese

are stereotyped. Their language, consisting of a great number of characters, they have not thought it worth while to cut or cast an assortment of them; which they might distribute and recompose, as the subject required; but have preferred cutting the characters for each separate work, page by page. Mr. Medhurst is of opinion that the discovery of printing has, in this way, operated against the introduction of variety and improvement; for while it has enabled the Chinese to multiply copies of their ancient books, it has discouraged the compilation of new works, and tied them down to an imitation of antiquity. We are of opinion that the effect must be attributed to other and higher causes; but more of this hereafter.

In cheap printing, the Chinese are our superiors; as, in consequence of their simple method of impression, the whole apparatus of a printer, in that country, consists of his gravers, blocks, and brushes. These he may shoulder, and travel with from place to place, purchasing paper and lampblack, as he needs them; and, borrowing a table any where, he may throw off his editions by the hundred or the score, as he is able to dispose of them. Their paper is thin, but cheap; ten sheets of demy size costing only one halfpenny. This, connected with the low price of labour, enables the Chinese to furnish books to each other for next to nothing. The books of King-foo-tze, with the commentary of Choo-foo-tsze, comprising six volumes, and amounting to four hundred leaves octavo, can be purchased for ninepence; and the historical novel of the three kingdoms, amounting to one thousand five hundred leaves, in twenty volumes, may be had for half-a-crown. Books are, consequently, multiplied to an almost indefinite extent; and every peasant and pedlar has the common depositaries of knowledge within his reach. In China, we are accordingly told, there are perhaps more books, and more people to read them, than in any other country of the world.

The discovery of gunpowder, likewise, is alleged to have originated with the Chinese; astronomy was studied by them at the earliest periods of their history, and is still provided for by the state, though used, it is said, for purposes of astrological speculation. Botany commands much attention, and

forms the subject of a compendium, as part of a more extensive work, called the *Pun-tsaon*, in which plants are distinguished into class, genus, and variety. The classes are five in number, and the genera are subdivided into 1094 species. The name of the work alluded to literally signifies only a herbal, or history of plants; but it is in fact a classification of the chief productions in the three kingdoms of nature. We are disposed to believe that this book is undervalued by Rémusat, and others, highly as they speak of it. Whatever is different from our own systems ought not to be, on that account only, condemned. At any rate, it is confessed, "that the Chinese and Japanese descriptions, when accompanied by the figures they refer to, may, with all their imperfections, enable us to distinguish the species we do from those we do not possess, augment our knowledge of facts, diffuse some light upon the distributions of the natural objects of the ancient world, and consequently may be consulted with advantage even by naturalists."

On this part of the subject some curious reflections are suggested. The classification of natural facts, among the Chinese, is connected with the theory and practice of their written language. The 214 roots, or radical characters, whose combinations with each other form the whole language, singly represent or express the principal objects or ideas that require communication. Within their number they comprised the heads of *genera* and *classes*, furnishing thus the *elements* of a philosophical arrangement. With the increase of knowledge they expressed new objects, by combination of these elementary symbols, not by the invention of new ones; thus *horse*, *dog*, *metal*, &c., may be found among the roots; by the *addition* of some *other* significant symbol, they contrive to designate the different species comprised under these principal genera. In this manner, a binary denomination sometimes obtains,—such as "*horse-ass*, *horse-mule*; *dog-wolf*, *dog-fox*; *metal-iron*, *metal-copper*, *metal-silver*; and which is strictly analogous to the principle of the Linnean nomenclature. From this simple arrangement, as Rémusat observes, the very ideas appear which regulated the formation of the compound signs; which ideas frequently coincide with such as intelli-

gent naturalists might acknowledge and adopt as a basis for their arrangements. In turning over the leaves of the commonest of their modern dictionaries, we easily recognise genuine natural families." Thirty roots, or radical characters, constitute such families, or genera. Fourteen include the animal kingdom, eleven the vegetable, and five the mineral; an arrangement this not contrived by naturalists to classify the objects they wished to describe, but a mere distribution of written signs, brought together, according to Rémusat, by the rules of their orthography, solely with a view to the facilitating and expediting the search for them. In this composition of signs certain scientific ideas produce spontaneously and *à priori* the remarkable classification alluded to. This, by the way, is a concession made, not by us, but by Rémusat; who adds, that "there exists no other language in the world, the words of which, taken intrinsically, and quite independently of definition or accessory explanation, could afford even to the vulgar such just notions of the natural affinities of things. This results from the figurative nature of the characters, which has not been adequately appreciated." We are inclined to believe that the whole subject has failed of adequate appreciation,—we mean, that it has not yet been appreciated *in itself*, and as one of the advantages attending a system of writing immediately directed to the painting of ideas, and comparatively wanting to that which is simply adapted to represent speech.

We are tempted, from this and other circumstances, to suspect that we underestimate the character and cultivation of the Chinese. They have, indeed, been examined under an unfavourable aspect. What would any foreigner know of the national character of England from that peculiar phase of it which he might observe at some commercial seaport? Such is Canton; and, as is remarked in one of the books before us, the wonder is that the people there should be no worse than we find them. For graphic descriptions of this town, and the manners and appearance of its inhabitants, we must refer the reader to Mr. Downing's *Fanqui*. There is nothing to equal his spirited sketches in any other book upon China with which we are acquainted; nay, we might rather say,

there is nothing *like* them. Every thing lives and moves in his chapters, and the whole work is a diorama of all that could be seen during the writer's sojourn, illustrated by such reading and reflection as he had the means of connecting with the subject.

The author's freedom from prejudice, no less than his lively style, cast a very extraordinary charm over his truly excellent work. A great proportion of the more unenlightened classes of England, he remarks, look upon the sons of Hân as a peculiar and odd kind of savages and barbarians, and are almost unwilling to believe that such outlandish people possess any useful or praiseworthy institutions. This illusion he seeks to dispel. What, if the Chinaman at Canton denounce the alien visitor as a Fan-qui,—which, being interpreted, meaneth barbarian, or demon; the Englishman, even in London, in a similar spirit, regards a Chinese wanderer with antipathy or contempt.

The Chinese are classed by physiologists as a Mongolian variety of the human species. They are of an olive colour, which in many cases is very light, and have black eyes, with black, straight, strong, and thin hair; little or no beard; head of a square form; forehead small and low; the face broad and flattened, the features running together; the glabella flat, and very broad; nose small and flat; rounded cheeks, projecting externally; narrow and linear aperture of the eyelids; eyes placed very obliquely: slight projection of the chin; large ears; thick lips; the stature inferior to European. Yet among the subjects of his celestial majesty there are some, and not a few, who, if suitably dressed, might easily be mistaken for Europeans; and the women would be passable even in England. Owing to the almost total absence of hair on the face or chin, moustaches or beards are rare, except with the aged; and the labour of the native barber is mainly engaged with the crown of the head, which is shaved according to the Tartar regulation. This fashion, which at first was so hated, that many people preferred losing their heads to submitting to the tonsure, is now highly esteemed, and considered very becoming. The hair of the head of both males and females is invariably of a jet black colour, and grows in abundance.

"The whole of the integuments of the head and face," remarks Mr. Downing, "appear more scanty than with Europeans, either as if the parts were swollen, or that a heavy weight was constantly depending from the end of the queue behind, thus drawing the skin forcibly backwards. This seems to cause the tightness over the eyes and scantiness of the lids, with the semilunar arch at the inner angle remarkably prominent. This characteristic of the Chinese face is occasionally met with in English families, and I have seen the deformity in some degree remedied by dividing the constricted portion. The habits of gravity to which they are so early and constantly trained, and the novel features and complexion, make the stranger at first imagine, that the natives are all alike, and are wanting in expression of the countenance. This idea soon wears away, however, as he becomes accustomed to them, and he finds as much character in each individual here as elsewhere."

The passage we have just quoted is marked by the good sense which is uniformly displayed by the author; and we are much pleased with his assurance, as a medical man, that the body becomes only to a small degree modified by the action of external causes. The effect in such cases terminates in the individual,—the offspring not being in the slightest degree influenced by them. It is born, probably, with the original properties and constitution of the parents, and is susceptible only of the same changes when exposed to the same accidents. Hence in China the feet of females are reduced by a national custom to full one-third of their natural dimensions; yet, though the process has continued for centuries, the children are born without the slightest defect, and have to undergo it at the present day. The greatest departure from a common type, we are informed by Lyall, and it constitutes, he adds, the maximum of variation as yet known in the animal kingdom, is exemplified in the races of dogs, which have a supernumerary toe on the hind foot, with the corresponding tarsal bones—a variety analogous to one presented by six-fingered families of the human race.

There is, perhaps, not so moral and intelligent a nation on the face of the earth as the Chinese; but we despise them, forsooth, for their deficiency of military tactics! Are we Christians, and have we to learn that the highest

wisdom may be shewn in avoiding all appeal to the fleshly arm? The Chinese substitutes policy for force, and in no few instances, has outwitted the diplomacy and belligerency of the West. But whatever materials beside they may require for military defence, they are rich in the grand material—in man. The Chinese, if properly trained, says a Spanish writer, would make some of the finest soldiers in the world. The labouring classes of people, Mr. Downing bears witness, are remarkably fine-made men, and are muscular and active to a degree.

"Although seen in their very worst phase up the Canton rivers," he continues, "the stranger cannot help thinking highly of the Chinese. For my part, I cannot avoid bearing towards them somewhat of the same feelings of respect as the English Opium-eater has so beautifully expressed: 'The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese appears to me an antediluvian man renewed.'"

This antiquity of present things in China must be accounted for on other principles than the supposed but erroneously alleged incapacity of the people. We must, indeed, in this inquiry, rise above second causes altogether.

The same course of argument which the Reverend Charles Foster, B. A., under the sanction and superintendence of the late Bishop Jebb, set up, not unsuccessfully, in favour of the mission of Mahomet, might justly be maintained; and a similar thesis might be well proposed in advocacy of the claims of Kung-foo-tze, and the institution of the society that profits by the practice of his ethical code. In all such instances, the argument from second causes is unphilosophical, and bad; and we must believe that Providence has some good end in view by the continuance of a system of government and religion for thousands of years, and holding dominion over one-third of the human race. And, indeed, what saith Grotius on this all-concerning subject?

"Providentiæ divinæ circa res hominum non leve argumentum et philosophi et historici agnoscent in conservatione rerum publicarum: primum universim,

quod ubicumque ordo ille regendi pandique receptus est, manet semper : deinde sæpe etiam specialiter in longa duratione hujus aut illius formæ imperii, per multa sæcula, ut regii apud Assyrios, Ægyptios, Francos ; optimatum apud Venetos. Quamquam enim humana sapientia aliquid in hoc potest : tamen, si recte consideretur multitudo malorum hominum, et quæ extrinsecus nocere possint, et agnate quasi rebus vicissitudines, non videtur tam diu imperium aliquod posse subsistere, nisi peculiari quadam Divini Numinis curâ, qua evidentius etiam spectatur, ubi Deo visum est mutare imperia. Nam quibus ille, tum ad eam rem, tanquam sibi destinatum, instrumentis utitur, puta Cyro, Alexandro, Cæsare dictatore, apud Tartaros Cingi, apud Sinenses Namcaæ : his omnia, etiam quæ ab humana prudentia non pendent, fluunt supra votum magis quam fert solita casibus humanis varietas : quæ tanta eventuum similitudo, et ad certum finem quasi conspiratio, indicium est providæ directionis. Nam in alea Veneriana aliquoties jacere casus esse potest : at centies si quis eundem jaciât, nemo erit qui non hoc ab arte aliqua dicat proficisci."

Now this is what we call a quotation eminently in point ; but we are afraid that our adversaries will object, that it is somewhat musty, and reject it only because it is old. For, if we are to believe them, the unprogressiveness of the Chinese results from their pertinacious attachment to the ancients, and their reverence for the sacred books which have been their authorities for so long a period. What does it signify with this class of antagonists, that the Chinese have preceded every nation in the respect they pay to literature, and the progress for it which they demand from every candidate for public office ? They reverence their sacred books, and submit to the authority of their classic moralists ! What signifies it, that from end to end of their land the emulation of learning is alive and active ; that instances of most heroic study and martyr pupillage are rife in the history of its scholars ? They reverence their sacred books, and submit to the authority of their classic moralists ! Would to heaven that we might, in this favoured isle, be chargeable even with this fault, and with none worse !

We suspect that this exaggerated charge of China's improgressiveness arises from a Whig hatred of the Conservative doctrine, advocating institutional permanence, and also from an

undue tendency towards the opposite law of progress, by which the present age is marked. Yet, verily, without the permanent, the progressive were impossible ; and if the balance between them be destroyed in favour of the latter, there is great reason to dread the annihilation of both. China stands as a great example, that *the former can subsist alone*, and maintain millions in greatness and plenty — nay, in a high state of civilisation, and be productive of the greatest happiness to the greatest number.

If geography, astronomy, chemistry, anatomy, and mechanics, with the laws of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, the theory of light, heat, and sound, and the full results of the inductive philosophy, be not attended to by the Chinese in the manner that the scientific inquirers of this and a neighbouring country desire — (that they are neglected, we utterly deny, upon evidence neither scanty nor doubtful) — let it be their praise that, in the ethical and metaphysical branches, they are rare and apt professors ; nor is it less to their praise that they have not yet sunk into the cold Benthamism of unfilial contempt for their ancestors. The best security for the virtue and greatness of any age and nation, is a magnanimous and grateful belief in the public mind that our forefathers were more intelligent and virtuous than we, that our highest attainment consists in imitating them, and that, as our highest efforts will fall far short of their standard, we must never weary in aiming at excellence, if we would be, in due degree, worthy of them. The mere prosaic view of the matter, which gauges, probes, and criticises, in order to reduce and degrade the memories of the past below the unpoetic realities of the present, impoverishes the mind of motive and example, and divests the time in which we live of the sanction and support of authority, leaving it to a miserable condition of fatherless and husbandless destitution. We cannot help thinking of Jean Paul Richter's terrible dream, and seeing it realised in such heart-withering theories : in every age, indeed, they make the world an orphan — a sorrowful and desolate widow, wandering the wildernesses of space and time.

Better, infinitely better, the filial piety which is the fountain of Chinese legislation ! The oldest country in the world, let us reverence the image which

it presents of the primitive mode of government and religion—the patriarchal form. “Ere Rome was founded or Troy was taken, before Thebes or Ninevah were erected into kingdoms, China was a settled state.” And what it originally was, that it yet is! It is our belief, that our missionaries have a great deal to learn from the Chinese, before they will be qualified to teach them.

At any rate, we are content to learn from them a few truths, practically illustrated. There can be no doubt, we think, that the fable (for a fable it evidently is) concerning their *first* emperor having destroyed the books of Kung-foo-tsze, in order to destroy the memory of his progenitors, and that posterity should hear of none before himself, together with the failure of his absurd ambition, and the re-discovery of the sacred scriptures, is intended to illustrate the virtue of filial piety, and the indestructibility of the patriarchal principle. Probably the date of the composition of the writings of Kung-foo-tsze is that of their alleged refinding, which is stated to have happened about two centuries before the birth of Christ. Révérence to parents is, by the Chinese, required, not only in youth, when children are dependent on, and necessarily subject to, their natural protectors, but, even to the latest period, parents are to be treated with honour, and after death to be raised to the rank of gods. Their five cardinal virtues are benevolence, righteousness, politeness, wisdom, and truth. The duties of the human relations are also five: those subsisting between parents and children, elder and younger brethren, princes and ministers, husbands and wives, friends and companions. But all these are included in filial piety; without which, fidelity to one's prince, affection to one's brethren, kindness to one's domestics, or sincerity among friends, are impossible: it is also the foundation of benevolence, rectitude, propriety, wisdom, and truth.

The sect of Taou—*i. e.* the way, path, or principle, from which heaven, earth, man, and nature emanate, is the *Logosophism* of the Chinese, and was founded by Laou-keun, Laou-tan, or Laou-tsze, who was contemporary with Kung-foo-tsze. *Le* is the latent principle, and *Taou* is the principle in action—signifying also a word, to speak and to say. It is, in fact, an eternal reason,

uncreated and undervived. From this Platonic point this sect derive their system of belief and worship.

The systems of Kung-foo-tsze and Laou-tsze present the two poles, into which the truth they combined to teach evermore distinguishes itself. Mr. Medhurst tells us, that the former erred in being too sceptical, and the latter in being too superstitious. About the same time, he adds, “Buddhism arose in India; and though it did not immediately spread into the ultra Gangetic nations, it diffused itself rapidly on its subsequent introduction, and now exerts as great an influence over the minds of the vulgar, as the other two sects do over the learned and the superstitious.” Now, if the *vulgar* be neither sceptical nor superstitious, what are they? We suspect some zealotry here, and some consequent perplexity of the writer's perceptions. The vulgar of every country are, and must be, the superstitious; and it is so in China. For, when we come to investigate the fact, it is Buddhism that is the really superstitious ceremonial, and its professors and priests, as they deserve to be, are the contempt of the *literati*, who are of the other two sects, and not regarded by the Buddhists, who are not only ignorant, but boast of being so; the whole affair being a corruption, similar to Romanism, of a religion once pure, and, while so, full of sublime truths. We regret to say that Mr. Medhurst egregiously underrates, if he does not misunderstand, the Sanscrit exhortation to meditate on and recite the name of Buddha. Not a word in the extracts which he has given, but might be transferred to the service of the believer of any persuasion, how holy soever. The cause in the service of which the well-meaning missionary has enlisted himself needs not misrepresentation or acrimonious miscriticism in its support. As the Rev. Charles Forster has said, on a kindred subject, a good cause can never fare the worse for a candid examination, while the best cause may be disserved and dishonoured by an advocate whose sole aim is victory. The pardonable prejudices of an honest zeal sometimes conduce, as much as the jaundiced spirit of a sceptical sciolism, to embarrass and obscure an argument, whether philosophical or religious, or, as in the present case, both in one. It is the fashion with conquerors to praise

especially the valour of the enemy they have subdued, for obviously greater is the credit they thereby obtain for their own. The judicious Christian will in like manner see, that the higher merit he allows to other creeds, the greater excellence he claims for his own, which can afford to have them set in the most favourable, and even flattering lights, without any diminution of its intrinsic and unapproachable lustre.

Buddhism is now seen in its corrupt state; but though now a wreck, it is a glorious one: "Though its tackle's torn, it shews a noble vessel." Granted, it is not only a wreck, but a corpse—we admit the lifeless style of its observances; yet piercing through the name to the meaning, unveiling the deserted *esoteric* chambers which once were peopled, and interpreting the types therein discoverable as we may, we feel that there is no form of piety which is not sacred for the sake of the piety, however misdirected, however short of its standard. One star differeth from another star in glory—or in distance—yet are they all stars. But there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory that belongs to the astral hosts. We are told of the Buddhist priests by Mr. Downing, that, during the performance of their rites, "although there was not the slightest sign of levity on their countenances, they seemed to go through their ceremonies with indifference; as if they had become so much accustomed to their performance, that they were now looked upon merely as a part of their daily labour." Alas, they are not the only priests who have done so! Such as the Buddhist priests are now, have the priests of Christian communions been—Romanist and other! We are, however, likewise told, "that the finest and most extensive buildings in the land are devoted to religious exercises; and that, whatever may be the inward feelings of those who perform them, the rites and ceremonies are conducted with the most scrupulous regularity and decorum." Doubtless, in the words of the poet,

"Into their souls

Glimpses of reason flash an awful light,
More piercing made by the surrounding
gloom—

Whence they have superstitions, and
from death

And from the dead are visited of dreams,

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Acceptable to faith — high faculty,
By weakness to credulity reduced;
Yet even in weakness to be revered!"

The grand principles of Christianity, remarks Mr. Downing, "are inherent, and have been so for ages, in the breasts of mankind; and are continually making themselves apparent amidst the clouds of superstition with which they are surrounded." The fact is, that the same fundamental ideas belong to all the religions of the warmer regions of Asia. With respect to Buddhism in China, it is not a little curious that the similarity and coincidences of its ceremonies and doctrines with those of the Church of Rome were so striking and numerous, that the Catholic missionaries, who first came out to convert the natives to Christianity, were greatly stumbled at the fact, and actually thought that the author of evil had induced these Pagans to imitate the manners of Holy Mother Church, in order to expose her ceremonies to shame.

Nay, this absurd and degrading suspicion is indulged even by some pious but one-sided commentators of the present enlightened age, and even in this our sober land. The translator (James Burton Robertson, Esq.) of Frederick von Schlegel's *Philosophy of History* has adopted the insane notion, and foisted it into a note to the work, which, as it may amuse our readers, we will extract:

"No Gentile people," says Mr. Robertson, "preserved so long, and in such purity, the worship of the true God, as the Chinese. This, no doubt, must be ascribed to the secluded situation of the country, to the great reverence of the Chinese for their ancestors, as well as to the patriarchal mildness of their early governments, and, we must add, to the unpoetical character of the nation itself, which was a safeguard against idolatry." [Erroneous and irrational statement!] "There is historical evidence that, up to two centuries before the Christian era, idolatry had made little progress among this people. So vivid was their expectation of the Messiah—'the great saint, who, as Confucius says, was to appear in the West'—so fully sensible were they, not only of the place of his birth, but of the time of his coming, that, about sixty years after the birth of our Saviour, they sent their envoys to hail the expected Redeemer. Their envoys encountered, on their way, the missionaries of Buddhism coming from India—the

latter, announcing an incarnate God, were taken to be the disciples of the true Christ, and were presented as such to their countrymen by the deluded ambassadors. Thus was this religion introduced into China, and thus did this phantasmagoria of hell intercept the light of the Gospel. So, not in the internal spirit only, but in the outward history of Buddhism, a demoniacal intent is very visible."

And such stuff as this can be written by a learned man in the nineteenth century! It is merely the accident of being British-born that prevented such a mind from worshipping Buddha, or some other degraded name of deity.

To conclude. In the early history of China, we find every thing in progress; in the present state, most things at a stand-still. Its institutions and laws, good in themselves, seem to have proceeded on a path of improvement, until they reached all the perfection of which, according to the principles on which they were established, they were capable. They have yet the form of piety, but the power is gone; and, although we concede not to the prejudiced and ill-founded statement, that either the systems of Kung-foo-tsze or Laou-tsze are atheistical, yet we demand recognitions of *diviner* assumptions, as the fit initiations of religion and morals, than either of these Chinese creeds acknowledges. It is clear enough to us, that the lifeless forms of either now remaining in China would yield to a vigorous attack; nor do we see

any permanent difficulty in the way of Christian missions. His celestial majesty objects not to our sciences nor to our doctrines, but to our politics. Christ has been, and may be still taught—but not European domination. Hitherto, professional Christians themselves have been confessedly to blame for the little success they have had, and for all the misery and persecution that they have unwisely brought on Chinese converts. It is clear that the rulers and people of the land are tolerant, well-disposed, intelligent, learned; apt to conceive, and ready to express, ideas. The thousands of new publications that daily issue from their presses indicates no indisposition to the influence of novelty. But the way to remove the dead formalism of that country, is plainly not to oppose another of this country; but to bring the *pure* truth to bear on their citadels of error. They are a metaphysical and ethical people; begin with them, then, at the *ideal* point of induction—let St. John substitute Laou-tsze. They are solicitous for scientific instruction; bring the battery of our natural theology to bear on that of Kung-foo-tsze. When all this is done, which it may be, without exciting jealousy, either political or religious; then, no difficulty need be apprehended in substituting the simple but heartfelt ritual of Protestant Christianity, for the lifeless ceremonies of Buddhism.

TO-MORROW!

It is not of the past that I would speak,
Nor of to-day, for that is passing on
Into the past, a thoughtless denizen
Of the has-been and is; but I would seek
Within the shadowy life-vault of To-morrow
The many-imagined moments, on whose wing
Broods musing Memory, who alone can bring
Life out of death, and solace out of sorrow.
"To-morrow, and to-morrow," when it comes
It is not, being only not in birth,
A phantom adjunct of the quick'ning earth—
Death's adjutant, winnowing his obscure plumes:
To-morrow is Eternity, winging
Her visionless flight, unending, unbeginning.

Yea, I would dwell upon that phantom thing
Of lifeless life, the urn of hours and years,
Coy nurse of plenty, whose full bosom bears
An offspring it ne'er looks on. On the wing
Of thought alone it riseth—as a spring

Caverned unseen doth from its secrets' womb
 Send forth its frolic waters, till the hour,
 Herald of desolation and of doom,
 Comes like an arrow, then doth shew its power,
 Its mystic bourn, its life-sepulchring tomb.
 To-morrow ! Why, to-morrow's but a thought,
 A most familiar sound, an ancient friend
 Our fathers talked of, and for long years sought,
 And only found when life-tired traveller found its end.

To-morrow ! 'Tis a many pictured sound :
 Upon the canvass young life sparkles fair,
 Rich dawns awake, Aurora braids her hair,
 In "cliquant gold" the sovereign sun walks round ;
 Man goeth forth on his paternal ground,
 Looks on the world, and calleth it his own.
 Fool ! knows he where the next day's seed is sown,
 Who tills it, reaps it ? Vagrant of an hour,
 Thus calling on to-morrow in fierce pride,
 Think'st thou thy hope will be to-morrow's bride ?
 Orebelt Earth ! high o'er the rim of night,
 The mighty hierophant, that hath no breath,
 Dwelleth in vasty shadow ; touch nor sight
 Hath she, but, Chaoslike, museth 'tween life and death.

It is a solemn thing on high to gaze,
 When Night hath put her purple raiment on,
 And the bright Peris that attend her throne
 Are clustered round her in triumphant blaze ;
 Ay, it is solemn when the thought obeys
 The impulse of the spirit, and far, far
 Beyond the silence of the orb'd star
 Springeth to realms where pale To-morrow dwells
 Couched in an air germ, and by whose dim side
 Days, hours, and years, an ever-flowing tide,
 Hover like phantoms. Oh ! how life rebels,
 Poor, feeble Eremite, upon the shore
 Of this world and its waters, when she turns
 Her fainting orbs to where loved youth no more
 Broodeth with silence sad, beside Time's mouldering urns.

The Morrow of our infancy is youth,
 It cometh, goeth, and the youth's a man ;
 Yet still it is To-morrow ! and all truth
 Proclaims it ending e'en as it began,
 The same still looked for, spanned, and yet to span.
 A man's To-morrow is old age, and still
 The fool calls on her with untiring breath ;
 To-morrow comes and whispers, " I am Death !"
 Shattered the vessel, down the silent rill
 Of time goes man's To-morrow, sternly down
 His argosy of hope is dragged below,
 To-morrow at the helm, Death at the prow ;
 Spirits her crew, her sails by phantoms blown,—
 There are *two* ports the which she saileth to unknown.

BLUE FRIAR PLEASANTRIES.

NO. XXVII. RATHER GRAVE FOR A PLEASANTY. THE OWL IN THE ASCENDANT.
LAZY MEN, AND MEN OF LEISURE.

NO. XXVIII. NEGLECTED POETRY.

NO. XXIX. HOLYDAY FOLKS.

NO. XXVII. RATHER GRAVE FOR A PLEASANTY. THE OWL IN THE ASCENDANT.
LAZY MEN, AND MEN OF LEISURE.

THE best men in the world for doing nothing are those who have nothing to do. Busy men make much of their leisure; and the less leisure they have, the more they make of that little. They, whom we erroneously term "men of leisure," never have, in fact, any leisure at all; since leisure is an occasional freedom from certain habitual duties; and the so-called "man of leisure," having no such duties, is only industriously idle, and full of vacancy all the days of his life.

I know two men, respectively exemplifying the extremes of making nothing of business, and of making a business of nothing. The first, in addition to professional avocations almost unceasing, and upon the performance of which alone he is dependent for bread, is a member of a card club, and a catch club, and a yacht club, and a literary club, and, in short, so many clubs, that they call him the King of Clubs. He is to be seen at the vestry meeting, and the turnpike meeting; at as many private meetings as require him, and at all public meetings which desire him. Whatever is done by him, is done as if it were worth doing. With him, business is pleasure and pleasure business. He promptly agrees to any call upon his attention, be it a professional duty, an amicable duty, a club duty, or any duty which really is a duty: if it be *not*, he as promptly denies himself.

The multi-dutied man I have in view is *legally* entitled to the honours of "the most arduous of professions." The glare of his midnight lamp, and the abstracted look of his mid-day eye, shew us at once how many clients wait upon his decisions. If he's not to be found in his office working *against* time, he may be seen running through the streets, with his books and papers under his arm, to *overtake* it. He has "done deeds" of covenant, &c. until his face is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of" parchment; and his brow

is become a "scribbled form," "indented" with the waving furrows of thought, "sealed and signed" by Blackstone and Coke, and "delivered" over, as one would suppose, to the sole guardianship of Care. It is, however, no such thing; for who but he knows how to enjoy a pantomime? Who so ready as he to join in an excursion into the realms of fun? What an active part he takes in preparations for it, although he has sate up half the preceding night to warrant himself in the indulgence.

But is he *always* either working for his own aggrandisement, or relaxing for his own selfish pleasure? Who is it acts gratuitously as secretary to half the public charities of the neighbourhood, and is among the largest subscribers to them all? Who but he who has least time to spare, and works hardest for his money? Who is chairman of the election committee, incessant in his exertions to bring in the constitutional candidate, during the canvass, and enthusiastic in his eloquent and prolonged appeal on the polling day? Who is a magistrate? Who is most active in committees of paving and lighting and watching? Who is trustee for the Blue Girls and the Red Boys—executor to his deceased friends—and ever ready, with heart and head, to battle for his living ones? Who's mayor of the borough? and who, in that capacity, patronises the play, and the ball, and the fireworks, and the conjuror? And, lastly, who is the best at a roll on the rug with the children?

My man of parchment, I am aware, is rather a select model of his kind, inasmuch as there unquestionably *are* men of business—and of business merely—who, instead of being invigorated by the fruits of their industry, seem to be only choked by them; and who are, in fact, rather influenced by the love of the world's gain, than the gain of the world's love. Had such worthies been born to competency, the

chances are they would have vegetated in idleness—careless to increase what was already sufficient for their half-awakened susceptibilities. Born, however, under the more propitious star of a gentle necessity, they *have* done something more than feed on the annual crop of an unimproved and unincreasing farm; and, so far, they are a grade or two happier than the few we are about to describe, and whom we describe thus.

In addition to the "infinite deal of nothing" which he has to do every day at home, comprising all the heavy duties of shaving and breakfasting, reading the police reports in slippers, then walking for an appetite in boots, and, after all this, going through the duties of dinner, with the succeeding measures of claret, coffee, cards, and conundrums—in addition to all this, he industriously attends every public sale of furniture that takes place, and charitably relieves the auctioneer of much lumber which would otherwise lie on hand. He boasts of having purchased standard literature at fivepence a volume; and lays out his time to such advantage, that, after not more than eight hours' "bidding," he has sometimes obtained not less than eight shillings' worth of books at half price! He is, moreover, a member of the cigar club; and has read (as well as drunk) deeply on the subject of all the gins, British and Hollands. Overwhelmed with such duties and such studies, he has no time for any of those indefinite matters which concern the "general weal." He "*will not be bothered*" with any of those thousand appeals to his care and attention, which employ the leisure moments of men of business. He has certain stated habits of sleeping, feeding, walking, reading, smoking, and drinking, which "*shall not be interfered with*—he's to be *hanged* if they shall." He doesn't care for any man, not he. He pays the queen's taxes, the poor-rates, and his rent; and that's all he feels himself called upon to do. His independent means were given him by a grateful Providence, in payment of the good he *would have* done, of the labours he *would have* achieved, and of the self-denials he *would have* endured, had such efforts and sacrifices been required of him. As it is, he's "paid off" by a generous and discriminating Heaven in anticipation;

and he'll make the most of that good fortune which is his in right and possession, by concentrating it all on his own pleasures, and by keeping himself aloof from all those busy, meddling schemers, who, instead of minding their own business, are always interfering with the dispensations of that very discriminating Providence aforesaid, which, if left to itself, would possibly take as much care of the rest of the world as it has taken of him.

But, touching his "own pleasures," he has no idea of any thing like exertion, even in *their* performance. He won't be taken by surprise even here. He has no notion of jumping at a fine morning, and of bustling about at a moment's warning to get a basket filled with porter and sandwiches, and a glass-coach to be filled with himself and friends for a pic-nic excursion. He *will* have due notice of every thing in which he is to be engaged, that he may gradually make up his mind, and "bend up his corporal agents to the feat;" and, if his inclinations *have been* conciliated by a timely proposal, and the promise of his having all the pleasure and none of the trouble, he *does*, perhaps, make an effort to get up half an hour earlier than usual, so as to keep the rest of the company waiting not *more* than twenty minutes. Hint at his laziness, and his *independent* spirit fires up with an amiable intimation that "*you* may get up as early as 'boots,' at the Red Lion, if *you* like, but he *must* have his nap out—and he *will* have it, and that's more."

Even his pet cigar club must exact no *efforts* from him. Though his brother members may choose to inconvenience themselves to any extent for the sake of a unanimous smoking batch now and then, he cannot prepare himself for any such simultaneous operation. He has to provide the gin and cigars; and though he never actually enters on this duty until about three hours before the club meets, he requires as many days to get up sufficient resolution for its performance. Like the bat, Jack Falstaff, or the albatross, he cannot rise at once, but requires leverage to elevate him into action; or, like a steamer that has been lying in dock, he must go through all the process of taking in coals, and getting up steam, before his long sluggard paddles will move an inch. Then, it is true, he goes along "like a jolly and warm-

hearted fellow;" and his company follow, delighted, in his *wake*, swearing that he requires nothing in the world, to make him the best man in their society, except a few of those anxieties which engender consideration, a few of those necessities which peremptorily

demand exertion, a few conflicting occupations to beget the promptitude of a methodical readiness, and—but we have been already rather too prosaic for a "pleasantry"—a little something to do, that he may learn to make nothing of doing it.

Locke, B. f.

NO. XXVIII. NEGLECTED POETRY.

It is no uncommon fact that one literary production—one only—has been given to the world, in proof of the author's talent. From the non-appearance of succeeding pieces, by the same hand, it may be reasonably inferred, either that the writer felt his claim to public distinction inadequately appreciated, or that, having lavished the powers of his mind on one literary effort, he became too fastidious in after compositions to satisfy himself, and forbore, therefore, to risk that appeal to the favour of others, which failed to secure his own. Upon the same principle, and attributable expressly to the same cause, we may justly account for a single speech, a single musical composition, or a single poetical effort. It is of the last of these we have to speak. Amidst the mass of disregarded poetry, there is a piece (the "only one," we believe, the author ever produced), the neglect of which appears more decidedly to impeach the taste of the present generation, than the disregard and injustice shewn to all others, however meritorious these might be), which vitiated taste or a rage for novelty has undeservedly consigned to oblivion—a poetical gem, which, though it may dazzle, captivates the imagination; appeals to, and yet satisfies the judgment; and whilst it charms the fancy, operates as a powerful incentive to virtuous action. It is impossible to assign an adequate reason for the public disregard of a production possessing such undeniable claims to distinction. Some portion of the community, indeed, from the circumstance of its having been long out of print, stand in a measure excused for their indifference; but we are at a loss to imagine what defence can be offered for those who, having once met with it, could suffer it to encounter the chill of neglect. It has been suggested, that certain poets of the present century (whose jealousy of an eminently successful rival, almost, if not altogether, equals the existence

of that between professors of the pictorial art) have combined to suppress the poem; and it has been asserted (though we should hope groundlessly) that they have been guilty of assiduously ransacking shop after shop, and of purchasing, at any price, such copies as could be obtained, for the mean purpose of destroying them, and thus of protecting themselves against comparison with the author of the choice *monceau* in question. Be this true or false (we would charitably infer the latter), an old, but unquestionably a correct copy, remains in our possession; and we hasten to its reprint, with a few observations of our own, in the certain expectation that such of the present generation, as have heretofore withheld their admiration, will atone for past neglect, by assigning it a station in their regard becoming its excellence; and that those who have never yet seen it, may (as we feel they must) be charmed with the incomparable skill evinced throughout the composition; though they may be unable to determine whether its pre-eminence be attributable to its correct metre, its touching simplicity, the generous action it records, or the depth of its pathos:

"Little Jacky Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum—
'Oh, what a good boy am I!'"

Little Jacky Horner!—three words only, but in themselves a volume, if we regard the feelings they excite, and the information they contain. Who that has a heart, worthy the name, but feels at once impressed in favour of the hero thus so agreeably and unexpectedly introduced to him?

"Little Jacky Horner!"

A master-hand could alone, in a moment of time, awaken this potent interest in his hero, and, as by magical influence, secure our deepest sympathy. We have here no long line of

ancestry to wade through, before we can obtain an interview with the person who is to figure so prominently in the piece before us; our intimacy with him is immediate, unencumbered by particulars of noble birth and high-born progenitors; the author, in rejecting them, tacitly avowing, that merit constitutes the only rational distinction between man and man. We perceive at once, then, that the person before us is young and amiable. The words, "Little Jacky," incontrovertibly establish these facts; for although the first term might be properly applied to a grown person of inferior stature, yet in such case the word "short," or "diminutive," would have been employed. "Little" seems to be an epithet universally adopted, when we would express especial regard towards a youthful and interesting object. "Jacky" imports in itself affection towards the party addressed or spoken of. If an ordinary character were to be described, he would assuredly have been called *John*; if remarkable for eccentricity or dissipation, perhaps *Jack*; but *Jacky*, we all know, implies undisputed, unquestionable excellence. We may observe, also, the forbearance exercised by the author, in refraining from saying whether he were handsome or not. This, we must see, is purposely concealed. The poet trusts to the virtues of his hero for our impression regarding him; and he calculates wisely. A breast of steel and a heart of adamant could alone be proof against the sweet insinuating influence of these words,

"Little Jacky Horner!"

Our feelings are awakened, curiosity is on tiptoe for information concerning him with whom we are just become acquainted; and the writer, anticipating our eagerness, promptly tells us, he

"Sat in a corner."

It is generally admitted that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre, though the reason is unassigned. We believe it to arise from the circumstance, that the valet perceives his master to be actuated by the same passions, operated upon by the same wants, and exposed to the same temptations, as is, more or less, the lot of all; but had this class of servants existed in the day when "Jacky" flourished, his valet would have deemed him a hero, whether in public or in private. He appears to

have had no irregular passions, no wants which could not be promptly supplied, no weaknesses but those of an amiable description. Some readers, reverting to their own early days, may for a moment regard the place in which our hero is stationed as indicating disgrace rather than distinction; and, to be candid, had the poem terminated here, the inference would not have been unnatural; but the poet refutes the injurious supposition; he secures Jacky from the breath of suspicion,—for he hastens to acquaint us, he

"Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas-pie."

Persons are to be found, who never comprehend a literary work as a whole. Caught by a prominent incident, or a single character, they miss the scope and design of the author, and hence the ready condemnation of many valuable productions by criticisms at once puerile and unjust; but it is impossible in the present instance to disjoin the lines and retain the sense—to separate the actor from the action. He

"Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas-pie."

In what manner "Little Jacky" had distinguished himself does not appear; but that he had performed some highly praiseworthy action cannot admit of a question,—for Christmas-pies in early days were never bestowed on unimportant occasions. Possessed of his treasure, how does he conduct himself? Not by obtrusion on the public eye, exposure to the gaze of admiration, nor by seeking the vain applause of his fellows; no—with modesty, we will not say peculiar to himself, but invariably allied to genius, inseparably attendant on true desert,—he withdraws from the busy crowd, retires to the family hearth to enjoy his well-earned reward. Here, then, we find him presenting the most striking instance on record of the *otium cum dignitate*. He

"Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas-pie."

Come we now to the main action the poem celebrates—one which places the character of the hero in the most attractive position, confirms by analogy the truth of the preceding remarks, and justifies far higher encomiums than our weak pen can bestow:

"He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum."

We will not disguise the fact, that a few fervid admirers of the poem, to whom we have granted the privilege of perusal, differ in assigning the motive for this proceeding, though all concur in determining it to be of a striking and affecting nature. We think, however, the object is too obvious to warrant serious dispute. If we regard for a moment the rare qualities and qualifications Jacky may fairly be presumed to have possessed—the unusual reward conferred upon him—the place in which he stationed himself to enjoy it—the sympathy he excited in those to whom his heart was knit by the tenderest ties; and if we further consider, that the younger members of the circle must upon such an occasion have been clustering around him—that he, of all others, was likely to feel, in its full extent, that “pleasure not communicated is but half enjoyed,”—it follows, we think, as a natural, if not an inevitable consequence, that he

“pulled out a plum”

to gratify the palate of a younger brother or sister, whose eyes, though the tongue was silent, bespoke the longing it was the happiness of Jacky to indulge. And the effect, in leaving this instance of his affection and generosity to be inferred, far exceeds, we contend, that which a minute detail would produce. Every one knows, or ought to know, that in painting, it is enough if we “give imagination her cue;” and why not in poetry? In music, too, it is certain, the notes which are scarcely audible to an untutored ear, are of inestimable value to the entire composition.

“He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum.”

The heart warms and expands, as we repeat the lines now under consideration, and dwell upon the incident they describe. Here is no delay—no half reluctant hand to mar the grace of the gift. He might have satisfied the longing child with a portion of the crust; but, with a noble spirit truly worthy of himself,

“He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum!”

There is a princely manner of giving, and a royal manner of accepting. Our hero plainly possessed the former; and the recipient, for aught that appears to the contrary, might have claim to the latter,—

“Oh, what a good boy am I!”

The beauty as well as power (excellences rarely conjoined) of this sudden exclamation, must be admitted, whether we contemplate the consummate skill of the author in selecting the time of its introduction, or the sentiment uttered by the hero, than which nothing can be conceived more befitting his elevation. From the outset of the poem to this period we have been borne irresistibly onward by the current of its deeply interesting narrative: now it unexpectedly ceases, yet ceases but to excite equal admiration of another kind. The feast is over—Jacky’s companions retire (the invariable custom when nothing more is to be had). He is alone—he soliloquises. Not a word, be it observed, escapes him in the presence of others, even of those he holds most dear; but now the purity of his motive to exertion, the *mens conscia recti*, and the success with which it has been crowned, present a retrospect too potent, too gratifying, to be sustained in silence; and this soul-stirring exclamation escapes him,—

“Oh, what a good boy am I!”

Like a flash of lightning in the horizon at the close of a lovely midsummer evening, it interests without alarming us; we earnestly look for its repetition, but we look in vain, and sigh involuntarily at the evanescence of pleasure.

The copy of the poem in our possession was evidently, at some period, the property of one whose interest it was to impeach its excellence; for a scandalous attempt is made, by a note in the margin, to pervert the exclamation we have so justly panegyrised, and by this attack to assail the beauty of the production throughout. It is contended that the pie was of enormous size; that the interjection, “Oh!” was the groan of a gormandiser; that the words which succeed it were meant to express satisfaction at the aldermanic capacity which enabled little Jacky to swallow the whole—a single plum only excepted. Were this construction admitted, Jacky would become a mere eater of Christmas-pies—a character (if we look around us) by no means uncommon; the gift of the plum would sink into an ordinary, and, we must say, an inexplicable incident; and all that precedes of simplicity, grace, and dignity, would be levelled to the dust. But the leader will, doubtless, unite with us in execrating the base attempt

to substitute this overstrained interpretation for the pure, unaffected sense of the passage, far too apparent, we submit, to be mistaken, save by one misled by prejudice, blinded by envy, and,

reckless of the infamy of his attack. We are not now to be told that the savage who cannot erect a hovel will destroy a temple.

Tuck, the Prior.

NO. XXIX. HOLYDAY FOLKS.

I know not whether the real enjoyment of a holyday be referable to an *art*, that any person may, by the aid of his philosophy, acquire; or whether it be the mere consequence of a natural aptitude peculiar to a certain class of easy-going, good-natured people, to whom any deviation from the monotony of a habitual duty is a welcome relaxation. If, as Iago says, " 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus," it is only a marvel that many of us should grow so particularly *unlike* "ourselves," whenever it is both our interest and positive determination to prove "ourselves" the especial votaries of joy. Holyday folks, are, of course, for the time being, *professors* of happiness; and I am acquainted with certain of them who are determinate in losing no opportunity of exemplifying their skill in its practice. In addition to the numerous occasional exhibitions which they make at pic-nics, water-parties, races, regattas, and reviews—the tendency of which generally seems to prove, that happiness conducted on the voluntary principle is, in outward appearance, very like *involuntary* discomfort,—in addition to all such *occasional* performances, they are also strictly observant of the various imperative regulations which old custom has established in connexion with Shrovetide and Michaelmas, Easter and Christmas, New Year's-eve and Twelfth-night; nor will they omit to avail themselves of those numerous family anniversaries which celebrate the very questionable felicity of wedding-days and birth-days. As I have just hinted, these efforts at hilarity too often wear the appearance of impossible performances. Pleasurers upon principle make but sorry figures of fun; and to a cynical old curmudgeon like myself, who never *could* enjoy a holyday, nothing is more amusing than to contemplate the failures of those who would fain deceive the world, as well as themselves, into a notion that *they* can. It does my surly heart good to see the victim of a bilious habit aiming at a notion of enjoyment, by depositing within his stomach a laminated stratum of ex-

ceedingly heavy pancakes, without even caring to look into Hone's *Every-day Book* to see how it is, that on Shrove-Tuesday the pains of indigestion are *not* penalties, but reasonable pleasures. At Michaelmas, he amalgamates his own flesh with that of a goose; thinking that a profuse addition of sage, onion, and apple-sauce, properly qualifies that excess which would exist without the "stuffing." It is his particular delight on Easter-day to perplex himself with a new suit of clothes, the utter unsuitableness of which might have acutely tried his temper, had it been consistent with his holyday practice to try them on the evening before. It is, however, essential to his good luck during the succeeding twelvemonth, that he should on Easter-day impose upon his body's freedom the constringent action of a *habit* never before assumed; and he goes about for a whole day (and, what's better, a "whole holyday") enrobed in the panoply of unpaid-for tailorism; his looks striving at a sunbeam-smile, while his thoughts are darkly bent on the vengeance of returning the coat next morning to have the back taken in, the armholes widened, the collar lowered, and the buttons changed. At Christmas, his joyous impulses are *especially* on the alert. He resolves on a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, of course; and, of course, he also decides on a supper of snapdragon and punch; but more decided than all is his resolution to "make a merry day of it." In pursuance of this, he collects around his table a large concourse of heterogeneous relatives; brothers and sisters, who snarl at each other like Polar bears; sulky uncles and pious old maiden aunts; shame-faced schoolboys and their ugly cousins; and a mistletoe-bough, which, instead of bringing the lads and the lasses into a blissful state of proximity beneath it, not only seems to serve, like a branch of the Upas-tree, to keep them away from it, but also appears to act, like the rod of misanthropy, in whipping them away from one another. Not that the mistletoe hangs without

any approximating influence; because there is a slip of it in the kitchen as well as in the parlour; and, as the pious old maiden aunts don't like being kissed, the uncles forget their sulkiness, and persist in kissing the "maid-servants," whether they like it or not. As this is too honest a proceeding to be performed clandestinely, the maiden aunts are very much shocked; the ugly cousins look upon the shamefaced schoolboys reproachfully; and mine host and his wife regard each other unconsciously! Their "functions seem smothered in surmise:" they feel themselves completely *hors de combat*; and, in a fit of desperate perplexity, despite all the regulations of civilised courtesy, they embrace!

The accomplished author of *Brace-bridge Hall* and the *Sketch-book* has shewn how much better these things may have been managed at other times, in the baronial halls of old English gentlemen; but all this was of a piece with oak panelling, huge fire-places, stone mullioned casement-windows, expanded breathing-room, tabors and pipes, and the simple manners of our ancestors. These charming things yet live; and live, perhaps, more charmingly than ever,—for they live in poetry, song, and story. In looking at the past through the medium of imagination and record, we see only its brighter features; and, however our old squirearchy may have been more joyous on a Christmas night than we can hope to be, there is no doubt but that they were, in some degree, liable to that practical experience, which teaches us occasionally to know, that people cannot be happy at will, or by bidding. The safest speculation for Christmas enjoyment, in these genteel days, is to leave all the practical fun to the nursery and the kitchen, and to look for our own enjoyment in a glass of punch, and the glowing pages of Washington Irving!

Your pic-nic holyday-makers, who suddenly take it into their heads to be happy on a certain "Wednesday" or "Friday next," must be ranked as foremost among that fearless class who fly in the face of probability, and resolve on basking in the sunny rays of some select day, which is destined only to saturate the earth with "heavy wet," and take the curl out of every ringlet which aims at entangling a lover. The coaches are ordered,—the morning ar-

rives—the party have assembled—and, lo! behold them all flattening their noses against the window-panes, in the vain hope of seeing the clouds "break a little." Every now and then, the Indian ink of the sky admits a tinge of half-perceptible yellow, seeming to indicate that there is a "heaven" behind "the blanket of the dark," if it had but the courage to "peep through." Perhaps it *does* peep through, as who should say, "Alas! I see you!" and then it squeezes up the little orifice tighter than ever with its finger and thumb; and plays at bo-peep with you for an instant in another place. The younger folks are always the more blessed with hope, and it is therefore no wonder that they should mistake the distant rumbling of the thunder for that of the coach which they are momentarily expecting to come and take them off. When the drops begin to fall "heavy and slow," they suggest an inventive opinion that they are merely "heat-drops;" and when the deluge comes down in all its fulness, washing the gravel off the roads, and the lead out of the gutters, it gives them perfect satisfaction in the assurance that it cannot last, and must be a "clearing shower." There is something, too, peculiarly refreshing in the appearance of the doubly diluted phantom which now indistinctly approaches in the form of a coach and pair. At the top of a pyramid of diminishing capes is seen a glazed hat, under which it may be presumed a coachman is to be found. When he descends from his box, and the water is seen flowing from all his extremities, as if they were the mouths of the Mississippi, he is coolly asked what he "*thinks* of the weather?" But, where obvious truth is thus pertinaciously and violently conclusive in its arguments, men become immediately so crammed with the crude convictions of *knowledge*, that they have no room left for *thought*; and, consequently, coachey swears, with an oath, that he does not know "*what* to think." He feels assured that "*it looks* like rain;" but he, modestly, rather wishes that the inquirer should look at *him*, and "*think*" for himself. In the hall reposes, in silent and sullen enjoyment, a huge hamper, filled with cold fowl and ham, crockery, linen, cutlery, and bottles of porter; and upon it sits the genius of disappointment, luxuriating in the sight of baffled expectation and fallacious hope.

I might go through the varieties of a start in the sunshine, and a return with all the "shine" taken out of beaver hats and satin tippets; and may as well admit that a pic-nic and a fine day have occasionally gone together. It requires, however, at the best of times, a hamper full of native good humour, and a good gallon of spirits, above "proof," to aid in relieving the rural fatigues and picturesque inconveniences with which the votaries of a dinner field-day hamper themselves on such occasions. But what shall we say of a *water party*,—when people hire boats, which seem only to be made for two boatmen to sit in, and leave the pleasers to wonder where they are to sit themselves? It may, perhaps, be allowed, that there *are* two spare seats in the angles, formed by the side and back benches at the stern: but where are the remaining eight people to settle themselves? Suffice it to say, however, that they *do* get into the boat, and that they remain for certain hours in a wonderfully condensed state of limbs and body, trussed up like roasting partridges. In getting in and out of the boat, it is well if you save your shins; but still more fortunate are you, if, during your progress up and down the river—sometimes rowing, and sometimes sailing,—you preserve your ears from being sliced off by the blades of the oars, or your eyes poked out with the end of the mast. As a matter of course, every time the oars are raised aloft, you are all deluged with a shower of salt water; and when you proceed to take out your handkerchief to wipe the brine from your face, you discover that the tail of your coat—I mean that particular one, in the pocket of which your handkerchief is placed—has been all along dragging through the water. The other pocket, being filled with over-ripe peaches, you have been, of necessity, sitting upon. Of all holyday contrivances for discomfort, a boating excursion appears to me supreme.

There is another holyday invention called a regatta; where a vast concourse of people assemble together to see certain boats sail against each other—a feat which is sometimes very literally performed, to the destruction of a bowsprit or a mainboom. Curiosity is enhanced by the difficulty of distinguishing the actors from the spectators; the competing vessels from the

vessels in ordinary; the Eliza, who is to carry away the silver cup, from the Louisa, who only "carries away" her top-mast. Should there chance to be a wind, the boats certainly exhibit a perceptible motion; but I have occasionally seen five or six cutters exceedingly hard at work in doing nothing, and leaving five or six thousand people to wonder what they were looking at. Your *rowing* match has something in it. There is evidence of effort; there is literally the "tug of war:" but as to your *sailing* boats, they are, at best, like people walking in their sleep; and the one that walks fastest seems only to be doing it in spite of herself—a sort of modified yea and nay energy, uninformed by conscientiousness. "When will the race *begin*?" asks one poor fellow, who has been ignorantly looking for the last half hour at its approaching *conclusion*. But a regatta, after all, is a reason for a holyday. If it affords little to see, it warrants a number of people in having nothing to do—and that nothing is something to many. It is *relaxation* with a vengeance, for it relieves you from the stimulant of occupation, without troubling you with excitement of any other kind.

To my mind, the finest excuse for a holyday is a ship-launch. The business of the day is so pregnant with interest, and so triumphantly crowned with climax. A feeling of awe is mingled with our anticipations of delight. A Leviathan has been formed by the inventive genius and mechanical power of man; and the hour has arrived when the life of motion is to be given to it. How exciting is the assemblage of the thousands who take their places beneath the expansive roof of the vast and airy structure which yet enwombs its mighty burden! Strange is the contrast between the "busy hum" of the wondering and expectant multitude, and the chaotic stillness of the gigantic machine, which continues to sleep through the last minute antecedent to its nativity, as if its day of life were passed, and the pall of final rest hung over it! The shores are thronged with crowds; the harbour swarms with boats; emotions of pride and apprehension flutter in each heart; the national anthem awakens loyalty; then bursts forth "Rule Britannia" to arouse our patriotism. Still she sleeps silent in peace, while

the rising waters gently kiss her rudder, and wanton along her keel, as if wooing her to break from her lethargy. And now, the warnings of the men on watch excite a more and more restless spirit of expectation; the boats are ordered to "clear off;" the sublime of mass and motion is about to be exemplified; the heavy and regularly timed strokes of the hammers tell of the approaching moment! Suspense is breathless; the note of preparation has ceased; for—she moves! Onward from the yawning chasm she glides! and down—down—down she comes, rushing with an overwhelming impetus into the foaming embrace of enamoured ocean! The holyday folks who can't enjoy this, should be sent to the hulks.

A holyday for *THE RACES* (as *horse* races are styled, *par excellence*, in contradistinction to *boat* and *donkey* races) has a more decided *motive* than most days of pleasure. There is a lively, moving scene in going to the course; and there is, *of course*, much excitement when you get there; to say nothing of the wholesome exercise of your patience during the intervals between the heats. If the "names of the horses" are interesting chiefly to the sporting folks, "the colours of the riders" are interesting to all; and we hope that "red body with yellow sleeves, and blue cap," will win, because the gayest looking jockey is of course the best rider, and because the best rider has of course the best horse. Of course, the red, blue, and yellow hero bolts over the ropes before the other horses are fairly on their speed; and the race is ultimately won by a vulgar, bony looking quadruped, rode by the farmer's boy, whose distinguishing costume is a dirty shirt crossed with a pair of braces, and an old red pocket handkerchief tied round his head. All this, however, is good holyday fun for such philosophers as may have "joined the order of the course;" and, indeed, a race altogether is a good holyday pastime.

A fair! Oh, there's a thing for little boys and great boys, fairings and fighting rings, lions and lovers, low-bred and gingerbread! In my holyday reminiscences, I remember nothing so truly charming as the annual revelry I was permitted to indulge in when a schoolboy, at Mitcham Fair. Tragedy was then my delight; and what tragedy was ever like Richard-

son's? The hero, a splendid villain, and gorgeous murderer! He drags an unwilling young princess to his cave in the rocks; the rocks split in thunder and lightning; the phantom of the murdered rises in blue fire; the villain goes to the devil; and the young lady faints in the arms of her restored lover! It is not now my province to sing the varieties of a country fair, my business being rather with the people who visit it; and of them it may in general be said, that they are the most earnest and genuine of holyday makers.

But I now quit the subject of specific holyday pleasures, to consider those deserving people, who profess to regard the pleasures of relaxation merely. Of this class are government and Bank of England clerks, who have certain fixed holydays in the year, which they spend (as far as my observation goes) in taking long walks. They dress themselves trimly, accoutre themselves with a case of cigars and a slight walking-stick, and walk at least ten miles out and ten miles back, with a sympathy rather for the raised causeway of turnpike roads, than the rustic sinuosities of the field paths. Shopkeepers' apprentices are prone to the lure of horseflesh on such occasions, chiefly with the view of exaltation and effect. They would "witch the world with noble horsemanship," and emulate, at least, the dignity of the equestrian statue at Charing Cross. It is, indeed, *rather* a case for the exercise of forbearance, when the vulgar pedestrian lads persist in making their comments aloud, exclaiming, "I knows that old 'oss;" "Bear your body up;" "Look at his toes;" "O my! me and my 'oss!" "Look at the daylight under him!" and so on.

Of all who deserve—and, therefore, delight in—the enjoyment of leisure, none are more distinguished than those cultivators of incipient manhood, who, twice a-year, emancipate their visages from the mask of an assumed terror-ship, and migrate into the sunny regions of relaxation. No one so completely *basks* in the warmth of a glowing and peaceful enjoyment, as the schoolmaster, during the alternate ascendancy of Midsummer and Christmas. As to the *boys*, whatever they may think, and whatever may be really the case as it regards the *aggregate* of happiness, they have *no* hours at

home, during the vacation, equally full of joy with *many* that occur during their half-holydays at school. It is the *master* only who can get through five weeks of nothing to do, with an unfading relish. Only keep him clear of the boys, and his countenance beams uninterruptedly with the radiance of an unclouded happiness. On the contrary, should he meet one of his pupils, his brightness at once suffers an eclipse. He immediately "a-hems" away his jocularity; and makes a prodigious effort to exhibit that precisely allowable compromise of the austere and the familiar, which leaves the young student to vacillate dubiously between an oppressive sense of awful subjection, and an encouraging emotion of gracious fellowship. Keep him then clear of his boys, and what a boy he is himself! We do not speak it disparagingly; "on the contrary" (as poor brother Prism used to say), "quite the reverse." He alone, who continues to feel as a boy, is calculated for the guidance of boyhood; for, says Wordsworth, "the child is father of the man;" and the little daddy should never cease to exercise his legitimate authority.

But, schoolmasters in the holydays! How they look in upon all their never-ceasing-to-be-busy friends; and how perplexed they are to comprehend what others *can* have to do, when *they* are at liberty to do nothing! How they stand with their backs to your office fire, and indulge in a slipshod chat on all the little matters that have been going on in the great world during the "last half!" And how they pull out your books one by one from the shelves, and, having glanced at the title-pages, never put them back again! Now, they disarrange your papers, and make hopeless inquiries as to what you are about; suggesting all sorts of impossible schemes for the amendment of your condition; and, finally, compelling you to put on your hat and gloves, and take a "long walk" with them for the benefit of your health. They are especially prone to the long paths which traverse the suburban fields; and they ride a-cock-horse for a minute on every succeeding style, quoting Virgil or Horace.

Were the holydays accidentally oc-

casional, instead of being periodical matters of course, they would, doubtless, employ their leisure in a more energetic pursuit of enjoyment; but knowing that the same liberty will be awarded at Christmas which the present Midsummer is affording them, they are careless of grasping at concentrated joys, and are content with such merely as fall in the way of their easy loiterings.

I shall conclude with the maid servant's (I mean a servant of all work's) holyday: the most perfect and genuine of all; and all the better, in itself, because it comes so seldom. When Mary gets leave to go out for the day, she not only leaves her "place" in the sense of quitting for a time the *scene* of her labours; but she literally leaves "Mary" behind, and becomes a kind of "miss." She is elevated in the scale of society. She holds out the "flag and sign" of gentility in the form of a white pocket-handkerchief, which she carries in her right hand; and assumes a degree of Oriental splendour in the shawl which depends from her left arm. Her feet and ankles display the step of temporary promotion from black worsted to white cotton. Her shoe strings and her bonnet ribands are crisp with their newness. But the prime touch of all is to be seen in her gloves, which are of white silk. And joy it is to poor Mary to sit for once at a tea-table, in assurance of being undisturbed by Missus's bell. She is now her *own* missus, and a *belle* into the bargain; and her laughing little clapper goes on at a delectable rate in ringing the changes of family gossip; and how the butcher's young man always wants to put his nasty greasy hands upon her whenever missus sends her to market; and how one of the young gentlemen who visits her young master had the *imperance* to speak to her in the street, not recognising her in her holyday costume; and then she laughs herself to fits, in thinking "how stupid to be sure he *did* look," when she told him of his blunder; and then, having enjoyed herself thoroughly, she returns home again, and dreams that she and the butcher's young man have made a match of it, after all.

Locke, B. F.

A SONNET FOR XXXIX.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

THIS is a 39. Three times thirteen
Hath the well-labouring sun his courses rolled
From sign to sign, since sage computers told
That "nineteenth century" commenced hath been.
Many a controversy sharp and keen
Against the men in Church of England's fold,
By sneerer, liar, scoundrel, thief, or scold,
Been raised or rung in filth, or brand, or spleen,
All useless to their most shame-fashioned end.
The task is ours, as 39 must call
For a new volume, merely to remark,
That the whole public, every one and all,
Should in new orders for our work embark.
Some mayn't subscribe to articles 39.
Who won't subscribe to articles like thine,
In 39?

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VOL. XIX.

TALLEYRAND.

"What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear!
Sad fate of *unbelievers*, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust."—WALLER.

"The most violent *egotism* which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of Cardinal Wolsey's: *Ego et rex meus*—I and my king."—ADDISON.

"He can your merit selfishly approve,
And shew the sense of it, without the love."—POPE.

"*Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo risum*
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico."—HORACE.

WE have not prefixed the mottoes we have above selected, to a sketch of the life of Talleyrand, without due consideration, and deep reflexion. The first exemplifies the vice of *unbelief*; the second, of *egotism*; the third, of *selfishness*; and the fourth depicts that sort of lover of jests and *bons mots*, who, being heartless and soulless, spares neither friend nor patron, so that he may enjoy his joke, and excite a laugh. The ruling passion of the subject of the following paper was *egotism*. He was always Talleyrand (de Périgord); and the fact that the De Périgords were once sovereign princes, was never, during a long life, absent from his mind. When even the icy hand of death was placed on the heart of the old diplomatist, and when the King of the French approached his couch to bid him farewell, he said, "This is the greatest honour yet paid to MY HOUSE;" and then he introduced his attendants, one by one, to the notice of Louis Philippe. And yet, with all this, it may be said of him, as was said of Anthony by Tully, "*In eo facetiæ, quæ nullâ arte tradi possunt*;"—He had

a witty mirth, which can be preserved by no art." But it must also be recorded of him, as Cicero said of Catiline, "That he lived with the sad, severely; with the cheerful, agreeably; with the old, gravely; with the young, pleasantly; with the wicked, boldly; and with the wanton, lasciviously." It may also be added—with kings, monarchically; with the people, democratically; with the mob, vulgarly; with the nobility, aristocratically; with the revolution, revolutionally; with the convention, conventionally; with the directory, directorially; with the consulate, mixedly; with the empire, imperiously; with the restoration, in all sorts of ways; and with the revolution of 1830, most jesuitically. But in all, *my house*, was ever pre-eminent and predominant; and this he defended on the principle that all men had similar thoughts and passions, and were all influenced by self-love, even to the exclusion of benevolence, which, in his opinion, was weakness. He was a modern Zeno—not an ancient one. His table was covered with something more costly and luxurious than figs,

bread, and honey; but his dress was plain, and his expenses were far from extravagant. He did not deliver his lectures in the most famous portico of Athens, nor was he so frequently honoured, as was the philosopher we have referred to, by the company of truly great men; but he was a practical stoic, with the addition of a large portion of selfishness and of egotism. So, with Machiavel, the subject of these memoirs observed, that every state should entertain a perpetual jealousy of its neighbours, that it should thus never be unprovided when an emergency should happen. A perpetual feeling of distrust, a constant want of confidence, an imagined superiority of reason over the dictates of our benevolence, were, in his opinion, the qualifications of a statesman, a diplomatist, and a philosopher; and, instead of saying with Terence, "*Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto*," he felt indifferent to all that savoured of the heart, and was attentive only to that which would have denoted an inferiority of judgment had he not regarded it.

And, after all, this inordinate self-love, this selfishness, this egotism, this stoicism, this distrustfulness, this Machiavelism, may be traced to a hidden principle of systematic *unbelief*.

— " 'Tis not vain or fabulous,
What the sage poets, taught by th'
heav'nly muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads
to hell;
For such there be; but *unbelief* is blind."

But we speak not of infidelity; or of irreligion, which is the application of the larger principle of unbelief to sacred subjects; but we speak, when we refer to Prince Talleyrand, of that large principle of discrediting all that we do not see, which has been mistaken or misrepresented for true philosophy. It is one of the characteristics of this unbelief, to hold in contempt all that bears the appearance of enthusiasm, emotion, or passion, and to ridicule those whose hearts are in accordance with their judgments, and whose passions, though well directed, and properly restrained, keep alive the more sober convictions of reason and philosophy. This was eminently the case with Talleyrand. And yet he was

not a cynic; for though a cynic is a disciple of the school of Diogenes, and Talleyrand would certainly have taken the lantern, with the philosopher, to search for an *honest* man (not believing such a being to exist); yet a cynic is a rude man, a snarler, and a misanthrope; and he was neither. But he was essentially an unbeliever. He knew that *with him*, "speech had been given to conceal, not to express, his thoughts;" and adopting the maxim of Hobbes, that from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man, to the thoughts and passions of another, he who looks into himself, and considers what he does and thinks, hopes and fears, may read intelligibly what are the thoughts and passions of other men upon like occasions, he never believed what was said, what was written, or even what was expressed by emotion, passion, and enthusiasm; but at every new change and turn of life presented the cynical expression of a broad and avowed incredulity. Thus the government *de facto* was never with him a solid or a permanent government; and the rising sun had no greater charms for him, than the luminary which had sunk beneath the opposite horizon. That which existed he adopted; not because he approved it, not because he saw for it a futurity of honour or of happiness, and not because his heart responded to its origin, or rejoiced in its establishment. No such thing. That which existed, he adopted, because it existed; and because he was so clogged and fettered, so bound down and mystified by his own unbelief, that he could not adopt any thing else, and never dared to trust his own predictions, and seldom, at the moment, to act on his own convictions. As he suspected others, he naturally suspected himself, for he believed that he was only the mirror in which was reflected the hearts and characters of his fellow-men. And thus he lived; and thus he died; and thus he delivered his last speech at the French Academy; and thus he made his will; and thus he directed that his own memoirs should not be published till all who could give the lie to his statements, should have been consigned to the grave; and thus he prepared for his death; and thus he made a sham reconciliation with the church; and thus he addressed a letter to the pope; and thus he postponed, till he

could postpone no longer, his confessions to the abbé, who was sent to receive them; and thus he wrote to the Archbishop of Paris his letter of peace, to insure him the rites of Roman Catholic interment; and thus he closed his eyes on this world, an unbeliever to the last, if not in God and in Christ, at least in all other subjects which demanded his trust and his faith. There is a heartlessness in unbelief, which is an evidence in itself of its want of courage, confidence, and feeling. There is a cynicism in unbelief, which secures for it the indifference and want of sympathy of the generous and the young, the ardent and the sincere; which surrounds it with the reproaches of the aged, and with the sighs of those it has deceived; and which never calls forth one prayer in its favour, or one smile on its progress. The truly confiding man, who trusts in his species as well as in his God, is, doubtless, the happiest and the wisest man, the truest sage, and the soundest philosopher. We will not consent to be cheated of our enthusiasm, or to be laughed out of our emotions. We cannot invest our limited reason with the powers of Divinity, or substitute our judgment for our fancy. Man is a reasonable, but he is also a social being. Selfishness, egotism, unbelief, are opposed both to the one and the other. They denote not the perfection of knowledge, but the triumph of weakness over strength, of error over truth, and of the vanity, fretfulness, perversity, and rebellion of our nature over its faith, its submission, its gratitude, and its hope. Let us now examine these principles, as they bear on the life of Prince Talleyrand.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord, was born at Paris on the 2d of February, 1754. The house of Périgord, grafted on that of the Counts de Foix, was once sovereign over the small province of Quercy, and was as old as the French monarchy. The principality of Chalais was united to it in the sixteenth century. Under the old monarchy, titles of nobility in France did not confer importance equal to that derived from old blood, or the illustration attached to a name. The house of Périgord boasted descent from a d'Albret, the maternal great grandfather to the immortal Henry IV. The Talleyrands, or Taillerans, existed in the twelfth century. Bozon I. was

known by the title of the Comte de la Marche, and the third son of Helie V., or Helie Talleyrand, was the root of the eldest branch, now extinct. The younger branch was divided into two stems—the chief of the elder was the Count of Périgord, governor of Languedoc—at the breaking out of the revolution. The father of Charles Maurice was of the new younger branch, and was by no means a wealthy or an important personage. The Count Archambault, duke of Talleyrand, one of the brothers of the prince, was, when young, one of the handsomest men at the French court, and had, by the celebrated Mademoiselle de Smozau, in marriage, three children: viz. Madlle. Mélanie de Périgord, afterwards the Princess de Foix; Louis de Périgord, who is dead; and the Duke de Dino, better known formerly as Edmund de Périgord. The other brother of the prince was Count Bozon. The present Duchess of Dino is the daughter of the former Duke of Courland. She married the Duke de Dino, the nephew of the Prince de Talleyrand; and from that marriage has sprung the Duke of Valencay, the grand nephew of the deceased prince. The Duke de Dino was an extravagant and unprincipled man; and a few weeks only prior to the death of the subject of this memoir, two trials took place in the French law-courts relative to his pecuniary transactions, which reflected neither credit on himself nor honour on his uncle.

The Prince de Talleyrand was born with the same physical defect as Lord Byron; and, therefore, although the eldest sons of French families were, at that period, brought up to the army, Charles Maurice was, on account of his club foot, exempted from a military education. Without being consulted as to his tastes or inclinations, he was irrevocably destined, by his father, to the profession of a Romish priest, and was placed in the College of Louis le Grand, where he became, at the same moment, the pride and the shame of the school, by his disgraceful irregularities on the one hand, and by gaining the first prize of merit on the other. As a boy, he was acute, indolent, and indifferent to the opinions and approbation of his superiors. Removed, subsequently, from the College of Louis le Grand, he was placed under the tuition of M. Fouquet, who

was also a tutor of the sons of the Prince de Chalais, and of the Viscount Adalbert de Périgord. Of M. Fouquet it is generally reported, that he was a man of ability and learning, and that he soon discovered that there existed in the young Talleyrand great powers of discrimination and of reflection. That Talleyrand was, in his youth, much addicted to any great excess, is not true. His passions were never strong. His *amour propre* always predominated; and the accounts which have been published of his *early intrigues* may therefore be all treated as fabulous. It is pretended by the authors of some anonymous works, entitled, *Monsieur de Talleyrand*, and *Extraits des Mémoires du Prince de Talleyrand Périgord*, par Madame la Comtesse O— du C—, that at sixteen years of age he was arrested, at the request of his family, at a gaming-house, by *lettre de cachet*, conveyed to the Bastille, and thence to the state-prison of Vincennes, where he spent a year in retirement, and bore the name of the Abbé Boiteux. The whole of this recital was denied by the prince in 1834, when the former work, entitled *Monsieur de Talleyrand*, appeared; and all the members of his family assert that, previous to the publication of the book in question, such a statement had never been in fact heard of. The young Talleyrand was arbitrary, unconfiding, and without juvenile friends. Biard and Clermont Tonnerre are the only two names he ever mentioned with any thing like an expression of pleasure or approbation. He was a tolerable Latinist, knew Greek very well, and retained all he read, and all he studied, with so much facility, that his indolence was almost the result of his precocity. In those climates, where the soil is rich, the temperature warm, and where vegetation is rapid and luxuriant, the inhabitants are naturally and unavoidably indolent. It is not necessary to plough, to harrow, to manure the ground; and, consequently, the earth is only cleared of its last crop, raked or raised, new seed thrown on its surface, and the produce is at once abundant and delicious. So it is with some minds. The mental cultivation, the “here a little, and there a little,” so necessary to some capacities, is not required by these favourites of nature. They learn with facility, and retain

without exertion. Their powers of association and dissociation aid their memory; and there is an order and a method in their minds, which come to the assistance of their indolence, and render them even superior to the man of deep study, and of constant application. This was the case with the young Talleyrand. At the College of Louis le Grand, under the instruction of M. Fouquet, and at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, he was always the first to seize and to comprehend the meaning of an author, the scope of an argument, and the bearing of a proposition. He analysed a book in a few hours; compared it with contemporary opinions and authors, with astonishing rapidity; and then drew conclusions, from which it was impossible to drive him: so fully was he convinced of the accuracy of his deductions. But his only positivism was in *himself*: he doubted every thing; and yet he had, when very young, a settled conviction that he should himself play a distinguished part in the drama of political life. As a youth, as a schoolboy, as a student, as a seminarist, and as a young abbé, his maxim was always the same—“to acknowledge that which existed,” “not to oppose the current,” and “to endeavour to profit from facts accomplished.” This is what has been styled by his eulogists his great “good sense;” as if good sense consisted in the adoption of error, because error prevailed, and of injustice and oppression, because they were triumphant. Such conduct might proceed from indolence, or from selfishness, but it could not be the result of conviction, or of common sense. The readings of the young Talleyrand were more miscellaneous than either theological or religious. He did not *select* the profession of an ecclesiastic, but he *accepted* it, as it was imposed upon him; and he resolved on availing himself of the events which might arise for his promotion and advantage, and which he soon perceived were the natural and unavoidable consequence of the state in which France was then placed, and of the disordered condition of the court and the country.

In 1773, Talleyrand was Abbé de Périgord, having received ordination from the Archbishop of Toulouse. At the Sorbonne, he was received with distinction; and at St. Sulpice, he devoted no small portion of his time

to the examination of the question of "What part the clergy would thereafter have to take in the approaching movements of French society?" At the Parisian seminary, or ecclesiastical institution of St. Sulpice, he accomplished what is called "a retreat," and the young Abbé de Clermont Tonnerre was one of his companions. Born under the reign of Louis XV., which began by the regency of the Duke of Orleans, he lived to see another duke raised to the throne by a popular commotion, and the fifth branch of the race of the Capétiens banished by a small minority of deputies, and by a mere fraction of the peers. Talleyrand had seen, in nearly contemporary history, how Cardinal Dubois, the son of an apothecary, who had begun by being the tutor of the regent, had acquired, by means of small wit, much debauchery, and a great *souplesse* of character, the heart of the then Duke of Orleans, and exercised an influence which was alike deplorable to the regency and the country. He had read of the enterprising and voluptuous duke of whom Voltaire had said, in his *Henriade* :—

"Près du jeune Louis s'avance avec
splendeur,
Un héros que de loin poursuit la ca-
lounie;
Facile et non pas foible, ardent, plein de
génie,
Trop ami des plaisirs et trop des nou-
veautés,
Remnant l'univers du sein des voluptés,
Par des ressorts nouveaux, sa politique
habile
Tient l'Europe en suspens, divisée et
tranquille."

He had heard his father speak of the successor of the Duke of Orleans as first minister of Louis XV., the Duke de Bourbon-Condé, who had dared to send back to Spain the Infanta, who had been sent for, to become the queen of the then reigning French monarch; and the young Abbé Talleyrand still burned to exercise the influence of a Dubois, a Duke of Orleans, and a Duke of Bourbon-Condé. He had heard of the Cardinal de Fleury, who, from 1726 to 1743, had preserved an influence over Louis XV., which was quite irresistible, and who had left France, when he died, in the latter year, exhausted and depressed, but still in a state of peace, and demanding its continuance. When a boy, the young Talleyrand had heard

his father dwell with pleasure on the wars of Louis XV. in Flanders and Italy, and he regretted that his physical deformity compelled him to relinquish all thoughts of a profession where there were so many more chances of promotion and influence. When a lad of nine years of age, he had heard at Paris of the treaty then signed, by which England gained Canada and all the country on the left of the Mississippi, except New Orleans; and of that *pacte de famille*, which was signed by all the sovereign branches of the house of France, against the growing influence and importance of Great Britain. His young heart had rebelled secretly against the consequences of the defeat of the French at Rosbach, by which France lost in the Indies, Chandernagore, Pondicherry, and other domains: in France, the Isle of Gorée; and in America, the whole of Canada, Guadaloupe, and Martinique. He frequently, in future life, referred, in conversation, to the impressions produced upon his mind at nine years of age by the treaty of Paris; and yet he has declared, that even then he had embraced for himself, and for France, that system of action to which he ever afterwards adhered, viz. to take facts, accomplished as they were, and endeavour to turn them to his own or to his country's advantage. At ten years of age, he was much startled by the suppression of the Society of the Jesuits, for which he already felt the respect which he maintained through life they were entitled to, for their learning and their philosophy. He was a Jesuit by nature, by disposition, by practice; and he rebelled against the suppression of an order for which he secretly felt no ordinary sympathy. He lived to see them often triumphant, and often put down; and when he closed his eyes on this world for ever, he left that order of Jesuits glorying in their future prospects, and rejoicing in returning splendour.

On the death of Louis XV., the young Talleyrand was twenty years of age. He had seen a voluptuous, but an able and accomplished prince, descend to the tomb, without a sigh or a tear on the part of his subjects. He had seen the most immoral of courts, and the most celebrated of the *salons* of Paris. Madame du Barry was not unknown to him; and the young Abbé de Périgord was loud and vehement

in his defence of the clergy, and in his declaration that they only were fit and worthy to become ministers of the crown. Massillon, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, and Montesquieu, were thus his contemporaries; as they had, by their real talents and genius, adorned the reign of the just deceased monarch.

Louis XVI. and the young Abbé de Périgord were of the same age. The one ascended the throne, wise, benevolent, and just; the other began his public career, able, distrustful, selfish, egotistical, and vain, as well as Jesuitical and Machiavelic. Talleyrand defended the rebellion of the United States of America, because he predicted its success, and because he had never forgotten the annoyance he had felt at the treaty of Paris of 1763, and at the loss by France of all her American possessions, except New Orleans. He vindicated, in the saloons of the capital, as well as in certain pamphlets, the conduct of Louis XVI., in concluding a treaty of alliance and commerce with rebel colonies, and in permitting a great number of French officers to proceed to their assistance. He flattered the Count de Rochambeau, and the Marquis de la Fayette, for their enterprising conduct, and predicted "that America would one day become a powerful ally of the French nation." He lived long enough to counsel Louis Philippe to adopt the same line of conduct in the quarrel between the contending princes of Spain, and to cause French legions to enlist in the service of the Queen Regent Christina, against the cause of legitimacy and Don Carlos. That which he approved in Louis XVI., in the last century, when he assisted the American colonies against the mother country, he commended in 1836, when French legions were formed at Pau, to aid secretly, and yet powerfully, the cause of Isabella.

The young Abbé Talleyrand was no less vehement in his advocacy of a war against England; and the defeat of De Grasse, by Admiral Rodney, made him at that time a still more bitter enemy of Great Britain. At this period of his life, the young Talleyrand often indulged in sarcasms against the administration of the Cardinal de Fleury, under Louis XV., who had suffered the navy of France to be so long neglected, and who had thus, in his opinion, done much to aid that superiority of Great Britain on the

seas, which, to the hour of his death, he would occasionally murmur at, and constantly deplore. Yet he, who, for so many years of his life, had been the bitter, though jesuitical enemy of England, was the author in his closing days of an alliance between the two countries, by which "*Western Europe was to erect a barrier against the encroachments of the North.*" This change in his policy, was not a change of convictions, and was not the result of any alteration in his feelings or principles, but was the consequence of the system he adopted all his life long, of accepting all changes, of acknowledging all alterations, and of making the best for the moment of the events of the day. This his eulogists call, his "superior common sense;" and this they designate a statesmanlike manner of viewing great questions. But the young abbé was now twenty-five years of age, and it is necessary, in order to understand his history, that we take a very rapid view of the then state of parties, and of political interests in France. It will be general and impartial.

France was wretchedly governed during the closing years of the reign of Louis XIV. The crown disposed of the persons of its subjects by *lettres de cachet*; of their property, by confiscations; and of their incomes, by imposts. The parliament might refuse to vote a tax, but the king enforced the registration of his edicts by a *bed of justice*, and punished the refractory members of the parliament by letters of exile. The *noblesse* were exempt from imposts; the clergy had the privilege of taxing themselves by voluntary grants, whilst some of the provinces had the privilege of compounding for these contributions, and others, that of making the assessment themselves. France was also badly organised, being divided into three orders, which were subdivided into several classes; and the nation was abandoned to all the evils of despotism and to all the miseries of inequality. The *noblesse* were divided into courtiers, who lived on the favours of the prince, and obtained either the governments of the provinces, or high stations in the army; upstarts, who divided the administration, and were appointed to intendantships, and made a trade of the provinces; lawyers, who administered justice, and monopolised its appointments; and

territorial barons, who oppressed the country by the exercise of their private feudal privileges, which had displaced all general political rights. The clergy were divided into two classes: of which one was destined for the bishoprics and abbacies, with their rich revenues; and the other, to apostolic labours and continual poverty. The *tiers-état*, borne down by the court, and harassed by the *noblesse*, was itself separated into corporations, which retaliated upon each other the evils and the oppression which they received from their superiors. They possessed scarcely a third part of the soil, from which they were compelled to pay feudal services to their lords, tithes to the priests, and imposts to the king; and yet they enjoyed no rights, had no share in the administration, and were not admitted to any public employments. Louis XIV. stretched the springs of absolute monarchy too far, and exercised them too violently. His death was the signal for reaction. It produced a sudden change from intolerance to incredulity; and from the spirit of obedience to that of discussion and doubt. Louis XV. prosecuted wars which were ruinous, without being brilliant; and his court engaged in a silent contest with opinion, and in an avowed one with the parliament. Anarchy was introduced into its bosom; the government fell into the hands of mistresses; the sovereign power rapidly declined; and the opposition every day made new progress. The position and the system of the parliaments had changed. The royal authority had invested them with a power which they now turned against it. As soon as the ruin of the aristocracy was completed by their common efforts, the parliaments, after victory, separated themselves from their royal associate. The parliament sought to domineer over the crown; and the crown endeavoured to crush an instrument which, in ceasing to be useful, had become dangerous. This struggle, which was favourable to the monarch, under Louis XIV., was otherwise during the reign of his successor; and public opinion supported the parliament, without knowing why, for it served, in turn, the crown against the aristocracy, and the nation against the crown. In time, it became formidable to the sovereign authority; and, after having stemmed the will of the most imperious of princes, its resistance be-

came so violent, that the court found it must either obey, or subdue it. The attempt of Maupeou to disorganise the parliament failed; the epoch at which the *tiers-état* was to have a share in the government had arrived, and, by its wealth, firmness, and intelligence, presented itself as a powerful antagonist of the court. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had, in fact, encouraged this *tiers-état*, for they had aided the efforts of genius, and, perhaps, without intending it, had created public opinion. So the disputers of the eighteenth century succeeded to the scholars of the seventeenth; and, in France, the age of improvement in the government was prepared by the age of philosophy. Thus when Louis XVI. ascended the throne of France, the finances of the country were bankrupt, the royal authority was deranged, parliaments were intractable, and public opinion was imperious. This young and admirable prince was weary of arbitrary power, and anxious to abandon it; was disgusted with the burdensome licentiousness of the court of Louis XV., and gloried in satisfying the just demands which were made for wholesome ameliorations, and for wise and judicious changes. But Louis XVI. was neither a regenerator nor a despot, calculated to suit the French nation. He was calm, they were impetuous; he was docile, they were arbitrary and tyrannical; he had just views and amiable dispositions, they were resolved on reckless changes and on sudden alterations. At the same time, he had no decision of character, and no perseverance; and his reign, to the period of the states-general, was a long tissue of ameliorations, which produced no result, and of experiments which wearied and disgusted the people. This was partially his fault; but it was likewise that of those over whom he ruled. The choice of Maupeas was one of the first and most fatal faults of the new monarch, and the young Abbé Talleyrand used to ridicule his sovereign for having chosen the "virtuous Maupeas!" That minister was disgraced under Louis XV. for having opposed the licentiousness of the court, and the influence of "the mistresses." Louis XVI. called him to office, as a sort of reward for his virtue. The Abbé Talleyrand used to amuse the societies of those days, by his repartees on the "virtuous Maupeas;" and as the young abbé belonged

to the profligate school of the priesthood, his *bons mots* were repeated by the young and old, and obtained for him the reputation of a most liberal and promising priest.

This was the state of affairs in France at the moment when the Abbé Talleyrand, partly through the influence of the Périgord family, partly through that of the court, and greatly through his own talents, procured the appointment, in 1780, of general agent of the clergy. This appointment was at once important and lucrative, and its functions were performed by him during the space of five years, the last assembly of the clergy taking place in 1785. His coadjutor was the Abbé de Boisgelin; and their successors, the Abbé de Baral and the Abbé de Montesquieu. Thus, at twenty-six years of age, he occupied a prominent and important office in the state, and had succeeded in obtaining that first preferment and entry into public life, which was all he required. "Leave the rest to myself, sire," he said, when he returned thanks to Louis XVI. for the honour conferred on him; and that very apparent independence, and his zeal for the Romish church, during his five years of agency, procured for him, eight years later, the bishopric of Autun. It must not be thought extraordinary that we have said so little of the early life of M. de Talleyrand. He was young, extravagant, and often absurd. The follies of youth it is neither our duty nor desire to record. When graver subjects occupied his attention, he was absorbed by them; but his selfishness, his egotism, never forsook him. He had no taste for the church, but he zealously defended it. He had no real belief in Romanism, but he espoused its cause. He was convinced that the order of the clergy in France must be reformed, and that its influence was oppressive and destructive; but then he was an abbé, and as he felt that the moment had not arrived when the Romish clergy would be required to make sacrifices of their ill-appropriated revenues, and of their sad and dangerous influence, he, in the mean time, shewed his zeal for a church to whose destinies he had been attached without being consulted, and determined on providing for himself some alliances, and something to fall back upon, against the day of trouble and of conflict. As general agent of the clergy,

then, from 1780 to 1785, he was indefatigable as their defender and representative; though afterwards, when his own interests required it, he abandoned that party, his diocese, and his profession, and became a renegade from the church, whose interests and privileges he had sworn to defend. Thus, his earliest years were those of an indolent schoolboy; his youth was passed in intrigues and dissipation; his manhood, in political studies; and his first years of public life, in preparing for elevation in the church, if the church should survive the approaching revolution; or for political place and power, should the church be overthrown, and should it be his interest to enter the arena of political discussion.

At this period of the history of modern France, there were two species of madmen who occupied the public attention: the first, were animal magnetisers; and the second, were economists. M. de Talleyrand saw their origin, their dispersion, and their failure; but he also lived long enough to witness their revival, after the revolution of 1830. The economists were visionaries and doctrinaires. In finance, they saw the whole world in a geographical map, and the wants of society in calculations and reasoning. Turgot, Calonne, and Necker, were all economists; and, as they had female as well as male pupils, the young abbé was a frequenter of the female saloons, to listen to their grave discourses on political economy. He was a convert to the magnetising school on the one hand, and to the economist school on the other; but as he never propagated any other notions than his own, he was by no means a zealous disciple of either of these systems.

Malesherbes was one of the aversions of De Talleyrand; and yet Malesherbes was one of the most moderate and virtuous of the early French reformers. He wished to restore to the accused the right of being defended; to Protestants, liberty of conscience; to writers, the freedom of the press; and to all Frenchmen, security of person. He proposed the abolition of torture, of the re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes, the suppression of *lettres de cachet*, and those of the censorship. He proposed to abolish the feudal tax called *corvée*, to deliver the provinces from their barriers, com-

merce from internal duties, industry from its restraints, and, finally, to make the nobility and the clergy contribute to the imposts in the same proportion as the *tiers-état*.

The Abbé Talleyrand drew up a paper on the state of the finances, which he dedicated and sent to De Calonne; and endeavoured for a while to stand equally well with that minister, and with his opponent, Necker. Calonne was daring, acute, eloquent; a man of accomplished manners, and of a fertile, but superficial genius. Necker counselled economy; Calonne boasted prodigality. Calonne wished to maintain his power through the influence of the courtiers, and he listened to Talleyrand. Talleyrand, who praised Calonne to his face, called aloud for an assembly of notables behind his back; and the notables, chosen by the government from the upper classes, were convoked. It was a ministerial assembly, having no proper existence or mandatory authority; but it was the expedient of the day, to gain time: and the young abbé was favourable to the measure, just as at eighty years of age he supported the depriving the peers of France of their hereditary rights, in order to satisfy what was called public opinion, and thus once more to *gain time*. The successor of Calonne, the archbishop of Toulouse, Brienne, found in the young abbé an eulogist and supporter. Brienne's sole object had been to become minister; but, when he had succeeded in his object, he could not go on: for he was compelled, by the situation of affairs, either to have recourse to imposts, and the parliament opposed itself to them; or to loans, and credit was exhausted; or to sacrifices on the part of the really privileged classes, and they refused to make them. The notables shewed themselves parsimonious and unmanageable. Brienne recurred to imposts, as a resource which had been for some time abandoned; and he demanded the registration of two edicts—one of stamps, and another for a territorial subsidy. He made the parliament register a new edict for a large loan. And, in order to appease the magistracy and public opinion, in the same sitting, the Protestants were re-established in their rights; and Louis XVI. promised the annual publication of the state of the finances, and the convocation of the

states-general before the expiration of five years. This promise was hailed by the Abbé Talleyrand with unbounded delight; and he resolved that, when that moment should arrive, he would present himself as a candidate to represent the bailliage of Autun, and become a member of the states-general. We are not aware of any English work extant, which supplies the speech of Louis XVI. to the Assembly of Notables, at Versailles, on the 22d Feb. 1787; and we therefore here insert it, especially as De Talleyrand was one of those who hailed with pleasure their convocation.

Speech of Louis XVI. to the Notables.

"Gentlemen,—I have chosen you from the different orders of the state, and I have assembled you around me to communicate to you my projects. It was thus that many of my predecessors acted, and, above all, the chief of my branch, whose name is still dear to all Frenchmen, and to follow whose example I should consider my greatest glory. The projects which will be communicated on my part are great and important. On the one hand, they tend to ameliorate the revenues of the state, and secure their entire liberation by a more equal division of the taxes; on the other hand, to free commerce from the various impediments to its operation, and relieve as much as the circumstances will permit the most indigent portion of my subjects. Such, gentlemen, are the views which have occupied me, and on which I have decided after an attentive examination. As they all tend to the public welfare, and as I am aware of the zeal for my service which animates you, I have not feared to consult you as to their execution. I will listen to and examine attentively the observations of which you may think them susceptible. I trust that your opinions, all having the same object in view, will be unanimous, and that no private interest will set itself up against the general interest."

Brienne found that the opposition of the parliament was systematic, and that it was renewed at each demand for subsidies, or each authorisation of a loan. He applied, therefore, to Lamoignon and Maupeou to aid him; and, by the advice of the latter, in one day all the magistracy of France was displaced, in order to make way for the new judicial organisation. The provinces now rose in rebellion; and troubles broke out in Dauphiny, in Brittany, in Provence, in Flanders, in

Languedoc, and in Bearh. At this moment Talleyrand, who had distinguished himself by his loud protestations of devotedness to the king, by his zeal for the clergy, and by his declarations of inviolable attachment to the queen and the royal family of France, applied for the bishopric of Autun; and his request was complied with. He had interested Brienne in his fate and fortunes. He had espoused the cause of that minister. And now, as he saw from the conduct of the states of Dauphiny, from that of the assembly of Vizille, and, above all, from the assembly of the clergy in Paris, that the provincial states and notables must be succeeded by the states-general, he resolved, before it was too late, on obtaining that eminence in the church which should secure to him an attentive hearing, if not favour and protection. Brienne listened to his request, and the Abbé de Périgord was created bishop of Autun! The bishopric of Autun is ancient; and the succession of its bishops can be traced back distinctly to the fourth century. It is under the discipline of the archbishop of Lyons; and the diocese is one of the most extensive of the kingdom. It contains six hundred and ten parishes, besides forty-three annexed to it. The collegiate churches are eighteen in number. The chapter of the cathedral of Autun was composed of a dean, ten dignitaries taken from the chapter, and forty-two canons. Besides which, there are four semi-prebendes, twelve chaplains, and eleven musicians. The bishop of Autun was entitled to the *pallium*, which is equivalent, for the clergy, to an order of chivalry for the laity. The pope alone confers it. The revenue amounted, in the time of Talleyrand's bishopric, to 80,000 francs. The town of Autun is of Gallic origin. It was during a long space of time occupied by the Romans. The emperor Constance Chlore, and Constantine, his son, resided there. Precious monuments still exist, and attest their illustrious origin. But the inhabitants are wholly indifferent to the architectural beauties which surround them; and are, on the whole, ignorant, stupid, unsociable, and dirty.

At last Brienne fell. A commencement of bankruptcy led to that measure. He perished not only from his own faults, but from those also of his predecessors. He perished by the mal-

administration of Calonne, as Calonne had profited in his dilapidations by the confidence which Necker had inspired. The one destroyed the credit; the other, wishing to re-establish it by force, destroyed the authority of government. Thus the states-general had become the only means of government, and the last resource of a virtuous, but of a too timid monarch. Talleyrand was loud in their favour. He was so at court, at the assembly of the clergy, in the saloons of Paris, and in pamphlets, as well as generally by means of the press. He praised Brienne for promising the states-general, until Brienne fell—and then he praised him no longer. He eulogised the king for convoking the states-general, until the king became unpopular—and then he turned his attention to the rising influence of the revolutionary faction. He had encouraged to the utmost of his power the various bodies of the state in demanding the assembling of the states-general; but when they failed to satisfy public opinion, he decried them. Talleyrand, though belonging to the clergy, felt, however, for, and with the noblesse, when the states-general were asked for, and hoped that his order would resume its lost power. The magistracy proposed, as the model for the states-general of 1789, their form in 1614, and opinion abandoned it. Talleyrand was opposed to the double representation of the commons; and his order entertained the same opinion. So division sprang up between the *tiers-état* and the noblesse.

This question of the double representation occupied the whole of public attention at this period; and Sieyès published his celebrated pamphlet on the *tiers-état*, and Entraigues another on the states-general. Talleyrand perceived that there was no possible method of averting their convocation, but he had no great confidence in the result. Still he felt that his entry into political life must be effected by that door; and that, from being a liberal abbé and a demi-revolutionary bishop, he must prepare to conciliate, in the states-general, the interests of the clergy with the exigencies of public opinion. Talleyrand had little confidence in Necker; and, when asked his opinion as to the second convocation of the notables, he replied, "It is time lost, and patience will be exhausted." Necker believed that the notables

would consent to the doubling of the *tiers*, but they refused it; and he was obliged to decide in defiance of them, that which he should have decided without them. So he appealed to the council, and got it adopted there; and obtained the admission of curés into the order of the clergy, and of Protestants into that of the *tiers*. Talleyrand published his papers and his pamphlets, as did multitudes of others; but as he saw that the parliament had little influence in the elections, and the court none at all, he directed his attention less to the parliament, and not at all to the court, and obtained his own election to the post of deputy of the bailliage of Autun. Generally speaking, the noblesse selected deputies devoted to the interests of their order, and as opposed to the *tiers-état* as they were to the oligarchy of the great families of the court. There were some few exceptions, but they were very few. The clergy nominated bishops and abbots favourable to their privileges, and curés favourable to the popular cause, which they made their own. Talleyrand was divided between three orders, and three contending desires; all, however, having one bearing,—his own interest. He felt that he belonged to the noblesse; and he was anxious, therefore, that his order should be preserved by an alliance of the noblesse with the *tiers-état*. He knew that he belonged to the clergy; and he therefore wished to render them popular, as the only chance of securing their duration. And, finally, he was convinced that the states-general would not close the revolution, but only commence it; and he was desirous of standing well with the popular party, that so, let who would prevail, he might find a door of escape, and a place of safety. At length, the opening of the states-general was fixed for the 5th May, 1789; and Talleyrand, the bishop of Autun, looked forward to the day with hope and anxiety. He was now thirty-five years of age. His reputation was established among the clergy—his talents were known to the court—his wit and his malice were feared by his opponents—and all parties either hoped for his succour, or dreaded his opposition.

And here we must be allowed to make a pause, before we enter with Talleyrand into the assembly of the states-general. The revolution had

now commenced. The court desired its prevention, and subsequently attempted to do so; but those attempts were made too late. Neither absolute monarchy nor moderate reform would succeed. In vain did the king demand economy on the part of the courtiers, imposts of the parliaments, loans of capitalists, and a participation in the charges of the state by the noblesse and clergy. He now proposed to address himself to the notables, in conjunction with the *tiers-état*; but he was as unsuccessful with the general bodies as he had been with the partial assemblies. The opposition to the royal authority begun with the parliament, extended to the noblesse, gained the clergy, and at last passed over to the people. The states-general only decreed a revolution, which was already accomplished. The question of the double representation was still, however, one of vital importance. When the king yielded that point, he unintentionally decided in favour of the revolution. The *tiers-état*, with their short cloaks, their black clothes, and their muslin cravats, without plumes or loops, formed too great a contrast to the cassocks of the clergy, to their purple robes and lawn sleeves; and to the noblesse, with their silver cloth, lace cravats, and white plumes in their hats, turned up after the fashion of Henry IV. Republicanism was placed in opposition to royalty; and the people sympathised with the former. This was not surprising. The people were over-taxed, and the treasury was exhausted. The people looked to the short cloaks and the muslin cravats to save them. This ought not to have been the case. The aristocracy should have conferred on France, in conjunction with her monarch, all those true reforms which were really necessary, and all that economy which was indispensable. Talleyrand perceived this; but he made no effort to support the notables against the parliaments, or to prevent the arrival of the *tiers-état* at the states-general. Influenced by selfishness on the one hand, and by incredulity on the other, he viewed France and the government as placed under a sort of fatality, and as compelled to submit to some hidden law, which subjected them to pass through all the phases of a complete revolution.

The opening of the states-general was, however, a memorable day in the history of France, as well as of the

Bishop of Autun. Madame de Staël says, "I shall never forget the moment when I saw pass before me the twelve hundred deputies of France proceeding in procession to the church on the evening prior to the opening of the states-general. It was a most novel, as well as most imposing spectacle, for the French. It was a new sort of authority in the state, the nature and force of which were not known." On the day of the opening, Mirabeau attracted universal attention. Talleyrand was his intimate friend. Their lives were both irregular, and their moral reputations were far from respectable. But Mirabeau was a giant in eloquence; and Talleyrand was scarcely less powerful for his wit, his sarcasm, and his influence among the clergy. Mirabeau was no less distinguished for his person than for his mind; and the Bishop of Autun had a physiognomy the most extraordinary, not to say even revolting. Talleyrand saw in Mirabeau the future prop of the French monarchy. Mirabeau saw in Talleyrand the future diplomatist of half a century. If Talleyrand had been capable of love, he would have loved Mirabeau; but he at least looked upon him as his equal, and freely communicated to him his opinions and persuasions. This was a great deal, indeed, for the Bishop of Autun to do, who, even at that early period of his life, adapted as his maxim, that "speech was given to conceal, not to express our thoughts." Mirabeau, when he published the first number of his *Journal of the States-General*, consulted Talleyrand; and when that work was suppressed by a royal decree, after the first number had appeared, and when he addressed to the electors of his bailliage a letter protesting against that suppression, Talleyrand was shewn the address before it was printed. The memorable struggle now commenced in the states-general, the issue of which was really to decide whether the revolution should proceed or should be arrested. The question was no less than the separation or the reunion of the orders. This question arose contemporaneously with the verification of the powers, or qualifications, of the twelve hundred deputies. The popular deputies contended that the verification must be made in common; since, even in rejecting the reunion of the orders, it could not be questioned but that each order had an interest in examin-

ing the powers of the other two. The privileged deputies contended that, the orders having a distinct existence, the verification should be several. The commons were unanimous; and they constituted a numerical half of the states-general. The clergy were divided; and a numerous class of curates were in favour of the opinion held by the commons. The noblesse declared themselves, by a large majority, for a separate verification. This determination led to the celebrated declaration by the *tiers-état*, "that it was the assembly of the nation," and to the invitation to the clergy to a reunion with them. Then came the shouts of the populace, the huzzas of the multitude, and the songs of the streets. The following specimen we publish, as it is not known in England:—

"Vive le tiers-état de France !

Il aura la prépondérance,

Sur le prince, sur le prélat.

Ahi ! povera nobilita !

Je vois s'agiter la bannière ;

J'entends partout son cri de guerre :

Vive l'ordre du tiers-état !

Ahi ! povera nobilita !

Le plébéien, puits de science,

En lumière, en expérience,

Surpasse et prêtre et magistrat,

Ahi ! povera nobilita !

Je vois parler dans nos tribunes

Six cents orateurs des communes,

Comme Fox ou Gracque au sénat :

Ahi ! povera nobilita !

Five weeks elapsed in useless conferences. The general verification followed; and, on the motion of Sieyès, the commons constituted themselves the national assembly!

Let us now return to the bishop, Talleyrand. At the time of the assembly of notables, the court made some attempts to draw over the then abbé to its interests. It is related that, at one of the first interviews on this subject, Count d'Artois asked him what was his advice. "Two heads must fall," said the abbé. "And whose heads?" was the inquiry. "The Duke of Orleans' and Mirabeau's." The Count d'Artois opposed the notion, and stated that the king would not consent to it. We doubt greatly the accuracy of this anecdote. To the Duke of Orleans and the Count de Provence, De Talleyrand paid equal attention; to the one as the Cailine, and to the other as the moderate reformer, of the French revolution. The

abbé was one of the most notorious promoters of those doctrines, broached with a view of persuading the people to receive and apply discoveries for the improvement of agriculture, and the directing to greater advantage of the trade carried on in towns. The feudal rites were attacked by him ; less, however, as obstacles preventing the perfection of agriculture, than as what he called badges of slavery.

Although M. de Talleyrand devoted, at this period of his life, a large portion of his time to political affairs, he spent some hours of each day in reading. The nature of those readings was principally historical : and he stored his mind with facts and anecdotes, which he afterwards brought into nearly daily use. To his unrestrained habits of free living he also gave up some portion of each day ; and the Palais Royal was the rendezvous of himself, Mirabeau, the Marquis of Sellières, the Lamethes, and of the witty La Clos, whose definition of probity was " prudent roguery." La Clos afterwards published his *Gallery of the States-General* ; and De Talleyrand, by the nickname of Amenes, was favourably, though in most respects faithfully, portrayed. His "*steady mind*, judging men and things with perfect *sang froid*," was particularly dwelt on ; and it was predicted that " he would arrive at whatever he desired, because he would have the skill to master all those opportunities which are always in the way of the man who does not at once storm the heights of fortune." But La Clos was the creature of the Duke of Orleans ; and his *Gallery* was written by his desire.

During the discussion as to the verification of powers, the Bishop of Autun was one of the commissaries charged by the clergy to carry on the conferences, and he espoused the popular cause ; and having obtained from the court all it could possibly confer, in the shape of his bishopric, he now sided with the party which demanded the common verification of powers by all the three orders together. He was likewise one of the 148 deputies of the clergy who, on the 21st June, 1789, reinforced the *tiers-état*, and who were received with such shouts of joy by the popular representatives. Thus he forsook the clergy, abandoned the nobility, and deserted his king and his orders at a moment of the greatest delicacy, as

well as of the greatest peril. It may be asserted with truth, that the revolution was rendered next to inevitable by this infraction on the course followed in all ages by these great assemblies. If the old established system of examining and verifying separately, in their separate halls, the qualifications of their respective members, had been continued, the religion, royalty, and all the venerable institutions of France, might still have been respected, and France would have been saved from the horrors of a fierce and sanguinary revolution. The Bishop of Autun not only abandoned the king and the court himself, but he led others with him, and swelled the ranks of those who forsook the standard of a true and practical conservatism.

M. de Talleyrand had an opportunity soon presented to him of making his *début* as a parliamentary speaker. It was on the subject of restricted or imperative mandates, by which some bailliages had directed their deputies to confine themselves exclusively to voting the taxes ; and, therefore, not to concur in the adoption of any new constitution. The discussion of this subject occupied several days, when the Bishop of Autun proposed the project of a decree for annulling all those restricted or imperative mandates. The speech of the bishop on this occasion was clear and distinct ; but his motion was rejected by a considerable majority.

At the meeting of the clergy, which took place on the 22d June in the choir of the church of St. Louis, where the names of those deputies who had already signed the declaration respecting the verification being made at a general assembly was called over, the names of the Archbishop of Vienne and the Bishop of Autun were hailed with bursts of applause by the founders of the revolution ; and it was then asserted that the archbishop had merely yielded to the instigations of De Talleyrand. The conduct of the Bishop of Autun, says a contemporary writer, is not to be wondered at, since, from the commencement of the union of the orders, Necker had formed the project of dividing the assembly into two chambers. There were to have been senators : this dignity would have been the highest in the state. The most influential of the nobles and clergy were to be the first called to the upper house. It is,

therefore, not to be wondered at that the Bishop of Autun acted in apparent opposition to the interest of his order, on an occasion, the result of which would have proved profitable to himself.

De Talleyrand was now fairly a chief of the revolutionary party of 1789; and it was natural that he should be appointed a member of the committee chosen to draw up the plan of a new constitution. The preparatory sketch was subsequently referred to a committee of eight; and of this number he was also one. When, in July, the Bastille was taken by the mob, he was one of the commissaries charged by the national assembly to proceed to Paris, to examine the facts of the case, and to make a report. At the celebrated sitting of the 23d June, when the national assembly proclaimed itself in a state of permanent opposition to the king—when Bailly refused to dissolve the sitting—when Mirabeau said to the grand master of the ceremonies, “Allez dire à votre maître que nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et que nous n’en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes”—and when Sieyès exclaimed, “Vous êtes aujourd’hui ce que vous étiez hier”—Talleyrand was one of the chiefs of the movement party, and excited and urged on the assembly to insubordination. Thus, whilst the Archbishop of Paris and the minority of the clergy, remained faithful to the monarchy and the church, the Bishop of Autun and the Archbishop of Vienne deserted these glorious standards.

At about this period was established the Brittany Club, for the purpose of discussing, in the saloons of the noblesse belonging to the opposition, those questions which were afterwards to be treated by the states-general. Originally, it was composed exclusively of the representatives of the *tiers-état* and of the curates of Brittany; but, subsequently, Sieyès and Barnave, as well as Talleyrand, were among its members. This club afterwards called itself “The Friends of the Constitution,” and had a journal of its own; but, as all error is progressive, it subsequently became the Club of the Jacobins, and was led by Marat. From this club emanated the celebrated *Letter of M. ——— to his Friend*, and the *Reply of M. ——— to his Friend*, which preceded only a few days the capture of the Bastille,

and which powerfully contributed to the bringing about that event, as well as to the previous dismissal, on the 11th July, of M. Necker. Thus Talleyrand was step by step a conspirator against the royal authority, and yet affected for the king a confidence and love without bounds.

After the events of the 14th July, and after the reports on those events, and on the new constitution, were prepared and presented to the national assembly, the Bishop of Autun devoted a considerable portion of his time to inquiries into the state of the national finances. In the famous sitting of the 4th August, when the game-laws were abolished, “as an invasion of the first rights of nature,” the bishop was loud in his support of that abolition; and it was during the same sitting that he powerfully contributed to tear asunder and destroy the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and the links that had so long bound the community together, from the king, who was its head, to the lowest peasant. The feudal power, the aristocracy, the parliaments—all, all, were overthrown; and, in a few hours, the institutions of ages could only be traced in registers, or in the memories and hearts of those who still remained faithful to them. Talleyrand was one of the leaders in this never-to-be-forgotten sitting; not as a speaker, but as a supporter of and voter for every aggression.

In the sitting of Sunday, 23d August, a discussion took place in the national assembly on the 16th, 17th, and 18th articles of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens. Those articles were the following:—

“XVI. The law not being able to reach secret offences, it is for religion and morals to supply the defects of the law. It is then essential, even for the order of society, that both of these should be respected.

“XVII. In order to maintain religion, a public avowed church must exist. Respect for public worship is then indispensable.

“XVIII. All citizens, who shall not trouble the established religion, ought not to be disturbed themselves (or, in other words, no one shall be asked any questions as to his religious opinions, provided he shall not disturb the religion of the state).”

We have cited these articles, as shewing to modern Dissenters that at least the national assembly of France, in 1789,

acknowledged the necessity for a national religion, for an avowed church, and for the maintenance of that church intact, and free from attack or discussion. On this occasion, M. de Talleyrand Périgord, bishop of Autun, delivered the following speech, which we transcribe textually from the parliamentary history of that day :—

“ Les articles XVI. et XVII. doivent-ils trouver place dans la déclaration des droits ? Dans la dernière séance, ils ont été réunis, puis ensuite séparés.

“ Je pense que c'est précisément en les divisant que l'on peut mieux raisonner sur leurs disconvenances.

“ Si on les admettait, il faudrait au moins suppléer à leur insuffisance. L'article XVI. porte : ‘ La loi ne pouvant atteindre les délits secrets, c'est à la religion, et à la morale, à la suppléer. Il est donc essentiel que l'une et l'autre soient respectées.’

“ La religion . . . mais quelle religion ? S'agit-il de toute religion ? Mais cela n'est pas exact.

“ La religion et la morale respectées. . . . Ce n'est là qu'une conséquence ; il faut le principe. Elles doivent être l'une et l'autre enseignées ; on doit les promulguer, les graver dans tous les cœurs.

“ L'article XVII. porte : ‘ Le maintien de la religion exige un culte public. Le respect pour le culte public est donc indispensable. . . . Sans doute cela est vrai ; mais il n'y a ici aucuns rapports entre la conséquence et les délits secrets ; le culte ne les prévient pas ; le culte est un hommage extérieur rendu au Créateur ; or, le premier principe, c'est la religion ; la conséquence est le culte, et la loi à faire, c'est quel sera ce culte. C'est pour l'examen de ces trois vérités que je me décide dans la question actuelle. Chaque article d'une déclaration des droits, doit commencer par ces mots : Tout homme vivant dans une société a le droit de . . . &c.

“ Certes l'article du culte de la religion ne peut commencer ainsi. Il faut donc trouver une autre place ; et cette place est dans la constitution.

“ C'est là que sera prononcé le mot sacré et saint de religion catholique ; c'est là que l'on apprendra ce que c'est que culte. Il n'est pas temps encore de le débiter.”

This is a fair specimen of the style of oratory of M. de Talleyrand. His speeches were short, pithy, logical ; but never impassioned or eloquent.

In the sitting of the 28th August, the assembly for the first time divided itself into two sections or parties, the right and the left ; and the Bishop of

Autun placed himself on the right of the chamber.

On the question of the veto, De Talleyrand did not speak ; but he voted against the absolute veto, and joined the party which demanded that the veto should be suspensive. The insolent harangues and daring impertinencies of the Palais Royal produced a powerful effect on the mind of De Talleyrand, who became every day more and more convinced that the revolution would not terminate either with the constitution or the national assembly. So he prepared to march with it.

The insurrection of the 5th and 6th October was a popular movement. It was the natural result of the timidity and benevolence of the king, of the triumph of the mob over the national assembly, and of the progress of those revolutionary principles which the Bishop of Autun had assisted to consecrate in the new constitution which had been passed by that assembly, and then adopted by the king. This insurrection, however, destroyed the court, took away its guard, and transported it from the royal town to the capital of the revolution, and placed it under the *surveillance* of the mob. During the discussion of the constitution, the Bishop of Autun voted frequently with the ultra-liberals, in order to obtain their favour and protection ; and, only four days after the insurrection of October, when the national assembly and the king had adjourned to Paris, he made, on the 10th of that month, that attack on the clergy, on tithes, and on the church, which placed him, in the opinions of the factious, amongst the “ deliverers and benefactors of his country.” This document is too precious not to be preserved ; and we give it at full length, because nothing can more clearly demonstrate that the Bishop of Autun was at this period of his life a consummate revolutionist.

“ M. l'Evêque d'Autun exposé le tableau des besoins présents de l'état, et de ceux que des changemens nécessités par une régénération vont faire naître encore ; il examine les ressources employées ou proposées, et reconnaissant leur insuffisance pour rétablir dès ce moment l'ordre dans les finances et la splendeur du royaume, il cherche à en découvrir de nouvelles.

“ Il en est une immense, qui peut

s'allier avec le respect pour les propriétés; elle existe dans les biens du clergé. Une grande opération sur eux est inévitable, ne fût-ce que pour remplacer les dîmes qui sont devenues le patrimoine de l'état; il ne s'agit point d'imposer à cet ordre une charge nouvelle; nulle charge politique n'est un sacrifice.

"Le clergé n'est pas propriétaire à l'instar des autres propriétaires. La nation jouissant d'un droit très-étendu sur tous les corps, en exerce de réels sur le clergé; elle peut détruire les agrégations de cet ordre, qui pourraient paraître inutiles à la société, et nécessairement leurs biens deviendraient le juste partage de la nation; elle peut de même anéantir les bénéfices sans fonctions; elle peut donc, en ce moment, prendre les biens de cette nature, qui sont vacans, et ceux qui vaqueront par la suite. Nulle difficulté à cet égard; mais peut-elle réduire le revenu des bénéficiers vivans, et s'en approprier une partie?

"Je sais ce qu'on dit de plausible, en répondant négativement à cette question; je sais ce qu'ont écrit des auteurs dont j'estime les talens, et dont j'aime souvent à suivre les principes. Aussi j'ai long-temps médité mon opinion, long-temps je m'en suis défilé, mais je n'ai pu parvenir à douter de sa justice.

"Quelque sainte que puisse être la nature d'un bien possédé sous la loi, la loi ne peut maintenir que ce qui a été accordé par les fondateurs. Nous savons tout que la partie de ces biens, nécessaire à la subsistance des bénéficiers, est la seule qui leur appartienne; le reste est la propriété des temples et des pauvres. Si la nation assure cette subsistance, la propriété des bénéficiers n'est point attaquée; si elle prend le reste à sa charge, si elle ne puise dans cette source abondante que pour soulager l'état dans sa détresse, l'intention des fondateurs est remplie, la justice n'est pas violée.

"La nation peut donc, premièrement, s'approprier les biens des communautés religieuses à supprimer, en assurant la subsistance des individus qui les composent; secondement, s'emparer des bénéfices sans fonctions; troisièmement, réduire dans une portion quelconque, les revenus actuels des titulaires, en se chargeant des obligations dont ces biens ont été frappés dans le principe.

La nation deviendra propriétaire de la totalité des fonds du clergé et des dîmes, dont cet ordre a fait le sacrifice; elle assurera au clergé les deux tiers des revenus de ces biens. Le produit des fonds monte à 70 millions au moins; celui des dîmes à 80, ce qui fait 150 millions; et pour les deux tiers, 100 millions, qui par les bonifications néces-

saires, par les vacances, &c., peuvent se réduire par la suite à 85 ou 80 millions. Ces 100 millions seront assurés au clergé par privilège spécial; chaque titulaire sera payé par quartier, et d'avance, au lieu de son domicile, et la nation se chargera de toutes les dettes de l'ordre.

"Il existe en France 80,000 ecclésiastiques, dont il faut assurer la subsistance, et parmi eux on compte 40,000 pasteurs, qui ont trop mérité des hommes, qui sont trop utiles à la société, pour que la nation ne s'empresse pas d'assurer et d'améliorer leur sort; ils doivent avoir en général, au moins 1200 francs chacun, sans y comprendre le logement. D'autres doivent recevoir davantage.

"Exécution du Plan.—Avantages.

"Les dîmes appartiennent déjà à la nation. Elle sont été abolies, il est vrai; mais elles doivent être acquittées quelque temps encore. Elles le seront au profit de la nation, avec facilité de conversion, en une prestation en argent: elles montent à quatre-vingts millions, en y ajoutant vingt millions, somme qui décroîtrait par la mort des titulaires, on aurait celle de cent millions, nécessaire à l'entretien du clergé.

"Les biens fonds produisent 70 millions de revenu et au delà, ce qui forme un capital de 2 milliards (cent millions à employer), dont les créanciers de l'état pourraient être acquéreurs, et de la vente du quel on rembourserait les rentes viagères, au dénier dix.

"Le déficit des finances sera comblé par les économies présentées par M. Necker, mais les circonstances en font renaitre un autre plus considérable; il est composé de vingt millions, qui, avec les 80 millions de dîmes, doivent former les 100 millions nécessaires au clergé; de 19 millions d'intérêt pour les offices de judicature supprimés, et de 25 millions pour la diminution du prix du sel.

"En employant 500 millions de la vente des fonds au remboursement de 50 millions de rentes les plus onéreuses, ce déficit se trouvera réduit à 14 millions; 500 millions étant affectés au remboursement des offices de judicature, il se trouve encore un bénéfice réel de onze millions.

"Voilà un milliard employé, il reste onze cents millions. Par d'autres remboursemens et suppressions, il se trouve un excédant de 71 millions, avec lesquels le reste de la gabelle sera détruit. L'intérêt de la dette du clergé sera payé, et trente cinq millions, 600 mille liv non employés, formeront le premier fonds d'une caisse d'amortissement.

"Récapitulation.

"Le clergé sera suffisamment doté.

" 50 millions de rentes viagères, et 60 millions de rentes perpétuelles, seront éteints.

" Le déficit sera comblé.

" Le reste de la gabelle détruit.

" La vénalité des charges supprimée.

" Une caisse d'amortissement sera établie, et pourra d'abord adoucir la prestation de la dîme sur les petits propriétaires, et dans quelque temps l'abolir entièrement pour tous, sans même qu'ils soient tenus à un remplacement.

" La nouvelle quantité de biens fonds rendus au commerce, retiendra un grand nombre de propriétaires dans les campagnes. Les laboureurs ne craindront plus d'être inopinément dépossédés de leurs fermes, comme ils l'étaient par la mutation des bénéfices, et l'agriculture sera encouragée par cette sécurité.

" Onze millions nécessaires aux frais de judicature, pourraient, par la mort des titulaires des bénéfices sans fonctions, être pris par la suite sur les cent millions destinés au clergé. ou bien, on les trouverait dans la meilleure administration des domaines engagés.

" M. L'Evêque d'Autun présente une suite d'articles formant le décret à prononcer pour l'exécution de ce plan.

" La lecture de ce projet reçoit de très-grands applaudissemens et l'impression en est ordonnée."

This was the celebrated speech of De Talleyrand which led to the destruction of ecclesiastical benefices. In vain did the clergy struggle against this proposition. It was unjustly decided that the clergy were not the proprietors, but only the depositaries of the benefices consecrated to the altars by the kings and the faithful, and that "the nation" was entitled to resume possession of the benefices. The decree was carried the 2d December. From that moment the clergy perceived that the revolution was directed against them, against the altar, and against religion; and whilst such men as Abbé Grégoire rejoiced in the decision; the wise, virtuous, and deserving part of the clergy wept in silence, or resolved on opposing the further progress of such designs. The plan of Talleyrand led also eventually to the creation of "assignats," and to all the financial deceptions and bankruptcy of after times. It must not, however, be forgotten that the Romish clergy received with little talent, and with less good faith towards the Protestants, the decree in question; nor should we forget that the Bishop of Nancy proposed

that the Roman Catholic religion should be the "only" public worship.

Thus Talleyrand deserted his church and his order. When Camus proposed the abolition of tithes, he was among the most active in supporting the decree; and so great was even the indignation of Sieyès against such treason, that he exclaimed, when speaking of the Bishop of Autun and his confederates, "They declare they will be free, and yet they know not how to be just!!" Nor was he less republican than he was anti-religious, for the first article of the Declaration of Rights was prepared by himself, and adopted by the assembly.

"Les hommes naissent libres et égaux en droits: les distinctions sociales ne peuvent être fondées que sur l'utilité commune."

This was a declaration of "liberty and equality" ill in harmony with his real opinions, and with his private habits; but he acted on selfish principles, and courted the popular party because it was strong, and had the reins of government in its hands. In like manner, the 11th article of the same declaration was prepared by the Bishop of Autun, and was nothing short of universal suffrage, absolute equality, and unmitigated democracy. The following is the article in question, and he was its author, and its energetic, though not eloquent, supporter.

"Article XI. La loi est l'expression de la volonté générale; tous les citoyens doivent concourir personnellement, ou par représentation, à sa formation; elle doit être la même pour tous, soit qu'elle protège, soit qu'elle punisse. Tous les citoyens, étant égaux à ses yeux, sont admissibles à toutes dignités, places et emplois publics, selon leur capacité, et sans autre distinction que celle des vertus et des talents."

We shall not stop to examine the crude and undigested absurdities contained in this article. They embodied, however, the maxims and sentiments of the mob; and Talleyrand, though a bishop, became popular.

Yet, this democrat bishop, this republican candidate for popular favours, supported the monarchical Necker in his financial demands, and exposed himself, by his contradictory conduct, to just and well-merited suspicions of accepting bribes from the minister of finance. The forced loan

which was afterwards levied on the people, amounting to one-fourth of their respective revenues, and which was misnamed a patriotic contribution, was likewise the partial invention of Messrs. Necker and Talleyrand, as was also that of the clergy giving up that portion of the silver and golden vessels of the altar not *absolutely essential* to the mere decency of divine worship. All that was revolutionary and levelling was supported by him.

This conduct of M. de Talleyrand was dictated by personal ambition, and by the resolution not to compromise himself and his interests. He perceived that the monarchy and the church were on the decline. He saw that none declared themselves in favour of those sacred interests, whilst multitudes pressed forward to overthrow them; and the majority was certain, and therefore he joined it. He acted on this selfish and egotistical principle towards all the governments which succeeded; and had he lived long enough, the revolution of 1830 would have found in him a bitter and implacable enemy.

Full of that disposition of mind which Sallust has so admirably described, "*Conturbari rempublicam quam minus valere ipsi malebant*," he betrayed the interests of the body to which he belonged, stifled in his breast all the feelings of a minister of religion, if such feelings he ever experienced, and subsequently supported that civil constitution of the clergy which was one of the most disgraceful of all the disgraceful acts of a long and unworthy life.

The committee appointed to prepare the new constitution of France, when that constitution was passed, thought fit to publish an account of its labours and its proceedings. The document in question was a violent, furious, and most absurd declaration of war, against those who were styled, "the oppressors of the people;" and the bishop who was its author, was subsequently raised to the dignity of president of the national assembly.

It ought not, also, to be forgotten, that on many occasions during the discussion of vast and important questions relative to the clergy in the national assembly, the majorities and minorities were nearly poised; and that had Talleyrand remained faithful to his order, it is probable that some of

those measures would never have been carried. Even the celebrated decree on the 2d November, 1789, that "the property of the clergy belonged to the nation," was opposed by 346 members; and had Talleyrand not supported the proposition, it is very probable it would never have passed.

Nor was Talleyrand, in those times of false and dangerous systems and doctrines, ever forward to proclaim great moral truths, or to defend great Christian principles. Amongst other examples, when in Nov. 1789 the Bishop de Clermont denounced a book entitled *Catéchisme du Genre Humain*, as insulting to God and injurious to society; although the following passages were read in the assembly, he turned to Sieyès, and said, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*." Yet the catechism which was the subject of debate was circulated by tens of thousands of copies, and contained such questions and replies as,—

"Q. What do you understand by all religions?"

"A. I believe that they have all been established by the strongest and by the greatest rogues, to command others by force, in the name of an idol they themselves have created.

"Q. What is the conjugal bond?"

"A. It is nothing else but the property which a man has in a woman [and so the author saw no other means of destroying this state of things, but by declaring that marriage should be abolished, and that men and women should cohabit with each other as they should think fit, and which he zealously recommended]."

Nor had the Bishop of Autun, at this, or at any other period of his history, any distinct, fixed, true notions of that rational liberty which is defined by the British constitution, and enjoyed by those who have the happiness to be governed by it. We cannot give a better example of this, than in the report made on Nov. 5, 1789, by the bishop, to the national assembly, relative to the police for the city of Paris. This report gave power to the lieutenant of the mayor to visit, every day, the prisons of the capital, and to condemn the prisoners there, arrested on suspicion of any bad intention, to eight days' prison, and to fifty francs' fine; and in default of paying the fifty francs' fine, to remain in prison till they did. Besides this, a tribunal of police was proposed to be established, having the

power to condemn, without appeal, whoever it might think fit, to a month's imprisonment, and a hundred francs' fine. These were the notions of De Talleyrand in 1789, as to the personal liberty of French citizens, and he had no other during the whole of his life. "The laws of France as existing under the old monarchy," cried M. Desmeuniers, "do not allow that any citizen can be detained in prison for more than twenty-four hours, without bringing him before a public tribunal, to meet his accusers; but you propose to confer on *one man*, the lieutenant of the mayor, the right of imprisoning for eight days on his simple will, and this without appeal." The assembly was struck by the observation, and Talleyrand's proposition was reduced from eight days to three. He pleaded for eight days in vain; but in obtaining even three, he struck a blow of a most decisive character against the "personal" liberty of Frenchmen.

In the sitting of Feb. 13, 1790, after the vote which destroyed all religious orders, some members required that a state religion should be acknowledged and proclaimed. The assembly decided otherwise. Talleyrand was silent. The Bishop of Uzès and other eighteen of the clergy protested against the decision. The Bishop of Autun refused to protest; and the clergy of his diocese, indignant at his conduct, addressed to him a letter full of nerve and talent, in which they requested him to present to the assembly their adhesion to the protest of the clergy. Talleyrand refused so to do, alleging, "that all constraint in matters of religion was an attack on the 'first rights of man.'" This has ever been the language of the infidels of all countries, and of all ages, when opposing the right and the duty of Christian governments to provide a religion for their subjects. The Dissenters of 1839 may, with equal Machiavelism and insincerity, adopt the false maxim of De Talleyrand, and say, "Toute moyen de contrainte en matière de religion, est un attentat contre le premier des droits de l'homme." But is the establishment of a national religion a real restraint on the consciences of men, or a real attack on their rights? No; it is the great bond of national union, and the best of all securities for national morals, liberty, and happiness.

As member of the committee of the constitution, the Bishop of Autun was chosen to present to the assembly the draught of a decree relative to the celebration of the fête of the federation fixed for July 14, 1790, the first anniversary of the capture of the Bastille. By a singular coincidence, he was chosen by the court to officiate "pontifically" on that occasion. The Champ de Mars was the scene of the fête, and, in spite of the bad weather, 60,000 *Fédérés* proceeded on the 14th to the Tuileries, and received into their ranks the assembly and municipality of Paris. During the ceremony at the Champ de Mars, 400,000 spectators were present; and three hundred priests, clothed in white, with tricoloured belts, covered the steps of the altar. Talleyrand, assisted by the abbés Louis and Desrenandes, who, like their master, afterwards abjured their priestly office, chanted the mass and blessed the banners; whilst Lafayette administered to the confederates the oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the king. The Bishop of Autun then thundered aloud the *Te Deum*, and 1200 musicians joined in chorus.

Named member of the committee of finance, he proposed the first emission of *assignats*, a sort of paper money, nominally secured by the unsold property of the clergy; and he proposed this paper money, though he admitted it would lead to confusion, to the ruin of the public credit, and even, perhaps, to bankruptcy. But still he proposed it "as an affair of necessity." The present moment was all to him; he left futurity to provide for itself.

Nor can it be said that the Bishop of Autun was an unwilling or reluctant partisan of the measures of the national assembly. It was he who proposed the long and memorable address voted on the 11th of Feb. 1790, by the national assembly to the French people,—an address which was full of attacks on the ancient constitution of France—on the aristocracy, on the clergy, on all privileged orders, on the old laws and institutions of the country,—and which had the effect of exciting the revolutionary party, and of causing the friends of order and religion to mourn and to weep. The address designated the enemies of the national assembly as "obscure blasphemers," and called upon all Frenchmen to place un-

bounded confidence in it and in its decisions. The appeal, thus made, was not listened to, as the sequel of the history will demonstrate. Talleyrand was not the unwilling victim, or the lazy adherent, of the revolutionary party; he was one of its most enterprising, active, and dangerous chiefs.

In ruining the clergy, the national assembly had only taken the first step towards the destruction of Christian worship in France. The civil constitution of the clergy made the ministers of religion either apostates or martyrs; of course De Talleyrand was among the former. He had no idea of martyrdom for an *opinion*, and as to martyrdom for a *principle*, he knew not what a fixed principle could be, and, consequently, could not understand its influence on the mind and conscience. The discussion of this civil constitution of the clergy lasted several months, and had for its result the adoption of a law or decree composed of a great number of articles, by which the assembly overthrew the constitution of the church, as it had previously done that of the state. Thus it tore in pieces the concordat existing with the holy see,—assumed ecclesiastical powers,—reduced and changed the sees,—rendered the election of bishops an affair of the mob,—and so reduced the character of the clergy to mere street revolutionary orators, that out of sixteen of the new fabricated bishops of the revolution who were members of the convention on occasion of the pretended trial of Louis XVI., there were nine who voted his detention, and six his death; and out of twenty-five priests of the new school, there were eighteen who were in favour of his assassination.

It would be impossible to supply, in this Memoir of Talleyrand, even a sketch of the debates which took place on the project of this civil constitution of the clergy. It was voted July 24, 1790, and received the unwilling assent of the unfortunate and benignant Louis XVI., on the 24th of August of the same year. During these debates, Talleyrand was silent. Whilst Maury and Cazalet were the eloquent defenders of the *spiritual* character of Christian worship, and the Christian church; and whilst Pétion raved against the pride of the clergy, and the fanaticism of religious people, the Bishop of Autun was silent. He could not make up his mind that the civil constitution

would pass, and receive the royal assent; and yet he was resolved fully on being upon the right side. So he spoke not at all. But as soon as the project became a law, he hastened to the assembly, and was one of the first to take the oath of adhesion to its regulations. Only one bishop, that of Lydda, *in partibus*, joined him, and 36 ecclesiastics. Out of 290 ecclesiastical members of the assembly, only 70 took the oath; and out of 135 French bishops, only 3 followed the course of the Bishop of Autun. Defection after defection succeeded, and De Talleyrand was left in a disgraceful and miserable minority. Nor can it be said that he took the oath with sorrow or alarm; on the contrary, he voluntarily addressed the clergy of his diocese, and told them in that address, now before us, “that the decree which regulated the civil constitution of the clergy was a respectable return to the *purest laws of the church!*” Impudent, and yet cold-blooded mockery of the Christian religion, and of the faith of his ancestors! In a report which he made relative to the religious edifices of Paris, we find the following passages in defence of the civil constitution of the clergy.

“Personne ne pense plus sincèrement que moi que la religion, dont les cérémonies seront célébrées dans nos églises, est la religion catholique dans toute sa pureté, dans toute son intégrité; que c'est très-injustement qu'on a osé nous accuser de schisme; qu'une nation n'est point schismatique, lorsqu'elle affirme qu'elle ne veut point l'être; que le pape lui-même est sans force comme sans droit pour prononcer une telle scission; qu'on vain prétendrait-il se séparer d'elle; qu'elle échapperait à ses menaces comme à ses anathèmes, en déclarant qu'elle ne veut point se séparer de lui, et qu'il convient mieux qu'elle s'écarte jusqu'aux plus légères apparences de rupture, en manifestant hautement la résolution de ne point se donner un patriarcat. Disons plus, si dans ce moment le pape, égaré par des opinions ultramontaines ou par de perfides conseils dont on aurait assiégé sa vieillesse, se permettait, s'était permis de frapper d'un imprudent anathème la nation Française, ou seulement ceux d'entre ses membres dont la conduite aurait concouru spécialement à l'exécution de la loi, s'il ne craignait pas de réaliser ces menaces que plus d'une fois ses prédécesseurs se sont permises contre la France, sans doute qu'on ne tarderait pas à montrer à tous les yeux

non prévenus, la nullité d'un tel acte de pouvoir, sans doute qu'on retrouverait dans les monuments impérissables de nos libertés Gallicanes, comme aussi dans l'histoire des erreurs des pontifes, de quoi le combattre victorieusement; mais alors même nous resterions encore attachés au siège de Rome, et nous attendrions avec sécurité, soit du pontife actuel, soit de ses successeurs, un retour inévitable à des principes essentiellement amis de la religion."

In pursuance of this system of trampling on the rights of the clergy, of which he formed a part, he illegally consecrated, on the 25th of January, 1791, the revolutionary curates, Expilly and Marolles, to be bishops of Finistère and of Aisne, though their election was protested against by the chapter of Quimper and by the Bishop of Soissons; and, without receiving any commission from the head of the Romish church, without the usual oath to the see of Rome, without prior examination, and without confession of faith, they were declared bishops.

De Talleyrand was not only a rebel bishop, but he was likewise a factious demagogue. With Barnave and Lafayette, he founded the society which adopted the name of the "Feuillans," as he had previously encouraged the violence of the club of the "Jacobins." The Jacobin club became the sovereign *de facto*, and maintained a correspondence with 2000 affiliated societies, which were afterwards increased, under the reign of the convention, to the astounding number of 40,000. The schemers and contrivers of these clubs, and Talleyrand among the number, lived to witness the evils which resulted from their establishment; for all society in France became dissolved by their means, and the country knew of no possible remedy against evils of such magnitude, until the 18th of Brumaire came to restore her to a situation of internal repose.

In the beginning of the year 1791, the electors of the city of Paris made choice of the Bishop of Autun to fill the situation of deputy for the department of the Seine. This was not surprising. He had broken with the church, and he was patronised by Satan. He had deserted the throne, and he was now the companion of demagogues. At this time, however, the metropolitan see of Paris having become vacant, a report was spread that it was the object of the Bishop of Au-

tun's ambition, and that he had solicited his nomination as deputy only to facilitate his design. This report gave rise to a protest of disinterestedness on the part of the Bishop of Autun, as well as to a lengthened discussion in the papers, whether he was or was not a gamester.

The death of Mirabeau led the revolutionists to attack with increased fury the last wreck of royal authority. The king was not even allowed to proceed to St. Cloud during the Easter recess; and Talleyrand drew up the address from Paris to the king, in which the monarch was insolently called upon to change his ministers, and to "choose the firmest supporters of the revolution." Of course Talleyrand was himself to be one of the number. But he was disappointed, though in revenge he obtained the appointment left vacant by the death of Mirabeau in the directory of the department. The following is the address above referred to, which De Talleyrand prepared and presented:

"Sire,—Le directoire du département de Paris a rendu compte à une assemblée extraordinaire de tous les membres du département de l'état actuel de la capitale. Le département n'en a point été effrayé, parce qu'il connaît l'attachement du peuple à la personne du roi, et qu'il sait que le roi a juré fidélité à la constitution. Mais, sire, la confiance que le peuple a dans votre personne peut-elle résister longtemps aux impressions que des hommes pressés de jouir de la liberté reçoivent de tout ce qui est auprès de vous ?

"Les ennemis de la liberté ont craint votre patriotisme, et ils se sont dit: Nous alarmerons sa conscience. Cachant sous un voile saint leur orgueil humilié, ils versent sur la religion des larmes hypocrites. Ce sont là, sire, les hommes dont vous êtes entouré. On voit avec peine que vous favorisez les réfractaires, que vous n'êtes servi presque que par des ennemis de la constitution, et l'on craint que ces préférences trop manifestes n'indiquent les véritables dispositions de votre cœur.

"Sire, les circonstances sont fortes; une fausse politique doit répugner à votre caractère, et ne serait bonne à rien. Sire, par une démarche franche, éloignez de vous les ennemis de la constitution; annoncez aux nations étrangères qu'il s'est fait une glorieuse révolution en France; que vous l'avez adoptée, que vous êtes maintenant le roi d'un peuple libre, et chargez de cette instruction d'un nouveau genre des ministres qui ne soient pas indignes d'une si auguste fonction. Que la nation apprenne que

son roi s'est choisi, pour environner sa personne, les plus fermes appuis de la liberté ; car aujourd'hui il n'est pas d'autres véritables amis du roi.

"Sire, ne repoussez pas la démarche que fait auprès de vous le département de Paris ; le conseil qu'il vous offre vous serait donné par les quatre-vingt trois départements du royaume, si tous étaient à portée de se faire entendre aussi promptement que nous."

In justice to De Talleyrand it must be admitted, however, that his proposal as to the weights and measures of France, his motions for the encouragement of the fine arts, his report on the exchange and exportation of money, his plan of national education, and his proposal for the establishment of a national institute, demonstrated that he was a man who possessed vast powers, as well as great acquirements ; and that if he had devoted them to the cause of truth, morals, and religion, he would have been a signal benefactor of his country and of the world.

When Louis XVI. fled from Paris, and was arrested at Varennes, M. De Talleyrand was stated to have been a party to that escape ; but he hastened to deny the rumour in the *Gazette Universelle*, as he did to disprove the accusation of his having received a bribe of a large amount in compensation for his "connivance." He trembled lest he should lose his popularity, and be suspected of being monarchical.

After having broken down the strength of the clergy, De Talleyrand wished to be thought the protector of that body ; and after breaking the mitres on the heads of those who wore them, he strove to pass for the defender of the more humble ministers of religion. So he presented to the king a petition, in which he who had reduced so many ecclesiastics to want and misery, earnestly solicited in favour of the members of the clergy who had refused to take the oath to the civil constitution imposed upon them, the payment of those pensions which he had been the means of stopping. Such was his double dealing, and such his line of conduct throughout the whole course of his long public life.

De Talleyrand now classed himself with the constitutional royalists, until the time should come either to sacrifice the constitution to the king, or the king to the constitution. He inclined, however, towards the republic, not because he believed that republican insti-

tutions were suited to France, or that France was prepared to receive or to adopt them ; but because the republic offered him a safe asylum against the church. Every day convinced Talleyrand more and more that the last words of Mirabeau were prophetic, and that "he had carried with him the French monarchy to the grave." He therefore addressed himself to Chauvelin, Pétion, Brissot, Rolland, Robespierre, and Gaudet ; and made for himself friends amongst the enemies of the throne, that at least he might secure a retreat from the coming danger.

Financial questions were always those which most interested M. de Talleyrand. Thus he was generally placed on all financial commissions, and was the real author of all those plans of church and state robbery which began in fraud, and ended in bankruptcy. His was the plan of alienating all the national domains, and he had never but one reason to give in support of all his aggressions on private and public, civil and ecclesiastical, property, and this was—*necessity* ! His zealous, able, patriotic, and noble-minded opponent was the Abbé Maury, who attacked Talleyrand at the tribune, and by the press, with astounding eloquence, and unbounded success. Talleyrand rarely, if ever, replied to these attacks. We have examined page by page the voluminous proceedings and debates of the national assembly, and rarely have we met with a speech from the Bishop of Autun or the Abbé Talleyrand. He pushed others forwards, urged others to debate, supplied others with arguments, and endeavoured as much as possible so to steer his course as to be always with the majority. As member of the most influential commissions, he secured in them the triumph of his revolutionary projects, and then, placing some one else in the conspicuous post of reporter even on his own projects, he shared in the glory of success, without meeting with the disgrace of an open and public defeat. Thus, although the proposal for alienating the national domains, as well as that for establishing a fictitious state paper currency, called assignats, were his plans and measures, he scarcely spoke upon them, lest they should not be carried, and lest his name should be associated with their failure ; but when they had passed the assembly he proclaimed himself their author.

During the period that De Talley-

rand occupied the post of president of the national assembly, he distinguished himself by his evident leaning to the revolutionary party, and by his opposition to the Abbé Maury, as also to all who were disposed to make a last effort to save the French monarchy. On several occasions, his partiality was so evident, as to draw down upon him the murmurs of the *côté droit*, and even the sneers of the *côté gauche*.

In the spring of 1791, the Bishop of Autun being repudiated by the clergy of his diocese, contemned by all the clergy of France, and excommunicated by the pope himself, resigned his ecclesiastical functions, and became once more M. de Talleyrand. This conduct did not, however, exempt him from the charge of belonging to the church, and for years afterwards, though not called the bishop of Autun, he was styled the Abbé Talleyrand.

M. de Talleyrand passed the end of 1791, and the commencement of 1792, in an attention to the duties which were imposed on him by his functions of director of the department of the Seine. From the 30th of September, 1791, he had no legislative functions to perform, since the constituent assembly declared, at the close of its session, that none of its members should be re-elected. The then approaching crisis, when the throne should be destroyed, the king assassinated, property confiscated, and liberty trampled under foot, was anticipated by M. de Talleyrand. He frequently expressed his opinion that this crisis was inevitable, and, acting with his accustomed prudence, he determined on having in his possession for himself a passport, and a diplomatic passport, which should enable him at all times to leave France, and thus to reserve himself for more fortunate days, and a brighter *avenir*. On the 25th of January, 1792, he arrived in London. He was charged with a sort of voluntary mission. He affected a great love for the monarchy, and a great desire to save it; but Mr. Pitt was too well acquainted with all his past history, to place any confidence in his assertions or oaths. Mr. Pitt knew well, that De Talleyrand, as the deputy of Paris, was more anxious to secure the revolutionary party from the attacks of England, than he was to strengthen the throne, or uphold the altar. Besides which, De Talleyrand had no avowed mission. He talked democratically with Lord Stanhope,

conservatively with Mr. Pitt, and moderately with Charles James Fox. He got admission into the best society in London; acted the double part of a spy for Pétion, and a pretended friend of the court; and by his wit, talent, and finished manners, secured attention, though he could not command respect. The first visit of De Talleyrand to London was a short one. It was afterwards renewed; and he proposed to Lord Grenville an alliance between France and England, which was rejected, on two grounds: viz. that France could not, at that moment, offer an alliance which was valuable; and next, that no sort of confidence could be felt in the continuance of the then French government.

The Girondins, at this period, had reached the climax of their influence; and De Talleyrand was selected by them as the man best qualified to deter England from taking any share in the continental war. He was, therefore, chosen as a sort of guardian to the young De Chauvelin, the new French ambassador to the court of St. James's; and De Chauvelin was secretly glad to have the counsels and support of the ex-bishop of Autun. Although the only object of the French embassy, composed of Chauvelin, Durousnay, Talleyrand, Garat, Gallois, and Reinhardt, was nominally to consolidate the peace with England, they were ill received by the court, and still worse by the public. De Talleyrand soon frequented the society of Sheridan and Fox, mixed himself up with English politics, urged the formation of the Constitutional Society of Frith Street, and thus separated himself and his embassy from the Conservative government of Great Britain. His missions to England were all failures.

The small party to which Talleyrand belonged was now called "The Austrian Committee;" and they, in their turn, became the objects of hate or of distrust. Ribes denounced to the legislative assembly, on the 2d of June, 1792, the Duke of Orleans, Dumourier, and Bonne-Carrère, as belonging to that committee; and on the 4th of the same month, he accused the Austrian committee of having formed a plot to massacre the king and his family, and cited, in proof of his statement, the journals of the Duke of Orleans and of Talleyrand to London. He denounced this committee as having published the pamphlets and journals, in which the

king was called *Monsieur Veto*; the queen, *the Tigress*; and the National Guards, the *Assassins of the Champ des Mars*. In the evening of the same day, at the club of the Jacobins, the conduct of Talleyrand was again brought under discussion, and he was there likewise accused of belonging to the Austrian committee.

De Talleyrand, through the friendship and favour of Danton, obtained, in August 1792, a passport for London; and he proceeded thither in the suspicious and double character of an emigrant diplomatist. He had witnessed, without emotion, the dethronement of the king; and had sworn, with alacrity and zeal, his attachment to the republic. But his days of "bad fortune" had arrived, and though his life was saved by Danton, he was the object of increased dislike on the part of the revolutionary party. He had seen to the wind, and it was now his turn to reap the whirlwind. A letter having been found in the Tuileries, addressed by Laporte, the intendant of the king's household, to his majesty, dated eighteen months previously, in which it was stated that "the Bishop of Autun appeared desirous of serving Louis XVI.; and a deserter, named Achille Viard, having declared to the convention that, during one of his journeys, he knew M. de Talleyrand to be connected with several emigrants, and to be keeping up a secret correspondence with Fauchet, it was decided by the convention to impeach him.

When the convention decided on the impeachment of Talleyrand, he was, fortunately for himself, in London; but his friend, the Abbé Desrenaudes, in his absence, published in the *Moniteur*, a vindication of the ex-bishop of Autun. He demonstrated that Talleyrand was no royalist, was no secret or avowed friend of the throne, and that, when he had offered his services some eighteen months previously to Louis XVI., "it was only in conformity with the revolutionary principles he had embodied in his address to that prince, on behalf of the municipality of Paris." Talleyrand's correspondence with Sainte-Foix and Lessart had also been seized, and to it his friend Desrenaudes referred with confidence, as proving "that it was, without exception, the most frankly, patriotic correspondence, existing in the office" of the then minister Lebrun; or, in other words, Talleyrand's cor-

respondence was republican and revolutionary. A few days subsequently, the convention received from De Talleyrand his own written defence. In that defence, it will be perceived, he denied that he had ever had, directly or indirectly, any communication, in his private capacity, either with the king or with M. Laporte; and studiously laboured to shew that he was a man of advanced principles, and a patriot, with a republican tendency. The following is the defence of the prince:—

"Londres, le 12 Décembre, 1792,
l'an 1^{er} de la République.

"Citoyens.—Je viens, de lire dans le N^o 5 du *Bulletin de la Convention Nationale*, le plus officiel, dit-on, de tous journaux, la phrase suivante: 'Par une lettre du 21 Avril, Laporte adresse au roi une pièce de l'évêque d'Autun, qui, dit-il, paraît désirer de servir S. M. Il m'a fait dire que vous pouviez faire l'essai de son zèle et de son crédit.' Le *Bulletin* ajoute que de suite la convention nationale a décrété d'accusation Talleyrand de Périgord, ancien évêque d'Autun.

"Ma réponse à cette inculpation est simple et courte. Je n'ai jamais rien dit ni rien fait dire de semblable. Je n'ai jamais eu aucune espèce de rapport direct ou indirect, ni avec le roi, ni avec M. Laporte. Je n'ai pas rencontré quatre fois dans ma vie M. Laporte; je l'ai vu chez lui deux fois pour des objets fort étrangers à nos questions révolutionnaires. A l'époque du mois d'Avril, 1791, voici ce qui s'est passé. On s'occupait à Paris de l'arrêté du directoire du département, concernant les églises paroissiales, les chapelles, etc.; cet arrêté, pris le 11 Avril, fut soumis par le directoire à l'assemblée nationale, qui, le 18, le renvoya au comité de constitution pour qu'il fit son rapport. Je fus chargé de ce petit travail, et m'en occupai au même instant.

"Ce fut le lendemain ou le surlendemain que je rencontraï dans une société M. Laporte. On y parla beaucoup, comme on faisait ailleurs, des pâques du roi, de l'arrêté du département et du bon ou mauvais succès qu'il aurait dans l'assemblée. Je dis que j'ignorais quelle serait l'opinion de l'assemblée à cet égard, mais que la mienne était bien décidée, et qu'au département et à l'assemblée je soutiendrais l'arrêté. J'ajoutai que j'avais déjà rédigé dans ces principes le projet de rapport du comité de constitution. L'objet de ce rapport devant être de rendre très-familieres des vérités importantes à l'ordre public, j'avais le projet de consulter plusieurs personnes. Quelques-uns de mes collègues, actuellement de la convention nationale, peuvent

se rappeler que je le leur ai communiqué à cette époque, et que je profitai de leurs conseils en y faisant des changements considérables. M. Laporte, qui, comme tous les serviteurs du roi, n'était en ce moment occupé que des inquiétudes de conscience qu'il manifestait aux approches de Pâques, paraissait s'intéresser très-vivement au succès d'un arrêté, qui déclarait que la liberté du citoyen dans ses opinions religieuses, doit lui être garantie contre toute espèce d'atteinte. J'ai su ensuite d'une personne de la chambre dans laquelle nous étions, qui me demanda de lui prêter ce rapport que M. Laporte en avait obtenu d'elle communication, et c'est apparemment cette pièce qu'il se hâta de faire copier et d'envoyer au roi, comme propre sans doute à rassurer sa conscience.

"Si M. Laporte, en envoyant cette pièce à Louis XVI., lui a écrit que je paraissais désirer servir sa majesté ; s'il lui a parlé de mon zèle et de mon crédit, parce que je voulais, avec tous les patriotes de l'assemblée constituante, faire consacrer la liberté générale des opinions religieuses, où le roi devait trouver, comme tous les citoyens, sa liberté particulière, M. Laporte s'est servi d'une expression très-inconvenable. Mais d'après quels principes de justice puis-je être décrié d'accusation ? parce que M. Laporte s'est mal exprimé, ou a cherché à faire valoir son zèle auprès du roi par des espérances imaginaires ? Les faits que je viens de rapporter suffisent, par leur rapprochement, pour expliquer le véritable sens des expressions de M. Laporte.

"Je n'ai plus qu'un mot, et ce mot suffira à tout homme d'honneur qui sait en reconnaître dans les autres et les principes et le langage. C'est le 19 de ce même mois d'Avril que je rédigeais cette fameuse adresse du département, adresse que les patriotes appelaient alors *républicaine*. Je prie les hommes justes qui ont accordé quelque estime à ma conduite politique dans le cours de la révolution, de relire cette adresse, et de se demander si l'homme qui adressait au roi de telles paroles le 19, qui les lui portait le 20 au matin, et qui n'ignorait pas de quelle manière elles avaient été reçues, pouvait, le 21, faire parler au roi de son zèle pour lui.

"TALLEYRAND,
Ancien Evêque d'Autun."

This written defence, however, produced no effect on the convention ; it maintained his decree of impeachment ; and, unable to return to France, he was, on the 8th of April, 1793, officially included in the list of emigrants. Thus

expelled from the church, by the act of excommunication from the pope, and now expelled from France by the act of impeachment of the convention, he resided in England, and intrigued with the leading members of the Corresponding Society, until the passing of the Alien-bill by the British parliament, when Mr. Pitt directed him to quit Great Britain *within three days*. As agent of the then Duke of Orleans (the father of the present king of the French), he had been charged to maintain the best possible understanding with the Whigs and Reformers of that epoch, and to seek to avail himself of that influence against the then reigning dynasty. The English Radical and revolutionary journals of those days he supplied with news, songs, and sometimes with money ; and it was with the funds of the Duke of Orleans that the *Argus* was a long time maintained. At this period, the members of the French royal family were in prison ; the British ambassador had received his passports ; De Talleyrand had no real and avowed mission to England, either from Louis XVI. or the convention, and Mr. Pitt did well, and acted wisely, when he required him to leave the British shores.

In the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1805, we find it stated by the conductors of that miscellany, "that they recollect very well that Talleyrand was forced to supply himself with the means of existence by *selling his library*." This statement cannot possibly be correct, if intended to apply to the greatest portion of the period during which he resided in England. He was possessed of abundant means during all the epoch he was enlisted in the service of Pétion and the Duke of Orleans ; he had always a respectable and secure revenue ; his family supplied him likewise with funds, when extra resources were essential : his expenses in London were far from great, and if he sold a portion of his library at the last moment, in haste, it was because he was not disposed, and perhaps had not even the time, to make any other arrangement. One thing is certain — his books have been recently sold by auction at Paris ; we have been present at the sale, and by far the greatest part of his library so sold, must have been, and was, in his possession at the period of his life referred to.

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN MAID.

BENEATH a spreading cedar-tree
Sat a ruddy Indian maid ;
Her dusk hair round her flowing free,
In tresses wildly disarrayed :
And sadly to herself she said,
In a sweet and pensive tone,
“ My kindred one by one are dead,
And I am left alone.
Too happy was my youth — too bright !
My hunter-brother here has rest ;
My father, gory from the fight,
Here, too, is slumbering in earth's breast ;
And she who saw with grief severe,
With steadfast eye that shed no tear, —
My mother, too, is near them laid, —
Last sleeper in the cedar-shade.

And where shall I myself betake,
The Indian's solitary child ?
We've no canoe upon the lake :
Our home has perished in the wild !
Our woods are felled ; our game is slain ;
And I, last of my tribe, remain !
O, whither, whither shall I flee ?
Of loveless being weary grown :
Here lingering 'neath our burial-tree —
Near all I loved — alone !

How gloriously here sped the chase !
How full of triumph from the fight
Returned our warriors to this place !
And round the ruddy fires of night,
Danced and sung with stern delight.
Those sounds I hear, now all is still :
This blank with waving woods I fill.
Alas ! in vain would I recall
The light, the life, the soul of all !
These birds have now a plaintive tone —
A mournful murmur fills the tree :
Have they some sorrow of their own,
Or do they sympathise with me ?
Even the flutter of a leaf,
A throbbing seems, instinct with grief.

I know that I, a huntress bold,
Must wander hence from year to year :
Too young to mingle with the mould —
With mine who soundly slumber here
The life in me is all too strong,
And I must live, and suffer wrong :
Must live an alien to the place,
Old heritage of all our race !
Another home must find or make,
By some far undiscovered lake.
But this I feel, where'er I be,
As to its nest returns the dove,
That I shall die beneath this tree,
And mingle with the forms I love —
Shall wearily wander, and be laid
At length in this old hallowed shade !”

RUSSIAN FABULISTS, WITH SPECIMENS.

IF poetry in general be at present quite a drug, Fables may, we presume, be classed with ipecacuanha; they being not a whit more palatable to the taste of the public. Varying our metaphor, we should say that this once popular species of literary composition is now put into the same category with full-bottomed perukes, ruffs, farthingales, hoop-petticoats, and other strange gear whose fashion has long ago departed away. Nevertheless, it is amusing enough to ransack some great-grand-am's wardrobe, to pull out and examine its curious specimens of antiquated finery: nor may it be displeasing to our readers, if we exhibit to them some samples of a literary mode now thrown aside by ourselves, as altogether obsolete and ill adapted to the intelligence of the age, but still cherished by a people who, though they have cut off their beards, retain their prejudice in favour of what partakes, or will be thought to partake, of the same rude and semi-barbarous taste.

One, indeed, whose opinion is no small authority in matters of criticism, has expressed herself somewhat unfavourably in regard to fables:—"Sous la forme de l'apologue," she observes, "les allégories ont pu quelquefois servir à rendre populaires les vérités utiles: mais cet exemple même est une preuve qu'en donnant cette forme à la pensée, on croit la faire descendre pour la mettre à portée du commun des hommes; c'est une faiblesse d'esprit dans le lecteur que les besoins des images pour comprendre les idées; la pensée qui pourrait être rendue parfaitement sensible de cette manière, manquerait toujours, à un certain degré, d'abstraction ou de finesse." With all due deference, however, to Madame de Staël, we consider her objection altogether over-refined and hypercritical. Surely that is no trifling or valueless mode of composition which familiarises with moral truths, not by enouncing them in the cold form of abstractions, but by rendering them "à portée du commun des hommes;" and all the more impressive because put into such an attractive form, as to flatter and conciliate, while they instruct or even reprove. What Madame de Staël urges against the fable, goes no further than

to shew that it is ill adapted for illustrating complex subtleties requiring to be scrupulously analysed. Very true: but then, to appreciate it fairly, we must estimate it according to what it can and does accomplish, not by what it makes no pretensions to. Neither is it exactly just to tax the fable with incapacity of expressing itself with sufficient *finesse*, since many examples might be produced wherein singular penetration and *finesse* are combined with the most felicitous *naïveté*.

For ourselves, we plead guilty to a prepossession—a childish one, if it must so be stigmatised—in favour of fables, to which we give a decided preference over ballads and other compositions of that species, although the latter are far more popular with readers of the present day. Nay, we prefer them greatly to any mode of pastoral poetry—that is, modern pastoral poetry; and also—though we say it in the very gentlest whisper—to sonnets, whether Petrarchian or not, whether legitimate or illegitimate. Our heresy, should it now be considered such, in regard to pastoral poetry, is at least countenanced by the great Johnson, who, speaking of Gay's *Dione*, says, "it is a counterpart to *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated and unworthy of imitation"! an opinion which, if it ever reached the *Accademia degli Arcadi*, must have sounded to them like high treason, and would have procured for him their sentence of ostracism. But the doctor, we suspect, would easily have consoled himself for banishment from their Arcadia, which would have been far less to his taste than our own Burlington and Lowther—*Arcades ambo*. So, too, for our disrelish of the gentle sonnet amorous, we shelter ourselves under the pleasant authority of Cézarine d'Arly, or rather of Lantier, who makes her say in regard to Petrarch, "j'en en des vapeurs;" and, to say the truth, there is a good deal of vapouring and vapourish stuff in his *alembiqués* protestations of devoted passion. On the other hand, we do not go quite so far with her in our admiration of La Fontaine himself as to declare that, were there no alternative, we would freely give up both Ariosto and Tasso for his fables.

Much as we like productions of the last-mentioned class, we are not at all disposed to make them our literary Dulcinea del Toboso; neither is there cause wherefore we should. We love them, we hope wisely, and *not* too well; between which and not liking them at all, or rather holding them in utter contempt, as fit only to amuse children, there is a reasonable difference. And one thing which has tended to bring fables into disrepute as a literary fashion, into which no writer would nowadays think of putting his thoughts, is that they have been so long used in the nursery and school-room as to be reckoned *mauvais ton*, fit only for nurses and babies, for village pedagogues and schoolboys, and as unendurable in genteel society as Sancho's proverbs. Even the mention of, or any allusion to, Gay's *Fables*, is apt to call forth a scornful smile; and if La Fontaine's are spoken of with greater respect, it is because not being in our vulgar mother-tongue, they cannot, by any possibility, be mistaken for arrant vulgarities in this country: in making which remark, we must beg to be understood as not putting Gay and La Fontaine upon a par. Yet many who now affect to hold fables in contempt, as beneath the attention of any but mere children, and, in this march-of-intellect age, almost too babyish even for them, would think less contemptuously of this class of literature were they aware how many and what minutely specific treatises have been written on the subject of it. Such as are at all curious on the subject, we must refer to Sulzer's *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, in the second edition of which they will find a list of authors and critics, extending through several pages. We must content ourselves with mentioning merely one or two,—Lessing, La Motte, Florian, Zhukovsky, and Izmailov, the first-mentioned of whom is a name of very conspicuous celebrity. Though they do not come within the professed scope of our subject, and even if they did, we should be under the necessity of examining them

very briefly, we cannot forbear just advert, *en passant*, to a few of the more distinguished fabulists of other countries, — Hagedorn, Pfeffel, and Lichtwer, among the Germans; Bertola, Passeroni, Pignotti, among the Italians; and Samaniego and Iriarte, among the Spaniards. Each of these writers has his peculiar merits; and even where their subjects are similar, and taken from the same common stock, there exists as frequently as not a very wide difference as to their mode of treating them. In fact, what in any other species of composition would be reckoned downright plagiarism, appears to be admitted, by tacit consent, as perfectly allowable in the fable, where matter is of subordinate importance to manner, and where decided novelty of subject is hardly to be expected. Many of Izmailov's fables are avowed imitations of La Fontaine, La Motte, Florian, Gellert, and Lessing; both Khemnitz and Dmitriev are occasionally copyists; and Samaniego* has followed Gay almost with the exactness of a scrupulous translator in his fables of the "Goat without a Beard," the "Philosopher and the Flea," and the "Butterfly and the Snail." Instead of expressing surprise or discontent that so open a system of borrowing should be tolerated, we ought rather, perhaps, to feel astonishment at meeting with so much variety and so much originality within such limited bounds as are those of the fable, which admits of comparatively hardly any extension, and totally rejects any thing like a continued series of events, and protracted or complicated action.

It is true some critics have asserted that the fable and the epic belong essentially to the same genus in poetry, just as the whale and timouse are classed together by naturalists under Mammalia; or as thrones and close-stools are regarded by the witty Lichtenberg as comprehended in the same order of the furniture kingdom. The resemblance insisted upon in the first case, is however so exceedingly slight, that it requires a sagacity akin to that

* This writer, who is mentioned by Sulzer's continuator as known to him only by name, was born October 12, 1745, at Laguardia, where he died, August 11, 1801, just ten years later than Iriarte. On the score of originality, his fables have no claim to distinction, but they possess great ease and amenity of style, and are extolled by some Spanish critics as being so far at least superior to the *Fabulas Literarias*. "Iriarte," says Quintana, "cuenta bien, pero Samaniego pinta: el uno es ingenioso y discreto, el otro gracioso y natural."

of the worthy Fluellen to detect it. Far be it from us to offend the dignified prerogative of the epic, by claiming for the humble fable any alliance or relationship with it. Yet if the latter be greatly inferior to the former in point of rank, it possesses some advantages over it that might be appropriately illustrated by a fabulist who should imagine a dialogue between them, wherein fable might tell epic that if it has not its pomp, neither has it its tediousness; that if not particularly interesting, it can never be found very wearisome; and that if the world has grown too wise to need any longer instruction from fables, it has also grown both too idle and too busy to bestow any attention upon lengthy epics.

We should say, that a far stronger analogy exists between the fable and the satire; the object of each is to correct and reform, to instruct and reprove, the chief difference between them, in this respect, being, that the fable assumes a veil, masking the good or bad qualities and actions of men under those of animals or inanimate objects. Sometimes its satire is almost latent,—for some degree of satire there almost invariably is; at others it is decidedly predominant and conspicuous: as, for instance, in Lichtwer's admirable fable, *Die Seltsamen Menschen*, which concludes with the most cutting epigrammatic sarcasm that was ever, perhaps, uttered against the pernicious vice of gambling. Indeed the greater part of his fables (one hundred and five in number) are stamped by originality, both as to their subjects, and the manner of treating them. In almost all fables there is a certain substratum, an under-current of satire, even where, instead of being at all brought forward, or embellished by any piquant traits on

the part of the writer, the satire lies chiefly in the application. Such is the case with that class which passes under the general designation of *Æsopian fables*, and which consists of simple apologues, intended as plain illustrations, without any aim at embellishment. Nearly all the older fables bear this character, and may be considered as belonging to the brief prose apologue; nor do those of Phædrus form an exception, because, notwithstanding that they are written in measure, and terse and elegant in their diction, they are destitute of all poetic colouring and ornament. Lessing contends, that prose is the most appropriate dress for the fable, and he has accordingly attired his own in it.* He even tells us he thought he could not make them too concise and too dry; in which remark there may have been a little pardonable affectation, for some of them are highly poetical in their conception, and emphatically energetic in expression, so as to be perfect masterpieces in their peculiar way. Admirable, however, as his example is, it is insufficient to support his exclusive theory, merely proving that the same end may be attained by opposite modes, and that happy ideas may be as strikingly expressed in prose as in verse.

We are no friends to that criticism, which, not content with explaining the beauties of what is excellent in literature or art, attempts to deduce laws from them, and establish fixed rules; as if the observance of these would, of itself, secure an equally happy result in all cases. It is well to know, as far as such knowledge is communicable, by what processes those who have given the world productions of standard merit, have worked them out; but to go further than this, and prescribe the forms adopted by them as canons on

* Notwithstanding this, he himself afterwards versified them; and, even in their original form, they approach closely to poetry, being written in a kind of measured prose, and remarkable for concinnity of style and expression. So far they differ widely from the simple prose fable, and exhibit no small affinity to the manner of Phædrus. Like his, they are studied, and terse in diction; and although they make no pretension to poetical colouring and imagery, as do those of La Fontaine, they display quite as much of subtlety and refinement as of simplicity; even more, perhaps, of the *recherche* than of the natural. Some of them consist of little more than a smartly and unexpectedly turned epigrammatic point; of which, that entitled "*Æsop and the ass*," it being a very brief one, may here serve as an instance:—

"Addressing himself to *Æsop*, the ass said, 'The next time you put me into one of your fables, have the goodness to make me utter something sensible and ingenious.' 'Make thee utter something ingenious!' replied *Æsop*, 'how could that possibly be in character? Would it not be said that thou wert the philosopher, and myself the ass?'"

no account to be deviated from, is both preposterous and useless. As far as such doctrine is operative, it merely trains up a race of feeble pedants and imitators; while it is set wholly at scorn by minds gifted with originality, who, in their turn, are accepted by the world as models truly legitimate. Holding this opinion, we shall not trouble our readers with the opinions and speculations of those who, treating of the fable as a distinct form of literary composition, have carefully sorted out and ticketed all the different species, and laid down rules for writing fables *secundum artem*. Neither shall we stop to inquire whether it be Scaliger and Vossius who are mistaken, when they claim allegory as belonging to the fable; or Lessing, when he refuses to admit any alliance between them. We likewise leave those who are disposed to do so, to discuss whether *Æsop* ever existed; or is, as some have considered Homer, only a fictitious character, upon whom a particular kind of compositions were all fathered. The origin of fables is likewise a point that shall not at all detain us further than to observe, that it is, undoubtedly, Oriental, and of very high antiquity; it being, in fact, one of the earliest forms of rhetorical illustration and didactics, that would spontaneously suggest itself to the mind. It was by an apologue that Nathan reproved David. Yet, although the fable originated under despotic governments, and is well adapted for the insinuation of truths, too disagreeable to be patiently received unless so disguised; by no means does it follow that it is altogether superfluous, where greater liberty of opinion or expression is allowed; because, as Zhukovsky well remarks, the despotism of vanity requires to be as adroitly managed as that of arbitrary power. Whether monarchs or subjects, people do not like to be bluntly corrected of their failings and

vices. Besides which, a moral truth, or precept, makes far less impression on the mind, when delivered in an abstract form, than when illustrated and enlivened by some direct examples; for, as La Fontaine very justly observes,

“Une morale nue apporte de l'ennui;
Le conte fait passer le précepte avec lui.”

This is, indeed, so self-evident, that it would be superfluous to say more in regard to it. We should render a far greater service to our readers, were we to lay before them a sketch of the literature of fables, and of the principal fabulists, ancient and modern; yet, unless we confined it to a mere list of names and dates, we should have to compose a good-sized volume. All, therefore, that we can do, is to refer such as may consider that historical information worth their attention, to the *Notice sur les Fabulistes*, prefixed to Robert's *Fables Inédites* des xii. xiii. et xiv. Siècles, et *Fables de La Fontaine rapprochées de celles de tous les Auteurs qui avoient, avant lui, traité les même Sujets* (ii. tom. Paris, 1825); where, unless their reading has been especially directed to the subject, they will obtain much curious and entirely fresh information relative to, perhaps be struck with respect, at finding so much research and erudition bestowed upon, it.

We are rather apprehensive that we shall incur reproach, not for our reticence in regard to such bibliographical and historical matter as that just alluded to, but for not coming to the point, and confining our attention to the fables and fable-writers of Russia, where, although altogether out of fashion every where else, this species of literature is in full vogue and high repute. Resisting the temptation that here presents itself, to give a brief *aperçu* of Russian literature generally,* we shall

* As yet it has attracted scarcely any attention in this country, with the exception of some articles in the *Foreign and Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, and one in the first number of the *Westminster*, which last, although passed off as original, was little more than a translation, and a very blundering one, from the *Polymaya Zvæsdâ*. Nothing, as far as we are aware of, has appeared on the subject since the publication of Bowring's *Anthology*. Our biographical dictionaries contain at present hardly three or four Russian names, yet as we observe that several have been inserted in the *Penny Cyclopædia* — for instance, Dmitriev, Kantemi, Karamzin, Kheraskov, and Khennitser — the example set by that publication will perhaps be followed by others.

In regard to the article in the *Westminster*, any one acquainted with German may convince himself, that although professing to be an original sketch of the literature of Russia, it is merely a translation, by turning to the ninth volume of *Oldekop's*

limit our remarks to those writers alone, and of them only to the principal ones, who have acquired reputation by their fables.

Alexander Sumarakov (born 1718, died October 1, 1777) will not detain us long, for although a voluminous writer, and one who stood high in the esteem of his contemporaries,—nor wholly undeservedly so, since he certainly did much for the then infant literature of his country,—he has not, like Lomonosov (1711–65), obtained the applause of posterity; but while the poetical works of the latter are still regarded with grateful reverence as productions of genius, those of Sumarakov are now considered stale and old-fashioned. Perhaps, as generally happens in similar cases, posterity is now as severe towards him as the public he wrote for were partial and indulgent. He pleased their taste, but that taste has passed away; consequently, while his faults and defects are loudly insisted upon, his merits are wholly overlooked. That many vigorous, true, striking expressions, happy ideas, and other poetical beauties, are to be met with in his tragedies and other poems, cannot be denied, yet they are by no means sufficient to atone for the general coldness and flatness. They are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, consequently are left to sink if they cannot swim; for few will undergo the toil of wading through a mass of reading for the sake of meeting with a few pearls. Among ourselves, Denham is no longer read, yet a single happy couplet preserves his name from oblivion; so too do some spirited passages serve to keep up a sort of twilight reputation for Sumarakov. His six books of fables, or *Pritchi* (parables), as he has denominated them, containing altogether three hundred and seventy-eight, present us with some of his own invention, but the greater number belong to the common Æsopian stock. To us they appear

disfigured and obscured by antiquated words and expressions, which may occasionally, perhaps, carry with them a peculiar significance and energy, although they are embarrassing to those to whom the language is not their native one. With this cursory notice of him, we must dismiss Sumarakov forthwith, not having prepared ourselves with any translation from him that we could submit to our readers as a favourable specimen of his manner and choice of subject.

Passing by, for the present, Dmitriev and some others, we come directly to Krilov, the most original and most popular of all the fabulists of Russia, and from whom we have selected several pieces, which, we trust, will not be found, even in their English dress, to contradict our opinion of the originals, or cause their author's reputation among his countrymen to appear quite miraculous. The still living Ivan Andreievitch was born at Moscow on the 2d of February, O. S. 1768, but at what time he commenced his literary career, or what may be the strict chronological order of his pieces, we are unable to say. All that we for certainty know on this head, is that his dramatic productions take precedence of his fables by priority of date, although they stand lower as to literary rank. In themselves, his comedies are by no means without merit; at least, if we may judge of them generally from the only one of them we ourselves are acquainted with, namely, the *Modnaya Lavka*, or Milliner's Shop, a very pleasant and lively three-act piece.* One thing that greatly recommends it to us is, that, unlike the generality of modern Russian comedies, it is written in prose. We say modern, because the older comedies, those of Sumarakov, Von Visin, and some of Kniasnin's, are also unfettered by verse. Gretch, on the contrary, while he extols Krilov's both for their naturalness of style

St. Petersburgische Zeitschrift, where he will meet with the very name matter, avowedly taken from Bestuzhev, the original writer. He will there, too, discover that there is no such person as "Eros, the blind bard of Siberia," but that he originates merely in a blunder on the part of the "doer into English," who somehow or other mistook the title of one of P. Sumarakov's productions, entitled *Blind Eros*, for the name of a Russian author! A more singular literary *qui pro quo* is not, perhaps, upon record. The following is the passage in the German:—"Pancratij Sumarakov ist ausgezeichnet durch zwanglosen Scherz in seine Gedichten; die zwar nicht immer fliegend, allein stets durchdacht sind. Der blinde Eros bewies dass Sibiens Winterfröste seine (i.e. Sumarakov's) scherzhafte Phantasie nicht erkalteten."

* Krilov has also produced one or two operas. That of Ilya Bogater has the reputation of being the best in the language.

and clever delineation of character, expresses his regret that they should have been written in prose, although it hardly admits of a doubt that it is owing to that very circumstance they are much indebted for the attractive qualities ascribed to them. Rhymed alexandrines, besides clogging the free flow of dialogue, or what ought to be such, produce a wearisome monotonousness, and makes every one, chambermaids and lacqueys included, speak in the same forced and artificial strain. Neither is the fault greatly mended when, as is frequently the case on the Russian stage, *vers libres* in different measures, are substituted for regular alexandrines; for if the latter occasion formality and stiffness, the others are apt to give too fanciful and lyric a form to continued dialogue, and to weary by the constant change of measure. The easy, not to say careless, blank verse of our older dramatists, was certainly far better fitted for dialogue, either comic or serious, than any other mode of versification; nor do we by any means account it a fault that they frequently introduced scenes entirely in prose, and others in blank verse, in the same piece. Our neighbours the French have been greatly scandalised at the *bizarre* medley thus produced in many of Shakspeare's dramas; yet were they to look at home, they might discover in those of their own favourite Molière and others a far more flagrant inconsistency, we might say a downright absurdity, namely, that when a letter, which surely admits of more study than ordinary speaking, is read upon the stage, it is invariably couched in prose, although the characters themselves speak entirely in rhyme.

We claim indulgence for this digression, into which the mention of Krilov as a dramatic author, has entrapped us; and now, without touching upon his literary labours as a journalist, and editor of the *Zritel* (Spectator), the St. Petersburg Mercury, Dramatic Herald, &c., shall consider him merely in his character of fabulist; or rather shall there let him speak for himself, we only acting, to the best of our ability, as his dragoman, or interpreter; in proceeding to which point, the introduction of some slight notice of his personal character and habits, will hardly be deemed an interruption. In his earlier days, he is said to have been more prodigal of money than was compatible with either a prudent regard to

his finances, or any reputation for philosophic moderation in his enjoyments; the chief philosophy he then displayed being his utter contempt for the "dirty pelf." From the embarrassments into which he was then thrown, he did not scruple occasionally to extricate himself by playing upon the vanity of a well-known Count,—that is, well known in the literary circles of St. Petersburg,—who piqued himself upon his talent for poetry, although by almost every one else he was regarded only as a literary bore. The Count was always overjoyed whenever he could meet with a patient listener; therefore, whenever Krilov was particularly pressed for money, he used to lend him his ear, and the other, in return, to lend him his purse. Which of the two poets was in this case the Mécenas, and which the *protégé*, it would be difficult to decide. It seems to have been an affair of mutual accommodation, and of equal obligation, between both parties. On the part of Krilov, this may be said to have been only the repetition of an acted fable, namely, that of the "Fox and the Crow," with the difference that there the crow was quite as well satisfied as Reynard himself. This, we presume, was one of the tricks of Krilov's *Little Pickle* days; at least, we may reasonably suppose that he was neither so frequent a visitor, nor so patient a listener, to the Count after his snug appointment as librarian at the imperial library of St. Petersburg. There, might—perhaps still may—the fabulist be seen at his post every forenoon, but generally sitting quite at his ease on a sofa, surrounded by a group of literary gossips, to whom he was ever ready to repeat his last new fable. In fact, a certain indolence—not to say sluggishness, both of person and manner, probably the effect of his corpulence—is one of Krilov's characteristics. He has nothing of the student, much less of the book-worm, in his appearance. Yet that he has, also, a considerable degree of energy is proved by the following anecdote told of him: His friend, the late Nikolai Gnœditch (who has been complimented with the title of the Russian Voss, not only on account of his excellent translation of the *Iliad*, in hexameters, but also for his popular idyls in the same metre), had once, while conversing with him on subjects of classical interest, expressed his deep regret that Krilov could not read the Greek authors

in the originals. Three or four months afterwards, on Krilov's paying a visit to the translator, whom he found hard at work at the *Iliad*, the latter again began to compassionate his friend for his ignorance, when, to his utter astonishment, the other quietly took up the book, read off a passage, and then translated it into Russian. It seems that Krilov, who was then between forty and fifty years of age, incited—perhaps a little piqued also—by his friend's pointed expressions of regret, had determined to try whether Greek was too hard for him, or he sharp enough for Greek. Accordingly, without letting any one into his secret, he provided himself with grammar, lexicon, &c., and began to fag at Greek nouns and verbs every night; while those who beheld him carelessly seated every day on his sofa at the imperial library, no more suspected him of being engaged in an attack upon Greek, than they did of his being engaged in a conspiracy against the state.

This trait is somewhat akin to his general character; for in conversation, he is more disposed to play the part of a listener and observer, than to take any great share in it, except it be to utter some pithy, and not unfrequently satirical remark. Although all are, apparently, quite innocent of any such purpose, many of his fables are said to have a very satirical covert meaning, directed against well-known individuals; but of course intelligible only to the initiated. We are not of the number, and, even could we reveal such mysteries, no one among our readers would care to be informed of them; for which reason we have not named the Count to whom Krilov played the part of the fox, although we think we could fill up the — after his title, without falling into a mistake.

What may be the date of the earliest edition of Krilov's fables, we cannot accurately say; but they have already

gone through a very great number, in various forms, from the cheapest and most economical to those of the utmost typographical splendour the Russian press can achieve. Among them, one single impression consisted of no fewer than forty thousand copies. After this we scarcely need say that they enjoy a popularity, throughout the whole empire, far beyond that ever yet obtained by any thing else in the language.* His fables may be said to be in the hands of all, from the lowest peasants to the members of the imperial family. They have admirers every where, both in the drawing-room and the nursery: for none are they too lofty; so for none are they too low.

Though unacquainted with the language in which they are written, some of our readers may, nevertheless, be partially acquainted with them, that is, as far as relates to their subjects, through the medium of the polyglot edition, published some dozen years ago, at Paris, by Count Orloff. It contains the original fables, with a French and Italian translation, or rather imitation, of each, by various hands, for there are almost as many different translators as there are fables. Among the French ones, occur the names of Ségur, Daru, Parseval Grandmaison, Jouy, Casimir Delavigne, Sophie Gay, Delphine Gay, Madame Tastu, &c.; and, among the Italian, Monti, Pindemonte, Salfi, Cesare, and many others. It will, perhaps, be deemed little short of wonderful that so many literary persons in France and Italy should have been found competent to the task of translating from a language so little studied by foreigners as the Russian. The mystery explains itself when we add that they are all translators at second hand, having done no more than versify, and put into the best poetical dress they could, the literal version first made of each fable for their use.† Beyond such outline copies they knew

* As a contribution to the statistics of publishing and bookselling in Russia, we may here mention that the whole of the first edition of Bulgarin's novel, 'Ivan Vuzhigin' (24,000 copies), was disposed of in the course of a week. In regard to circulating libraries in the capital, some notion may be formed, when we say that we have a classed catalogue of one published about ten years ago, in a very thick octavo volume, closely printed in double columns, containing upwards of 100,000 volumes, in every department of literature and science, not excluding biblical criticism and mathematical works. A great many are translations from other languages; but that circumstance shews also that there must be a considerable taste for such works among a people whom many have chosen to represent as little better than half-civilised.

† We have been assured, on what we consider very satisfactory authority, that the same mode was practised by Bowring, in his translations from the Russian and other languages. That he was wholly unacquainted with them we do not take upon

nothing whatever of Krilov : still their versions might have approached a little nearer to the originals ; for some are so exceedingly loose and paraphrastic, that nothing but the leading idea is retained, without any further resemblance to the models. It is true they honestly profess to be no more than '*Imitations* ;' but of what kind may be easily conjectured, without comparing them with their Russian prototypes, when we say that though, in general, these imitations err on the side of prolixity, some few are couched very briefly. Perhaps we cannot do better than give a direct example, by confronting together a part of the French and the Italian version of one of the fables ; the former of which is comprised in nineteen lines, while the latter extends to seventy-eight.

Le Sac.

Un Sac vide gissait dans l'ombre en-
sevelé ;

Tout-à-coup de ducats rempli,
Il se gonflé, et prenant les airs de l'opu-
lence,

Etale une richesse, affecte une insolence,
Telles, qu'on met bientôt, sa misère en
oubli.

On l'admire ; il parait de tout point ac-
complî.

Mais lorsque ont disparu les doublons
qu'il enferme,

O changement soudain ! toute sa gloire
a fui ;

De ses honneurs il voit le terme ;
On n'entend plus parler de lui.

Il Sacco.

Giaceva in un cantone
D'anticamera unil, voto un Saccone,

Che ad altro non servia
Che a nettar gli stivali a chi venia.

Or odi gioco della sorte. A caso

V'inciampa la fortuna,
E tutto ad occhi chiusi e sonnolenti

Te lo riempie di zecchini ardenti.

Miracoloso cangiamento ! il Sacco,

Quel rozzo Sacco e sozzo,

Divien subitamente

L'idolo della gente. Ognun l'inchina,

Ognun chiede l'onore

Di suo buon servitore, e il cortegiano

Se gli sprofonda col cappello in mano.

What very opposite methods have
here been adopted by the respective
translators of the same piece is very self-

evident their versions, being altogether different in expression, and presenting hardly a trait in common. Of the two, the Italian gives more of the manner of the original, but is far more diffuse ; for the seven lines, beginning at "*Miracoloso cangiamento !*" are altogether an interpolation. Numerous discrepancies equally great might be brought forward, did we consider it at all worth while to do so ; but instead of detaining the reader any longer, we now serve up to him the fables translated by ourselves, in the selection of which we have been guided rather by novelty of subject than by merit of execution, since the one may easily be preserved, whereas particular beauties of versification, idiom, and expression, are almost always lost in transferring from one language to another, and can at best only be represented by something equivalent or analogous.

Apelles and the Ass.

How vanity the man misleads
Incautious, who its whisperings heeds !
Ofttimes it causes him to pride
Himself on what all else deride,
And makes him fancy that he fame
Acquires by that which rather brings
him shame.

Apelles, says our story, met
A donkey whom he asked to sit
As model to him. Donkey wagging
His tail, assented ; and then ran off
bragging

To all his friends : "*Apelles was so
pressing,*

That to refuse him would have been dis-
tressing.

Rather a bore though, *entre nous* ;
But then, so urged, what can one do ?

In fact, he would take no denial,

So I must give the chap a trial.
We should, you know, to folks be civil,

E'en though we wish them at the devil.

Now, guess you why he importunes me
thus ? —

'Tis 'cause he wants to draw

A fine, poetic Pegasus,

And vows a better model he ne'er
saw."

"No !" cried the painter, who just then
pass'd by,

"There, donkey, you're quite out, —
Some folks would say, you lie :

'Tis Midas' judgment I'm about ;

us to assert ; but, according to our informant, it was his practice to get Russians and other foreigners to select for him striking passages, or minor poems, and to translate them as closely as possible into either English or French for him. Without further testimony as to its truth, this is almost confirmed by some otherwise unaccountable errors, which he could hardly by any possibility have fallen into, had he been at all acquainted with the poems from which the extracts were taken. His specimens of Cheskian poetry were sadly cut up in one German journal, where the original passages, a literal German translation, and Bowring's own, were printed in three columns.

Therefore, my picture more complete to make,
I wish from yours his worship's ears to take;
For though I have examined many an ass,
Your ears for length all others far surpass!"

It is possible that some one may discover that the same idea, differently dressed up, perhaps, had been adopted before Krilov made use of it; but to us it is altogether new. Or it may be objected to it, that it is as much of a *facetia*—an epigrammatic anecdote, as a fable. We are no very great sticklers about names; therefore, should it please any one so to denominate it in preference, we shall leave him so to class it. The next we produce from our store shews far more ingenuity of invention, while it recommends itself by a deeper and more important moral.

The Leaves and the Roots.

Twas on a sunny summer day,
Exulting in the flickering shade,
They cast athwart the greensward glade,
The leaves, a fluttering host,
Thus 'gan their worth to boast,
And to each other say:—

"Is it not we

That deck the tree—

Its stem and branches all array,
In verdant pomp and vigorous grace?
Deprived of us, how altered were their case!

Is it not we who form the grateful screen
Of foliage and luxuriant green,

Welcome to traveller and to swain?

Yes! we may be deemed vain,

But we it is whose charms invite

Youths and maidens to the grove;

And we it is, too, who at night

Shelter in her retired alcove

The songstress of the woods, whose strain

Wafts music over dale and plain!

In us the Zephyrs most rejoice:

Our emerald beauty to caress,

On silken wings they fondly press."

"Most true; but yet

You ought not to forget

We too exist," replied a voice

That issued from the earth;

"We sure possess some little worth."

"And who are ye? where do ye grow?"

"Buried are we here below,
Deep in the ground. 'Tis we who nourish

The stem and you, and make you flourish.

For, understand, we are the roots,
From whom the tree itself upshoots:

'Tis we by whom you thrive—

From whom your beauty ye derive.

Unlike to you, we are not fair,
Nor dwell we in the upper air;
Yet do we not, like you, decay,—
Winter tears us not away.
Ye fall—yet still remains the tree;
But should it chance that we
Once cease to live, adieu
Both to the tree, fair leaves, and
you!"

Were we called upon to award "the apple" to any single one of Krilov's fables in preference to the rest, we should be inclined to decide in favour of this. Others will, perhaps, be quite as well satisfied with those which are touched off in a sprightlier mood, from among which we will give that entitled

The Hog.

It chanced that a hog once wandered
To a noble's stately dwelling;
Yet on its beauties he ne'er pondered,
Being quite engrossed in smelling
The steams that issued from the kitchen.
He searched each gutter, sink, and drain,

The stables, next, t' explore was fain,
And thought the dunghill most bewitching.

Then after he had raked about,

And grubb'd the filth up with his snout,

He to his sty return'd quite tired,

And in no small degree bemired.

"Well," said a clown, "where have you been?"

Most wondrous sights, I trow, you've seen,

And stared at all that's grand and fine."

"Humph!" grunted forth our worthy swine,

"I wot not what it is you prate:

I saw no grandeur, saw no state.

All that I know 's I found enough

Of tolerable kitchen stuff;

And in a drain was some good swill,

Of which I took a hearty fill."

In such guise, too, to say the truth,

His tour makes many a travelling youth

O'erlooks what most deserves his pains,

And chiefly seeks out for the drains;

Wallows in mire and on dunghill,

And, like our hog, cares but for swill!

In this, as well as in the other fables we have translated, we have endeavoured to keep as closely to the original as possible, without cramping ourselves, and thereby rendering our copy stiff and spiritless. Most assuredly we have, in no instance, indulged in the licenses which Count Orloff's French and Italian versifiers allowed themselves. It is thus that Sophie Gay

begins her version of the fable we have just given :

Qu'est devenu ce temps où le bon La Fontaine,

Sous la voile enfantine de la naïveté,
Aux petits comme aux grands disait la vérité,

Et faisait sur le vrai des fables par centaine !

Il vous auroit de peint de mon pourceau,

Les petits yeux, et la longue figure ;
Puis le prenant au sortir du berceau,
Vous auriez su toute son aventure.

Of all this, and more in the same train, there is nothing whatever in the Russian fable ; therefore, let it have whatever merit it may, it conveys no idea of Krilov's manner. Perhaps, however, translators—at least those who write in verse—have the same privileges as travellers possess. Salvatore Betti's version is far more faithful :

Conton che un porco a sorte
Di splendido palazzo entrò a la corte ;
E, colà pervenuto

Dove giace il sozzor della cucina,
Si rotolò fra le immondezze e il luto ;
E alla mandra vicina
Poi, secundo il suo stîl, se ne tornò
Fétido è brutto quanto dir si può, &c.

Canine Friendship.

Stretched in the sunshine, basking lay
Two dogs, one Trusty, t'other Tray ;

To watch and guard the house by night
Their office was ; but then by day

To bark they were far too polite :
So they a tête-à-tête began,
And their discourse a long while ran
On canine duties and employments,
On canine pastimes and enjoyments.
On canine friendship they dilated
Next, and its value highly rated.

" What more delightful," Trusty said,
" Than mutual sympathy and aid !

They who together toil and rest
Taste of life the greatest zest.
Without a friend's participation,
There's little joy in any station.

Were, now, for instance, you and I
Always to dwell in amity,
How happily our time would fly !"

" Truly, I think so," answered Tray :

It is a shame—it quite a farce is,
That living here beneath one roof,
Where we both get food enough,
Scarcely one day in seven passes
Without some wrangling or affray.

Time was, dogs were for friendship noted,
As instances proverbial quoted ;
But now quite the reverse we find—
As little love they bear their kind
As men themselves, so altered now 's the case."

" Let us, then," his companion cried,

" Become a model to our race.

Here take my paw, and ill betide
Him who shall break the compact first :
Be he of dogs the most accurs'd."

Just then, as if to put them to the test,

The cook a bone did to them fling ;

And straight our canine Pylades

And Orestes made a spring

The prize to seize ;

And snarled and growled at such a rate,

That cook thought best

The troth-pledged friends to separate.

Of friendship, with like love replete,

Examples not a few we meet,—

Nay, without libelling them too much,

May call most worldly friendships such.

Whom best of friends you would suppose,

Fling but a bone, and they are foes.

Although altogether different as to the subject, the next specimen we shall give carries with its application a very striking affinity to Lessing's fable of the " Wasps." They are both variations of the same theme, the scope of which is to set in a strong light the false pride, whether of nations or of individuals, who make a boast of being descended from a stock from which they have also degenerated. We do not, however, charge Krilov with having borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the German, because, even could we be certain that the idea of his fable was suggested by that of Lessing, that circumstance would not in the least affect his claim to originality, at least not without compromising, in some way or other, almost every author, living or dead. Lessing's fable is avowedly a reflection upon " the modern Italians, who imagine themselves to be the issue of the old heroic Romans, because they have been born upon their graves." In Krilov's, on the contrary, the satire is not only more general, but less bitter ; and, if less dignified in tone, less poetical in conception, it is not deficient in drollery and humour.

The Geese.

His geese to market driving, Nick

Rudely applied to them his stick,

To hinder 'em from rambling, and their pace

Onward to urge ;

For market time was on its verge,

And Nick was thinking of his gains ;

And whene'er interest's in the case,

Politeness must of course give place,

Nor at such season trouble people's brains.

His flock, however, saw no need

For journeying on with all their speed,

But fancied more consideration

Was due to them as fowl of note and station.

"Are we then merely of the rabble?"
 So began a goose to gabble
 To a passenger they met,
 "Are we of common birds a vulgar set,
 That we are to be treated thus?"
 'Tis monstrous and most scandalous
 After such fashion to be driven
 By a rude hind! 'Tis not to be for-
 given!
 The fellow ought, at least, to know,
 That of respect some little show
 His equals to our equals owe;
 We're from th' illustrious fowls de-
 scended,
 By whom great Rome was once de-
 fended,
 And rescued from the treacherous
 Gaul."

"Perhaps 'tis so; but is that all?"
 The passenger inquires.
 "All! and enough; did they not save
 The Capitol?"

"I pardon crave,
 That none disputes, nor doubts its
 truth;
 Yet what have you achieved, for-
 sooth?"

"Again, I tell you that our sires——"
 "Your ancestors, pray, leave alone,
 'Tis not *their* merits, but your *own*
 I fain would learn,
 And to display them should be your
 concern."

As for your sires,
 Whom all the world admires,
 Theirs be their glory. Ye are only fit
 To be well roasted on a spit!"

As another specimen of that comic
 tone for which Krilov is so much
 relished by his countrymen, and of that
 dramatic, or if not exactly dramatic, col-
 loquial form which he frequently adopts,
 we may quote the fable entitled "The
 Soup;" or, according to the original,
 "Ukká," a species of fish-soup, which
 is a favourite national dish among the
 Russians, although we are not suf-
 ficiently initiated in the mysteries of
 gastronomy to say whether it does credit
 to their taste, or in what manner it is
 prepared. Our ignorance, however,
 need in this case give us very little
 concern, since the reader may, without
 the slightest detriment to the lesson
 inculcated by the fable, imagine the
 soup spoken of to be turtle, either
 genuine or mock, or whatever kind may
 be most relishing to his own palate.
 Our business is to serve it up at once;
 and should it not be found quite so
 savoury as we seem to promise, the
 blame must rest entirely with ourselves,
 as unskilful cooks who have spoiled a

good dish by attempting to warm it
 afresh.

The Soup.

"Come, neighbour, do not need such
 pressing;

Fall to, and eat,
 Here's quite a treat,
 For soup like this 's a perfect blessing!"
 "Thanks! I don't doubt it is delightful,
 But I have dined."

"Nay, don't be spiteful."
 "Upon my word, another bit,
 The best that came from pot or spit.
 I could not touch ——"

"Pshaw! a mere spoonful; for you don't
 get such

Rare soup as this, 'faith, every day.
 'Tis made from a most choice receipt."

"Well, since you will not take me nay——
 Since I must taste, why e'en so be't."

"Come, that is rightly now agreed!
 Say, is it not delicious feed?
 How! Does it not your palate suit?
 Is it not rich enough, I pray?"

"Its excellence I don't dispute,
 But ——"

"Hang your *buts*, and eat away!"
 Thus pressed the host, while the poor
 guest,

By 's importunity distress'd,
 Was forc'd to comply with his request,
 And just contriv'd his plate to empty.
 "Another spoonful!—let me tempt ye."
 On this, upstarting from his seat,
 The guest at once made his retreat.

Writers, to you my tale's address'd,
 Who with most fertile pens are blest;
 Yet gifted with but small discretion,
 Would feast the public to repletion;
 Force down their throats, book after book,
 Cramming them till they fairly choke;
 And of your prose, or verse so tuneful,
 Insist on giving us another spoonful!

The moral of this comes so home to
 ourselves, that it warns us to have some
 consideration for our readers; therefore,
 although our own soup is prepared
 from a most approved foreign receipt,
 we will not insist upon their tasting
 another spoonful of it just now, at the
 imminent hazard of surfeiting them
 entirely. We discreetly clap the cover
 on our soup-dish, and send it away;
 purposing, *Reginâ volente*, to replenish
 it and set it before our readers again, a
 month hence, unless we should discover
 in the interim, that the first taste has
 quite taken away their appetites for
 such outlandish dainty stuff, in com-
 parison with which they may, per-
 chance, hold German *sauer kraut* to be
 perfect ambrosia.

MARY MAGDALENE.

How have they wrong'd thee, Magdalene the fair !
 Mistaking for gross passion love divine,
 Which glow'd within that ardent soul of thine :
 Would that my own a kindred love might share !
 They saw thee kneel before thy Saviour-Lord,
 And wipe his feet with thy long flowing hair ;
 They felt not how by thee he was adored,
 And judg'd thee by their own conventual laws,
 Blaming the action, knowing not its cause.

He who could read each impulse of the heart,
 Did not thus judge of thee, fair Magdalene,
 When kneeling at his feet thy form was seen :
 He did not harshly tell thee to depart :
 He knew the fond devotion of thy breast,
 Thy perfect love, unmix'd with fraud or art :
 Through a condemning crowd, on Mary prest,
 And, with a fervour since how little proved,
 Kiss'd and embraced the feet of Him she loved !

Borne on by holy instinct undefined,
 She heeded not what mortals here might say ;
 She saw *one* object with the Spirit's ray—
 She felt *one* purpose filling all her mind :
 Oh, that my soul could keep such holy beam !
 That in my depths of being it would stay !
 But, though I feel it for a moment stream
 Throughout my soul, its pure and holy light
 Is quickly lost, and all again is night !

Pure is that love which owns no blush of shame,
 That fears not ridicule or vulgar scorn—
 But feeling that pure love is Spirit-born,
 Seeks not to quench the God-inspired flame ;
 Still may it burn within the bosom-shrine.
 Thou, Mary, knew from whence thy pure love came.
 Its sacred altar was that heart of thine !
 Entranc'd before thy Saviour didst thou kneel,
 And all a prophet's inspiration feel !

The chosen Twelve beheld not what she saw
 With clear perception, by the Spirit-eye,
 That her beloved Master soon would die,
 As expiation for a broken law.
 The costly spices that for Him she brought,
 Were for His "burial" now approaching nigh—
 'Twas God himself this wond'rous knowledge taught.
 That fount from whence flow'd Mary's love divine,
 Made his own Spirit on her being shine.

Although she saw him on the cross expire,
 She watch'd beside his tomb to see him rise,
 Still inspiration beaming in her eyes,
 And in her soul a prophet's holy fire.
 To her, before all others, Jesus spake,
 He did not her devoted love despise.
 Whilst others slept, poor Mary was awake ;
 She knew the Lord of Life no grave could keep,
 That soon He would burst forth from deathlike sleep.

“She loved much!” thus did the Master say;
Such record she alone on earth receiv’d,
Amongst the followers who on Him believ’d,
And saw him die on the appointed day.
Great was her faith! Much greater far her love!
Oh! that I could such perfect love display,
And hear our blessed Saviour thus approve!
Sweet Mary Magdalene! I feel thy worth,
And justify thy fame throughout the earth.

With what intensity of love she sought
The costliest spices, and the gums most rare;
The spotless vase of alabaster fair:
“Exceeding precious” was the gift she brought;
Perchance it cost her all her earthly store.
How did rich odours float upon the air!
Thus incense rises when true hearts adore;
For sure a moral atmosphere surrounds
Those spirits where the love of God abounds.

Let not the painter give with cunning dyes
A false expression to thy holy face,
And rob thee of thy most attractive grace;
Let him not paint the tear-drop in thine eyes,—
For crimes, poor wronged one! thou hast never known;
But rather let him on thy features trace
Devotion a Madonna’s self might own;
And braid thy golden tresses round a head
On which a glory like to hers is spread.

A saint, sweet Magdalene! art thou to me;
Thy youthful form I in my dreams behold,
With eyes upraised, and hair of streaming gold,
In speechless love at thy dear master’s knee;
I mark the depth of those celestial eyes,
And all their rapt, their true, devotion see:
What though the world such visions may despise,
If they but touch this heart to feel like thee,
Still may such lovely dreams be seen by me!

What were the taunts of men to one whose soul
Was in communion with a God of Love?
Where every thought and feeling soared above?
’Twere easier far the planets to control,
And send them wandering through the fields of space;
Or from its centre the firm sun to move,
And hurl it headlong to some distant place;
Than bring down such a spirit to this earth,
Which clings to God, and feels how high its birth!

THE STRANGER'S TALE; OR, THE CHIMNEY-CORNER OF A
COUNTRY INN.

IT was late one cheerless October evening, some years ago, when, proceeding to Scotland from a visit to the Lakes, I arrived at the Blue Bull, the head hostelry of a small village in the north of England. The latter part of my drive had been through a flat, sterile country, presenting no single feature to divert my attention from the palsying effect of the bleaching wind which swept, almost continuously, over its desolate surface with a searching keenness, against which my triple envelopment of body-coat, surtout, and cloak felt almost as light and porous as if their fabric had been of open network. A constant succession of sleety showers had been brewing in the horizon to windward throughout the day; and, now and then, a dark cloud broke, as it were, from its moorings, and, scudding before the blast, discharged, as it passed overhead, its icy contents on my jaded self and horse with a pre-pense bitterness and malice which more than once made me fain to imitate the example of a philosophic looking old steed which I passed upon the road, and, by turning my back upon it, with proper spirit manifest my contemptuous indignation at its scurvy treatment. And here, by the way, as I am something of a practical physiologist, I may as well note down, for the edification of meteorologists, held, nowadays, in such high repute, a well certified conclusion, which may perchance aid them in their aptly misty pursuit of what is, without doubt, in these parts an exceedingly dim and foggy science. What augments the value of said conclusion is, that, so to speak, it belongs to the *moral* rather than the *physical* character of the subtle substance to which it refers—a feature which, the discerning will perceive, ineffably enhances its importance, as tending to elucidate the *rationale* of what, for some six thousand years, has been proverbially, though improperly, regarded as the most fitting symbol of causeless caprice and motiveless instability—an explosion of which false theory, by the demonstration of the true one, will serve still more brightly to irradiate the enlightened age in which we have the singular felicity to live, and pinnacle it yet higher in the estimation of the clear-eyed worshippers of the

“purely intellectual.” The French philosophers have lately, it is asserted (by themselves), discovered the most lively sensibility in a cabbage, and their visual acumen has been pronounced unparalleled since the days of Lynceus. But how poor and pitiful does this appear when compared with the perception of a “motive of intention” in the wind itself—the wind which, to ordinary optics, is utterly invisible, and only known by its occasional affecting deposits of victimised little flies, &c., upon their tender surface. Were I given to the gratulatory and eulogistic strain, I might here gorgeously discourse on this great subject, and, haply, intimate my claim to learned gratitude; but, as I am of a most modest and unassuming temper, I incline not to blow the trumpet before myself, and, therefore, willingly evade the invidious task. Well, then, without further flourish, the plain fact is, that there is a vast deal of malice in the wind,—that its freaks discover a most designing and circumventing spirit. It takes a base pleasure in tormenting a poor traveller, in making its assaults upon the least defensible points, as well as, for him, at the most inopportune conjunctures,—and shewing a craft and policy in its mode of annoyance which on *a priori* grounds would be altogether incredible. If he turn his back to meet the brunt, it forthwith abates its violence, cunningly husbanding its strength where its expenditure would be useless, and reserving its fiercest and bitterest gusts to salute his pallid cheeks and ruddy nose withal, when, tempted by the momentary lull, the unlucky wight turns again to pursue his journey. And, again, if he be but a traveller to and fro, and have struggled on manfully against it for a while, in the hope that, if in his advance it was his enemy, in his return, at least, it will be his ally, most assuredly; if the malicious tyrant happen to be in sportive mood, he is doomed to find in the falsity of his expectations another instance of the deceitfulness of human hopes; for no sooner does he reverse his route, no sooner does he begin to felicitate himself, and be on kindly terms with his old foe, than suddenly—*prestissimo*—the latter has veered about, and again rudely blusters

at him from the opposition, driving the breath down his throat, if he open his mouth in upbraidings or complaint, venting at will the venom of his spleen in angry buffets upon his victim, who, his heart full of bitterness at this spiteful treachery, with the defiance of indignation and despair, doggedly

“With half-shut eyes and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.”

Such is the veritable conclusion; and who will confess himself so dull of perception, and so destitute of experience, as to avow scepticism upon the point? At this I have, inductively, arrived long since; and if I entertained any lurking misgiving as to its soundness, the evidence furnished by the present occasion was quite sufficient to make me abjure all heretical doubts, and root me more firmly in the orthodox belief; and, consequently, Boreas—using this term *generically*, for I could fix the offending blast to no specific point or quarter of the compass—and I were not on the most friendly footing as, with hard-set teeth and half-shut eyes, I urged my failing horse on to the little village of which I have made mention above. The evening was closing in clouds and storm when I reached the inn, and verily, after such a drive, it lightened my heart and raised my pulse to look upon the round, rubicund physiognomy of Boniface, reflective of a richly stocked larder, as it shone benignantly on witnessing the arrival of a substantial-looking guest, with a valise, and gig and horse to boot.

In a few minutes, my small travelling traps were consigned to my chamber, my load of wet cloth thrown off, my feet introduced into a most luxurious pair of slippers (my own, by the way, —for I totally eschew the current gear supplied by Boots), and my person installed in a huge arm-chair right opposite that radiant source of comfort on a winter evening—a blazing fire.

“Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?”

muttered I, as I stretched myself most unsophisticatedly before the genial flame, my complacency not in the least disturbed by the occasional note of preparation from behind, where the waiter, worthy fellow, was making snug arrangements, in my behalf, for recruiting exhausted nature. “Here, waiter,”

said I, when the chink of the cover announced that dinner was placed, “wheel the table over here nearer the fire—that’s well. Now loosen the cork in that bottle, and snuff the candle: that will do, and so leave me for the present; and, hark ye, when I ring, let me have in a steaming supply of hot water—better bring it in the kettle—with some of your best brandy,—your very best, mind ye; for I require something of virtue to chase away the chill I have caught from that bitter wind.”

“Never fear, sir, I’ll bring you stuff that would set the heart of a snowball on fire. Any thing else, sir?”

“Nothing more, at present, my good fellow,” said I, benignly; for at the moment benevolence was too warm at my heart to let me notice the rather equivocal commendation he conferred upon his spirit.

“And now,” thought I, as, after having replenished my plate, I laid my hand upon the sherry, “it is a deuced pity there was not some cheery companion opposite to fill up that ugly vacancy, and appropriate that other roast fowl, it eats so capitably with this Yorkshire ham. And then a fellow, who to a keen appetite adds a nice sensibility, is wont to feel halfashamed of himself when cramming down his meal in solitude, he cannot for the life of him adopt the ingenious and convenient fiction, that he is exceeding moderation solely from an amiable desire of countenancing his friend. But, tut! I have really been so absent as to have deprived this second fowl of both its wings; and, truly, I blush for my incontinence when I view the anatomy—setting aside the neck and feet, which, to do myself justice, I have left in unimpaired integrity—which I have made of its dear departed companion. But, come, I must drown unpleasant reflection in a bumper of this home-brewed. Ha! genuine, and capital,—in good sooth a sovereign queller of all qualms. And, now, as a matter of form—for in my present capacity of Conservative it is my duty to forswear all departure from established customs—I will just try what these knick-knackeries are made of; but I will make short work with them, and then finish with my tumbler of brandy-punch, just, as my old friend, Father Fogarty, used to say, to fill up the interstices. But, fairly and softly, what is that stationed with respectful firm-

ness behind the cruel,—is it spectral or substantial, real or illusive? As I am a man of discernment, it is a good *bonâ fide* Cheshire, in the very prime of its grand climacteric; and “it would be a great pity, so it would,” and a shabby act of injustice into the bargain, to pretermit such modest and unobtrusive merit without giving it some mark of my esteem for its high deserts; so, here goes for a very inadequate testimony of my regard. But, alas! terrestrial joys are transient—man is capricious—pleasure palls in the possession—possession is the parent of new desire; all which cardinal themes of the moralist I now verified at my own expense. Scarce one little hour had passed since a snug meal and a snoring fire were the grand desiderata in my eyes; but now, with all the prefixes and affixes of good cheer, with a most desirable alteration in my personalities, and a highly delectable beverage to boot, they seemed but small things in my sight, so long as the social attribute of my humanity found no scope for its indulgence. Not that I would have it supposed that I never like to be alone, and let frolic fancy follow her bent, and range at will wherever her own unfettered impulse prompts, or lapse into that more dreamy mood

“In which the understanding takes repose

In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refreshed.

While the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.”

Such dissipation, I am sorry to say, is often but too delicious in my sight; and—such a dash of contradiction is there in my nature—seldom so much so as when I should be all eagerness and attention, as when called on to hearken to a grave discourse, or ejaculate at some old lady's tales of terror gleaned from a Sunday paper, or weigh the wisdom, or wonder at the wit, of some of those elderly gentlemen, so often met with nowadays, who, grafting a shoot of the flighty philosophy of modern fashion upon the sturdy trunk of last century's sagacity, delight in delivering opaque aphorisms, about the omnipotence of knowledge and the excellence of the current enlightenment, or venting wooden sarcasms against

the stolidity of such as are not smitten with a similar veneration for education, and reform, and machinery, and steam, and political economy, and, above all, the “scientific.” But as I had no such incentive on the present occasion, I was most provokingly disinclined to send my imagination abroad upon the wing in quest of pleasure, and craved rather for the company of one or two of my own species with whom I might chat about some of the sublimary commonplaces of the day. Such a craving, however, is generally most inopportune in a country inn, as most solitary travellers know to their cost; and, in lieu of gratifying it, I was fain to lay hands upon the moiety of an old newspaper which I espied in the corner of the apartment. But, wo was me, after rising from my easy chair rudely knocking the tender little digit of my sinister supporter against the foot of a most contumacious table in the act, and miserably discomposing my *tout ensemble* as I hobbled towards it, I found it to be a mutilated advertisement sheet of the *Times*, thickly lettered with Chancery notices, announcements of disengaged active young footmen, staid elderly cooks, respectable nurses, &c.; but with nothing which the most self-mortifying could peruse, excepting a scanty fragment of a production of that most poetical of practical men (and who of the present generation has merited the latter epithet so highly?)—Robins, eulogistic of a certain stately and majestic mansion, with its appendages,—of gardens girdled with foliage and filled with fruitage—Elysian pleasure-grounds—tastefully disposed shrubberies—sweeping lawns, verdant vistas—richly wooded scenery, &c., &c.; the whole exquisitely adapted to the wants and wishes of some wealthy old West Indian (in the longevity of which class, by the way, he is peculiarly interested) who may feel inclined in this beauteous Eden to prolong, in health and happiness, the rich autumnal evening of his life. At the foot it was cruelly and curtly announced—alackaday! that the estimations of imagination and mensuration should so widely differ!—that the extent of this concentrated essence of all that is exquisite was—thirteen acres, three roods, and twelve perches.

Disheartened by so rapid a descent from the region of fancy to that of fact, and disappointed in my search after

the readable, I was returning crest-fallen and companionless to my chair, when, most felicitously, I bethought myself of the apartment cyleped the "travellers' room," which is generally attached to such inns as are on, or adjacent to, the great commercial tracks. A room of this kind is seldom destitute of company, which, if not very *recherché*, is often very racy, with a pretty fair allowance of floating intelligence, and, not rarely, a good dash of whimsicalness in some of its members, who are apt to exhibit themselves in aspects not a little amusing to the hunter after the characteristic, or the ridiculous.

Following up the lucky thought, I forthwith instituted an inquiry, and gathered from the waiter that my supposition was quite correct; that there were five or six in the room already—that more might drop in as the evening advanced; and that an elderly gentleman, a stranger, had arrived a few minutes before in a post-chaise, and had desired to be shewn into the same apartment. I resolved to lose no time in adding myself to the number, and, accordingly, shortly found my person snugly ensconced in the chimney-corner, and my optics employed in leisurely perusing the company present. All, except one who was a little aloof, and whom I rightly took to be the "stranger gentleman," were seated at the same table, earnestly, but joyously, employed in laying a fitting substratum for such post-prandial potations as the severity of the weather warranted, and the genial comfort of the fireside invited. The waiter was hurrying to and fro in obedience to divers simultaneous directions, arranging glasses, preparing "materials," saying "yes, sir," to one who asked him if he was deaf, and "no, sir," to another who called for a knife and fork, casting in his fleet career an occasional glance of mingled menace and reproach at a fatheaded pantry-boy, whose state of general bewilderment told that it was yet early in his apprenticeship; and, anon, stopping to administer a cuff to the same youth when his stupidity surpassed all sufferance, and when, which was more than once, he detected him in the illicit act of abstracting sundry morsels which struck his fancy from such savoury dishes as were consigned to him for conveyance outside. On the whole, the scene was highly gratifying to the

philanthropist and friend to retributive justice; and, as I am pretty well up in both these characters, I had much reason to felicitate myself on my change of locality. In a short time, the entire party was seated semicircularly in front of a noble fire, each with his yard of clay and "chirping glass" of indispensable at hand, and all, apparently, in a high state of cordiality and boon companionship; and, after the severity of their morning's exercise, well disposed to chorus the favourite old festive song, which a plump little man in company hummed as he filled his pipe—

"The day is gone, the night's our own;
Then let us feast the soul:
If any pain or care remain,
Why—drown it in the bowl."

But though the circumstances within doors tended to mirthful jollity, the increasing violence of the storm without soon exercised a counter influence; and as the windows shook in their cases, and the hail rattled heavily upon the sounding panes, you might perceive a sombre hue gradually gathering over the conversation—a hue which deepened into absolute gloom as the winds assaulted the now quaking tenement which housed us with a growing vehemence and force which signified a desire, and, as some would have it, an ability, to carry our position by sepulchred storm, and, happily, perform a wild *requiescat* over our remains. We could hear them mustering, as it were, upon the distant waste, then sweeping sullenly, and with augmenting force along, till they reached the expecting inn, round the trembling walls of which they blustered with savage turbulence, as if furious at the obstinacy of its obstruction. Blast after blast fell upon the already rickety building with a pertinacity and force which, seriously, seemed to menace its stability; but though its old walls shook, they yet toughly withstood the brunt; and the baffled tempest, spent with its efforts, retired for a while to gather strength for a fresh attack. A change now came over the spirit of the party, or at least over their conversation, and instead of "quips and cranks" being bandied merrily to and fro, each seemed to find a strange pleasure in trying to inspire the rest with dismal forebodings about the wind-worthiness of the rather ancient edifice which for the present sheltered us; and many had copious stores of portentous "saws

and modern instances," of beings innumerable buried alive by the falls of houses vastly stouter, occasioned by storms vastly weaker, than the house and storm with which we, luckless mortals, had to deal with at the current crisis. But, though every one seemed to yield his assent to the justice of these fears, and to be most charitably disposed to prepare his neighbour for the worst, yet, somehow or other, so far as I could see, no one appeared particularly uneasy in regard to his own individual safety; but as the blast roared about the house, or rumbled down the chimney, each drew his chair closer to the hearth, and swallowed his beverage with a degree of placidity which would have redounded to the credit of Aurelius Antoninus himself, considering the imminent hazard in which, according to the general avowal, we were all placed. The elderly gentleman of whom I have spoken, was seated in an arm-chair opposite me, in the corresponding corner, without, as yet, having taken any part in the conversation, or been apparently influenced by the feelings which gave occasion to it. Pipe in mouth, his eyes fixed upon the glowing grate, he puffed leisurely away in a state of the most perfect quietude, varied only by his occasionally seizing the poker, which he kept at hand, and rousing up the blazing "sea-coal fire" till the flickering flame threw broad masses of yellow light on all around, and duskiy illuminated the remote recesses of the heavily wainscoted and somewhat gloomy old apartment. He was a tall, largely framed man, seemingly about sixty, but of a hale and nervous constitution, with the look of one who had spent the greater portion of his life in severe but healthy occupations. Though a little stooped, he was of a goodly presence; had a pleasant, rubicund countenance; lively, well-defined features; a rather scanty supply of whitened hair; and well-set, eloquent blue eyes, whose moistness told that he was no tee-totaller, and whose mingled expression of thoughtful intelligence and manly feeling, with, perhaps, a slight dash of the romantic, as he mused silently in his chair before the waving flames, gave him an interest and attractiveness which strongly inclined me to a closer and more social relation than that of mere proximity. As yet, however, he seemed indisposed to con-

versation, and I knew not how to engage him in it, until, seeing him knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and about to replenish, I called to mind that I had a piece of choice negro-head in my cigar-case, given me as a special favour by an American captain a few days before. This precious article I immediately produced, and, giving second-hand the commendations of its donor, requested that he would oblige me by an opinion of its merits; which, I doubted not, he would rate the higher after making use of the very indifferent material furnished by the inn. He thanked me for my offer, which, he added, was most acceptable, as that which he had just been smoking had but a very sorry flavour; and, after a few whiffs, pronounced mine to be genuine, and nonpareil. "It would be worth gold," added he, "to any unlucky extern this pinching night,—every puff would drive away a pang, and gratefully be offered up as incense to the memory of the first grower of the 'cloud-compelling' and care-dispelling weed."

"True, true as Gospel," said a little man near him; "I'm a smoking enthusiast myself, sir,—quite of a congenial taste with you, and can fully enter into your poetry about pipes and tobacco. Do you know, of a stormy, foreboding, awful night like this, there's something, in my mind, quite sublime-like."

"Very true, very true, sir," rejoined the old gentleman, "particularly when a man has taken a hearty dinner, and is sitting before a roaring fire, with a smoking tumbler of punch beside him, and a brace within him. I dare say, gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to the company, "that you are all of my opinion, that these little aids and appliances greatly heighten the effect, and marvellously sharpen a man's sense of admiration for the sublime and awful."

A cordial laugh from the party, with the exception of the rather disconcerted "smoking enthusiast," followed by a simultaneous kissing of glasses, signified an entire concurrence in his doctrine.

"I myself," added he, after a brief pause,—*"I myself, at this moment, afford an instance in point; for I was just thinking with a good deal of interest, and perhaps some pleasure, of a scene of no little difficulty, as well as danger, which took place in this neigh-*

bourhood now nearly thirty years since, and which, though it had enough indeed of excitement, had any thing but agreeability for me at the time of its occurrence. Heaven bless me!" ejaculated the old gentleman thoughtfully, as if to himself, "how yon wicked blast, and the spot where I am seated, recall to my mind that fearful night, and the scenes of which it was the fitting witness, as vividly as if they dated but from yesterday!"

These allusions to events, doubtless of dismal interest, kindled the curiosity of the company, who, well disposed in their present mood to relish aught that anywise savoured of the "wild and wonderful," anxiously solicited the old man to be allowed to share in the subject of his thoughts; which request, they said, he could hardly refuse, after having awakened their anxiety by his references to it. He answered, that he would at once comply with our wishes, as, independent of his desire to consult our inclination, it would be interesting to himself, sitting on the spot he did, after the lapse of so long a period, to recall circumstances which had so closely affected him at the time; but which, he observed, doubtless derived much of their interest in his eyes from his personal engagement in them, and would not, probably, possess half the zest for others in the mere recital. The following is the story, much in the words in which it was narrated by the old gentleman; but destitute, of course, of the additional interest which it drew from the appropriate accompaniments of his air and manner, and from our present consciousness of his having been the hero of what he related.

"Telling you the date of my story, gentlemen, will make me an old man, for,—bless me, how time flies, and carries away youth and vigour with it!—it will be full thirty years next month since the facts I am about to recount occurred. Any of you that travelled here by the northern road may have remarked, about eleven miles from this, and two or so from the road, upon the left hand, the roofless remains of what was once a large two-storied house. The high, naked walls, standing lonely upon the heathy moor, would be of themselves apt to attract one's notice; but the three or four tall, spectral-looking trees, watching like sentinels over the deserted ruins, are so picturesque, though out of keeping with

that sterile and desolate tract, that it is scarcely possible they could be passed by any one without observing them, and at the same time casting a thought back into former times, and wondering what could have been the object of any man in choosing so melancholy and wild a site for what must once have been a spacious and handsome building. Its decayed appearance and untoward circumstances are likely, too, to give rise to a passing reflection upon the many vicissitudes it has necessarily witnessed; and, perhaps, a surmise as to the strange events of which its remoteness and isolation rendered it the fitting as well as the likely scene. Of these I know but little, though in my youth I have heard not a few marvellous tales of its original proprietor; but to make mention of these would be beside my purpose, which is merely to relate what befel myself, chiefly in that building, on the very last night it was inhabited. It was about four, then, of a winter evening, that I stopped to bait my horse at the sign of the 'Rose and the Thistle,' a small house of entertainment which was about eight miles off this ruin, upon the hither side. I had ridden above twenty miles that afternoon, and had yet as much more to perform before I slept. But I was then young and stout, and mounted upon as free-going and high-mettled a piece of stuff as ever champed a bit; so that I cared little for the distance or the fatigue. But, independently of my own willingness and my horse's ability, I had other reasons for pushing on without delay. I had with me five hundred pounds in gold, beside bank-notes and bills to a considerable amount, which I was carrying to a commercial house in which my father was a partner. There were some engagements to be discharged the following day, for which this money was required; and, as you know, gentlemen, exigencies of this nature must be consulted, I had no alternative but to proceed, even though my circumstances had been much more formidable than they were. The day had been intensely cold, and the dull, lowering clouds, which thickened gradually overhead, betokened a heavy fall of snow; so that I feared if I waited until morning the road would be impassable, while I hoped that by moving on briskly at once I might anticipate all hinderance, or, at least, so far lessen the

distance between me and my destination as to render it comparatively easy of attainment the following forenoon. The man of the house, who came in while my horse was feeding, urged strongly that it would be sheer madness to proceed, as he knew with certainty—and he was pretty well versed in the signs of the weather thereabouts—that a ‘swirling snowstorm,’ as he phrased it, was close at hand. He told me, likewise, that the part of the country before me bore but a very indifferent character; and added a curdling account of a man who had been murdered, robbed, and thrown into a moss-hole a few weeks before; and of the bodies of two others which had been found lower down in the same pit, so well preserved by the bog water as to be readily recognised as those of two gentlemen, father and son, who had been missing for eighteen months before. I confess this dismal story somewhat chilled me; but youth is aye reckless, and apt to make light of danger; and at that time I loved risk even for its own sake; so I only thanked him for his friendly counsel, and told him that I had no choice, and, besides, was so well armed and mounted as to care but little whom or what I met. Seeing me determined, he said no more, but wished me good speed; and observed, as he looked out, that certainly I had a good chance of being unmolested by any thing living,—for no evilly-intentioned person would think it worth his while to take the road on such a night. My horse was now ready, and so, having examined my pistols, supplied them with fresh priming, placed them in my breast beyond the reach of damp, and swallowed a stirrup-cup, I mounted, and, enjoying that pleasurable excitement which youth and strength experience at the approach of danger, gave Spleen the spur, and started forward at a pace which, had the weather forborne, and no mishap befallen, would speedily have brought me to my journey’s end. But it was too evident that the former, at least, was not to be the case; for every minute the sky grew more dark and scowling, and every thing became more strongly symptomatic of a storm. During the day, the clouds had been driving in tumultuous masses before a blustering north-east wind; but now the air was perfectly still, and they hung heavy and motionless above—a dull and

monotonous canopy for as dismal and dreary a scene as man might ever wish to look on. All was sunk into a portentous quietude and silence; and except the ringing of my horse’s hoofs upon the iron ground, and, now and then, the wild and querulous cry of a snipe, as, startled by my approach, it circled a few moments in the air, and then dropped again by its lonely pool, there was no sound or sign of life to be heard or seen. Presently, however, the wind awoke, and came, occasionally, sweeping with slow-drawn and ominous moan across the darkening moor, and, passing by me, gradually died sadly and dirgelike away in the gloomy distance; while a few large feathery flakes of snow floated gracefully along upon it, or, in the intervals, fell softly upon the frozen and now whitening ground.

“But the melancholy moan soon grew into a bitter wailing, and the burdened wind swept loudly and wildly over the quivering heath, the snow-flakes tossing in tumultuous confusion in the thickened air, or, in the somewhat awful intervals between the blasts, falling fast and thick upon the sheeted earth, every feature of which was soon lost under the spotless covering. The shadows of night, too, were now settling mistily over all, and I confess the prospect a little chilled my ardour, and made me almost repent of not having taken the worthy publican’s advice, and deferred facing the difficulties of the journey till I had light, at least, to aid me. But I was now some miles upon my way, and would not think of turning back; and so, as I saw the day waning apace, and the menaces of the weather becoming more confirmed, I only the more keenly pricked Spleen’s mettle with the spur, that I might leave as much ground behind me as possible, before any serious impediment was offered to my progress. It was about this time I passed a miserable sod-built hovel, within a few yards of the road. In my present wakeful state of suspicion, I scanned it narrowly as I approached, but seeing no light, I concluded it to be deserted. However, after I had passed it, I heard a noise behind, and, glancing round, saw a shutter pushed aside, and a man’s head, clearly visible by the light of a blazing peat fire within, thrust through the aperture. The fellow withdrew it almost immediately,

pulled the board across again, and all was once more dark; but, during a momentary lull, I thought, and correctly too, that I caught the suppressed muttering of voices, and a sound like the opening of a door. I made, however, but little of it at the time, and was pushing on with all speed, when my attention was recalled to the circumstance by hearing a noise like the cracking of ice, under footsteps which seemed at no great distance from me, and proceeding in a parallel line. It was only at intervals the sound reached me, through the rush and howling of the wind; and the driving snow so intercepted my vision, that I could not, with any certainty, conclude as to its cause. But, at length, a loud crash, accompanied by a deep angry curse, left me but little room for doubt; and, at the same time, a furious gust cutting a vista through the snow, gave to my straining sight an indistinct view of the figures of two men at some short distance from the road. One had apparently broken through the ice which covered a bog-hole, and was sunk nearly to the middle in it, while the other was standing upon the edge, trying to extract his unlucky comrade with the aid of what seemed to me to be a gun—a task in which, alarmed as I was by the latter supposition, I was by no means disposed to wish him speedy success. Inwardly praying that he might enjoy some little time longer the bracing benefits of the cold bath which, I doubted not, he had richly earned, I taxed my horse's energies to the utmost; but, though the high-bred animal obeyed the call with redoubled efforts, yet plunging, as he did, at every step nearly knee-deep in the snow, his progress was necessarily so slow, that an active man, assisted by a staff, could easily have kept on with him side by side. That my suspicious acquaintances were again on the move, and keeping pace with me, an occasional patter or plash made me disagreeably certain; but, at length, they seemed to pass me, for the sound of their footsteps gradually died away a-head, and left me undistracted to deal with the difficulties of my situation. Not unwilling to increase the interval between us, I now slackened my rate to breathe my horse, whose strength I wished to reserve for any exigency that might occur. The fall-

ing snow had by this time thinned a little, and gave a freer passage to the pallid moonlight, which, struggling faintly through the giddy atmosphere, enabled me to decry, at some distance before me, an old wall, whose position in respect to the road was, in my present circumstances, any thing but propitious or encouraging. I was just thinking how safely a footpad might lurk behind it, and give any unlucky traveller, like myself, his quietus, with about as much certainty as a poacher would pop a pheasant perched upon a tree, when I suddenly discerned the flutter of a coat through a rent in the wall, and required no further intimation to assure me that I was waylaid. What I should do, was my first thought; but this, though a weighty consideration, was speedily disposed of. It went against my temper to turn back; which, besides, would add but slightly to my chances of escape, and I at once resolved to go forward, at all hazards. Accordingly, I kept Spleen well in hand, and gathered up for action, if occasion should require. I also, as quietly as possible, so disposed the handle of a pistol that it might be ready for use at a moment's warning; and then, determined to try what a feint might do for me in this extremity, moved on slowly, and with counterfeit unconsciousness of danger. But, when I had reached the wall, and was within a few yards of the aperture through which I expected the ambushed robber would give his fire, I suddenly struck my spurs into Spleen with such heart and good will, that he shot forward like an arrow from a bow, and, so far as the wall had sheltered the road from the drifting snow, bore me away with a speed which defied pursuit. To this *ruse* I feel certain, under Heaven, I owed my life; for it was the unlooked-for change in my rate of going which confounded the unwary marksman, and made him fire at a mere venture as I darted by, so that the charge passed harmless behind me, and happily found a lodging elsewhere than had been charitably assigned for it.

"As I urged Spleen forward, I heard the ruffian's voice behind me.

"'Sdeath, Bill! up with your piece, and blaze at him when the horse boggles at the snowdrift, and we may drop him yet. Curse on you!—over the wall fast, or he'll escape us, gold

and all—hurry, hurry—hit either horse or man, and I'll soon finish him with this bay'net !'

"I threw a hurried glance backward, as the villain spoke, and saw his comrade clambering over the wall, to act upon his counsel. Before me was a deep wreath of snow, through which I knew my horse would flounder with exceeding difficulty, and I was for a moment puzzled as to my line of action. But there was not even a moment to be lost, and pulling out a pistol from my breast, I turned round in my saddle, and, taking such aim as I could at the fellow on the wall, I fired, and had the immediate satisfaction of seeing him tumble backward, and disappear behind it. The rascal, however, as I subsequently learned, was not hit ; but being hurried by the fire, had, on recoiling from it, only lost his balance, and fallen on the further side. As I struggled through the wreath, I heard the bitter curses of the disappointed ruffians.

" ' Give me your gun, you footless, blundering booby ! ' cried the former speaker, ' and by —, if I do not bring him down, I'll crack it across your ugly sconce, and stretch you on the ground you seem so fond of this cursed night.'

"I here caught the click of a gun-lock, but, thanks to the snow, it served me at least once that night, and had soaked the powder so properly, that the sound of the collision of flint and steel was all I caught. The distance between us, now that I had cleared the drift, was rapidly increasing. The fellows, either unable to bear the pace, or checked by a wholesome respect for the firearms with which they found me furnished, gave up the pursuit ; and I was soon glad to slacken the exertions of my horse, who began to shew symptoms of distress as, ploughing and plunging heavily through the gathering heaps, he laboured his difficult way slowly on. The whole surface of the ground was now completely sheeted ; the flat, shrubless waste, presented but one unbroken field of white, so far as the dubious moonlight permitted me to see ; and the boundaries of the road were rapidly disappearing in the deepening snow, which promised soon to assimilate all things in the scene. I now began to fear for the safety of my horse's footing. On either side there were, I knew, deep fosses, into which

a slight deviation on his part might precipitate us both ; and, from the growing numbness and feebleness of my limbs, I felt that extrication would be impossible, and that wherever I fell, there I would probably find my grave. In this extremity I began to feel despair coming coldly over me. I knew I was not yet half way ; I remembered no house or shelter of any kind near me : to turn, would be bootless ; to proceed, was nearly impossible, for my horse was already wading almost breast-high through the snow, which was momentarily stiffening and accumulating. It was in vain that I strained my vision through the misty atmosphere, in the effort to descry some hut which might afford me covering, and my hearing, in hope to catch the baying of some restless watch-dog : neither sight nor sound was seen or heard, save the bleak waste of snow on every side, and the fitful wailing of the nightwind, as now it moaned sadly away in the distance, or now howled fiercely as, laden with its icy burden, it rushed wildly along, as if exulting in the desolation it was spreading on all around.

"In this perilous predicament, I determined to trust to the sagacity of my horse. I knew that, in many cases, instinct is superior to reason, and doubted not but that if there were a house within any reasonable distance, the poor fellow would snuff it out, and do his best to carry himself and rider to its friendly shelter. Accordingly, I threw the reins upon his neck, and shortly had the satisfaction of seeing him turn at right angles from our route, down what I inferred to be a road, from the firmness of the footing—pricking up his ears, and stepping more freely, or, I should rather say, struggling more energetically forward, as if he had a shrewd presentiment that the termination of his labours, as well as their reward, was at hand. He was, however, so long reaching this, that my confidence in his acuteness began to abate, and I was relapsing into hopelessness, when suddenly he turned again, and struck into what appeared to be a narrow avenue, as there was a high wall-fence at either side. I soon now perceived a few tall trees, darkly waving their naked branches in the blast ; their weather sides here and there thinly coated with such snow as the violence of the wind per-

mitted to remain. They were the same which still sentinel the dismantled building, of which they were once intended to be the ornament; and there was now something striking and awful in their tall dark forms, tossing their leafless boughs to and fro to the varying music of the storm, and contrasting so gloomily, as they did, with the snow-shrouded scene around. With a kind of ominous dread, I passed under their moaning branches, and, in a few minutes, pulled up before a large dilapidated house, of which they were the fitting, and, at first it seemed, the only guardians. The place looked suspicious, and I stopped for a minute to reconnoitre. It was two stories high, and had been intended to have four or five windows to each in front, but several of the recesses which these should occupy were now dark voids, and rough projections here and there where the windows still remained, told of damaged glazing and unseemly substitutes. The roof had fallen in in several places, and the whole wore such an appearance of wretchedness and neglect, that, taking it in connexion with the adventure I had lately met, some unpleasant misgivings crossed my mind as to the nature of its tenants, if such it had, for as yet I had neither seen nor heard aught betokening the existence of life within. I now dismounted, and fastening Spleen to a stake, approached the house on foot, to scan its circumstances more narrowly. As I drew closer, I caught, at intervals, the sounds as of jollity within, though I could see no light whatever, as the windows were choked up with snow, as was likewise every cranny in the door, through which I might otherwise have gained a peep into the interior. However, stepping silently up to a window, I cautiously scraped the snow off a corner of a pane, and was at once presented with a view of the inside. The apartment I saw was large and bare, meanly and scantily furnished. At one end of it there was a dull peat fire, over which the figure of a female, seated on a low stool, was bending. The elbow of one arm was resting on her knee, the hand being buried in tresses of raven-black hair, which clustered thickly and carelessly about her neck and shoulders. In the other hand she held a pair of tongs, with which she was measuredly striking the sods, to all appearance intently

employed in watching the volleys of sparks sent up by the operation. Beside her, on the hearth, crouched an ill-favoured sinister-looking cur, who, soon suspecting the proximity of strange flesh and blood, first indicated his misgivings in a low growl, then curled the rigid hair upon his back, and finally gave vent to his confirmed apprehensions in a whole gamut of discord. This obstreperousness quickly roused the female from her reverie.

"'Quit your snarling, you cross-grained tyke,' said she, 'or I'll soon give you some cause.' And forthwith, without granting the offender the least time to fulfil her injunction, she transferred the tongs to his back, with a heartiness of manner which speedily converted his bark into a howl, as he smartly, though sullenly, slunk into a corner.

"'What the de'il are you doing to the dog, Nan?' growled a hoarse voice, from an inner room.

"'Only coaxing him, for the love of you, to a stave of the song you've just now let off—he does it so mightily like,' returned the girl, while a burst of merriment from within shewed how highly relished was the jest.

"'What say you, Mistress Nan, to my going in there to you, and trying to coax you to sing a third?—your tongue plays so gay and glib to-night.'

"'Oh! by all means, come in, Swag; and if I can't sing myself, I'll do my best to beat time with the tongs here to a ballad between you and Snarley. I'll deal fair with you both, and give it to you stoutly; turn about.'

"Another shout of laughter hailed Nan's retort, and seemed to discomfit her opponent, who couched his rejoinder in a grumbling undertone, of which I could not catch the purport. The woman now turned her face in my direction, and bent herself towards the door, as if in the attitude of listening. I now saw she was young; her features were strikingly marked, and, singly, handsome, though their general expression seemed marred by the frequent play of unchecked passion; her complexion was very dark, and fity akin to the coal-black locks which hung in tangled confusion from her head. But there was a wild gleam in her black eye, a fixedness in her brows, and a general expression of severity in her countenance, which injured her natural advantages, and indicated cha-

racter at the expense of amiability. She looked from the door to the window at which I stood, and seemed at once to remark the dark spot from which I had scraped the snow, for she immediately rose from her seat, and, throwing a glance backward toward the inner room, where the men were carousing, advanced cautiously to the front door. I approached as she opened it. When she first saw me, she put her finger upon her lips, and scanned my face in silence with a keenness and earnestness for which I could not well account, and then, after nearly a minute's intent contemplation, whispered me in a low thrilling voice.

"Sir, if you are not yet tired of life, cross not this doorway: better try and live out this night abroad, terrible though it is, than come under the roof that harbours bad—ay, and what's worse, bloody-minded men."

"In the same cautious undertone, I answered that I was most thankful to her for her friendly warning, and inquired if there were any place of better character at hand, where I might obtain some shelter from the storm in which I had already nearly perished. She replied, that there was not another roof within two miles of the spot on which I stood; but for all that, advised me rather to face the weather without, than enter under one which covered men of whom even the mothers that bore them could say but little good.

"They have ruined and brought me low," added the girl, bitterly, "and why should I be too tender to speak the truth?—You think it strange," continued she, "that I should speak so freely, and urge you to shun company which I keep myself: it is not innocence or fear of crime which makes me warn you—no, that is long past,—but when I first looked upon you, your face reminded me of a brother whom I dare love even still, and who once loved me; and the sudden thought of him made me wish to see you leave this bad and blackened spot without harm or molestation."

"It is better," said I, "to risk one's life among men, than to lose it miserably in the snow. I am strong, you see, and well armed, and would rather run the venture within here, than be buried, like a sheep, in one of these drifts, as I assuredly shall if I remain without this fearful night. But is there no barn or outhouse into which I

could obtain secret entrance for a few hours, till the morning breaks? Come, you are a kind-hearted girl; there is a spring of tenderness I see within you yet; and so, for the sake of the brother of whom you spoke, bring myself and my horse under the cover of some such place."

"She drew her hand hurriedly over her eyes as I mentioned her brother, and, after hesitating a little, replied, 'Should they find out that I helped you to escape, it would go hard with me. I know from your appearance, for I heard them describe it, that you are the man who was sent by some merchants yesterday for money, and with the gold you carry, small chance of mercy would you have if they could lay hands upon you. They found out that you were to return to-night, and at the present minute there are two men out on the watch for you. You say I am not *all* bad; I wish I could believe you; but whether or not, I have done much evil, and if I can, would now do a little good, for my heart is beginning to grow sore with sin.—If you go round by this path you will reach the yard; the gate is unfastened, and you may walk through it to the barn, which is on the opposite side. It opens by a latch, and yourself and horse may stay there till daylight breaks; but if you care anything for your life, and would not have the wild wind whistle over your grave in the moss, as it did over—— But, tut, what am I talking about? Hasten fast away, and just now I'll try and bring you something to drive out the cold.' But stop, there are two fierce dogs in the yard, that might do damage, and I," throwing, as she spoke, a glance back, to see that all was safe, "I will go with you myself. But, remember, I hold you bound, if you escape by my means, not to betray our haunts; for though these men have been my curse and my destruction, it goes against my temper to act the traitor while I am trusted by them. Do you agree?"

"No," said I; "I make no engagement. I could not wink at the existence of such a murderous gang. You, at all events, shall be unharmed; but if I escape and have the power——"

"Just as I spoke the imperfect sentence, a tremendous gust of wind swept down the lane, and rushing through the inlet, burst open the inner

door, and displayed to each other ourselves and the party within. They could not see me distinctly, as being in the shade; and as they were near that state in which men see double, were startled at first, as if taken in their orgies by surprise.

"'Fire and faggots!' stammered out a fellow, as he staggered forward from his seat, 'to think that Nan has peached! But at 'em, boys, at 'em; if we must die, we'll die game; better, my coveys, to be shot than hung!'

"A kick in the rear, from the man who had been sitting at the head of the table, and who seemed to be in better possession of his senses, sent the witless babbler head foremost into a corner, where he lay for a time in a state of the most satisfactory quiescence. The fellow who administered this timely and energetic stimulus, shading his eyes with one hand, and thrusting the other into the breast of his coat, advanced a few steps towards the door.

"'Eh, Nan, who is this you are palavering with at this hour, on such a night?'

"'A belated traveller,' said I, stepping forward into the house, 'who is seeking some shelter from this terrific storm, and this good girl was so civil as to say that she was sure I could find accommodation and a welcome here; and I am certain myself you will have no objection to afford me house-room till the morning. You seem pretty jovial and comfortable within there, lads,' added I, with a hail-fellow-well-met kind of air, 'and are, I feel confident, too generous and jolly-hearted to grudge a poor half-perished fellow like me a bit and a sup such a night as this.'

"As I advanced into the light, and addressed them, I saw them interchange lightning looks of recognition of my person, for my appearance had served not a little to clear their vision, and restore them to their sober senses. When I had done, the same spokesman, falling into the tone of honest rusticity, smoothly replied, 'Oh! sir, we'll be most glad of your company, that we will, and treat you as well as we can in our rough, homely way. It is, indeed, a fearsome night, which makes one thank Heaven for fire and shelter; and we were just trying, after our day's labour, to pass it as merrily as we could. A spree now and then is good for poor folk like us, just to

keep up our heart, and somehow balance the hardships of our wearisome and working life.'

"I answered in an easy, careless way, anxious to suppress any symptoms of fear which my situation amidst such a gang of desperadoes, headed by such a varnished villain as had just spoken, might naturally have begotten. I felt, however, that my own address was all I had to look to for escape from their clutches, and determined to lull them, if possible, by my openness and confidence of manner, into such a state of security, as, by rendering them less vigilant, might facilitate the execution of any plan my lucky genius might suggest. The smoothness and plausibility of the leading ruffian, who rejoiced in the appropriate *sobriquet* of Triptoe, alarmed me more than his physical strength, and I saw it would require no ordinary degree of tact and coolness to baffle his subtle villany.

"'Come, sir,' said he, with the fuss of honest hospitality, 'come, sir, take a seat here near the fire, and make yourself as snug as our poor way will allow. Here, Swag, set a seat next the hearth; and you, Jem, throw on two or three fresh logs, and back them well with dry turf, while I go and try to get something fitter for the gentleman, and more to his taste than what's in the bottle here.' And opening a small cupboard in the corner, he brought out a capacious flask, labelled '*Cognac*,' which he set before me. A glass of its contents, which I was glad to quaff off on the instant, satisfied me that it was prime; and the fellow seeing, I suppose from my countenance that I was surprised to find such stuff in such a place, had a ready story to account for it.

"'You wonder, sir, to see liquor of such quality among poor people like us; but I got that from a second cousin of mine who lives in the Isle of Man, where, I'm told, it is as cheap as buttermilk; and I'm glad truly to have it for any gentleman that, like you, happens to lose his way, or be overtaken by the night in this wild place. Don't spare it, sir, 'twill do you good after the famishing you've got, and soon make all cold and care scarce with you. Hark ye, Nan,' continued he, 'put the bellows to the bottom of the kettle, and blow away merrily, for the gentleman will need to mix a glass or two of punch to warm

him this cruel night—that is, after you have fried him a rasher of the bacon with some fresh eggs, for even our poor fare will hardly come amiss after such perishing and hardship.’

“Anxious to hoodwink the villain, I strove to put on an air of unsuspecting confidence, and in words warmly thanked him for his hospitality, which I assured him I would not readily forget; but told him that, before I made myself so snug, I must have a care for my poor horse, which I had left outside, and inquired if he could provide him with a stand and a truss of hay for the night.

“‘Oh, sir, that we can,—there’s a grand roomy stable behind the house, which you may see was never intended for such tenants as us; and there’s plenty of strong bottom hay, which we have for our cow,—but about the quality I fancy your horse, after so hard a ride, won’t be over dainty. Here, Nick,’ said he, to the comrade whom he had just before deposited in the corner, ‘out of your nest smartly, and lead the gentleman’s horse round to the stable. Put him in the warmest stall, and don’t be niggardly of hay or bedding. Up and about it, you lazy hound!’ continued he, dropping his oily accent, as Nick grumbled, but made no attempt to rise; ‘up with you, or, choke me, but I’ll try whether a prod of this—’ and he stuffed his hand into his breast, ‘of that—that hot poker, I mean—will waken you, and make you mend your manners to a stranger. Poor lad,’ added he, aside to me, ‘he is altogether unused to liquor, and a drop or so quite upsets him; but he’ll be all the better for the night air, and a sprinkling of the snow.’

The rousing effects of this gentle stimulus Nick seemed to have no wish whatever to experience, and forthwith shewed both his sense and sensibility by rising as alertly as his half-drunken condition would allow, and sulkily rolling away to acquit himself of his unwelcome task. I said I would accompany him, under the pretext of being better able to manage the vicious temper of my horse, but with a stronger motive of a desire to reconnoitre the bearings of the concern, so as to be able to avail myself of any serviceable hints in case of necessity. They made no opposition to my going, as, doubtless, they wished to confer a little, so

as to act in concert in their subsequent proceedings. The moon was bursting through the skirts of a thin rack of clouds, that was rapidly drifting before a strong scattering wind, and, to my joy, the appearance of the night promised a speedy cessation of the snow, and also light sufficient for me to discern my way, in the event of my being able to accomplish a retreat when my strength was a little renewed by rest and warmth. In my present state, I was not only indisposed, but physically unequal to make any adequate exertion, for my limbs were numb and feeble, and my energy so abated, that, at the moment, I would rather have faced the gang within, had it been twice as numerous, than again committed myself to the ruthless treatment of the elements, from whose fierceness I had but just now hardly escaped,—supposing I could have done so without molestation from the ruffians among whom I had fallen. While Nick was reeling and blundering through an outhouse in search of provender for Spleen, I happened to espy a glimmering through a window, which looked into the yard, and, concluding it to come from the room in which I had left the robbers, I cautiously approached, and looking through the chink, saw the parties seated within in earnest consultation. He they called Triptoe was speaking, and my quickened hearing caught the words,—

“‘We’ll drench him well with the brandy, and do for him comfortably while he sleeps; which will save us a hard struggle, for he’s a thumper. But if he won’t drink and let the thing be managed quietly, why, boys, we have knives and bullets; and when Thurler and the Buck come in, we’ll stand six to one, leaving out that drunken fool who has gone with the horse, and whose blab just now was like to cost some of us our lives; for yon man is surely armed when he carries such store of gold about him—one thousand yellow sovereigns I know for certain, without talking of his watch and seals, and other pretty gimeracks.’

“‘Oons, my hearties!’ ejaculated another, rubbing his hands with rapture, ‘what a booty just brought ready to our hands; as good and sure as if we had it in our pockets, for we’ll dose him till he can’t wink an eyelid, and then, Triptoe, my trump, your knife is sharp, and your hand neat,

and you'll play the butcher; and, blow me, I'll be grave-digger, and hearse, and priest, and give him snug quarters yonder in the bog, somewhat deeper than I gave to — But, hush, I hear the Buck's whistle; hurry, Swag, and let them in, to hear what good luck, better than their leaden bullets, has done for us, and I'll go and bring in the 'gold bag' from the stable, for there's no time to spare in setting about the business.'

"My blood would have curdled with horror, if indignation had not quickened its current, as I listened; and I found it hard so far to master my feelings as to restrain their ebullitions as I hastened back to the stable to await the cold-blooded villain who was coming to call me in. When I re-entered the house, I found the party enlarged by the presence of the two worthies with whom I had interchanged civilities during the evening on the road. They were in miserable plight: one much cut and bruised, by his somersets from the wall I guessed; and both in a state of weakness and exhaustion, which shewed how nearly the gallows had been cheated of its due. They were trumping up some story about having been abroad on the moor in search of sheep, and for some minutes were talking of the 'old ewe' and the 'spotted ram' with a plausible assumption of seriousness which, in other circumstances, might have been amusing. Being now in their secret, I saw my way clearly before me,—which was to hoodwink them by the easy confidence of my manner, to feign the gradual approach of intoxication, and, if possible, bring *them* under its real influence, and, as soon as I was in possession of the room assigned me for a chamber, to make a determined effort to obtain egress through the window, if no other channel offered, or, failing in that, to stand resolutely on my defence, and, under Heaven, endeavour to achieve my escape by dint of my own strength and weapons. In pursuance of this plan, I soon became on, apparently, the best terms with my amiable companions,—met them in the ready spirit of boon conviviality,—pledged them in weighty potations in dependence on my own strength of head, and in the hope of subverting theirs,—waxed maudlin and confidential; and, finally,—Heaven forgive the falsehood!—informed them

that I was to pass that way in my gig in a few days, with a great sum in gold for a neighbouring bank, and would not forget to call on them with something which would afford us a jollification, such as the old house had not been warmed with since its first high-blooded and jovial tenant had departed. I watched their countenances as I spoke; and so well did I act my part, that I verily believe they would have deferred the execution of their project till the juncture alluded to, had it not been for the arch villain Triptoe, in whose keen glances and sneering lip I was quick to perceive suspicion and distrust. It was now far on in the night; and, afraid of the moon withdrawing her countenance from my attempt if it were delayed much longer, as well as feeling that I had drunk as much as I could bear with steadiness, I hastened to bring this little drama to a close by duly lapsing into the last stage of my performance, and thickly faltering out my wish to be taken off to bed. The rest of the party—except Triptoe, who had contrived to drink but sparingly—though fully fit for hard business, were yet not a little muddled; and the duty of escort was left to the man who seemed to have his senses most about him, and who, as I had learned, was to occupy a prominent post in the interesting tragedy they contemplated. By this crafty rascal, accordingly, I was now taken up a narrow, rickety staircase, and shewn into my sleeping apartment, which, exclusive of other considerations, was much too roomy and rambling in its proportions to admit of any feeling of comfort or security in its occupant. The termination of one end consisted of a rough pile of old presses, boxes, shelves, &c., which, reaching about half way to the roof, left a black and mysterious-looking recess beyond, which I vainly attempted to explore, with the scanty aid of a wretched rushlight, and which, in my perilous and exciting situation, I could not help regarding with a kind of ominous dread and dissatisfaction. When my trusty attendant, Triptoe, left me, I began to examine the bearings and circumstances of the place more narrowly, with a view to discover some means of cutting the concern, without unseasonably disturbing its amiable inmates. The room had two windows, one of which was so covered with snow as to render it impossible to

see what lay beyond, but the other, being sheltered, gave me a view of the yard behind the building ; and the moon, which now and then shone out clearly, enabled me distinctly enough to discern the old gate through which I had accompanied my horse to his quarters, and which I doubted not would give me ready passage, provided I could but reach the ground below. This was about eighteen or twenty feet from the window ; but I resolved to hazard the leap, if I could contrive no easier mode of descent : for, well-armed though I was, I confess I felt much more inclined to secure my safety by a prudent retreat, than risk it by a rash encounter. The door of my room I found was fastened by a bolt, the handle of which was on the outside, so as to preclude any hope of egress in that direction ; and I was just meditating on the possibility of manufacturing some kind of a cord out of the coverlet of the bed, when my eye was caught by a rod thrust through a crevice in the partition, and bearing on its point a scrap of dirty paper. I was somewhat startled at this strange intrusion ; but, almost immediately guessing it to be some communication from poor Nan, I lost no time in seizing it, and, after some ineffectual attempts, succeeded in deciphering the words : *' Don't sleep, — don't sleep : there's a rope under your bed — lose no time.'* I was at no loss, you may be sure, to discern the drift of this information and advice, and, blessing the poor girl's forethought and benevolence, was about taking advantage of it, when I heard a cautious and stealthy step ascending the staircase. On the instant I grasped a pistol, extinguished the light to prevent suspicion, and gathering myself into the bed, drew up the clothes, and silently awaited the event. The moon shone brightly now into the room, and her light fell strongly upon the door, nearly opposite which I lay, and on which my anxious looks were riveted. As the steps drew nearer, they seemed taken with greater caution. I heard a low whispering ; then the handle of the door was slowly turned, and the villain Triptoe leaned forward warily into the room to see that all was quiet. As he was near me, I could without difficulty scan his face ; and even then, as, his right hand thrust into his breast, and his body bent towards me, he stood in the attitude of listening, I could not

but remark how fitly his features expressed the character of the truculent and determined ruffian. His thick, black brows were gathered low over his steady, deep-set eyes ; his nostrils were dilated, his teeth clenched, his lips drawn back, and his whole countenance coloured with the nameless hue which deep, undiluted villany, where it exists with cunning, and is not the mere impulse of animal brutality, assumes when thoroughly awake and about to work. In this position he remained for nearly a minute, while I lay in silence watching him, in painful and irresolute anxiety as to what course I should adopt — whether I should spring from the bed, and meet him on equal terms upon the floor, or wait till his nearer approach might haply present me some advantage. As I lay in this state, there was a sudden noise without, as of some one stumbling on the staircase. On the instant, a happy thought flashed upon my excited brain, and relieved me from the distraction of suspense. I immediately feigned to have been just roused by the noise from incipient slumber, and, after one or two preliminary snorts, stammered out, in the drowsy tone of one half sleeping, half waking, *' Wh — what's all that, eh ? Co — come, none of your tricks on tired travellers, boys. There, go away, like honest fellows, and let me sleep awhile, for I'm terribly heavy after that drink. If you wake me up, I won't get asleep again these three hours : so let me be quiet for a little, like good-natured fellows as ye are, and in a jiffy I'll be as sound as a top.'* Triptoe at once came forward into the room, and, in a humble, respectful tone, begged my pardon, and said that he meant not the least disturbance, but that his foot had somehow slipped as he was calling in to see if I was any way snug, and if I'd like another blanket ; for he'd give me one off his own bed, and lie by the fire all night himself, as he was better used to hardship than a gentleman like me. He still advanced toward the bed as he spoke ; and I clutched my weapon firmly, resolved that he at least should never live to boast his villany : but his object now was merely to ascertain whether my drowsiness was counterfeit or not. Luckily, I had thrown off my boots to prevent noise ; and the sight of these, together with my outer coat, which

lay upon a chair, doubtless served to rid him of suspicion: and, by way of some ostensible reason for his advance, he busied himself for a minute or so in putting a curtain before the window, to keep out the light. I felt, however, exceedingly uneasy in his neighbourhood, and again essayed to hasten his withdrawal, by asking, in the pettish tone of one unseasonably awakened, 'What the mischief was the use of teasing a sleepy man, and fiddling about his bed in that fashion?' and begged him to put off whatever he had to do till I was asleep; which, if let alone, I'd be in a few minutes, though, if roused and put past my rest, I'd lie awake half the night. To my great relief, this intimation had the desired effect; and muttering something about trying to keep out the cold, by stuffing a chink in the window-frame, he again wished my worship a good night's rest, and retired without further ado. When he closed the door, I thought I heard a suppressed whispering outside, where, doubtless, some of the rest of the gang lay in wait to aid their chief in case of necessity; and, when this ceased, the low sound of retreating steps as they again went below.

"As soon as all was silent, I rose cautiously from my bed, and, aware that not a moment was to be lost, at once set about preparing for my descent into the yard. Accordingly, having drawn on my boots and coat, I took the rope to which the to me kind-hearted, but, alas, ill-fated Nan, had directed me, and having made one end fast to the foot-post of the bed, opened the window, and swung myself out with all possible silence and despatch. But I was scarcely fairly suspended, when the sound of a low stifled growl from below made me pause and eagerly listen. At first I thought it was the moaning of the wind through some of the dilapidated out-buildings; but a second growl, stronger and more confirmed, convinced me that it was not of so innocent a nature, but issued rather from the throat of some ill-disposed specimen of the canine kind. And there, truly, to my consternation, on looking in the direction of the noise, my eyes fell upon a huge, fierce-looking brute, crouching right beneath me, his head resting on his forepaws, and his eyes cast upward and fixed with sullen savageness upon me; while his deep, continuous growl, which threatened

every instant to burst into an angry bark, manifested his vigilance and his hostility. What was to be done? I silently asked myself, as I hung between the window and the ground. To return, if not impossible, was to throw myself into the hands of a murderous banditti; to go on was to alight upon the fangs of the ferocious animal that lay prepared below, and whose noisy struggles would soon bring all around me. A moment's thought, however, determined me to the latter course. I revolted from the idea of again entering the cursed garret, now that I once more breathed the free air without. A bullet from a pistol, at the worst, would settle my four-footed foe, and I would have more room and freedom for dealing with the others as I best might. At this critical moment, I happily called to mind that one of my pistols was furnished with a sharp stiletto, confined by a spring, which, with a little dexterity on my part, might serve my purpose better than a bullet. Seizing it, accordingly, in my right hand, I twisted the rope round my left arm, and lowered myself gently till my feet rested on a window-ledge, just above the spot where the dog lay. I then lengthened my hold, and stooped cautiously towards the animal, who, his growls becoming momentarily shorter and fiercer, was evidently preparing for a spring. He remained motionless, however, half bewildered, I believe, by the strangeness of the apparition above him, till I was nearly within reach of his head, at which I aimed in the hope of settling him at once. He then, as I was about to strike, with tremendous force made a sudden bound towards me; but, luckily for me, it was only to meet the point of my dagger, which, the next instant, was nearly buried in his brain, driven in by our united strength. The grim brute gave a short piercing yell, which rung wildly through the night, and which often haunts my hearing to the present hour,—one or two convulsive struggles, and, then, lay stiff and harmless upon the snow. I leaped to the ground, and, plucking out the weapon, made away with all the speed my hazardous situation supplied. In doing so, I had to pass another savage bandog that was chained within a few yards of the gate, and seemed nearly choked by his furious efforts to reach me as I rushed by him to the door. I found it fastened—I did not stay to

examine how, but, as it was old and rotten, drove right against it with such violence, that the frail boards shivered as if they had been glass, and gave me an easy passage from the ill-starred and cursed place. I now found myself in a lane, the right side of which was fenced by a high loose-stone wall, which I scrambled over and placed between myself and my pursuers, whom I now heard issuing with loud noise and confusion from the house. 'He's off, sheer off!' shouted Triptoe, with a tremendous oath; 'but, by—, his crafty tricks and skulking shall not serve him, if the moon keeps but clear; for we'll track him through the snow, my boys, and knock him on the head like a hare in her form. Come, comrades, shake off the drink. Remember the yellow gold he has about him; and mind, too, that he holds our secret, and that, if he carries it off, some of us are like shortly to dance a jig without either floor or fiddler.' 'The dog, the dog!' cried another; 'loose Fang, and he, I'll warrant ye, 'll soon make the slipper hypocrite a standing target for our slugs. But hurry, hurry—yon cloud will blacken the moon this minute; and, if he get much start, he'll be apt to leave us in the lurch, for this here wind will not be long a filling up his trail.'

"My sharpened hearing caught the unwelcome sounds, as I sped along behind the wall as fast as my circumstances would permit. The deep snow and my heavy clothing made it a difficult business; and, as I heard the fellows mounting the fence behind, I began to despair, and was thinking of making a stand, when fortunately, as the last speaker had foreseen, a dense cloud crossed the moon, and, placing us all in obscurity, inspired me with fresh hope and confidence. I paused for an instant, and threw off my large outside coat, and also a clumsy pair of galligaskins in which I had ridden, and, thus lightened, started forward again at a quicker pace. The robbers were now fairly upon my track, and I heard them loudly encourage their dog in the pursuit. But whether it was that I was stronger and more active, or rather that the boisterous gusts, which occasionally lifted the dry snow from the ground and drove it in their faces, confused their vision, and prevented their marking my course with readiness, I at all events found, from the growing

faintness of their clamour, that the interval between us was rapidly increasing. With this encouragement, I was pressing on with freshening ardour, when I heard a bark of discovery from Fang, accompanied by a shout of exultation, and, in a few seconds, by the reports of two guns, which echoed loudly and alarmingly across the waste. I felt myself, however, unharmed, and concluded it must be my rejected coat at which they had aimed so shrewdly. I afterwards found that it was as I supposed, and that my proxy on this interesting occasion had been handsomely riddled by some couple of dozen or so of ragged slugs and pellets. The cries of anger which the baffled bandits uttered on the discovery of their mistake were music to my ear, as I thought myself now nearly certain of eluding their pursuit; for the snow flakes were again beginning to fall so thickly as effectually to screen me from their sight, as well as render the task of tracing too difficult to be readily successful. But my feeling of security was only brief; for a panting noise behind causing me to look backward, I perceived their bloodhound, Fang, a short way in the rear, fairly in my track, and coming on at a rate which rendered escape utterly hopeless. I had no time for thought, but instinctively plunged into a ditch that ran by the base of the wall. The ice at the bottom yielded to my weight, and I sunk into three feet of water; but to this apparently untoward circumstance is attributable, I believe, the saving of my life. The next instant, the ferocious animal sprung at my throat; but, to foil him, I threw up my arm, in which his fangs were buried in a moment. My right hand, however, was free; and I was searching for the stiletto with which I had so speedily quenched his predecessor's fury, when I called to mind that I had providently left it in the pocket of the coat which I had cast aside. But I did not long hesitate as to what I should do; for at once grasping the brute by the throat with all the strength I could command, I forced his head down below the water, despite his terrific struggles and the excessive pain it cost myself; since, so far from relaxing his hold, he tugged the more fiercely at my other arm, which happily, however, was partially protected by my coat and an inner vest of shamois which I wore. I am a tolerably stout man,

and have often had occasion in my time to test my strength ; but I never had it so thoroughly tried as in my contest with this dog, whose size and spirit were prodigious, and whose fierce struggles for life were proportionably violent. But mine, too, rested on the issue, for, in the pauses of the storm, I could hear, at no great distance, the voices of those in pursuit ; and I knew that, in my present defenceless state, to be overtaken was to perish. Accordingly, I put forth all my power to master my most formidable foe, and it was not a trifle too much for the purpose. Every minute that the struggle continued seemed an age ; but it shortly ended : for, after a last and desperate effort—a few convulsive heavings—and some terrible throes of agony, the animal lay still and passive in my grasp, and I felt was dead. Before his jaws were locked, I hastened to extricate my arm ; for the determined brute had retained his gripe to the very last. This accomplished, I scrambled out of the ditch, and again pressed forward as quickly as my now somewhat exhausted condition and the opposing violence of the snow-storm would permit. As the wind rose and fell, I heard the voices of the toiling robbers behind, now faint, now strong ; but I was evidently gaining in the race, for, after some time, all symptoms of pursuit were lost, and nothing fell upon my ear but the fitful raving of the tempest, as it rushed with impetuous fury along the shrubless waste, tossing the snow-flakes hither and thither in wild confusion, and sometimes driving them against me as I staggered onward, with such force and in such quantities as almost to threaten suffocation. For a time, I persevered, and slowly and arduously strove on against it ; but at length, feeling certain that the chase was abandoned, I began to give way to my growing weariness, and think of searching out some sort of shelter where I might rest till daybreak. I was now on a piece of spongy moorland ; and occasional plumps through the brittle ice into soft, miry holes, warned me that I was in a dangerous locality, and that the greatest caution was required. I therefore determined to stop and bivouac, as I best might, in that inhospitable spot. Accordingly, I got upon the lee-side of a low wall, which I fortunately stumbled upon ; and piling up a lot of loose stones and sods,

constructed a kind of screen, which, wretched though it was, afforded me comparative comfort, by warding off the cutting wind. In this not very enviable situation I remained till morning, which happily was not far off, as, exclusive of the discomfort of the thing, I found it almost impossible to resist the seductions of sleep, and refrain from sinking into that fatal torpor from which I knew I must expect no wakening.

“ However, I had sufficient strength of resolution to resist the temptation ; and, when morning dawned, was able, though stiff, and feeble, and half frozen, to rise and again set about exploring my perilous path. It boots not to detail the many personal mishaps which befel me in my way to the neighbouring town, which I reached in the afternoon. It is enough to say that I deposited my money there in safety ; and, after changing my dress, and partaking of some timely restoratives, set off to a magistrate to request the aid of some constables in my attempt to capture these desperadoes, whose discovery furnished a solution for several mysterious disappearances, and hitherto unexplained outrages of recent occurrence, in the neighbourhood. He at once acceded to my request, and, complimenting me on my promptitude, immediately issued the necessary orders, adding that he would himself accompany me, and gladly assist in the arrest of such a pestilent gang of cut-throats. We determined to set out at once, to reach their quarters if possible before the villains could decamp, and so as to arrive there under the cover of nightfall, which would much facilitate the execution of our purpose. Several friends volunteered their services ; and, mustering eight or nine, we started in the midst of a strong thaw and a heavy fall of rain. Our work was so severe, and the night so gloomy and inclement, that the majority, I more than suspect, wished in their hearts that my chivalry and public spirit had not shewn itself so precipitate, as well as politic, in pressing the affair to so prompt a settlement, and preferring the cloudy covering of night to the cheerful light of day for the completion of the capture. The rain, however, did us good service, in clearing the crests of the low fences which defined the road, and thus enabling us to advance with more speed and certainty. It was late when we

reached the scene of my preceding night's adventure, which was still sufficiently fresh in my mind to inspire me with no very amiable feelings towards the fellows who had figured in it, and who, I trusted, were about to experience the effects of their atrocious villainy. When we came within a short distance of the house, I desired my companions to hold back, while I advanced alone to ascertain how matters stood. When I got to the door, I found it shut. I listened attentively, but could hear no sound—all seemed silent as death within. I passed on to the window through which I had seen the poor girl Nau, the evening before, cowering over the fire; and, rubbing off the mist from the corner of a pane, looked in, but all was dark and desolate, and gave no sign whatever of the existence of an inmate. I went round then to the yard, and, finding the gate wide open, passed through it to the back entrance of the house, which, if it were not deserted, might possibly bring me nearer to its tenants. On looking in that quarter, I thought I saw something swinging slowly to and fro, immediately under the window through which I had made my escape. The outline seemed like that of a human figure; and, with a sort of dark foreboding, I drew my hand across my eyes to clear them from dimness, and aid me in discerning the mysterious object more distinctly. A cloud, however, just then darkened the little light there was; and, chiding myself for my faintheartedness in fearing what was probably either a shadow or the creature of my own fancy, I advanced hastily in its direction. As I drew near, it grew more definite and palpable, as it swayed backward and forward with the wind, a foot or so above the ground. I was moving on, however, still uncertain, though vaguely fearful, of its nature, when the sudden emersion of the moon lighted up the place, and displayed to my straining eyes, in the suspended form before me, the blackened and distorted visage of a human being—a female, as I saw from the dress and the long dishevelled hair, which streamed hither and thither in the shifting blast. My blood seemed literally to curdle in my veins at the hideous sight, which totally unmanned me, as it well might any one whose nerves were not of iron; and losing for the minute all self-command, I

could only call out with an almost frantic vehemence, which speedily brought my affrighted companions to my side. We had with us a tinder-box and lantern; and, on striking a light, I was able to recognise, in the livid and writhen features before me, the countenance of the ill-fated girl to whom, under Heaven, I probably owed my preservation, and with whose part therein I feared me her miserable end was some way concerned.

"The horrors of this dismal night I wish not, gentlemen, minutely to narrate. They are graven too deeply in my memory ever to be erased; and the mere mention of them at this day is, for me, pregnant with fear and disgust. To have witnessed such a scene but once, as I did, was enough to tincture a man's thoughts and feelings with gloom for many after years; and it was long before my mind recovered its tone, or rid itself of the morbid consequences of the shock it then suffered.

"We severed the rope—the very one by which I had effected my descent—and conveyed the body into the house; but we had scarcely crossed the threshold, when another ghastly sight met our eyes. This was the corpse of Thurles, the youngest and handsomest of the band, whose name, I believe, I had no occasion to mention before. He was laid, face upward, on the floor of the very room where, with the rest, he had so freely and recklessly caroused the night before,—an expression of ferocity, heightened by agony, frowning from his countenance, and rendering it almost formidable even in death. The blood was thickly clotted on his left breast, in which was deeply fixed the blade of a knife which had been broken near the haft. His head was raised upon a pillow, and a sheet had been partly drawn over him; and, from the settled appearance of all about the body, it was evident that the hands of the living had been concerned in the decent disposition of the robber's lifeless remains. I need not speak of the subsequent occurrences of that night, or of my fruitless efforts to account for the double catastrophe I had witnessed. The gang had fled, and there was no one accessible from whom I could ascertain the circumstances under which it had taken place.

"Eventually, however, I did obtain

a brief account thereof, as I shall in a few words relate. It was about six years after the night in question, that one day, dining at a tavern in York, I chanced to overhear some gentlemen in the next stall conversing about the execution of a murderer, which was to take place upon the morrow. One or them had been present at his trial, and gave a description of the convict's personal appearance; and mentioned his having been the head of a gang that had been the terror of the whole country thereabouts for a long time, and the proven perpetrators of the many murders which had taken place on and near the Black Moss some years before; which, he added, they had infested, until discovered and rooted out by a gentleman, who had himself narrowly escaped their tender mercies. What he said of the man's appearance, haunts, and criminality, immediately led me to conclude that he could be none other than Triptoe himself, who, despite his cunning shifts, had at last been snared by the law, which was about to exact from him the debt due to its many heinous violations. Impelled by a feeling of mingled interest and curiosity, I resolved to visit the condemned man's cell, and endeavour to obtain from him some clue to the fate of the poor girl of whose miserable end I have just told you. I happened to have a personal acquaintance with the sheriff, and could thus obtain ready access to the gaol, to which I proceeded without delay. When admitted, I found the wretched man sitting alone in his dismal cell. He cast a sullen, incurious glance at me, as I entered, not seeming to recognise my appearance, and scarcely, indeed, my presence. However atrocious a man's guilt, one cannot well harbour hatred or hostility against him at such a time, and I spoke gently as I recalled to his mind who I was; and, after the interchange of a few words, asked him if he could spare a few minutes to tell me of the dreadful death of his accomplice Thurles, and of that of the unfortunate Nan. He looked at me some seconds before he replied:—'I see you don't come here only to pry into my secrets, that you may print them in the papers; and as you have a kind of right, besides, to ask, I'll tell you all I know about the luckless business of that cursed night. Ay, I may well, indeed, call it *cursed*; for if I had got

your gold that night, I had it in my mind to cross the seas, and turn honest man in some other country, where I might now have been, instead of in this black dungeon. But you had the devil's luck and cunning into the bargain; and between you and that sharp jade, Nan, I was, for the first time, fairly beaten and outwitted in so big a matter.'

"I then gathered from him that, on the return of the party from their unsuccessful pursuit of me, young Thurles, whose property both the dogs had been, enraged at his loss, furiously taxed Nan with having been accessory to my escape, and, consequently, to their destruction. The girl not only avowed it, but, mentioning my declaration of a speedy delivery of the whole gang into the hands of justice, added that she wished nothing more than that I would fulfil my threat, for that she was heart-sick of their vileness, who, in return for innocence and happiness, had given her nothing but vice and ill-treatment; and that reproach and anger came ill from him who had rendered her unfit to live, much less to return to her father's happy house, from which his traitorous arts and falsehoods had first seduced her. Thurles, stung with her language and inflamed with drink, bitterly retorted; upbraided her with treachery; and, assailing her with opprobrious epithets, rashly raised his hand and struck her. The girl, at all times passionate, was at this conjuncture roused to a state of madness by the ill-timed abuse and violence of him who had been her destroyer, and, in a fit of frenzy, seizing a knife, before any one could stay her arm, she plunged it into his side, bidding him 'take back the blow he dared to give to her his villany had ruined.' The blade reached the robber's heart, and, without a word, he fell dead to the floor. A dreadful revulsion of feeling followed in the breast of the unfortunate girl, who, had they not resorted to physical restraint, would scarcely have outlived him. The rest of the party, confounded by the death of their comrade, and the fear of a speedy apprehension consequent on my escape, made some hurried preparations for evacuating the concern, and bid the girl make ready to accompany them, as there would be those in the house shortly who would take good care to see the corpse decently disposed of. She, however, sternly refused to leave

the dead man's side; and they, not unwilling, I believe, to be rid of one who, in their present circumstances, would be a burden, let her, as the fellow said, 'please herself, and have her own way.' It must have been shortly after this that, under the impulse of intolerable despair and consciousness of guilt, she took the horrid step of which I told you. I then inquired of Triptoe the fate of his comrades, and he categorically informed me that two had been shot in burglaries, one had been executed, another transported, and a fifth had disappeared or been made away with, he knew not and cared not how. Before I left his cell, I tried to draw the wretched man's thoughts to something serious, but his heart was so case-hardened in guilt as to be utterly inaccessible to any admonitions from me; and, the turnkey shortly entering to tell me that the gates were about to close, I left him to his fate, which, in a dogged spirit of hardihood and impenitence, he met on the following morning.

"And now, gentlemen," said the narrator, in conclusion, "I have given you, at greater length, I fear, than you have relished, my reminiscences of what was to me an eventful night. The remembrance of the stirring scenes of one's youth is apt to rekindle ardour in the too often frigid hearts of the old; and the relation of these facts has possessed for me an excitement not devoid of pleasure, though necessarily mingled with pain, when I call to mind the

disastrous destinies of the miserable men concerned in my narration, and particularly the melancholy fate of that young girl, who was first the victim of her own perverseness, and lastly of her own returning sense of right, inasmuch as it was her awakening softness and benevolence, shewn towards me, which issued in her wretched self-inflicted ruin. And now," added the old gentleman, rising from his seat, "I will wish you all a good night's rest, which I doubt not the contrast of your situation with mine, on the night of which I have been speaking, will not a little tend to produce."

He was just withdrawing, when I put a question to him respecting the locality of the scene of his adventure, as, if not much out of my route, I should like to see it after what I had heard from him. He politely replied that he himself purposed passing by the ruins in question upon the morrow, and would feel most happy in my company, if I had leisure and inclination to afford it. I expressed my satisfaction at this arrangement, which would both gratify my curiosity and prolong for me the pleasure of his conversation; and shortly afterwards followed his example, and retired to my apartment, to dream of moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes, and to witness, in wild and incongruous combinations, the elements of the strange and stirring tale he had just narrated.

"LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE MEASURES."

LORD MELBOURNE.

THE ancestry of the noble lord who now acts as mayor of the palace, and nominally as first lord of the treasury, is worthy of his very exalted mind and his very refined taste. The great-grandson of Lord Salisbury's house-steward very appropriately fills the post and receives the pay of chief butler at Windsor Castle; and, doubtless, so long as the country is content that he shall remain there, cringing, cozening, and idling away time which he receives wages to employ otherwise, so long as the people are willing that he should retain his despicable position by still more despicable backstair influence, his lordship will gladly stay,

neglectful of national interests, his own honour, and the public scorn. And, indeed, there is no marvel. The minister is worthy of the age that submits to his silken leading strings. Times have been when hardy Englishmen were represented in parliament by men of nerve and integrity, when they would yield to no court favourites, and be governed by no automaton puppets; but, now, who can wonder at a Melbourne, the trembling creature of secret influence, being tolerated as prime ruler of the nation? But if there be nothing marvellous in the country's apathy, there is much to astonish all reflecting minds in the degree of servility to

which the premier has stooped, and the dirtiness of the paths by which he has climbed to power. He is surrounded by those against whom his youthful energies were expended ; he is supported by a mixture of Papists, Radicals, and placemen ; he is opposed by a vast body, to whom he sneakingly bows in one house of parliament, and plays little games of thimblery with in the other ; he clings to office, after having abandoned the principle which secured it ; and in all dangers and difficulties, in every crisis, at every moment when ruin threatens his cracked and crazy cabinet, he flies for shelter and succour, not to the public, not to the legislature, not to honourable retirement, but near the petticoats of the throne. And can this be the gay and spirited William Lamb, whose entrance into public was hailed with delight, and gave occasion to vast anticipations — whose speeches, year after year, against reform, were celebrated by the Tory papers throughout the land — and whose political squibs and political *bon mots* were praised as the emanations of an honest and honourable mind ? *Quantum mutatus ab illo !* If their early contemporaries, who now slumber in the tomb, could rise up again, and look round on our present rulers, and more particularly on Lord Melbourne, biting the dust before a pampered demagogue, and glozing with flattering accents in the chamber of a young and inexperienced queen, thrusting himself and other defendants in crim. con. actions into a place which should be the very sanctuary of purity and virtue, surely they would doubt if some evil spirit had not warped his heart from ancient dignity to the extreme of meanness, and to the depth of debasement. Perhaps, however, after all, there has been no change whatever in the premier ; probably, his high reputation for spirit and firmness was gained by tricks and hypocrisy ; and it may be true — as, indeed, we suspect, that he is now merely shewing forth qualities which it formerly required art to conceal.

Such, plainly and unreservedly, is our opinion of Lord Melbourne ; and, therefore, the task of delineating his career is no pleasant one. At all times, to trace a man winding himself by specious sophistry, and by the force of no ability save that of an accomplished courtier, a perfect lady's man, into the

place of a court parasite, is disgusting and loathsome. But when there is something more than all this — when a minister is seen who, in addition to all his personal selfishness, is distinguished also by his unscrupulous and mischievous assaults on the church and the constitution, which he formerly professed to admire, and exerted himself to defend, there is necessarily an additional degree of painfulness in the description of such a pretender to statesmanship. We therefore turn from other little men, who are merely contemptible, and from some who are also corrupt, with reluctance, to a character, compared with which theirs are elevated and pure. But we believe Lord Melbourne has hitherto — perhaps from this very reluctance to speak of him — escaped too easily ; and, if we can help it, he shall escape so well no longer. First, then, for his anomalous and disgraceful position, as court favourite and Popish minister.

It appears that his lordship, since the death of William IV., has taken up his abode at the palace, and, we understand, has accepted and performed the office of *private secretary to the queen* ; a post which, we may very safely say, no man in any great monarchy ever yet took, while professing at the same time to fulfil the onerous, responsible, and difficult duties of chief minister. But no delicacy restrained Lord Melbourne ; no regard for public opinion operated on him ; he coolly stooped to the yoke, discharged his cook, and abandoned Downing Street ; taking possession of a bedroom and chair at St. James's, and of a pen as premier-amanuensis of the youthful queen. How different was the conduct of great men of old ! How "liberal and enlightened" we have become ! The Earl of Chatham, when Mr. Pitt, in 1759, at a time when the whole weight of the government rested on his shoulders — when, if ever there were an excuse, he had one for constantly speaking to the sovereign, who was intractable, and inclined to thwart his ministers in their splendid and mighty operations against French ambition — this Mr. Pitt applied to the king for the Garter for Earl Temple ; and, being refused, wrote the following letter to the Duke of Newcastle, then in attendance on the court at Kensington, as Lord Melbourne is now at Windsor :—

"September 27, 1759.

"My Lord,—A continuation of the slight eruption I had upon me, together with the deep sense I must have of unexampled depression, prevents my having the honour of meeting your grace at Kensington to-morrow.

"Unconscious as I am of want of fidelity and diligence in sustaining the vast and dangerous load his majesty has been pleased to lay on my feeble shoulders, I will forbear, now and for ever, entering into a subject where I may possibly judge amiss, and wherein, above all things, I wish not greatly to err. I will therefore rest on the judgment of others, at all times much better than mine, whether, considering Lord Temple's station and my own, the pretension in question has any thing in it exorbitant, or derogatory to the king's honour, or contrary to the good of his affairs. All I mean at present to trouble your grace with, is to desire that, *when next my reluctant steps shall bring me up the stairs of Kensington, and mix me with the dust of the antechamber*, I may learn, once for all, whether the king continues finally obdurate to such united entreaties, as, except towards me and mine, never fail of success. I beg your grace to believe that I am particularly sorry to be forced to add this to all the obliging trouble you have been good enough to take already on such an occasion, and that I am ever, &c.

"WILLIAM PITT."

We quote this letter because it is worthy of the writer; because it is such an one as a Wellington, or a Stanley, in these days, under similar circumstances, would indite; and because it is a noble contrast to the Melbourne policy of blockading the palace, and poisoning the ear of the monarch. "The dust of the antechamber" is Lord Melbourne's favourite atmosphere, and *his* mind is employed, while stifled with it, in petty plots for getting rid of another Tory who desires an interview, or in preventing some eminent Conservative being invited to dinner. He sees no objection in Popery obtaining a footing; he sees no objection to Popish ladies of the bedchamber, to a Popish treasurer of the household; he can discover no impropriety in a Lord Headfort, any more than he can perceive impurity in himself; but if by any accident there be a chance, no matter how remote, that a Conservative is likely to enter the palace, there is a running to and fro, a whispering, a little

intriguing, and a vast deal of serious reflection,—all to consummate the plan for getting rid of the peril, and excluding the intruder. And this, be it remembered, is the system under a government consisting of those Whigs who used to be loudest against the influence of the crown, and most virtuous in their horror of the court. Not one hour is Lord Melbourne willingly absent; he even goes to chapel, because the queen will be present; and if public business once in a month, on some extraordinary occasion,—as, for instance, some new blunder of Lord Glenelg's, some new mistake of Lord Palmerston's, some novel *faux pas*,—renders it absolutely necessary for him to pay a visit from Windsor to town; the carriage is employed at once, and, probably for greater expedition, it is placed on the newly finished railroad; and when all the business is transacted his lordship starts off again, without treading even for one second his own desolate hall in South Street, and once more he is travelling as if for his life, and certainly with eagerness for his dinner. This exertion being over, all goes smooth again for a time. There is a little riding in the middle of the day, a little eating afterwards, just a quarter of an hour's claret and chat, and then some music, or a quadrille; or, if the court be at St. James's, a journey to the theatre or opera-house, where lions may be seen unnaturalised, or dancers may be viewed all over. *Vive la bagatelle!* So quarter after quarter passes; pay comes in; colonies fall off; foreign nations delude and insult us; Popery strides forward; the cabinet sinks lower and lower; and the favourite, if ever a serious thought or fear afflicts him, dispels it by another waltz, or a new French novel, or by reminiscences of London life in those old days when Melbourne House rivalled the mansion of the Duchess of Devonshire in its character for infamy and prostitution. But all will not do; dancing cannot save him; French novels will not help him; reminiscences of the past cannot save him from the future; his ministry is falling, and he must fall with it, and then, alas! alas! for maids of honour, and for Lord Headfort, and for all those with whom Lord Melbourne is now "*such a dear man!*" for the cook must return to South Street, and Windsor must be deprived of the presence of him who

is now the court Joe Miller, and the modern Killigrew,—yes, he must go, never, never more to return as private secretary to the queen, or prime minister of the nation. Who will undertake to describe the acuteness of pain suffered when this terrible news shall arrive, by the peaceable Emperor of Russia? Who will venture to guess at the sorrow of Mr. Van Buren, at the dismay of O'Connell, or the terror of the pope? Their best friend will then have sunk down from the place in which he was best qualified, and has proved himself so able to serve them; and, to their sad discomfiture, the days will commence when money squandered on luxury, or wasted on commissioners, will replenish the dock-yards, and when "justice to Ireland!" will mean protection to the voter, and security for property and life; when priests can be pampered, magistrates insulted, and noblemen like Lord Norbury murdered no more; when justice to England will mean the restoration of her navy, and the vigorous repression of colonial rebellion.

But on this subject we need not enlarge. We turn from Lord Melbourne at court to Lord Melbourne in the cabinet. We find that he is sworn to uphold the Protestant religion and the Protestant government in these realms, and yet it appears that his lordship is content to propose a measure which he himself acknowledges to be nothing but "*a heavy blow and great discouragement to Protestantism in Ireland.*" We find him skulking behind the mendicant demagogue who maintains him, when this gross inconsistency is pressed upon him; and with his usual effrontery declaring that Mr. O'Connell has not committed perjury; so as his oath is the same as Mr. O'Connell's, and he has only done the same, *he* has not committed perjury: and then, going round and completing the circle, he concludes that Mr. O'Connell's oath is like his oath, and they have acted alike; and yet he has been proved clear of perjury, therefore the beggar is also pure: that is, if you will allow him to assume the point in dispute, he will end by demonstrating it. In like manner, when Mr. Turton's appointment was mentioned, he declared that it had not taken place; and then, when he sailed, his lordship knew nothing about it, and was quite surprised, but was sure he would have

no situation; and when that, too, turned out differently, he again was astonished; and, after all, it appears, that, if he did not know the facts, the ignorance was intentional,—for every one else knew them; and if he were aware that Mr. Turton was going to sail (as he must have been), and as he was the only man who could prevent it, if he did not so prevent it he had no right to affect surprise when that gentleman started, or when he was appointed to a post in Canada.

Thus he goes on. These are but specimens of his conduct,—rambling, superficial, and shuffling. He wholly condemned the National Association of Ireland; yet he patted its promoters on the back, gave places to some of them, and was in the closest alliance with their leader. In 1836, he agreed to the Duke of Wellington's amendment to that portion of the address which referred to Irish corporations; while, at the very moment he was expressing his consent, his colleagues in the other house were obeying the behest of their Popish supporters, by combating the same point with Sir Robert Peel and the opposition. And as it is with measures, so with men. He speaks of them at each particular time, precisely in the manner in which it is his interest to treat them. Last session he threw poor Lord Minto overboard, when the question was raised about the silly orders from the Admiralty to search Sardinian cruisers; and having found that Lord Minto's explanation (that it was done as part of a treaty), though a true explanation of the opinion of the government, did not answer the purpose of satisfying the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne coolly conceded the point, and admitted it to be a matter of policy only. So with Lord Durham. For a time, his lordship was, according to the premier, every thing honourable, noble, and wise; but the moment his back was turned, and the question occurred whether he or the precious places of the Whigs should be sacrificed, Lord Melbourne sneakily turned tail, agreed with Lord Brougham, sanctioned the act of indemnity, which in fact condemned the Durham ordinances, and spluttered forth, in the vain hope of still keeping both his friend and his office, a vast quantity of trash in favour of the man he had so cowardly abandoned. But if Lord Durham, instead

of being in Canada, had been in a place at home, how differently Lord Melbourne would have acted! How valorous he would have shewn himself in defence of his colleague! When, however, the cat's away, the proverb tells us truly, the mice may play; and so felt Lord Melbourne. Sir Hussey Vivian, who counts three votes in the House of Commons (himself, his brother, and his son), had voted against government, though holding a place under it, and had otherwise offended the cabinet; but Sir Hussey was in England, he was known to be about as hot as Lord Durham himself, and therefore not a word was uttered against him. But if the gallant general should go to Canada, to replace Sir John Colborne on any occasion when the Whigs are the rulers at home, we bid him beware. They are as slippery as eels, and as venomous as the worst of vermin; and so he would find them, if he so far trusted them as to give them an opportunity of choosing between saving their own salaries and his reputation.

It may be quite true that Lord Melbourne is not solely to be blamed for these and other Whig-Radical proceedings, and that some of his colleagues must have a very large share of the odium which attaches to the measures of the present tottering ministry, but Lord Melbourne is professedly the head of the set, and is fairly answerable for their misdeeds, because he has always the option of resigning, and if he do not avail himself of it, he virtually consents to remain responsible. If so, what a catalogue of offences could be crowded into an impeachment against him! He entered office at a time when the Whigs in parliament numbered nearly 500; when the colonies were quiet, Ireland was quiet, and the spirit of seditious turbulence was repressed by Lord Stanley's vigorous measures; and now the Whigs are a mere nominal party—some have lapsed into Radicals, others style themselves Liberals, a large number have gladly joined the Conservatives—a majority of nineteen in the House of Commons is a great triumph; if the troops have not arrived quite too late to save one of our chief colonies, every one is surprised; and Ireland presents an increased calendar of crimes, and her agitators are bolder, and more exorbitant, and more treasonable than ever. In particular measures, he has

been equally unsuccessful. He entered office to attack the Church of Ireland; he did so, and failed. He assailed church-rates in England, and failed. He attempted to render popish the corporations of Ireland, and failed. He tried to alter the Reform-act, in its rate-paying clauses, to obtain popish chaplains for English jails, to run down the House of Lords, through his ally, O'Connell, and failed in each of those notable undertakings. More recently, he has tried to get rid of Lord Durham, and in that scheme has failed also. He is now concocting some plan of national education, without the Bible; and we may be quite certain that if ever he ventures to propose the measure, or to carry out his still more admirable scheme of abolishing the sanctity of the Sabbath in London, by opening the Post-office, his success will not be more remarkable than it has hitherto been. He will have to relinquish his plans, and to forego his intentions; and if so, the fact is quite certain that it will not be for the first time in his life. He opposed reform, and then assisted to carry a more sweeping measure than he had ever had occasion to resist; he opposed, and then produced, a plan of church spoliation; he denounced O'Connell from the throne, and then bowed the knee to him; he opposed an inquiry into the pension-list, and then sanctioned it; he condemned extravagant estimates, and then augmented them; he declared against courts, and then crouched to them; he protested against extravagant provision for the sovereign, and then increased the civil-list; he resisted the claim of the Duke of Sussex for a larger income, and has now suffered himself to be bullied into acquiescence. What security, then, can there be, that he will not abandon his present sentiments as readily as he has sacrificed his old ones? He is now against the ballot, triennial parliaments, household suffrage, and the ejection of bishops from the House of Lords, and he is opposed to many other pet Radical crotchets; but what sort of security is there, we repeat, that he will not rat still more, and end his career by following the tide of revolution as far as it will carry him? It is quite evident that self-interest, not principle, is his guide, and that he has followed that beacon hitherto, without scruple or regard for consequences, or

his own character ; and, therefore, we do not know why his recreancy should now suddenly cease, or his inconsistency now finally terminate.

And, after all, we know not that any one need care whether Lord Melbourne continues a Whig, or commences a Radical campaign. Perhaps if we were forced to express a preference, we should, as we have no love of the Radicals, heartily wish them the incumbrance of his lordship's aid, and the benefit of his reputation. But we own we care not much about it. Lord Melbourne is a feeble and effeminate creature, fit only to loll in a palace, to scribble in an album, or to criticise birthday odes, or diplomatic despatches. He is eminently qualified for the chief place among the small fry of Glenelgs and Rices, and, doubtless, he shines among them with peculiar brilliancy, because, while they are a petty trembling set, he has a certain *bonhomie* and *nonchalance*, which makes him slip through difficulties with a happy deadness to all sorts of shame. Lord Brougham will never propose, or wish to carry, an insulting bill of indemnity for the first lord of the treasury, for he knows too well that that worthy peer would be very glad to accept the act, and would be marvellously forbearing, and charitable, and blind, as to any lurking attack in it. And so, also, no one in parliament ever thinks of carefully contrasting Lord Melbourne's past professions with his present practices, for it is well known that it is useless to appeal in that manner to him. He said that he cared not for a majority against him in the House of Lords, but that the moment the House of Commons was opposed to the Appropriation-clause, he would resign. Well, there was a dissolution, ministers withdrew the appropriation principle altogether, and only narrowly saved it from being expunged from the minutes of the House of Commons ; but there was no whisper of Whig resignation, there was no recollection of former pledges. The Appropriation-clause slept, and so did ministers in their places. Henceforth, then, there can be no great dependence on Whig promises to resign ; and, therefore, as they will not move of their own free will, we can see no alternative but to force them to it. We believe that the Conservatives could

now effect that purpose if they chose ; we believe, however, also, that at present Lord Melbourne is much more useful to them as prime minister, than power itself could be in their own possession. If, indeed, the Whigs, who know this as well as the Conservatives themselves, are willing nevertheless to hold their offices, there can be, or there ought to be, no objection. Nay, so far from there being an objection to their remaining, it should be the Conservative policy to *keep them in*. They are now narrowly looking for a decent opportunity to escape, and it will be the fault of the opposition if that opportunity be granted. If it be not, on the Whigs will fall, as is due, all the odium of the disasters, foreign, colonial, and domestic, which now threaten the land ; and on Lord Melbourne, as the chief of the Whigs, will the largest share of censure descend. Thus, when at length they do retire, it will be with a character for mischief, as well as a character for folly ; and, consequently, the reascension to office will be impossible, or, at least, a very remote contingency. Yet it is grievous that, in the interim which must elapse before their expulsion, they should have the power they now possess to degrade the nation, to contaminate the court, to sap the foundations of the constitution, to discourage Protestantism, and to assail the morals of the people. It is said that patronage should be possessed by an irresponsible demagogue ; that our colonial possessions should be perilled, through the imbecility of our rulers ; and, above all, that the monarch should be shut out from free communication with the country, and rendered the sovereign of a faction, instead of the mother of the state. Nevertheless, the evil, to be radically cured, must be endured for a short time longer ; and then, in the ripeness of events, the Melbourne ministry can be hurled from power, and the premier himself can be swept aside by the contemptuous indifference of the people, and with the sense that his littleness and insignificance form his only protection from serious exposure. That day must come, and the longer it is delayed, the brighter will be the victory it will witness, and the firmer will be the foundation of the Conservative government in the hearts and judgment of the population.

LE DUC DE NORMANDIE.*

THE translator of the work, of which we are about to give some account to our readers, has taken a very prudent precaution in arming his title-page with Dr. Johnson's dignified rebuke to those who prefer the summary rejection of an alleged fact, to the patient investigation of the evidence adduced in support of it. "It is always easier to deny than to inquire," saith the doctor. "To refuse credit confers for a moment an appearance of superiority; which every little mind is tempted to assume, when it may be gained so cheaply as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities." With this awful dictum before our eyes, we have endeavoured, at the expense of no small labour and pains, to strike an impartial balance between the conflicting improbabilities involved in the affirmation or negation of the fact which this volume asserts, viz. That the Dauphin of the Temple is alive, and that its author is he;† and our readers will be surprised to learn that we have found it a puzzling matter to pronounce on which side, upon the whole, the difficulties preponderate. Such being the case, however, we have come to the resolution, so familiar in modern parliamentary practice, to report to them the evidence alone on both sides, and to leave the decision as an enigma, which they may very seasonably amuse themselves with solving in these long winter evenings.

The original work was published by Dulau of Soho Square, towards the end of the year 1836. It attracted little notice in London, and it was not allowed to circulate in France—at least, it is affirmed by its author, in a petition addressed to the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 21st January, 1838 (p. 617 of this volume), that two hundred copies were seized there, by order of the *ministre de l'intérieur*; an assertion not likely to be made in such a document, if contrary to the fact.

It fell, however, into the hands of the highly respectable person under whose name it now appears in an English garb. We shall allow him to give his own account how he came to think of translating it. In his preface, after a rather superfluous disavowal of "all political designs whatever" in the publication, Mr. Perceval states that

"It is simply as presenting a most interesting historical question, that the work from which the present is translated attracted the editor's attention. At a very early period, the indignities, sufferings, and sorrows borne by the royal family of France, during the revolution, excited in his mind the liveliest and most painful interest. Many of the memoirs relating to that time of horror have been read by him; and he is persuaded that a more splendid exhibition of Christian virtue was never made than that which was displayed within the Tower of the Temple. Indeed, in contemplating the mild and paternal character of Louis XVI.; a king who, if not great upon the throne (though always animated with the purest and best intentions), was, after his dethronement, perfectly sublime—the magnanimity and heroic bearing of the queen, as long as a ray of hope remained; and, when that was gone, the absorption of all her feelings in affectionate solicitude for the partners of her misery—the piety towards God, and devotion to her brother and to her brother's family, of the Princess Elizabeth—we might wonder at the ways of Providence in suffering virtue to be so severely tried, if we did not see how evidently the spirits of those who passed through the dreadful furnace were purified by it from their earthly dross, and rendered meet to be partakers of the heavenly inheritance. Of this melancholy chapter of royal sufferings, no part has seemed to the editor more truly shocking and revolting than the treatment of the illustrious martyr's children; especially of the young prince, who had the misfortune of being legitimate heir to his father's crown. He has felt his heart sicken at the brutal atrocities practised upon that gentle child,

* An Abridged Account of the Misfortunes of the Dauphin (son of Louis XVI.), followed by some Documents in support of the Facts related by the Prince. Translated from the French, by the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Perceval, Rector of Calverton, Bucks. London, 1838. Fraser.

† Or, rather, the author of the narrative contained in it, which comprises a very small part of the volume—137 pages out of more than 700.

and feelings arise of inexpressible disgust and indignation against the human demons who were his persecutors — feelings which have only subsided under the belief that he had passed through these tribulations into a better state, and had been reunited, without fear of another separation, to those, of whose tenderest affection he had ever been the cherished object.

"It now appears that, in the wisdom of God, a much longer trial was appointed for him. —

"It can be a matter of surprise to no one (adds Mr. Perceval), that, being convinced of the identity of the claimant with the son of Louis XVI., he should have been proud to offer the unfortunate prince the humble assistance, of which the present volume is the fruit; believing that the endeavour to help him to right, who has suffered such cruel wrong, and to alleviate the sorrows of the innocent and injured son of a most eminently pious, virtuous, and ill-used Christian king, cannot be looked upon as inconsistent with the duties, or unbecoming to the character, of a minister of the Gospel."

The reverend editor has not favoured us with the process by which he arrived at the conviction thus avowed. He confesses that he met with many difficulties; and, amongst others, alludes to the "somewhat ill-digested form in which the original work was published;" — a defect which an over-scrupulous desire to produce a faithful copy has unfortunately prevented him from attempting to remedy. He does not, however, "feel it incumbent upon him to enter into details as to what parts of the contents of the volume have proved obstacles in the way of his conviction, any more than to conjecture all that may prove so to others;" but proceeds to apprise his readers of certain corroborative facts which have come to his own personal knowledge, which he thus very fairly sums up as "ascertained on other authority than the writer's (dauphin's) own;" to wit:

"That he has endeavoured to procure a legal inquiry into the validity of his claims:

"That the French government, which has itself brought other false dauphins to trial, refuses him this appeal to the laws of his country:

"That one of his chief witnesses, certainly competent to identify him, does recognise him, and declares it openly:

"That others of his friends believe in his claims, and take onerous obligations

upon themselves in consequence of that belief:

"That he does not possess the means of procuring false-witnesses by bribery.

"In addition to these facts," he adds, "it is extremely gratifying to the editor to state, as he is able to do sincerely and conscientiously, having made the acquaintance of the prince, and of his friend and advocate, the editor of the French volume, that he never was in company or had communication with any two persons who had less the appearance of any thing bordering upon imposture or deceit — with whose frankness he had better reason to be satisfied — or of whose perfect integrity and honesty he was more thoroughly convinced." — Preface, p. xviii.

So much for the translator's reasons for the undertaking; and, whatever may be thought of his judgment, they are certainly creditable to his feelings, and sufficient to bespeak a not contemptuous perusal. For, as he reasonably argues, the fact that many false dauphins have already appeared, and each in his turn has been convicted of imposture, so far from proving that the real dauphin *does not* exist, in reality tends only the other way: — for it proves that the evidence for his alleged death in the Temple must have been inadequate to satisfy men's minds of that event. Whilst, on the other hand, the equally certain facts that "of all the individuals who have laid claim to the title, the writer of this narrative alone has been *refused a legal inquiry* into the validity of his claim," — that, "at the very moment when he *hoped to do* what the impostors *had been compelled to do*, he was seized by the police, and, after a month's imprisonment, was sent out of France" as an alleged *foreigner*, after his suit to prove himself a *Frenchman* had been formally commenced, — these facts do at least afford "a *presumption* that he *may* really have the evidence to produce which he professes to have; and excite a *suspicion* that the French government were afraid of the production of that evidence."

The work, as we have said, attracted so little attention in England, that probably not one person in ten thousand would ever have heard of the claim, or the claimant, if two very singular incidents had not occurred to give it that extended notoriety which our worthy police reporters take care shall be the lot of every body and every thing that comes before the notice of the magis-

trates of this metropolis. The first was the accidental misdelivery of a packet of letters from the claimant's family by the servant of an English gentleman who brought them from Dresden, and their illegal detention by the person into whose hands they came; who, being an officious busybody, fancied they were proofs of a conspiracy to assassinate Louis Philippe, and refused to give them up till brought before the lord-mayor. His then civic lordship, probably mistrusting his own skill in reading French, sent them off for Lord John Russell's perusal; who very properly returned them to their right owners. This led to their publication in most of the London papers in July 1837, and thus notified to the incredulous Cockneys that no less a personage than Louis XVII. was actually dwelling within the sound of Bow bells. The second, and by far the most extraordinary occurrence of the two, must be so fresh in the memory of our readers, that we shall only advert to it briefly, as being that which has led to this endeavour to satisfy the curiosity which it has naturally excited, by our present article. Camberwell, the classic ground of George Barnwell's uncle's murder, has been visited by a bolder though less successful assassin. George, it is said, had not courage, in the first instance, to use the fire-arms with which he was provided. Not so Désiré Rousselle, or whoever it was that meditated the death of the unhappy claimant of the heirship to the sorrows of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Two pistols he fired at half-a-yard's distance, whilst his eyes (by the duke's graphic description) glared, like a dog's, on his victim; two bullets lodged in the 'thick part of the upper arm,' as the surgeon certifies, and another glanced from the left breast, leaving a bruise which necessitated the application of five-and-twenty leeches. Now, it must be owned, this is a startling circumstance; especially as it is affirmed in the present volume that a previous attempt on the claimant's life by dagger was made at Paris in 1834; a statement which it is reasonable enough now to credit. "Ma foi!" said a worthy Frenchman of our acquaintance when he heard of it, "je commence à croire que c'est vraiment le fils de Louis XVI. On ne s'amuse pas à faire assassiner des inconnus. On ne m'a jamais assassiné, moi, par exemple." This inference, indeed, is so ob-

vious, as to excite at first a natural suspicion that the whole affair was got up as a bold stroke to excite the lagging interest of the public on behalf of this despised pretension: an idea which, it seems, his ex-excellence, Monsieur le Baron Capelle, agent of the exiled royal family in London, has had the charity to promulgate, and clearly intimates to be his belief, in the wonderfully clever diplomatic note he addressed to the solicitor employed on Rousselle's prosecution; though he declines to advance his reasons for it. But, *pace* the baron, we defer rather to the dictum of Mr. Jeremy, the intelligent magistrate of Union Hall, before whom the investigation was held, as the better judge; who said "the assertion that the duke shot himself is *absurd*; and I am sorry that any one should be found capable of saying so." Furthermore, we beg to express our private opinion, that if the victim had been Mr. Benjamin Hawes of Lambeth, or Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, or any other recognised personage in that trans-Thamesine region, few magistrates would have hesitated to commit Mr. Désiré Rousselle on the evidence adduced against him—as an accomplice, at least, if not the actual assassin.

But we must proceed to give the result of our studies in the volume before us. It contains, in addition to the personal narrative of the claimant, a mass of letters, documents, extracts, scraps of pamphlets, and newspaper articles, flung together in most 'admirable disorder;' for which there might have been some excuse in the original publication, as we are informed that the documents were dispersed at the period of his arrest by the French police, and recovered with difficulty whilst the work was in the press; but we cannot conceive why the present editor might not have taken the trouble to classify and reduce them to the form of a regular appendix, instead of merely giving a few awkward and scarcely intelligible notes of reference to some among the number. The narrative is preceded by a preface, signed by three members of the French bar: M. Gruau, late procureur du roi; MM. Xavier Laprade and Briquet, avocats. In this we read their joint declaration, that the manuscript was entirely written by "the Prince" alone, under their eyes, and an account of his arrest in Paris, on the 15th June, 1836, and subsequent de-

portation from France; both which proceedings of the government they openly tax with illegality and injustice. There is also, by the by, in the Appendix, p. 390, a pleading to the same effect, but in a far superior style, before the "Conseil d'Etat," on the 14th July, in the same year, by another advocate, M. Cremieux; which, so far as we can form an opinion on a point of French law, appears to us unanswerable. The council, however, by its report of the 3d August, declared itself incompetent to "impeach or debate acts *belonging to the high police of the kingdom!*" We contratulate our Gallic neighbours on the perfection of civil liberty, the fruit of so many mob achieved revolutions, which this decision indicates.

This preface is followed by a species of pastoral address to the reader, signed by the "Abbé Appert, curé of St. Arnault," who appears to be the spiritual adviser of the claimant, and has paid for his attachment to him by the loss of his living. It is short, and very striking, on the hypothesis that the tale is true; calling on the reader to bear in mind the terrible threat of Scripture, "I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, even to the fourth generation," should he be tempted to murmur against the dispensations of Providence, that have condemned an innocent victim to sufferings unparalleled in history.

Of the personal narrative, which occupies the next 137 pages of the book, we must at once declare that we never read anything more unconvincing and unsatisfactory as a whole. Copious here and there in trivial details, most of which bear very little, if at all, on the question of identity, meagre, abrupt, and obscure in the narration of some very important facts,—if we were to decide upon the subject on the strength of its contents only, we should at once pronounce it unworthy of attention; though, at the same time, we should be extremely perplexed to account for all its characteristics, on the hypothesis of imposture. An impostor might, indeed, without much difficulty, have collected many of the incidents alleged to be remembered by the dauphin as occurring during the journey to Varennes, and the captivity of the royal family in the Temple, and have eked them out by a little guarded invention, even to a much greater extent than is here done. Many of these incidents have, in fact,

been mentioned in the published memoirs of the time, particularly in the Duchess of Angoulême's *Private Memoir on the Temple*, a translation of which appeared in London, in 1823. But an impostor, clever enough to have performed this task with the ability displayed, on that hypothesis, so far as relates to the period in question, would hardly be at a loss to invent a much more probable account than that which we find here, of the events subsequent to his alleged escape from the Temple, until the period of his settlement in Prussia, as a watchmaker, in the year 1810. The most ordinary caution would teach him to limit his demands on our credulity to the least possible compass. Instead of which, he multiplies improbabilities, by recounting, in the driest manner, no fewer than four escapes and four re-imprisonments, of greater or less duration; when a single imprisonment for fifteen years would have answered his purpose, by accounting for the years of his life, from 1795 to 1810, just as well. It is still more unaccountable to find (as we shall presently see) an impostor giving us, as almost the first traceable and ascertainable event in his life, the story of his accusation and sentence for a disgraceful crime.

We shall proceed to give a brief summary of the claimant's story, drawing the alleged facts partly from the narrative, and partly from his letters, especially from a very long one (pp. 241-263), addressed to the editor of the *Comet*, a Leipsic paper, and published by that journal on the 1st August, 1832; and from another, still longer, addressed to the English editor, which occupies the last 87 pages of the volume. These letters are, in fact, supplementary to the narrative, and ought, in common sense, to have been printed next to it.

To begin with his escape from the Temple. This, he says, was effected by the means which follow. Laurenz, his keeper, contrived a hiding-place in an old lumber-room in the garret at the top of the tower of the Temple, into which one night he was conveyed, half a-sleep, under the effects of a dose of opium. A great doll was put in his bed. This was done just as the guard was changed, and the said guard, satisfied with seeing a sleeping figure, and not surprised at his silence, which was habitual, gave no alarm at the time;

and as watch was kept only at the entrance of the tower, nothing was easier than to take him up stairs unperceived. The substitution was discovered, however, that night—and the government, alarmed, procured immediately a *deaf and dumb child*, who took the dauphin's place in prison, and was treated exactly as the latter had been before. His friends sent off another child to Strasburg, as a blind; and, so far as we learn from the book, no suspicion fell upon Laurenz, nor did they ever think of searching the old lumber-room. Laurenz, it seems, supplied him with food from time to time; and there he remained from the end of October 1794 to the beginning of July 1795. Meanwhile, in spite of all precautions, it was whispered abroad that the real dauphin was no longer in the Tower. The government decided that the deaf and dumb child should die, lest the imposture should be discovered. They caused poison to be mixed with his food, and then sent the physician Dessault to visit him, on pretence of humanity. Dessault saw the case at once: gave the child an antidote; and at the same time declared that he was *not* the dauphin. Dessault died the next day: poisoned, as the narrative asserts. Meanwhile Josephine (at that time the mistress of Barras), unknowing of the trick, procured the deaf and dumb child to be carried off; a rickety child from the hospitals was again substituted by the government; he was attended by other physicians, who had never seen either the former child or the real dauphin—and died on the 8th July, 1795. On the day before his burial, the body was removed to the dauphin's hiding-place; the dauphin, again drugged with opium, was placed in the coffin. On the road to the cemetery the supposed body was taken out, and concealed in the bottom of the carriage—the coffin filled with rubbish; and the dauphin's friends re-entered Paris, and placed him in a place of safety. Scarcely was this done when the secret was discovered. The coffin was disinterred and buried in another spot, and every exertion used to discover the prince's retreat; but for some time ineffectually.

Such is, in brief, the story of his first escape, given partly from his own memory, and partly from what he learnt from his friends afterwards. A most marvellous tale it is: and it is curious

enough, that here again the incredibility is doubled, for no apparent purpose, by the assertion that the *deaf and dumb child* also was taken secretly out of prison. So that we have two escapes to believe instead of one. Evidence, properly so called, there is none adduced to confirm it. Three letters, indeed, signed "Laurenz," and dated respectively, Tour du Temple, 7th Nov. 1794, 5th of Feb. and 3d March, 1795,—addressed to some nameless "général"—alluding to the escape, and naming Barras as a friend, are among the documents printed. But there is no sort of guarantee given us for their authenticity. The person so named was certainly the keeper of the royal children at the time, and is mentioned favourably by Madame in her memoirs, as respectful and attentive to her compared with his predecessors. This man was a *Créole*, and was banished by Bonaparte to Cayenne as a *dangerous Jacobin*—(*Lucretelle, Histoire de France*, xii. p. 367),—a reason not quite consistent with the character given him by the Duchess d'Angoulême. Josephine, it was well known, was a *Créole* also; he *might have been* her dependant; and Bonaparte *might* have sent him off as the possessor of a dangerous secret. These facts, and possibilities, are the only, and the very slender support, the editor can discover to that part of the story in which Laurenz is concerned. It is true, however, that Josephine's unexpected death at Malmaison in 1814, was attributed, by vulgar rumour, to *poison*; and the story went that she had told the Emperor Alexander, when he talked of the restoration of Louis XVIII. as the *legitimate* king of France, "*Pour la légitimité, sire, vous n'y êtes pas encore.*" The first rumour is expressly stated in Mad. du Cayla's memoirs, and the last plainly hinted at. The *phrase* above ascribed to Josephine was repeated to the English editor, as current in France, by a private friend. It seems, therefore, that the notion of an escape, and of Josephine as its author, must have had some currency long before the present claimant appeared.

The direct evidence of the dauphin's death is certainly not such as might be expected, for so important an event, from the government of the day. We shall extract the documents, as given at page 157 and page 161, and the speech of the deputy Sevestre to the convention, all of which a friend of

ours has taken the trouble to verify from contemporaneous publications.

"Extract from the Register of Deaths of the 24 prairial, of the year 3 of the Republic (12 June, 1795).

"Certificate of the death of Louis Charles Capet, on the 20th of this month (8th June), at three o'clock in the afternoon, aged ten years and two months, native of Versailles, department of the Seine and Oise, resident in the Tower of the Temple, section of the Temple:

"Son of Louis Capet, last king of the French, and of Marie-Antoinette-Josephine-Jeanne of Austria:

"Upon the declaration made at the Town Hall by

"Etienne Lasne, aged thirty-nine years, keeper of the Temple, dwelling at Paris, in the street and section of the Rights of Man, No. 48,

"Calling himself a neighbour:

"And by

"Remi Bigot, workman, dwelling at Paris, Old Temple Street, No. 61,

"Calling himself a friend:

"According to the certificate of Dasser, commissary of police for the said section, of the 22d of this month (10th June).

"(Signed) LASNE, BIGOT, & ROBIN,
"Public Officer."

"A correct extract, &c."

"Extract from the procès verbal of the autopsy,* drawn up in the Tower of the Temple, the 21st prairial of the year 3 (9th June, 1795), by Doctors Pelletan, Dumangin, Jeanroy, and Lassus.

"Having all four arrived, at eleven o'clock in the morning, at the outer gate of the Temple, we were there received by the commissaries, who took us into the tower. Upon reaching the apartment on the second floor, in an inner room, we found the dead body of a child, who seemed to us to be about ten years old, which the commissaries told us was that of the son of Louis Capet, and which two of us recognised as the child which they had attended for some days; the above-mentioned commissaries declared to us that this child had died on the preceding day, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, &c."

On the 21st prairial, the year 3 (9 June, 1785), the deputy Sevestre ascended the Tribune of the Convention, and made the following report:

"Citizens: for some time past the son of Capet was suffering from a swelling in the right knee, and in the left wrist; on the 15th floréal the pains increased, the patient lost his appetite, and

fever succeeded. The celebrated Dessault, medical officer, was appointed to visit and prescribe for him: his talents and probity assured us that no care would be wanting which humanity could dictate. However, the disease assumed a very serious appearance. On the 16th of this month (4th June, 1795) Dessault died. To take his place, the committee appointed citizen Pelletan, a well-known medical officer, and with him was joined citizen Dumangin, first physician to the hospital of health. Their bulletin of eleven o'clock, yesterday morning, announced alarming symptoms in the patient; and at a quarter past two in the afternoon we received the news of the death of Capet's son. The committee of general safety have charged me to make this known to you. All is verified: here are the procès verbaux, which will be deposited and remain in your archives."

Now, to say nothing of the discrepancy as to the hour assigned for the dauphin's death, it is clear, on the face of the second document, that the surgeons did not even profess to know personally whose body they opened. Two of them recognised the child they had attended—but what child? Etienne Lasne, the keeper of the prison, and Remi Bigot, the workman, are the only witnesses to the fact. A neighbour, forsooth, and a friend! No wonder an event so attested has not met with universal belief. We must refer our readers to the adjoining pages for an interesting and able analysis and argument on these documents, and on the probability of Dessault's murder;—merely noticing the fact, that an account of the dauphin's death was published in London in 1795, in which it was flatly asserted that the physician so named was cut off by poison, "lest he should develop the horrors in which he had co-operated;"—not a very likely reason. A review of it may be found in the *British Critic* for December of that year, page 682.

To return to the narrative. After his escape he fell sick—was removed into the country—recaptured—and shortly after escaped again by the help of Josephine, who was apprized of his situation by a Monsieur B——, a friend of the Madame——, the widow of a Swiss officer of the guard, in whose house he had been taken care of. B—— and another man, named Montmorin, carried him to Italy. On the French in-

* "Post mortem examination."

vasion of that country they took shipping for England. B—— was murdered—the prince was captured at sea, discovered, and again imprisoned; but Montmorin escaped, and, in 1803, managed to deliver him again. Again he was detected, and early in 1804 thrown into a vaulted dungeon, where he languished nearly five years in darkness and solitude, with no companions but rats; till at length the faithful Montmorin again procured his deliverance, and carried him to Frankfort, in the year 1809. Here they lived together for some months in safety and concealment; and here, we suppose, he learned German and *watch-making*.

Of all this part of the story it is impossible to say one word more than what we have already remarked. It is improbable to such a degree, that nothing but the gratuitous absurdity of inventing so many improbabilities can be advanced against the belief that it is all a fable. Names, dates, places, the how, the when, and the wherefore, are all withheld from us. It is hopeless to criticise so barren a statement. We shall only suggest that what *did not* happen is still stranger than what *did*; e. g. that the friends of the dauphin, if ever they got safe with him to Italy, should *not* have carried him forthwith to Vienna,—and that the swarm of rats he speaks of in the vault should *not* have devoured him.

To the last of these periods of imprisonment, we presume, belongs an extraordinary paper, at page 193, purporting to be the recollection of an examination which the narrator underwent, at the close of which he was offered his liberty if he would renounce his name and retire to a convent; and, on his refusal, was tattooed in the most barbarous manner, for the purpose of disfiguring his face, so as to prevent his recognition at any future period.

After his escape from the vault, he and Montmorin fell in with a party of Schill's volunteers, who, with the Duke of Brunswick, were then engaged in a sort of guerilla war in the north of Germany. Some French troops surprised the party. Montmorin was killed; the narrator wounded and captured, but not recognised. They were conveyed to the fortress of *Wesel* (the first place of detention mentioned by name since the Temple). Thence, with a young Prussian, Friedrichs by name, he managed to

escape; and on foot they traversed Westphalia, sleeping in woods by day, and walking by night. Friedrichs, however, was taken and hanged one morning, when he had left his wallet and his friend in a hollow tree, to seek for provisions. The latter pursues his journey, and carries his deceased comrade's wallet along with him. On the frontiers of Prussia he meets a gentleman in a carriage, who took pity on the wanderer, and carried him to Berlin. This personage asked how he meant to live, and being told he had no money, bid him look in the wallet, which he had never opened; where he found nothing but rags. The traveller, however, ripped up the seams, and discovered 1600 francs in gold. Wishing him joy of the prize, he left his protégé, it seems, at the "*Aigle Noir*." Our hero, after some fruitless efforts to find out Friedrichs' friends, appropriated the money to his own subsistence. "Circumstances having prevented his approaching the king," to earn his bread he set up as a watchmaker "*Schutzen Strasse, No. 52,*" in a hired apartment. This was at the close of the year 1810, by which time the dauphin would have been rather more than 25 years old; as he was born on the 27th March, 1785.

Difficulties were soon started as to his right to exercise a trade in Berlin. His passport, certificate of birth, and of good conduct in the town where he last resided, were asked for. He had none, of course. In this dilemma, he was advised by Madame Sonnenfeld, the widow of a watchmaker, *qui faisoit son ménage*, to apply to M. Lecoque, a Frenchman, who was at that time president of the general police of the kingdom of Prussia. To this personage he revealed himself, and produced documents to prove his identity; which, he says, Montmorin had all along preserved, and had sewn in the collar of his great-coat when they left Francfort. This great-coat was providentially left him by the soldiers who wounded and took him prisoner with Schill's partizans. Among the papers, Lecoque recognised the seal of Louis XVI. and the hand-writing of Marie-Antoinette. This was on a paper describing the persons and marks of their children, written by the queen in the Temple. The president of police prevailed on him to entrust him with the papers, promising to shew them to the king.

He complied; taking the precaution, however, to cut the seal zigzag, and to retain the half of it. The president promised he should see the king, as soon as the prime-minister, Prince Harttenberg, had read the papers. Shortly afterwards, however, he told him it was impossible to do any thing for him in Prussia. That the least suspicion of his existence would throw him back into the hands of Bonaparte; and that his only safety was to be found in retiring to some quiet town, and living as a humble tradesman. So he sent him to Spandau, with a cabinet order to the burgomaster (who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of *Kattfus*), directing his admission and registration as a burgess, and dispensing with the production of those certificates of birth, &c., which the municipal laws of Prussia prescribe. As this was in 1812, he must have remained more than a year at Berlin.

Here then, at length, we come to what may be called the *verifiable* period of this strange history; for it is obvious that the whole preceding narrative must stand or fall just as men please to believe or disbelieve it. No proof is offered, and indeed it would hardly be possible to give any. Montmorin (whoever he was) is dead; M. Lecoque is dead; Josephine is dead; Mr. B. is murdered. The very places of imprisonment *may* not have been known by name to the captive—though we consider it a very suspicious circumstance that none are specified; for surely his friends who released him would have told him where he had been. It is true, that to all these objections the writer and his advocates reply, We withhold our material evidence for the judicial inquiry which we challenge, and implore, and which the French government illegally denies us. Still we think the reserve on these, and on many other points, is more than prudence alone could dictate. However, from the date of his arrival in Prussia, the story flows more freely. Lecoque had asked him the name of the gentleman who brought him to Berlin. It was Naündorff; and by that name, and the Christian names *Charles William*, he bid him present himself to the worthy M. Kattfus. By these names he was registered a citizen of Spandau in 1812, and remained there as such, exercising the trade of a watchmaker, till the year 1820. In

1818, Madame Sonnenfeld died, and in October of that year he married Mlle. Jeanne Einers; an orphan, he says, of a noble but reduced family. This was a strange proceeding for a dauphin of France, and is thus accounted for.

From the date of Napoleon's downfall, he had not ceased to send letters announcing his existence to the royal family of France, to the foreign courts, and, above all, to Prince Harttenberg, demanding his papers. Not a soul replied to him. In 1816, he sent a man named Marsin, or Marassin (to whom he had rendered great services), to the Duchess of Angoulême, with proofs of his identity. He never heard more of him. But a few months afterwards, the impostor Mathurin Bruneau, the first pseudo-dauphin after the restoration, appeared in France, and astonished the world with the extraordinary facts which he said he remembered of the dauphin's early life. *These were the facts with which Marsin had been furnished by the real dauphin.* In despair at this proof of the determination of his family to reject him, he resolved to abandon the attempt to gain a recognition—a resolution to which, we suppose, his *penchant* for Jeanne Einers partly contributed. But in 1819 he became a father, and felt a new duty upon him. So he wrote once more, in 1820, to the *Duc de Berri*—who this time returned him an answer; and (if we may believe the book) spoke openly to Louis XVIII. on the subject of his recognition. Not long afterwards the *Duc de Berri* was murdered.

Now the writer and his advocates openly declare that they will prove in a court of justice (whenever their claim for a hearing is granted), that this murder was connected with the alleged purpose of the *Duc de Berri* to recognise the claimant; and assert several other facts, and publish letters, which, if genuine, would prove that Louis XVIII., when Comte de Provence, and his brother, the Comte d'Artois, had conspired, so far back as the days of the *Assemblée des Notables*, to procure the bastardizing of Marie Antoinette's children; and that the former gave information to Lafayette, which led to the frustration of the attempted escape of the king at Varennes. We shall believe all this when we see it proved—and not till then. It is due to the English editor to state, that he expressly

declines to give credit to these charges; and although "perfectly satisfied that nothing has been stated or insinuated in the work which the prince does not believe that he has reason for, he yet hopes, that should the opportunity so earnestly desired by him be ever granted, of bringing his claims before a tribunal competent to decide upon them, he may be able to satisfy the world of his identity, without substantiating the charges brought against his uncle." As to the alleged letters of the Comte de Provence (pp. 147, 151), whatever they are, they are certainly not, as stated in an insolent letter, addressed to Mr. Fraser, and signed C. Aiguillon,* *inventions* of the Duc de Normandie. We happen to know a person to whom Baron Capelle expressly admitted that he had seen the originals of these letters—that they were found in the portefeuille of a M. d'Antraigues (an agent of the French princes during their exile in England), by his son. M. d'Antraigues, the father or the son, was the individual murdered by his servant at Mortlake, July 22, 1812 (*vide the Annual Register*); the letters, therefore, forgeries or not, are at least 27 years old. The baron, however, thinks them absurd on the face of them; and we partly agree with him.

About the time of the Duc de Berri's murder, our hero removed, with his wife and family, to Brandenburg. Here he became the victim of a series of persecutions, set on foot, he avers, by the agents of the French government, who were most thoroughly alarmed by his renewed attempts to make his existence known. The theatre was accidentally burnt, and with it his house, close by. The regency of Potsdam ordered his arrest, on suspicion of being the incendiary. The accusation was proved to be absurd, and the charge dismissed. But on the 15th of September, 1824, a person charged him with the offence of *coining*; and swore that he saw him throw a bag of dollars into the Sprée. The cashier of the bank, Neuman by name, deposed, but refused to swear, that 15 false dollars were found in the sum of 650 paid in as the purchase-money for his house. Witnesses in his favour proved an *alibi* as to the former charge; and the honest

Neuman hung himself in the court-house. Nevertheless, poor Naüendorff was detained in prison for a year; and in the course of his examinations, when pressed by M. Schultz, the judge, to declare who he really was (for they could only trace him to Spandau), having declared, in a moment of irritation, "*I am a prince by birth—ask the king who I am,*" he received at length a sentence of four years' imprisonment, headed in the following extraordinary manner:—

"Whereas, notwithstanding the evidence given against the accused, Charles-William Naüendorff, is not sufficient for his conviction, yet, in the present case, a conviction is necessary, because he has conducted himself during his trial as an impudent liar, calling himself a prince by birth, and giving to understand that he belongs to the august family of the Bourbons."—Pp. 110 and 341.

In the prison at Brandenburg he spent the next three years; and, having received a certificate of good conduct from Baron Sackendorff, the governor, was allowed to retire to the town of Crossen, in Silesia; where he again endeavoured to set up as a watchmaker. But a prisoner's reputation is but a bad stock-in-trade, and he was soon reduced to the utmost misery and despair. In this abyss of his fortunes, God, he tells us, raised up a friend to him in the syndic and commissary of justice of Crossen, M. Pezold. To him he revealed himself, and by his advice resolved to conceal his title and his wrongs no longer. In his proper name as Charles Louis, Duc de Normandie, he addressed letters to the king, and published that which we have already alluded to, in the *Comet* of Leipsic. Pezold undertook a journey to Berlin, and strove in vain to get access to the king, and to reclaim his client's papers. On his return to Crossen, he died suddenly; and, of course, we are told he was poisoned. An unknown friend sent warning to the claimant, that it was purposed to shut him up in a fortress for life. He fled into Saxony, and from thence travelled on foot to France; was detained by illness in Switzerland; and at length arrived in Paris on the 26th May, 1833.

We have called this the "verifiable" part of the story. Here are names,

* Produced before Mr. Jeremy, at Union Hall, and published in all the newspapers of the next day.

dates, places, and persons in abundance. Nothing could be more easy than for the French government to ascertain whether *Charles-William Naïndorff* was registered a burgess at Spandau; removed with a municipal certificate, of ten years' good citizenship, to Brandenburg; was there indicted for coining, sentenced, and confined for three years; removed thence to Crossen, and there openly assumed the name of Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, in published letters. Pezold, the syndic; Schultz, the unjust magistrate of Brandenburg; Sackendorff, the governor of the prison; Kattfus, the burgo-master of Spandau, are all names odd enough at least for their owners to be easily traceable. And by this name of Naïndorff, and avowing all these particulars, he has been prosecuted for swindling, and most honourably acquitted, in Paris; his prosecutor averring that he not only had been a watchmaker in Prussia, but that proof had been obtained from the Prussian embassy that his father was so too, and was still alive. This proof, however, was not forthcoming at the trial; and the plaintiff was proved himself to have swindled the defendant out of 20,000 francs. (The details of this trial are given at length, pp. 312, 337.) We therefore consider it absurd to doubt the history of *Charles-William Naïndorff*, in Prussia; more especially as it is precisely such a history as no impostor would have dreamed of inventing.

Here, then, we arrive at the first great moral improbability, to balance against the scarcely credible stories of the escapes from the Temple and elsewhere, and the other enormous difficulties involved in the narrative. A German watchmaker, of fair and respectable character, is suddenly accused of a heinous crime. Called upon to give an account of himself, his birth, and extraction, he takes it into his head to assert that he is "a prince"—*the judges add*, "of the house of Bourbon;"—and for his pains he is sentenced to three years of imprisonment, without a trial as to the truth or falsehood of this bold assumption, and with an express verdict of "not proven" as to the original crime. Released from prison, he openly repeats the assertion that had cost him so dear; persuades a magistrate that he speaks truth; makes partizans of strangers; with whom he leaves

his wife and three or four children; and sets off himself on foot a pilgrim to Paris, on the hopeful speculation of converting the French nation, government, and courts of law, to faith in this improvisation of an accused coiner!

Arrived in Paris, to whom does he apply? He seeks precisely those persons who were surest to detect an impostor—the old surviving servants of the household of Louis XVI. He seeks them, that through them he may gain access to the Duchess of Angoulême, who could not possibly be deceived if she would condescend to grant him an interview. And who is the first person whom this German, "*estropiant la langue Française*," persuades of his identity?—the dauphin's nurse, Madame de Rambaud, who was with him from the hour of his birth to the date of the captivity in the Temple—seven years and a-half!

The following letters (pp. 265-275) were the result of his interview with that lady, and her friend, Madame de St. Hilaire, another old servant of the royal household. The facts stated by the English editor as to the former, ascertained by communication with highly respectable English families, leave no reasonable doubt as to their authenticity. The first is addressed, by Madame de St. Hilaire,

"To H. R. II. the Duchess of Angoulême.

"Madam,—Since the year 1795, I have constantly heard that the unhappy dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., had escaped from the Temple, and that another child had been substituted there in his place. This hope, which was cherished in the hearts of all good Frenchmen, was become a sacred article of belief; it was entertained by me at the time when I was placed about Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte; I then learned with certainty that her goodness, her respect and attachment to the royal family of the Bourbons, had led her, with the assistance of the minister Fouché, to rescue the unhappy descendant of our kings from the cruel hands of her husband, who had determined on his destruction.

"I think, madam, that those reports must have reached your royal highness. But Providence having permitted that during the last fifteen years many impostors should have appeared, brought forward by a too culpable police, the truth has not yet reached you, notwithstanding all the inquiries by which your royal highness has endeavoured to obtain information.

"If, madam, I now take the liberty most respectfully to address this letter to you, it is because I am fully convinced that I have met with this prince, so much regretted by all Frenchmen. Providence has permitted me to have personal communication with him; and for all those who have had the honour of knowing the king, your august father, and the queen, your most unfortunate mother, it is impossible not to recognise Louis XVII. by his striking resemblance to the august authors of his being.

"Your Royal Highness, who till now has had no opportunity of discovering the truth, may be assured that God has permitted that, after so many years of fruitless search, we should at length succeed in finding him.

"At the feet of your Royal Highness, and with all the respect which I owe to you, I entreat your pardon for the liberty I have taken in addressing this letter to you; but God, my conscience, and the salvation of my soul, impose on me the obligation of informing your Royal Highness that your unhappy brother is living, and that he is now with us. I have no hesitation in assuring your Royal Highness that I believe in the identity of this unhappy prince, as firmly as I believe in God, and in his Divine Son, the Saviour of the world.

"I am a person of little importance, madam, but the sacred flame of my love and gratitude to your august and too unhappy family, has never ceased to burn in my bosom. Notwithstanding all my personal misfortunes, I am still ready to sacrifice the remains of my sad existence, if it can be useful to the son of your august father, whom God in his holy mercy seems to have restored to me, to repay me, at the end of my life, for all the sorrows that I have endured, from the cruel loss of my august masters.

"I am, Madam,

"With the most profound respect, &c.

"(Signed) MARCO DE SAINT-HILAIRE
née BRASON, formerly of the household of Madame Victoire de France,
Aunt to the King.

"Versailles, Sept. 9th, 1833."

The next letter is addressed, by the same lady, to the French editor, the "chargé d'affaires" of the Dauphin, M. M. Gruau.

"Sir.—At the time when the report of the death of the son of Louis XVI. was spread in Paris, I was the more surprised at it, as I had hardly heard that he was ill. One of my friends, whose name I have forgotten, from the length of time that has elapsed, came to warn me to give no sort of belief or confidence to the report of the death of the son of Louis

XVI.; that she had certain knowledge that he had been taken away; that I should see him again some day, but she desired me to keep the secret. Since that moment, I have cherished in my heart the belief of his existence. It could not have been without some object, that all the impostors that have appeared, were brought forward, and in my opinion, it was the wish to suppress the knowledge of the certain existence of the dauphin, and to envelope the truth in such mystery, that it might be impossible for it ever to be ascertained, by making use of all the information that the true son of Louis XVI. was in possession of; which, assisted by the connivance of the several powers of Europe, would render the recognition impossible: as is the case now.

"I had often heard of various false dauphins living in Paris, without having for a moment felt a wish to see them, convinced as I was, that the first thing which the son of Louis XVI. would do, would be to seek for those who had been attached to the household of his father and of his mother, and who had had the opportunity of knowing him in his infancy.

"When M. Geoffry, who resides at Niort, came to see me on the 14th of August, 1833, he informed me that there was then living at Paris an individual who called himself the son of Louis XVI.; that he was inquiring of every one, for any persons, formerly in the service of of his family, who might be still surviving; and ardently desired to meet with Pauline de Tourzel, with whom he had been brought up. This lady is now Mad. de Béarn, and her mother's situation at the court of Louis XVI. was that of governess to the children of France. This wish appeared to me deserving of attention, and, in order to succeed in a plan which I had, and at the same time wishing to avoid compromising myself in any intrigue or imposture, I wrote a line to my friend, Mad. de Rambaud, to ask her to accompany M. Geoffry, and to judge herself of the truth of this person's pretensions, no one being better able to do so than herself, since she had never left the prince from the time of his birth till the 10th of August.

"Mad. de Rambaud recognised him, spoke to him of us, and brought him to me on the 19th of August, 1833, assuring me that he was undoubtedly the prince himself. She came in before him, and told me that it was impossible for me not to recognise him.

"In fact, my husband and I soon recognised in him, notwithstanding much shyness, a slight embarrassment, and his difficulty in speaking French, a strong resemblance to both his father and his

mother, particularly the countenance of Louis XVI., so strikingly like, that it seemed to us as if the king himself was before us.

"After a time, the prince having acquired greater confidence, having found trusty and devoted friends, his shyness and constraint disappeared entirely; then the likeness to his father's manners became still more striking.

"It was easy to recognise in his countenance the same child that I had so often seen playing on the terrace upon which the windows looked belonging to the apartments of the princess, whom I had the honour of serving. I persuaded my prince to come to me, and to make my house his home till he could find a better; it was then that in long and frequent conversations, the prince recalled to my recollection, many circumstances entirely of a private nature, relating to his family alone, which I had heard of from my princess.

"The prince reminded me of the whole arrangement of the furniture in his mother's apartment; the different articles and their position; the form and colour of the queen's musical instruments; in short, of such details as could be known only to those who had constant access to the private apartments of the royal family, who themselves had had no opportunity of seeing them after the 5th and 6th of October.

"After the strictest investigation, the most scrupulous examination, I could not for a moment doubt the truth of his whole statement: it was then that I thought it my duty to write to the dauphiness, to inform her that we had had the happiness of finding her brother.

"Our family was too well known to Charles X. for us to take such a step, if M. de St. Hilaire and myself had not been fully persuaded of the truth of what I asserted. We would not have run the risk of deceiving the royal family in so important a matter, and they must have been themselves fully convinced that we were incapable of taking part in an intrigue.

"Accept, Sir, &c.,

"F. MARCO DE ST. HILAIRE.

"Versailles, July 10th, 1836."

The next is from Madame de Rambaud herself.

"To H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême.

"Madam,—She who would have given her life for your illustrious parents, impelled now by a sense of duty, takes the liberty respectfully to address you, to assure you of the existence of your august brother. These eyes have seen and recognised him; many hours spent in his company have convinced me of it. It is to the almighty power of God alone that

we are indebted for the preservation of so invaluable a life; on my knees I return thanks to Him for it, hoping that since it has been His divine will to preserve him, it is that he may be the promoter of general peace, and the author of happiness to all.

"This conviction can come only from above.

"His long sufferings, his resignation to the will of Providence, and his goodness, are beyond description.

"The knowledge I have of your royal highness's goodness, assures me that I have not taken too great a liberty in thus expressing the lively feelings of my heart for those sovereigns so deservedly beloved by all who have preserved their fidelity inviolate.

"I am with the greatest respect,

"Your Royal Highness's

"Very humble and very obedient servant,

"De RAMBAUD.

"Madame knows that I had the honour of being attached to the service of her august brother, from the day of his birth till the 10th of August, 1792."

We add a deposition by the same lady.

"In case my death should take place before the recognition of the prince, the son of Louis XVI. and of Marie-Antoinette, I think it my duty to affirm here on oath before God and man, that I met on the 17th of August, 1833, his Royal Highness the Duke of Normandy, to whose service I had the honour of being attached from the day of his birth until the 10th of August, 1792; and as it was my duty to inform her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême of the fact, I wrote to her in the same year. I here subjoin a copy of my letter.

"The observations which I had made on his person during his infancy, could leave me no doubt of his identity where-soever I might have met with him.

"The prince had, in his childhood, a short throat, which was creased in a remarkable manner. I had always said that if I should ever meet with him again, this would be a decisive proof to me. Although from his present *embonpoint* his throat is very much increased in size, it still retains its former flexibility.

"His head was high, his forehead wide and open, his eyes blue, his eyebrows arched, his hair light, curling naturally. His mouth was like the queen's, and he had a small dimple in his chin. His chest was round and full; I have recognised on it several marks, then not very prominent, and particularly one on the right breast. He had at that time a great bend in his back, and his carriage was very remarkable.

"In short, it is identically the same person whom I have now seen, the difference of age accepted.

"The prince was inoculated in the palace of St. Cloud, at the age of two years and four months, in the presence of the queen, by Dr. Joubertou, inoculator to the children of France, and Drs. Brunier and Loustonneau. The inoculation took place during his sleep, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, to prevent an irritation which might have thrown the child into convulsions, which was always apprehended. A witness to that inoculation, I now affirm that I have recognised the marks of it, which were in the form of a crescent.

Moreover, I had preserved as a thing of great value to me, a blue dress which the prince had worn only once. I shewed it to him and said, to see if he would be mistaken, that he had worn it at Paris. No, madam, I wore it only at Versailles, on such an occasion.

"We have made an interchange of recollections, which alone would have been indisputable proof to me that he is actually what he asserts himself to be, the prince—the orphan of the Temple.—

"DE RAMBAUD.

"Attached to the service of the Dauphin, Duke of Normandy, from the day of his birth till the 10th of August, 1792."

Surely, this result of the German impostor's first attempts in France is most marvellous; and gives us a second fair set-off against the story's incredibility.

There are plenty more marvels which might be added; but we trust we have sufficiently redeemed our promise to leave our readers a pretty enigma to solve. If we have raised their curiosity, they may find much fuel to keep it alive in the tale of the events connected with the mock trial of Richemont, the last pseudo-dauphin, set up, it seems, by the police of Louis Philippe, as Mathenin Bruneau had been by that of Louis XVIII. (p. 291); in the singular facts which led to the claimant's recognition by M. de Brémond, the aged private secretary of Louis XVI. (pp. 449 and 643); in the strange ghost story of Martin, the peasant-prophet of Beauce, the object of whose mission to Louis XVIII., in 1816 (so amusingly told in the second volume of M. des Cayla's *Memoirs*), was to

summon the king to restore the crown to his nephew (p. 429); and, above all, in the lively narrative of M. Morel de St. Didier, the gentleman who accompanied Madame de Rambaud to Prague, in the vain hope of prevailing on the Duchess of Angoulême to grant her a hearing (p. 511). The duchess's conduct is indeed another enigma, and of a painfully perplexing character. We do not hesitate to say, that she owes it to Europe, to the Duke of Bordeaux, to *herself*, to solve them both. She alone can do it; and whilst so many faithful servants of her father's house persist in an error—if it be an error; which an hour's condescension on her part would dissipate—it is impossible on that ground alone not to feel her conduct reprehensible. Surely the writer of such a letter as this, with which we conclude our extracts, introduced by such letters as those above, and by *several others* very nearly of equal force, OUGHT TO BE SEEN AND HEARD, which is all his prayer.

"Dernier mot à ma Soeur,

"Vous les avez lues, Madame, les dernières volontés de notre bonne mère, écrites de sa main au moment de mourir. 'Elle doit aider son frère, ils ne seront vraiment heureux que par leur union.' Elles vous rappellent ce qu'elle vous avait déjà dit lors d'une scène que nous eûmes dans la grande tour du Temple. Et c'est parcequ'elles sont d'une souveraine vérité, que nos ennemis ont tout fait pour vous éloigner de moi par d'infâmes calomnies, ou pour tromper votre tendresse fraternelle en faisant paraître sous mon nom quelques uns des misérables qu'ils tiennent en réserve; et en soutirant frauduleusement nos secrets, parodier par avanu chacune des tentatives que je me préparais à faire auprès de vous.

"Dieu, Madame, vous a donné des yeux pour voir et des oreilles pour entendre: c'est en présence de notre mère chérie, et au tribunal du souverain juge, que vous-rendrez compte pourquoi vous n'avez pas voulu voir de vos yeux celui qui vous a déjà donné tant de preuves de son identité; ni ouïr de vos propres oreilles la réponse à toutes les questions que vous pourriez adresser à votre véritable frère.

"CHARLES LOUIS, DUC DE NORMANDIE.

"Londres, 17 Octobre, 1836."

THE CUSTODY OF INFANTS' BILL.*

In a country professing to have attained a high state of civilisation, the question whether an irreproachable mother shall be, for the duration of infancy, deprived of her children by the mere will of the father, he being her husband, is interesting and important.

Every woman is concerned in the question. The more savage the nation, the greater and more irresponsible is the power exercised by the man over the weaker woman. Men once possessed of power, resist every effort of legislators to wrest it from them, that it may be placed under restrictions founded on equity. Whether torture is to be abolished, the Inquisition suppressed, the Star Chamber annulled, naval despotism restricted, military lashing reduced, or the trade in human flesh prohibited, resistance is protracted to the last, because men will not yield up authority as long as they can retain it. That truth is fully exemplified in the treatment of women. The utter savage may murder her with impunity; the half-reclaimed savage may scourge and sell her as a slave; nations more advanced permit her to be accused of infidelity to her marriage vow, and allow her no means of *personal defence*, and, though guiltless and oppressed, suffer the husband to repudiate her, and tear, even by force, the helpless baby from her bosom, and the child of her tenderest love from her arms, and consign them, if he pleases, to his mistress, or a stranger. Such is the barbaric *practice* of the law in England! On what statute, or solemn legislative act, that tyranny is founded, none of the writers of any works before us quote. Lord Brougham, in his verbose opposition to Sergeant Talfourd's bill, and Lord Lyndhurst's eloquence, never once favoured us with the law on which it was founded. Even the acute and learned Lyndhurst left that most important point unnoticed. We, therefore, conclude that there is neither statute nor act to sanction the practice of the courts; and, therefore, it is judge-law, and not the written law of the land. On what prin-

ciples the practice is founded, would be a vain attempt to discover. A prominent principle magniloquently vaunted by the Court of Chancery is, "He that seeks equity, must do equity." In conformity with this axiom, as in the case of *Greenhill v. Greenhill*, that court permits a husband, openly cohabiting with a common prostitute, to repudiate his wife—who was admitted to be spotless, and to have been exemplary in all her duties,—then to drive her from her home, and, lastly, to obtain the authority of the law to seize, and sever from her for ever, her three infant daughters, and to consign her to perpetual imprisonment, if she dared to treat the order of the court with contempt, by obeying the dictates of natural love and duty, by refusing to yield them up to the care of her husband's prostitute! To point out the flagrant iniquity of the husband, and the court, would be insulting to common sense. Let the simple fact stand without a comment, and leave every manly mind to think and speak of the disgusting and disgraceful infamy of such legal practice, with all the bitterness of scorn, and all the feelings of shame, at the exercise, and even the existence, of such tyrannical practice, without even a statute or an act to uphold it. It would be easy to multiply cases. Mrs. de Manneville had her baby torn from her breast, and carried away by her husband, in an inclement night; though she was innocent, that court of iniquity, which trumpets forth the axiom just quoted, sanctioned the brutal act, and left the injured wife without the power of redress. Since Sergeant Talfourd brought forward his bill to remedy these crying evils, we are credibly informed that he has received numerous letters, detailing cases of equal atrocity, suffered by mothers in all the corroding vexation of silent helplessness, and unmerited bereavement. The infinitely benevolent Creator has bestowed on the mothers of the human race feelings of affection for their offspring, which seem to manifest themselves more strongly as dangers, or evils of any kind, increase :

* A Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor, on the Infant Custody Bill. By Pearce Stevenson, Esq. Ridgway. 1839.

those affections have been selected, to which to apply a mental torture, not contemplated by even the ingenuity of a Torquemada, and woman is left to suffer it, under the sanction of the courts of equity (!), at the will of a wretch instigated by remorseless hatred, avarice, or the mere spirit of tyranny, without one hope, but by submission to bitter degradation and flagrant injustice.

Let it not be supposed we advocate the cause of the guilty, or of any forgetful of their marriage-vow, or of that reasonable compliance which is due to the husband. Such puerilities we at once discard. We are the stern and uncompromising advocates of the right of the innocent and the weak, to equity, to protection, to the guardianship of laws which remove from her the fear of suffering repudiation, insult, the bereavement of her children, and the shadow of a doubtful position at the will of the man for whose protection she has left her father, and her mother, and her home, and to whom she has trusted her greatest chance of happiness, "next to her last throw for eternity." We know the strength and influence of the ties which children create, and we would, on no account, maintain one argument which should weaken that influence. The limits of a monthly periodical will not permit us to enter minutely into all the details. We are, from necessity, compelled to seize on the leading facts and strong points, and leave our readers to fill up the outline. We shall now let Mr. Pearce Stevenson speak, from his vigorous and able letter to the chancellor, for himself, after we have very briefly sketched the present state of this great question, which will most probably be again brought forward; when it will not be left to the lawyers in both houses, but be treated as a great moral question, involving the rights of one half of the community, and the necessity of legal restraint on the other. In addition to Lord Lyndhurst, we understand that Lord Wharncliffe and several prelates will enter

the lists with a high determination to ameliorate the barbaric state of the law of infant custody.

Sergeant Talfourd having been retained as counsel against Mrs. Greenhill, to whose case we have alluded, became acquainted with the infamous powers given by the courts to the husband; and, after supporting the practice, in accordance with the etiquette of his profession, which instigates men of honour, like the sergeant, to support, for money, any cause, however villainous,* brought forward, in April 1837, in his character as a man and a legislator, his celebrated bill for the amelioration of that very law, which, as a lawyer, he had supported. Mr. Stevenson informs us

"That it was read a second time that session; but on the 20th of June, the death of the king taking place, the learned sergeant being compelled to leave town to canvass the electors of Reading, and the consideration of all but measures of the most immediate and pressing public importance being, by common consent, suspended during the brief and hurried remainder of the session, the third reading was put off till the ensuing spring, when the bill was passed, in the House of Commons, by a majority of four to one. * * * The lower house responded eagerly to the appeal made to common sense and common feeling, and passed the bill through all its stages, with large and still increasing majorities. In the upper house, it was checked at its very first outset by a majority of two; the principal speakers being Lords Brougham and Wynford."

Lawyers, like Jesuits, act uniformly with the view of obtaining power, and we have long felt how unmanly and impolitic the system is which leaves a considerable portion of our domestic legislation to the law lords, and their brethren in the lower house. To that exclusive legislation may be traced much of the complexity and confusion in our modern laws. The mere lawyer (who ever knew, heard of, or read of, a lawyer being a statesman?) seldom legislates on principles, but runs into technicalities and details. Let any

* Lord Brougham's instructions and rule of conduct (in conformity with his own) to pleaders, are given by him in these words:—"You are bound, in the spirit of duty to your client, not to regard the animosity, the sufferings, the torments, or the destruction you may bring upon others." He is only to remember his client, who has hired his tongue, his brains, and his conscience! If such be the practice of the profession, a barrister may be born a man, but must live a villain, and die a fiend; therefore, we hope his lordship's rule is not universally adopted.

one compare the statutes, beginning with the incomparable Magna Charta, and the laws enacted by statesmen and legislators, with the modern rabble of words worked into ranks of awkward squads, and he will be satisfied. Great as our House of Peers really is, there is in it a supineness on questions connected with legal details, which has been taken advantage of by the lawyers, as the following paragraph will illustrate :—

"In a very thin attendance of the House of Lords, the bill which had passed the Commons, was lost (by a majority of two only) upon the first discussion; if that can be called a discussion which merely consisted of one long speech, in opposition, from Lord Brougham, and one from Lord Wynford. Out of the small minority, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Holland, and the Duke of Sutherland, signed a protest against the rejection of the measure; and it is probable that had the bill, by passing the first reading, obtained more general attention among the peers, the result would have been as favourable as in the lower house. But there is more disposition in the upper house to divide the questions which present themselves for consideration into distinct classes, and to consider those classes as more especially concerning particular sub-divisions of their great body; and though this is not strictly enforced as a 'general rule' (the bishops, for instance, being by no means acknowledged as umpires in all the church questions), yet there was, on the occasion of the Infant Custody-bill, a very strong desire to 'leave it all to the law-lords.' In the House of Commons there is a great deal of energy and enthusiasm to spare, a great deal of young warm blood, easily roused by stories of oppression and wrong, a great many gentlemen willing and eager to speak on various subjects; and if not a great deal of what may properly be called spare time, at least a great deal of time which they contrive to spare. In the House of Lords there is little of all this. They are much more cautious, and they are also much more indolent. They are men in the actual enjoyment of hereditary rights, distinctions, and privileges; and are, consequently, more jealous of infringement and alterations. They are (as a general body) older men; they have seen too much done and suffered in their time to be so fired with the prospect of doing, or moved by the narration of suffering; they are apt, also (forming, as they do, the controlling check on the representatives of the entire nation), to consider questions as

narrow and trivial which do not affect the interest of great masses; they are men whose age, rank, and fortune, make habits of luxury and comfort usual and indispensable. You cannot get the peers to sit up till three in the morning, listening to the wrongs of separated mothers, and the recital of the cases from *De Manneville* down to *Greenhill*; they are disturbed at the preposterous importance set by the women on the society of their infant children, and doubtful as to the effect of such a claim on the authority of the heads of families. On the whole, they are rather puzzled and provoked, than interested, by a discussion of this nature, and it is a relief to shift the responsibility, such as it is; to consider it as a purely technical and legal question; and to sink back in a cushioned carriage, satisfied that 'Abinger's opinion,' or 'Wynford's speech,' or 'Brougham's opposition,' will fairly settle what may be the amount of endurance a woman shall be legally bound to undergo."

We have examined the debate, if it be worthy of the name; and, as we expected, not one of the magnates of the law refers to a statute or an act. The whole is assumption; the debate commences by postulating what ought to have been proved, viz., that the law, on which the courts exercised their power, was either statute law, or an act of the legislature, which specifically permitted a woman to be, 1st, repudiated. 2dly, Falsely accused in an open court, to her irremediable anguish. 3dly, Though proved to be innocent, and practising every Christian virtue, to have even her nursing infant torn from her breast. 4thly, That she should be compelled, under penalty of a dungeon for life, even to yield her daughter to the care of a common prostitute, who should be her husband's paramour. 5thly, That she should be tried for a crime, of which the stain is indelible, and not permitted to offer ANY DEFENCE of her innocence. 6thly, That all that mental torture may be, and has been, inflicted, to wrench her fortune, her means of subsistence, away from her, and her children, that it might pander to her torturer's crimes.

This is the actual position, admitted by chancellors and ex-chancellors, by lords chief justices, judges, and other high legal names, of the women of England. In a word, an English mother has no sanctuary to fly to, from an evil husband, unless she consents

to burst in sunder the tenderest and strongest ties implanted in the human heart, and desert her offspring. She may bow down to the tyrant; she may gratify avarice; she may suffer, in silence, the bitterest usage; and, after all that torture, be bereaved, without a moment's notice, without being allowed one parting embrace, of the only ties which bound her to life; she may then be falsely accused, and left to perish, weeping faint and fainter sobs of indignant agony, and that without the power, the right, of defending her honour, her innocence, and the future reflected evil from her children!

Lord Lyndhurst was the only law-lord who entered his protest against the continuation of such infamy. The Duke of Sutherland and Lord Holland added their protests. The women of England should remember those names; they should remember, too, that the great *reformer*, Lord Brougham, though he admitted every word we have said, deprecated, with imperious and scornful terms, a *reformation* in the barbaric code; and Lord Wynford, who is about as capable of appreciating the vivid and enduring fountain of maternal love, as a snarling bull-dog the Newtonian doctrine of light, added his icy cynicism and fierce support, while, like his legal colleague, he admitted the base injustice to which the weaker woman was exposed.

The practice of the courts (we cannot bring ourselves to call it law, for the great majority of English husbands would scout with indignation the enactments of such laws, if they clearly understood their import) is replete with absurdities just fit to rank with such deep injustice. A mother may have her baby torn away, that is, when it most requires a mother's care, her more mature daughter given over, by the mandate of the court, to the instructions of a prostitute, and yet, "If the child be of or about the age of fourteen, and unwilling to return to the father, the law, proceeding once more on the principle of non-intervention, refuses to force the return!" This law is the perfection of idiocy, not of reason, and any human creature who supports it must be insane.

Mr. Stevenson correctly states that there were six principal objections urged against the amelioration:

1st. "That it would encourage and increase separation between married cou-

ples, by removing the great check which knowledge of the loss of her children at present imposes on the wife."

Such an objection scarcely merits or requires a refutation. Mr. Stevenson has expended several elaborate pages on it. The following extract, founded on a knowledge of the human heart, would, we think, have been sufficient:

"On the other hand, where the separation is voluntary on the part of the woman, perhaps determined by her in defiance of her husband's desire that she should remain under his roof, though it is possible also in this case that the woman may be unworthy, it is less probable. Women guilty of misconduct are not, generally speaking, the most eager or willing to part from their husbands. There is nothing so cowardly or so cautious as vice. It is the woman who is or imagines herself aggrieved—who is stung by the frenzy of jealousy, or bowed under the violence of tyranny, who comes to that rashest of all rash conclusions, 'I will bear this no longer;' who insists on a separation, and quits her husband's house.

"It is the woman who is conscious of her own innocence, who fancies she will obtain the sympathy of others because she has suffered, and that she will still preserve the respect of 'the world;' who leaves the ark of her home for the waste of its waters. A good woman may take this step, and think herself justified; just as a bad woman may dread taking it, and prefer remaining, like a coiled snake, basking in the warmth and protection afforded her by the shelter of her husband's roof, and the confidence of his trust, and happy in being able by that means to hush the world's slanders into a whisper so low that few dare echo it—a whisper so low, that the husband from whom she is not 'separated' shall never hear it. There are checks of all sorts against separation. The woman who tries it only lengthens a chain she cannot break; and condemns herself to endure *alone*, and in partial disgrace, the evils of a lot whose unhappiness was before cheered by the esteem of friends and the welcome of society. But to declare that henceforward it shall be understood to include a bitterer suffering; that a woman shall not dare, under any, the most grievous circumstances, to part from her husband, except on penalty of losing her children; to say that even her involuntary separation from him, in cases of his desertion for the sake of a mistress, shall be equally visited on her by the loss of her children, is not to create a chance of making women better, but to afford a certainty of making men worse. The

checks upon women are very great: eternal disgrace for infidelity; partial disgrace for that which may not even be their choice, namely, the separation from their husbands. But where are the checks upon men? Who visits upon them the grossest inconstancy?—is it not rather a jest in society? There is one check possible; and it would be found precisely in such a measure of protection as is now under consideration—precisely in such a degree of power as I trust to see ere long established in your lordship's court. So far from being a check *the less* against separations, it would create one check *more*, and that on the side where hitherto there has been no check at all."

It is usual to judge, from what has been, what will ensue. The check erroneously supposed to have hitherto operated on the wife *never existed*; for,

"It is certain that, so far from women in general being aware that, by separating themselves from their husbands, they also eternally separated themselves from their children, the general impression was (not only among women, but among two-thirds of those who are now called to legislate upon this question), that *until seven years of age* the mother could claim the sole custody of her infant, and that after that age circumstances would regulate her intercourse with it. Till the painful disclosures, consequent on the discussion of this bill, were made, it never was publicly known or understood that the father had a right to deprive his wife of her infant children at any moment, and for any cause: it never was publicly known or understood, that infidelity and brutality on the part of the husband, and blamelessness on the part of the wife, made no difference in the decisions of courts of justice: it never was publicly known or understood that, in this free country, a man could take his innocent legitimate child from his wife, and give it to the woman with whom he was living, and that the English law, the law which boasts 'a remedy for every wrong.'"

The second objection is:

"That it would be impossible to carry such a measure into execution, from the difficulty the courts would have in deciding domestic quarrels, and the determined resistance which would be made by fathers to legal interference in such matters."

The objection is a positive fallacy. The courts have interfered whenever property was to be secured—when the father was considered so bad as to be an unfit guardian, as in the case of

Mr. Wellesley, or "*Whitfield versus Hales* (12 Vesey, 492), where the lord-chancellor appointed a guardian for the infants in lieu of their own father, on the ground that the father's power is subordinate to the authority of the state."

The third great objection is of a similar stamp, and deserves derision, and not confutation:

"That the result of access (if it could be enforced against the will of the father) would probably, if not certainly, be the abduction of the children, whom the mother would thus have an opportunity of carrying away."

Lord Brougham, after cavilling at Lord Lyndhurst's exact statement respecting the power exerted by the courts of chancery, said, "that when the court had the guardianship of children, and there was profligacy on the part of the father, the *judge would take care* that the mother should have sufficient opportunities of seeing them." Where there is property to finger, there is no fear of abduction; when the point is handled as an abstract question, there is. Mr. Stevenson pertinently asks:

"How comes it that the court can safely allow the wives of ill-conducted husbands to see their children under one set of circumstances, and not under another? Why should the power of permission exist only for the mothers whose children are possessed of property enough to make them wards of chancery? Nor is it otherwise than a libel upon women, and a libel upon common sense, to assert that mothers will be more likely to abduct their children, when they are permitted to see and hold communication with them, than when they are excluded from such intercourse."

The fourth objection is just as futile, as well as a specious improbability:

"That as the decisions would be grounded on affidavits made by the suffering party, it would afford a temptation to perjury; and that a woman who was guilty, though not convicted of misconduct, might obtain access by these affidavits."

This specious objection involves the doctrine of possibilities. It is quite possible for a person to swear that Lord Brougham is a judicious, sincere, unambitious man—it is possible that an affidavit may be made in favour of Lord Wynford's consistent, mild, benevolent disposition—it is, or was, com-

mon enough for men to swear debts against others which were never due, and put them into prison. The objection is, however, sound when, *but not before*, it is proved, "that utter recklessness, irreligion, and false-swearing, abound more among educated women than among any other class of her majesty's subjects."

The fifth and sixth objections are mere twaddle:

"That it will render reconciliations less probable.

"That it will disturb the education of the children under the father's exclusive care."

Mr. Stevenson has taken the trouble to pulverise such nonsense into a *reductio ad absurdum*, which shews his ingenuity; but we think that self-evident nonsense is better left in its nakedness.

We are now brought to a part of Mr. Stevenson's admirable letter, which we approach with sentiments of anger and disgust,—the republication of a fustian pamphlet, with additions, called the *Exposure*, in the new disguise of a review in the *British and Foreign Quarterly*. That pamphlet was written, we presume, by a barrister, whose name we have been unable to ascertain, or it should have been given to the world, to have been held up to the scorn of every woman, and the contempt of every man who has the remotest pretensions to the feelings of a gentleman. We have learned that he is one of the heartless things who has availed himself of the practice of the Court of Iniquity (not Equity), and severed his wife from her little infant, and then vents his collected venom on the whole female sex; which not being sufficiently concentrated to gratify his malignant spleen, he selects the Hon. Mrs. Norton as his victim. He leaves the subject on which he pretends to write, and seeks, as his quarry, an injured, oppressed, and bereaved woman. The act alone, even supposing his quarry to have merited condemnation, is one which places him on a pinnacle of infamy, with slanderer and coward for his mottoes. He places himself in a position, where every woman and every true-hearted man has a right to point at him the finger of contempt, and to think and speak of him with all the bitterness of scorn. He stands forth as the spontaneous slanderer of an injured woman; as the

reckless fabricator of statements void of truth, or even the shadow of it; and as a disguised assassin of one whose sufferings have been intense. Would this reckless coward have spoken or written so of a *man*, who could have compelled him to retract his fabrications and insults, or have met his due reward?

To dissect so heavy a mass of falsehood, assumption, and folly, as the article in the *British and Foreign Review*, would be an Augean task: we will presently turn into it a stream of truth. The objects of that article were threefold, each worse than the other. The first, under the disguise of an enlarged edition of a pamphlet previously circulated, from spite and vanity, among the peers, to obtain the liberal pay of that review, which repaid the compiler for having gratified his vanity, by distributing the first edition among the dukes and lords of the upper house. The second object was to run down the whole sex; and that was effected by the barefaced assumption of positions which no man ever advanced, and which every woman would leave unmentioned; and the declaration of mental equality with men, and, consequently, of equal position. The third and most striking object was a personal attack on Mrs. Norton, accusing her, directly or by insinuation, *without one word of proof*, of every vice and every crime; and, with a degree of effrontery scarcely to be paralleled, deceiving the public with a fabricated account of the secret history of the bill brought forward by Sergeant Talfourd.

"With respect to the attempt made in the *British and Foreign Quarterly*, to set this fashion of personalities, I hope to shew that the attack upon individuals, there, has not been very successful; and waving in this instance the precedence to which ladies are considered to be entitled, in order to disprove at once the imputation conveyed against Sergeant Talfourd, I beg leave, in answer to this anonymous author's 'Secret History of the Bill,' to give the real history and origin of that measure, in which there is as little shuffling or mystery as the plainest and most honest man could desire.

"In the year immediately preceding that session of parliament, during which Sergeant Talfourd made a successful attempt in the House of Commons to revise and alter the law of infant custody, he had himself been employed as counsel in two cases of dispute respecting the

'father's right.' In both these cases he was counsel for the husband; in both, the circumstances were of extreme hardship as respected the mother; in both, Sergeant Talfourd's explanation and support of the present state of the law (as admitting of no consideration of the mother) was successful; and the husband obtained a writ of attachment or sentence of imprisonment against his wife."

Sergeant Talfourd, having professionally learned the injustice and cruelty which was perpetrated under the law, "availed himself" of the opportunities given to him, and called the attention of parliament to the defective state of the law. The objectors to the bill, whose scribbler the writer of the *Exposure* seems to be, "dragged forward Mrs. Norton's name, for the purpose of creating a prejudice against the measure;" and declared that she was the cause of it; and that she was the authoress of *An Outline of the Grievances of Women*. Messrs. Saunders and Ouley, with a becoming sense of justice, have declared "that the assertion referred to in the *British and Foreign Review* is, to their knowledge (as the publishers of the *Outline*), WHOLLY DESTITUTE OF FOUNDATION." In other words, that the slanderer in the *British and Foreign Quarterly* has published a deliberate falsehood, for the sole purpose of insulting and annoying an injured woman. Mrs. Norton was wholly unacquainted with Sergeant Talfourd, until after his support of the law against Mrs. Greenhill. Mrs. Norton's anxiety and virtual co-operation was the result of the contemplated bill, and not the cause of it. The whole subject is acutely and judiciously handled by Mr. Stevenson; but we are compelled to give merely the connecting points. It may not be, as our author keenly observes, "of any importance to the public, that Kemble's son should make his editorship of a magazine an instrument for flinging mud at Sheridan's daughter." But Mr. Kemble holds a public position; and it was his duty, as an editor, not to have permitted such unmanly and shameless slanders to have been launched from his periodical against any woman. As a man and a gentleman, he was called on not to have polluted his pages and his fame, by suffering the former to be the vehicle of calumnies, slander, and low and disgusting insult against the friend

who respected and esteemed his family. "Auld langsyne" should have drawn a veil of protection, even to shield the guilty, and he should have scanned fully gently his "sister woman;" but to have done thus against the innocent must rankle in his bosom, until he flings, with all the power of his talent, the slander back at the slanderer.

In our own time, no woman has been so coarsely and savagely reviled by the press as Mrs. Norton. Her station, talents, and beauty, required a degree of caution in the management of them, seldom allied to a sanguine temperament, a capacious intellect, and powerful imagination. Had Providence so willed that she had united herself to a man of yet higher intellectual endowments, and great steadiness of purpose, she would have been spared the dreadful ordeal to which she has been subjected. With us the reputation of a woman is a hallowed cause; in this, too, we are true Conservatives. We will extract a tale from Mr. Stevenson's *Letter*, which shall surprise the world, and make her enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, hang their heads; and we will add to that *facts*, which shall make every just and thinking person deplore the state of our laws, and the practices of our courts; as well as every heart that can feel or sympathise with her wrongs.

"The facts are as follow:—

"It appears that during the eight years of union previous to the separation, Mrs. Norton had been twice compelled by the conduct of her husband to seek the protection of her own family, from open violence, and other grievances with which we need not deal. On both these occasions the husband besought forgiveness, made promises for the future, and was reconciled to his wife. Mrs. Norton was attached to her children; it is to be presumed she was also attached to the father of her children, and that the usual 'checks' against separation had due weight with her. She returned a first time, she returned a second time, and remained under her husband's roof. It was after this last reconciliation that her family (who had discountenanced it as a vain experiment) withdrew from Mr. Norton's society. It is unnecessary to enter into their motives; they ceased to receive him at their houses, or to hold familiar intercourse with him. Mrs. Norton being about to pay a visit to her brother in the country, accompanied (under these mortifying and disagreeable

circumstances) only by her children, Mr. Norton took the opportunity, on the very morning of the intended journey, privately and suddenly to withdraw these infants. There was no threat or warning of such intention, nor did the mother at first discover where they had been conveyed; and when she had at length traced them to the house of a lady with whom her husband was intimate, she was unable even to obtain a sight of them.

"It will naturally be supposed that this extraordinary measure had some connexion with the trial which afterwards took place, instead of its arising out of a family quarrel. Mrs. Norton's personal enemies, and the objectors to the bill, have laboured to convince themselves and others that such was the case. It will therefore surprise them to learn, that it was not till six weeks *after* the carrying away of his children that it even occurred to Mr. Norton to bring an action, or to feel the least jealousy of the nobleman who was defendant in that cause. The first step adopted, after mutual threats of separation and angry complaints had been gone through, was on Mr. Norton's part, to make an offer (reduced to writing by a mutual friend) to leave his wife at peace on condition that she remained with her brother, consenting only to see her children occasionally, and *requiring no pecuniary provision from her husband*. To this letter Mrs. Norton replied, with the usual rashness and ignorance of the law evinced by women, by refusing to give up her claim to her children, and by a threat of suing for alimony, and seeking a legal separation. Mr. Norton then attempted to reduce his wife to submission to his terms by threatening attacks on her character. Without professing jealousy of any individual, he passed in review *all* his wife's male acquaintance. Legal examinations were taken in about half a dozen different instances, but they were taken in vain. Wishing a woman guilty, fortunately, does not make her so, and the advisers of these outrageous measures were disappointed. Mr. Norton then wrote to his wife's uncle, Sir James Graham, to notify the cessation of these legal proceedings, and his willingness to enter upon quiet and decent arrangements for a separation. Sir James Graham, in an interview which followed this communication, demanded, as a preliminary to *any* arrangement, a written retraction of the various charges which had been made against his niece; and so far was Mr. Norton at that time from adopting the tone (afterwards taken for him) of an injured and outraged husband, that the counter condition made with Sir James was, that the charges urged against Mr. Norton himself by his wife's family should

also be retracted,—a pledge which this mediator had no power to give. Mr. Norton then requested twelve hours to consider whether he would sign an *unconditional* retraction; and the next day he informed Sir James Graham that he had consulted his friends, changed his mind, and that he would bring an action against Lord Melbourne; this being the first time that nobleman's name had been mentioned, or any notion entertained of making him the *nominal and apparent cause* of a separation with which he had nothing whatever to do.

"Then followed a trial, such as Lord Brougham graphically described in the House of Lords, while opposing this very bill, 'where the wife has no defence; but behind her back, by the principles of our jurisprudence, her character is tried between her husband and the man called her paramour.' It availed nothing that numerous friends and relatives could have deposed to the circumstances under which the separation took place; to the treatment of the wife previous to the separation; to the fact of this accusation having been got up, as a last resource and engine of attack, six weeks *after* the quarrel of which this was made to appear the origin. This might have been the defence of the woman, but the woman could *make no defence*: it was a simple question between plaintiff and defendant, in which she was not legally considered a party. Nay, it was at the option of the lawyers on both sides, 'in the direct spirit of duty to their clients,' to conceal and suppress all such explanatory circumstances. On the part of the defendant, it would be contrary to the etiquette of gentlemanlike defence to cast aspersions on the husband, which, though their proof might lessen the amount of damages so as to preclude a divorce, *must* leave the question of guilty or not guilty of the sin imputed precisely in the same condition as before; while on the part of the plaintiff it would be obviously absurd (since the success of his case, and the amount of damages, depend on the proof of injury done him by the breaking up of a happy home, and the corruption of a beloved and valued wife) to permit it to appear that quarrels and separations had *already* taken place. Between these two interests of plaintiff and defendant, therefore, the woman's character is left to take its chance; the one interest being directly opposed to hers, the other completely independent of it. The trial was conducted according to these usual rules, and the customary spirit of duty to clients. The plaintiff was represented as a fondly attached and injured husband, the defendant as a treacherous friend and profligate seducer; nor was

there any thing peculiar in the affair, except the disreputable class of witnesses employed, a more than ordinary coarseness in the details of the evidence, a total omission and dead silence respecting the three last years during which the intimacy had subsisted (which would have forced them to call witnesses known to be favourable), and a very industrious attempt to blacken the lady's character to a degree which, had the description been correct, would certainly have made her no great loss to any husband, nor a subject for 'damages' in any court.

"All having been said that could be said on the part of the plaintiff, and all his witnesses examined; and the other side having been heard, merely in defence and denial of the charge, without calling any witnesses at all; the jury, without retiring to consider their verdict, gave it for the defendant, on the sole ground of the incredibility and contradiction of the evidence offered. The defendant added a solemn declaration of the falsehood and groundlessness of the charge, and the inquiry ended.

"Lord Wynford and Dr. Lushington then met to arrange terms of separation between Mr. and Mrs. Norton; but Lord Wynford refusing to include the children in that arrangement, and Mrs. Norton persisting in her refusal to come to any arrangement which did not include them, the negotiations were broken off. They were renewed, broken off; renewed, and broken off again, by different parties, but always on the same ground. At length Mr. Norton proved his own opinion as to the truth of any slander brought forward against his wife, by doing precisely what he had done in the two former instances; he requested her to return to her home, there to resume the position of wife and mother, instead of struggling to obtain partial intercourse with her children elsewhere. There were difficulties and delays; but Mrs. Norton ultimately consented to this arrangement, her husband making, both to her and various friends, written and verbal assurances that the trial took place against his judgment, against his will, at the instigation, and through the interference, of others. The intended reconciliation did not, however, take place, having been frustrated by the efforts of a member of Mr. Norton's family, then residing with him; and the children, who had been chiefly with their mother while the negotiation was pending, were once more (without a word of explanation or warning, without any previous knowledge on the part of the mother that it would be so) suddenly removed from their father's house, and delivered up to his brother; after which, to preclude the possibility of communica-

tion with their mother, they were sent to Mr. Norton's eldest sister in Scotland. Arrangements for a separation were now renewed, with a threat that if Mrs. Norton did not submit to them, *without stipulation respecting her children*, she should be advertised in the public papers, which was accordingly done. Such an advertisement being in reality of no legal effect, but merely an insult and annoyance, Mr. Norton again proposed to negotiate; and his wife having become well aware of the hopeless struggle she was carrying on, expressed her willingness to submit the whole matter (including the question of access to her children) to any referees who might be appointed. Two gentlemen of high character in the legal profession undertook the arrangement; and both the disputing parties bound themselves to abide by the result. The amount of income and access was agreed between the arbitrators, and the children recalled from Scotland, to be placed with their mother for a time; when Mr. Norton, considering the terms too favourable to his wife, suddenly broke off the negotiation,—refused to be bound by his written promise to abide the result, quarrelled with his referee, and cancelled the recall of his children, who remained in the custody of his eldest sister, as before.

"A fresh advertisement in all the public papers, repeated day after day for more than a fortnight, was the next step resolved upon by Mr. Norton; by which he made it appear that *his wife* was the party who resisted all arrangement, instead of the fact being that he could get no other gentleman to countenance the arrangements he chose to make for her, or to admit the justice of his proceedings; and that on this account only no terms of separation could be drawn up.

"Pending these different steps, Mrs. Norton, on her part, endeavoured to put her threat into execution, of seeking a legal separation on the ground of cruelty, &c., supporting it by a statement of events previous to the withdrawal of her children. But she was made aware of a new feature in the law, namely, that as there had been condonation—as she had forgiven those acts of which she complained, and consented, in spite of them, to return to her husband's house, she could have no legal remedy afterwards. She endeavoured with equal ill success to obtain legal interference, either for the restoration of her children, or for compelling the assignment of some cause for the cruelty of withholding them; more especially as the custody was not with the father, but with different members of his family, to whom he himself, verbally and in writing, attributed the infliction of that public trial, and the refusal of

proper terms of access; and to whose hands, therefore, it was a double misery to see her children confided, since she was thus compelled to yield to them, not to their father, their other parent, and natural friend and guardian, but to those whom she had every reason justly to consider as her most bitter personal foes; to those by whom she had been falsely defamed; by whom her husband had, according to his own shewing, been driven onwards when he would fain have stopped; and by whom, finally, her return to his roof, and the consequent enjoyment of her children's society, had been prevented."

The clear and simple narrative of Mr. Stevenson is sufficient to satisfy even an enemy,—for it carries within it the internal evidence of unvarnished truth. We will add to it, and pledge ourselves to the facts. The principal witnesses were living at Lord Grantley's expense, on his lordship's estate at Guildford. They were taken from holes and garrets to be sent there. For what purpose were they taken to a nobleman's seat, and that nobleman the plaintiff's brother? Perhaps his lordship will favour us with an answer. Mr. Aubrey Beauclerk, and the Hon. Leicester Stanhope, with the zeal of friends convinced of Mrs. Norton's innocence, took care to have in court the man who would have deposed that the chief witness, who had been a discarded groom, then a cabman, then a rag-seller, had boasted that his fortune would be made if his evidence went so far as to convict Mrs. Norton! The imbecile etiquette of the court was the reason he was not called. This man, after being entertained by my Lord Grantley, waxed fat and saucy; and on the morning of the trial refused to complete the work unless he had "*a champagne breakfast, and was brought to London in a chaise and four!*" Those demands were assented to, and this person arrived in London to give his testimony. One of the women, a foreigner, had been protected by Mrs. Norton, who induced the man who had seduced her to make her his wife, appeared in the witness-box with her child in her arms, in the clothes given to her by the woman whose life she was swearing away. She deposed to acts done by Mrs. Norton in a distant place, at a period when she was confined by the birth of her youngest child! That witness was to have been prose-

cuted for perjury. She and others ought to have been. Mrs. Norton, speaking of them, said, "*I forgive them,—they were ignorant, and needy, and were tempted beyond what they could bear.*" Contrast those words, breathing a deep and Christian feeling, with the vituperations and slander of persons she never injured, and never knew, and they

"Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of her false accusers."

To this it may be added, that her husband has been mentally entrammelled, and persuaded, and led; and on those grounds he has excused his conduct, and has written many letters to her, like a man who had loved, and knew that his spotless wife had been persecuted to worse than death; and then with weakness, which can receive no name, relapsed into family leading-strings, held by a cold and cunning lawyer, who thinks that the *maternal torture* admitted by the dreadful law of England will eventually enable his client, her husband, to make his own terms! Mrs. Greenhill's and Mrs. Norton's cases concern the women of our country, as the types of what, in this advanced age, their sex is legally liable to. Their cases and the state of the law concern every man who thinks and feels of woman as becomes a man; and with one voice they should demand the alteration of a law against which a Sutherland, a Holland, and a Lyndhurst, have entered their solemn protests.

Mr. Stevenson's letter is the finest essay on the subject extant,—it nearly exhausts it. The style is vigorous, the arguments clear, and the cases made to bear on them so as to leave a deep impression on the reader's mind. To another edition it will soon come, when we recommend that a preliminary chapter be added, on the custom and common law relative to it; and that the gradual, though inconsistent, assumptions of power by the courts, may be traced and clearly delineated. It is a very valuable document, and should be in the hands of all members of parliament, and of every woman in the kingdom; and these ought to use their influence to ensure a repeal of laws affecting them, which have no equals nearer than New Zealand or Papua.

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN.

No. II.

TIMON; OR, THE MISANTHROPE.

ACT II.

(Continued from p. 95.)

SCENE II.—MERCURY and PLUTUS on their Journey.

Mer. Let's forward, Plutus! Why, what's this? thou haltest;
This, my good fellow, I knew not before,
That thou art lame as well as blind.

Plut. Not always, Save when Jove sends me; then I know not how,
Growing slowfooted, and in both legs lame,
I scarce can reach the goal; and he who waits 340
Is age-worn ere my advent. When the time
Comes for departure, then with winged speed,
Quicker than flight of dreams, I part away;
Off goes the sign of starting, and at once
I am proclaimed the winner, at a bound 345
Springing along the race-course, the spectators
Often not seeing how I clear the course.

Mer. Not so,—for many could I name to thee
Who yesterday had not a penny piece
To buy a halter, now to-day so rich 350
And costly as to drive in sumptuous carriage
Horsed with a pair of greys; to whom a donkey
Was once above their means; in purple robe
And ring-bedizened fingers riding forth,
Not over sure their wealth is not a dream. 355

Plut. A different case, my friend. I travel, then,
Not on my own feet; nor does Jove despatch,
But Pluto, my commission,—Pluto, he
To Plutus nearly namesake, and thereby
Giver of gold. So when I must depart 360
They clap me in a will, and seal me close,
Carry me pick-a-back, and bear me out.
The corpse meantime in some dark corner lies
Stretched in the house, a worn-out rag of linen
Spread o'er his knees, a contest for the cats. 365
While in the market-place, with open mouths,
Wait, as the chirping chicks their sparrow-dame,
Expectant legatees. Broken is the seal,
And cut the string, and opened out the deed;
Then my new master is proclaimed,—some cousin, 470
Some toady, or some smooth-cheeked simpering hound
Of dirtier service, whosoe'er he be,
Clutching me in the will runs off at speed,
No longer Pyrrhias, Dromio, Tibias,
But Megabyzus, Megacles, Protarchus, 375
Swellingly styled, and leaves the rest behind,
Gaping in vain, and looking at each other;
Suffering a sorrow all too true, because
So fine a gudgeon from the net's deep bottom
Scaped after swallowing no small store of bait. 380
And now this all unbred and thick-skinned fellow,

Who still is trembling at the thought of the stocks ;
 And when some stander-by will crack a whip,
 Pricking his ears in terrified observance,
 Who worships, as the temple of the gods, 385
 The grinding-house, falls fiercely all upon me.
 Insulting all he meets, to freeborn men
 Impertinent, and o'er his fellow-slaves
 Wielding the lash, as if he meant to try
 If such a power was truly placed within him. 390
 Until at last he meets some petty harlot,
 Or aims at fame of jockeyship, or else
 Gives himself over to some fawning brood
 Of flatterers, who swear that he in looks
 Is handsomer than Nireus, in his birth 395
 Nobler than Cærops, or King Codrus, wiser
 Even than Ulysses, and in store of wealth
 Richer than sixteen Cræsus together,
 When in a moment the unhappy rascal
 Pours forth the produce of ill-gotten gains, 400
 Won bit by bit by fraud and perjury.

Mer. Thou speakest but the truth. But when thou goest
 On thine own feet, how findest thou the road,
 Blind as thou art? Or how canst thou discern
 Those to whom Jove directs thee, judging right 405
 Those who of wealth are worthy?

Plut. Dost thou think
 I find such persons?

Mer. No, by Jove, not I.
 Else thou wouldst not o'er Aristides pass,
 And go to Callias, or to Hipponicus,
 And many another man of Athens' town 410
 Not worthy of a penny. But inform me,
 What is thy course when sent?

Plut. All up and down
 I wander on my rambles, till by chance
 I stumble upon somebody; and he,
 Whoe'er he may be, carries me away, 415
 Giving to thee, O Mercury! the praise
 For such unhopèd-for gain.

Mer. Then Jupiter
 Is sore deceived, in thinking that thy wealth
 Falls upon those deserving of the gift?

Plut. Rightly deceived, who, knowing me stone blind, 420
 Sends me, my friend, to hunt out for a thing
 So hard to find, and for a long time now
 Lost from the world, that not the eyes of Lynceus
 Could easily discover th' indistinct
 And tiny substance. Therefore, as the good 425
 Are scanty, and the scoundrel many hold
 Chief power in all our cities, it is natural
 That I should meet the latter, and by them
 Be netted.

Mer. But whene'er thine hour of flight
 Has come, how dost thou 'scape so easily, 430
 If ignorant of the road?

Plut. I then become
 Acute of sight, and nimble on my feet,
 Just for that sole occasion of my flight.

Mer. One other question: Tell me how it is
 That thou—I speak it plainly—blind, and sallow, 435
 And heavy in thy legs, should find so many

To woo thee with such love? that all look towards thee?
 That those who win thee think their lot is blessed?
 That those who lose thee scarce endure to live:
 For some I know, and they not few, whose love 440
 For thee is so despairing, that they dash
Into the bosom of the fishy deep,
Or from the summit of the mountain's steep,
 Thinking themselves o'erlooked by thee, because
 Thou didst not see them from the first. Confess 445
 That they are crazy, if thou know thyself,
 In their mad passion turned on such an object.

Plut. Think'st thou their eyes behold me as I am,
 Limping and blind, with every other blemish?

Mer. Why not, unless the men themselves are blind? 450

Plut. Not blind, good Mercury; but ignorance
 And fraud, which now are masters every where,
 Darken their vision: and, beside, I meet them,
 Fearing my ugliness may be all too plain,
 Decked in a loveliest disguise, with gold 455
 And gems, and particoloured raiment tricked;
 So that they, thinking that they truly view
 My real countenance in beauty shining,
 Fall deep in love, and die if of my favours
 They chance to miss. Were they to see me plainly, 460
 I do not doubt that they would scorn themselves
 For loving things so loveless and unshapely.

Mer. But when they're rich, and have this very mask
 In their own holding, are they still deceived?
 If it be lost, why do they sooner part 465
 Their lives than its possession? Can they, then,
 Be ignorant how factitious is thy beauty,
 Seeing what's all inside?

Plut. Not a few matters
 In this case aid me, Mercury.

Mer. What are they?

Plut. When a man meets me, and with open doors 470
 Admits me to his house, there with me enter,
 Unknown to him, Pride, Madness, Boastful Folly,
 Impertinence, and Luxury, and Fraud—
 Ten thousand things beside: seized on by which
 In his very soul, with wonder he admires 475
 Things not of wonder worthy, his desire
 Is fixed on what he should avoid; and me,
 The sire of all the evils crowding on him,
 He worships with devotion, ringed around
 With such a train of body guards; and would suffer 480
 Aught sooner than my loss.

Mer. How smooth thou art,
 And slippery, Plutus; hard to catch, and hard
 To hold; affording no sufficient grasp; like eels
 Or serpents through the fingers, slipping off
 We know not how. While, on the other hand, 485
 Poverty sticks like birdlime, easily caught,
 With many a hook outsticking from all parts
 Of her whole body, so that all who approach
 Are held immediately, and scarce escape.
 But, while we chatter, one thing is forgotten. 490

Plut. What's that?

Mer. We've not brought with us whom we want
 Most specially—Thesaurus.

Plut. Never mind.

Going to you, I left him in the ground,
And bade him stay at home, and ope the door
To none, unless he heard my voice commanding. 495

SCENE III.—*The Desert by Athens.*

MERCURY, } *descending.*
PLUTUS, }
POVERTY and Attendants.
TIMON.

Mer. Let's, therefore, enter Attica. Take care
To follow me, close holding by my cloak,
Until we reach the desert.

Plut. Thou doest well
To guide me on the way; for shouldst thou leave me,
Soon in my wanderings I, perhaps, should meet 500
Some Cleon or Hyperbolus. What noise
Is this I hear, as if of iron grating
Against a stone?

Mer. 'Tis Timon, who hard by
Digs in a mountainous and stony land.
Good Heavens! What? Poverty is here, and Toil, 505
Endurance, Wisdom, Manliness, and a train
Marshalled by Hunger: followers better far
Than are the satellites.

Plut. Why not, Mercury,
Do we not flee this place as speedily
As we can leave it? What, now, can we do 510
Worthy of mention, with a man surrounded
By such a host as this?

Mer. As Jupiter
Thinks otherwise, we must abandon fear.

Pov. Where, Argus-slayer, dost thou thus, blind fellow,
Guide and conduct?

Mer. By Jupiter, to Timon 515
We are despatched.

Pov. Plutus, Timon sent! When I,
Having received him in an evil plight,
From hands of Luxury, have made of him
A man of worth and honour! Am I, then,
I, Poverty, in your eyes so lightly held, 520
And deemed a mark of easy injury,
That thus ye take from me my sole possession,
Carefully wrought to virtue, that again,
Plutus receiving him, shall hand him over
To Insolence and Pride, and rendering him 525
Soft, silly, senseless as before, restore him
Again to me, worn to a worthless rag?

Mer. So, Poverty, hath Jupiter ordained.

Pov. I go, then. Toil, and Wisdom, and the rest,
Follow me. He full soon will find that he, 530
By my abandonment, has lost a good
Partner of labour, and the best of teachers;
With whom conversing, he was strong of mind,
In body healthful, living as a man
Should live, who, looking to himself, considers 535
All superfluities, and vulgar cares,
Unworthy of his notice. [*Exeunt POVERTY and Train.*]

- Mer.* They are gone ;
Let us approach him. [*They approach.*]
- Tim.* Who are ye, ye scoundrels ?
What motive brings you hither, to annoy
A labourer and a hireling ? But ye shall not
Depart rejoicing, villains as ye are,
For I shall pelt you well with clods and stones. 540
- Mer.* Nay, pelt not, Timon, for we are not men.
I am Mercury, and this is Plutus, sent
By Jupiter, who listens to thy prayers. 545
So, in the name of fortune, take thy wealth,
Freed from thy labours.
- Tim.* Still I'll make ye suffer,
Although ye be the gods ye say ye are :
I hate all gods and men. For this blind fellow,
Whoever he may be, I shall break his head, 550
Smiting him with my spade.
- Plut.* Let us depart
To Jove, O Mercury ; for the man appears
In no small measure mad, and ere I go
May do me mischief.
- Mer.* Nothing angry, Timon,
But cast aside this harsh and savage mood. 555
Stretch forth both hands, catch at this favouring fortune ;
Be rich once more, and take the highest place
Among the men of Athens ; and despise
All these ungrateful wretches — thou alone
Possessed of happiness.
- Tim.* I want ye not — 560
Plague me no more — my spade is wealth sufficient ;
And as for happiness, the greatest share
I look for is, that no one may come near me.
- Mer.* So savage, my good friend : "*And must I bear
To Jove this answer, surly and severe.*" 565
Justly art thou a man-hater, for from men
Much wrong was offered thee ; but no god-hater,
Seeing the gods take so much care of thee.
- Tim.* To thee, then, Mercury, and to Jove, my thanks
Are tendered for that care ; but I refuse 570
To take this fellow, Plutus.
- Mer.* Why ?
- Tim.* Because
He brought upon me, in my former days,
Ten thousand evils ; handing me to flatterers,
Exposing me to knaves, exciting hatred,
Corrupting me with luxury, rousing envy ; 575
And on a sudden then abandoning me,
At last, in style so false and treacherous.
And then most honest Poverty, with labour
Of the most manly nature, strung my nerves —
Made me acquainted with free-spoken speech 580
And truth — afforded me whatever is needful
For man who lives by toil — taught me to scorn
Objects of vulgar care — upon myself
Made me rely for all the hopes of life —
And shewed me what was mine own wealth indeed : 585
Which no base flatterer with his glozing tongue,
No harpy sycophant with threats of law,
No angry mob, no ballotmongering voter,
No wily tyrant, can deprive me of.
So strengthened thus by labour, and this land 590

Industriously am tilling, far away
 From all your city-evils, quite content
 In earning sure, sufficient sustenance,
 By this my spade. Then, Mercury, return
 With hasty foot, and carry back to Jove
 This Plutus. As for me, 'twill be enough
 To bid all mankind, old and young, lament.

595

Mer. No, my good sir, for all are not inclined
 To join in lamentation. Lay aside
 These passionate ravings, only fit for children,
 And take the God of Riches; well advised

600

"That gifts from Jove should never be despised."

Plut. May I, O Timon, plead my cause against thee?
 Or will it trouble thee to hear me speak?

Tim. Speak, then, but briefly, and with no preambles,
 Such as the cursed rhetoricians use;
 For Mercury's sake, I'll bear a short oration.

605

Plut. I ought in justice speak at length, accused
 As I am by thee of so many wrongs;
 But see if I have wronged thee as thou sayest,—
 I who to thee was cause of pleasantest things—
 Honour, precedence, crowns, and luxuries.
 Through me thou wert the mark for every eye,
 The theme of praise, the object of devotion:
 If aught, 'twas thine from flatterers to suffer;

610

615

I must not bear the blame. 'Tis rather I
 Who have been wronged by thee,—casting me out
 Disgracefully to those accursed fellows
 Who praised thee, swindled thee, and in all manners
 Laid traps for me. Then, if thou dost complain
 That I betrayed thee; on the contrary, I
 Retort the charge; I headlong from thy house
 Was driven, and flung in every manner forth;
 Wherefore most noble Poverty has clad thee,
 Instead of a soft robe, with this coarse jerkin;
 And here I call on Mercury to witness
 How I entreated Jupiter not to send me
 To one who erst had treated me so harshly.

620

625

Mer. But now thou seest how altered he's become;
 So, Plutus, cheerfully go dwell with him.
 [To TIMON.] Dig, Timon,
 Where thou art [To PLUTUS]. And thou beneath
 His spade place treasure; when he hears thy voice
 He'll come obedient.

630

Tim. I must then comply,
 And once again be rich. What can one do
 When by the gods compelled? But, pray, consider
 Into what troubles ye will thereby plunge me.
 Wretch that I am, who leave my happy life,
 And shall receive this sudden heap of gold,
 And such a load of care, doing no wrong.

635

Mer. Bear with it, Timon, for my sake; and even
 Were it most hard and troublous of endurance,
 It should be borne, that thy base flatterers
 Might burst themselves with envy. I to heaven
 Shall travel over Ætna.

640

[Exit MERCURY.]

Plut. He has gone,
 As I conjecture from the waving sound
 Of wings. Do thou remain. I go to send
 The God of Treasure; vigorously dig.
 [To TREASURY.] Treasure of Gold, I call thee to obey

645

This Timon, and to place thyself beneath
His spade [To TIMON]. Dig deeper, Timon. I depart. 650
[Exit PLUTUS.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Notes. 385.] The *ἀνατολή* was the slave-market; therefore, a very natural object of reverence for a slave.

649. The reader of Lucian will know the difficulties of the passage in the original. We have translated after *ἀποστρέφω*, which is now commonly read; but *ἐπιστρέφω* is the oldest reading. There are, however, obvious objections to putting it into the mouth of Plutus. It cannot be forced to signify, "I will depart;" and it is contrary to the allegory that Plutus should be under either Thesaurus or Timon, particularly the former. Might we not give it to Thesaurus?

Plutus. Treasure of Gold, I call thee to obey

This Timon, and to place thee 'neath his spade.

Thesaurus [from below]. Timon, dig deep. I shall be under you.
i. e., under Plutus and Timon.

SELECTIONS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER IN THE ALPS,

No. I.

ON my return to Geneva from Chamouny the *business* of my journey commenced, which was to trace the course of Henri Arnaud, who, with the Waldenses, or Vaudois, under his command and guidance, left Switzerland on the 16th of August, 1689, to return to their native valleys in Piedmont, whence they had been expatriated very early in the year 1687. The account of this interesting *anabasis*, drawn up under the direction of Arnaud, contains so many errors in the names and distances of places visited by the Vaudois on their return, that it is very difficult to trace their course on any map extant. My intention was to follow their line of march, correct those discrepancies, and make drawings of the scenes and places of interest through which they passed.

My first object was to reach Ivoire, a town on the lake of Geneva, on the shores of Savoy, opposite to Nyon, near the point upon which the Vaudois landed, after issuing from the place of their rendezvous and concealment in the forest of Nyon, where they had been assembled for some days, before circumstances favoured their crossing the lake.

I found more difficulty in getting to Ivoire than I had anticipated. My friend M. de Luc, who had been there some years before, advised me, as he remembered the difficulties of his journey, from the vile state of the roads, to go to Nyon by the steam-boat, and

thence cross to Ivoire, about four miles. I learned, upon inquiry, that an injury which the steamer had recently received would prevent its departure the next morning from Geneva. I could not afford to lose a day, and therefore sent to procure a boat, with two rowers, to take me direct from Geneva to Ivoire. The distance is about twelve or fourteen miles; for this service they modestly demanded fifty francs! and were instantly dismissed; and I resolved to procure a car, if a conductor could be found acquainted with the road. All inquiry of the fifty *cochers* loitering about the door of the Ecu de Genève was at first unsuccessful; not one had ever been at Ivoire, or scarcely even heard of it. This seemed strange. Ivoire, as I learnt from M. de Luc, was a walled town, and formerly considered the port of Geneva; yet I could not obtain the least information respecting its history, not even from works which pretended to give the topography of the lake, and an account of the places on its shores.

I had, on my return from Chamouny, engaged at St. Martin's, Jean Riant, a guide, who was recommended to me as well acquainted with the Savoy borders of the lake. He succeeded at length in inducing the man who had brought me in a car from St. Martin's to continue in my service to Ivoire; and he agreed to take me there in his car for fifteen francs and *buono-mano*, but entered upon it with reluctance, as an

excursion to be dreaded—a sort of a voyage to *terra incognita*.

It was two o'clock before we started. He had been directed to inquire for Ivoire, at Douvaine; thus far our route lay on the high road from Geneva to the Simplon. The weather was beautiful, and the views of the lake and the range of the Jura were seen to the greatest advantage. Douvaine is the frontier town of Savoy. Here the custom-house officers were impertinent, and their delay vexatious; but we at length escaped from them, and, turning off on the left, near the church, proceeded by a most unpromising road. After some unmerciful jolts, and a relinquishment of all hope that it would be better, we entered upon a part recently improved, and in good condition; but other difficulties arose; we frequently came to cross or forked roads, and often took the wrong one, until we chanced to meet a peasant, or hailed one from the fields. We never allowed any one to pass us without asking our course; the constant answer, however, was, *Tout droit*. This so often misled us, that I began to consider it as equivalent to "*follow your nose*" in England, and such an impertinent reply would often have been as useful. Once we found the road we had taken led into a *cul de sac*, where it was very difficult to turn the car; a good-natured peasant came to our aid, and led the horse and car through a hedge, and across two fields, to re-enter the road we ought to have pursued. The peasants, both men and women, were a fine race, and, for Savoyards, tolerably clean. Our course led us through several villages, and as we approached the lake, it often lent its aid to picturesque beauties around us. At length we reached Messeri, a village on its borders; but there was no practicable path to Nernier, a hamlet half a league further up the lake, between which place and Ivoire the Vaudois landed: at the latter place, the rocky shore was too abrupt, and interruption was apprehended by them. On reaching Ivoire, I found it as M. de Luc had described, a walled town, and the arches of two gates standing. A castle, too, on the extreme projection of the rock into the lake, was still in part inhabited; yet, a place of such obvious importance as this must have been at no remote period, is apparently unknown to the topographers of the

lake of Geneva. I had sent the car to wait for me at the inn, and ordered a supper and bed, whilst I walked round the town, and visited the castle. On the shore close to the latter was a manufactory of coarse pottery. A superintendent there gave me access to the terrace of the château: the views from it were beautiful; but not one word of its history could I obtain. He expressed his surprise at my visiting such a place, and looked at me as if he thought I had escaped from a keeper. About fifty feet below where we stood hundreds of large fish were swimming about in the bright clear water of the lake. A rod was at hand, but the moment the line was dropped over every one disappeared. I proposed to return for another chance, after I had made my arrangements at the inn. My companion assured me that there was no inn in the place; that to get a bed was impossible, and that I must proceed towards Thonon, and on the high road to that town from Geneva, at Bonadai, I might find accommodation *chez de Lerce*. Not a minute, therefore, was to be lost, as the day was declining. Under his direction, I took a short cut to the place, without the walls, where the char had been taken, passing through the filthiest town I ever saw; the streets half choked up with dung-hills, the pavement more dilapidated than can be described, and the inhabitants in appearance worthy only of such a place. I found the car in the road, by the house to which the driver had been directed; he and Jean were making wry faces over the vilest swipes that ever was sold for wine, and black, coarse bread, which was the only eatable. A little hay had been procured, with difficulty, for the horse; but lodging could not be obtained, even if the filth of the house could have been endured.

The evening was very beautiful, and we had time enough by daylight to reach Bonadai. A new engagement had been readily made with my conductor, and we started through beautiful scenes along the side of the deep bay formed in the lake by the promontory of Ivoire. We drove among magnificent walnut-trees, over ground otherwise sterile; a fact commonly observed is the luxuriant growth of these fine trees in rocky soil. Here the ground is strewed with those granitic boulders which, near the lake, and extending to

the Jura, have excited so much discussion among geologists; but many labourers are employed, especially between Ivoire and Bonadai, in repairing the roads; and in a few years these boulders will be all broken up, as it is the most convenient material within their reach. Near the little church of Excevenex we met the curé of Filli, sporting two horses in a car: it was probably that of some employé visiting the district; it lessened our importance greatly. The unusual sound of the wheels of a car had brought out all the villagers to gaze at us; but beyond Excevenex we found that the greater equipage had absorbed all the interest for the day.

We drove through Filli, the village; where, on the return of the Vaudois, the peasantry, finding that they kept strict discipline, hailed them as they passed with, "God go with you!" and the curé even opened his cellar to them, and would receive no payment. Beyond Filli, the road entered upon a track of low sand-hills; near the bottom of the bay in the lake: it had more the appearance of land near the sea than the borders of the lake of Geneva.

The drive thence, before we reached the high road, was during a beautiful sunset, and through a country of a quiet, pastoral character, that recalled many a Devonshire scene to my memory. Soon after attaining the high road, we arrived at Bonadai, and drove to M. de Lerce. The landlady said she had no bed good enough for me, and said I must go on to Thonon. I assured her that I should be content with a bundle of hay in the grange. She replied that neither her provisions nor her accommodations were fit for me, and refused to let me come into the house, or put up the car and horse. I had, in my journeys, usually found, that in proportion to the inferiority of an inn, its owner held a higher opinion of its accommodations. Here, however, we were compelled to go on, and a further drive of two hours in the dark brought us to the *Hôtel de l'Europe* at Thonon.

The next morning, I congratulated myself upon the mode I had adopted of visiting Ivoire, as the car remained at my service; and in my intended journey to Boège, both the conductor and Jean were acquainted with the road. The latter, as usual, said, when I engaged him, that he knew Ivoire; but he afterwards owned that he had

never been there, and only knew whereabout it lay. To this provoking practice of the guides to engage readily to conduct strangers where they have never been themselves the traveller is constantly liable. We started as soon as I could get my passport signed, and as we left the town, left also the high road to Geneva, and turning to the left, proceeded by a new royal road that led through Bonne to Bonneville. From the summits of some of the gentle elevations in the road we had beautiful views of the lake, but generally this was intercepted. The morning was very fine, and the road was animated by groups of the peasantry of the district of Chablais going to the market of Thonon. We passed, in our course, below a range of hills on our left, on which were the ruins of the château of Allignes. From the summit, and with such materials for a foreground, the views seen from it must be magnificent. The village is now unimportant; anciently it was the chief place of the Chablais, and its castle was considered the bulwark of the district. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it was the scene of sieges and battles among the petty tyrants who held sway over the neighbouring country. How gratifying it is to see the dens of such wretches in ruins! 'tis a pleasure independent of that which their peculiar picturesqueness affords. Before our arrival at Bons, we passed immediately under the walls and towers of another château, called *La Rochette*; its shadows thrown across the road, which lay through noble walnut-trees at its base, gave a gloom and tone to the emotions of sublimity which it excited. Approaching it, the view is magnificent,—for the forms of the mountains in the background are fine, and richly wooded nearly to their summits; it lies immediately below *Mont Benet*, a name given to a peak in the chain of the *Voirons*, and not very distant from the principal mountain. We soon after reached the little village of Bons, and were now again in the line from Filli, which the Vaudois took to reach the *Col de Voirons*. As this pass was utterly impracticable for a car, I directed the conductor to proceed by *Bonne* to *Viu*, and there await our arrival; then, starting with my guide, Jean, we left the village, and proceeded directly towards the lowest part of the mountain, which was as obviously

our course as it was that of the Vaudois.

We soon began to ascend, after passing a village in which there were some picturesque cottages and mills, and entered a wild wood by a steep and very bad road. How any thing in the form of a charette could be got up or down, it was difficult to conceive; but there were traces of such a fact having occurred. We overtook a young man of Bons who was ascending to the pasturages on the Col, and under his guidance climbed up some gullies and dry watercourses, which shortened the time of our ascent, but added greatly to the fatigue of it. We were more sheltered, however, from the sun, which, through a clear sky, had broiled us whilst exposed to his power. On reaching the summit, we emerged from the wood, and entered upon some fine pasturages; and, looking back over the line of our march, enjoyed a magnificent view of the woods, and villages, and land below us, stretching out to the promontory of Ivoire; beyond was the deep blue water of the lake of Geneva; and on the opposite side we saw the town of Nyon, backed by the mountain of the Dole, in the gray line of the chain of the Jura. On our left rose the summit of the Voirons, and half way up the ruins of the Dominican convent, of which a member was made prisoner, and retained by the Vaudois as a hostage. "He had a dagger," says Henry Arnaud, "under his cassock, but proved a useful mediator on the march." On issuing from the wood, and reaching the Col, they met with their first opponents in any force, two hundred armed peasants, commanded by M. Gropel, and the Sieur Mouche, the castellan of Boège; they were soon routed, their arms and drums broken, and the commander taken as hostage and guide.

On the pasturage we found many cows, and a group of children with their skin tanned and their hair bleached by exposure to the sun.

Our descent led us rapidly down, by a path less difficult than the ascent, into the beautiful valley of Boège, watered by the river Menoge. We soon descended to the hamlet of La Saxe; and thence skirting some meadows, and

following a road of more gradual descent, we soon looked upon Boège, situated in its retired and beautiful valley. Here there were two or three inns: we entered the first. The daughter soon placed before us hot bread, *chevretin* (goat's milk curds), fresh butter, and excellent wine (*noire*). This was a meal for an emperor, if he had the appetite of a traveller; and here, in the enjoyment of rest during the greatest heat of the day, we stayed two hours.

At Boège, one of the prisoners of the Vaudois offered them refreshment as they passed his house; but they feared delay, and would not give him their confidence. They forced him, however, to write a letter to the following purpose:

"These persons (the Vaudois) have arrived here to the number of 2000.* They begged us to accompany them, that we may be enabled to give an account of their behaviour, which we can assure you to be perfectly reasonable. They pay for every thing they take, and only require a free passage. We therefore entreat you not to sound alarm bells, nor beat the drums, and to dismiss your men if they are under arms."

From Boège to Viu there are two roads,—one across the mountains, by which half an hour might be gained,—the other following the course of the Menoge by a tolerable road, so generally sheltered by walnut-trees, that we were induced to take it to avoid the fervency of the sun: the Vaudois, probably to gain time, crossed the mountain. The road through this quiet valley was pleasing; many villages were seen as we looked back and up its course, and we passed two or three before we reached Viu. We crossed the Menoge near Jussy, whence a tolerable road, that by which our car would pass, led us to Viu. From Jussy, the fine mountain of the Mole, so remarkable a feature in the scenery near Bonneville, on the road from Geneva to Chamouny, presented to us its northern side; and as we approached Viu, it appeared to be placed at the base of this mountain.

At Viu we entered a dirty inn, where three drunkards were offensive and uproarious. The car had not arrived; and whilst Jean was taking some wine I strolled out to obtain a

* They were in reality only 800 or 900; their report of 2000 was only an artifice to alarm their opponents. Its effect was singularly recorded by a traveller who was at that time near Anney, on his journey into Italy. See p. 245, vol. xl., *Blackwood's Mag.*

sketch, and rambled about for some time. A new church was being built with a strange portico, having columns below and arches above; and this incongruity was, in an odd manner, attached to the old tower. 'Tis not in England only that architectural freaks are performed. We had rested nearly two hours, and the non-arrival of our car created some alarm; until I found, on rambling into a different part of the village, that the conductor had stopped at another inn, and was equally anxious for our arrival. He had not long been there, however, as he was glad to find an excuse in bad roads. The inhabitants of this village, and, indeed, those I had observed during this day's journey, bore an appearance of independence and comfort; they were clean and healthy, and their children were handsome and robust. Jean, who knew them well, said that there was a rivalry in a spirit of independence among them; that they were all small proprietors; and he added, "you never observe this spirit near where a grand seigneur is proprietor."

It was half-past six before we started; our course lay down a valley at the northern base of the Mont Mole. A drive of an hour brought us to St. Joyre. Just before we entered it, we met some respectably dressed people, whom Jean recognised and saluted as the judge of the commune and his family. In speaking of him he also called him the *châtelain*—a title given, as I then learnt, to an officer of the château, who formerly was a judge of causes in right of feudality—now applied to a judge of the peace appointed by the king. We passed beneath a château placed in a fine situation above the town. St. Joyre has an ancient, odd appearance, and its inhabitants that of antiquated respectability. The inn to which we drove promised little of the comfort that I found there; a steep flight of stairs led to a dirty kitchen on one side, and a common room on the other crowded with noisy drinkers. I was glad to shelter in the kitchen until my supper was ready, when I was shewn into my host's dormitory as my *salle à manger*. Here were some curious old chairs, and other furniture, that appeared to have formerly belonged to the castle; and many prints of Napoleon and his victories. The master of the inn had *served*, and some of his arms were hung up as signs of

what he had been. He was now fat, lazy, and rich; and his wife a drab in dress and manner. I had mistaken her for a scullion; appearances led me also to believe that the daughter was the wife: she certainly was the mistress of the house, dressed *à la mode Française*. She appeared much out of place in the inn at St. Joyre. A little flattery, which her age and beauty would well bear, improved my supper, and procured me an excellent bed. I was heavily taxed for them, however, in the bill.

I was awakened early by the noise of the peasantry assembling in the market, held in front of the house, which was situated in the Grand Place; but my interest in such objects was interrupted by my observing the clouds to hang low and heavily on the mountain side. I turned out as soon as I could see, to climb the hill on the side of the château, before the change of weather, which, I feared, would prevent my obtaining a view of the town. I was fortunate in attaining, before the rain fell heavily, a situation whence I had an agreeable scene: the château, a modern antique, in the French style, was close on my left; below lay St. Joyre, amidst rich woods; beyond, was the mountain ridge that divided the valley of the Risse from the vale of Samoens; and still further, and above them, were seen the peaks of some mountains which bound the valleys south of Mont Blanc.

The château anciently belonged to the Barons de Faucigny; and documents, with dates as early as the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, record its importance. Younger branches of the family took the name of *Allemand de St. Joyre*, and these are often found filling high and responsible situations in the history of Savoy. It was dismantled, and its owner expelled, during the French revolution; but it appears to have been since restored, and now inhabited.

At St. Joyre, the *Vaudois* were treated with great kindness: the inhabitants crowded to meet them; and the magistrates ordered a cask of wine into the middle of the street, for the *Vaudois* soldiers to use at their discretion as they passed.

It rained when we left St. Joyre. We drove deep into the valley; then, ascending on the other side, skirted the base of the Mole, and soon found our-

selves opposite to and high above the confluence of the Risse and the Giffre, — the latter issuing from the valley of Samoens by a deep and fearful gulf, the chief feature in this wild and magnificent scene.

We ascended to the hamlet of Carman, mentioned in the journal of Arnaud as the resting-place of the Vaudois, when, after their first fatiguing day's march, they reached it at midnight. He speaks of it as "halting in an open plain called Carman." Open and exposed enough it certainly is; but it is steep, though lying on the gentler slopes of the base of the Mont Mole.

From Carman the road, which descends to Pont Marigny, is steep, and miserably preserved. In fine weather, the scene from the hill of Carman must be glorious. The course of the Giffre to its confluence with the Arve, we could trace in the plain below us, to the town of Cluses, on the opposite side of the plain, with the lofty rocks which overhang it; but the vast mountains of the Buët and the southern map of Mont Blanc, must, in clear weather, have been seen over these, and the whole present a striking Alpine view.

At Pont Marigny the Vaudois feared that the bridge had been destroyed, and that the swollen river, after the rains of the night, would have prevented their advance; but they found the bridge safe, and marched on to Cluses. There is nothing picturesque about the bridge or the village, nor in the plain between it and Cluses. We drove across the plain at an interval of favourable weather, and rested at Cluses to refresh the horse.

The approach to Cluses from Bonneville is known to every traveller who has visited Chamouny; but it is not so striking as the approach from St. Joyra. The vast rift in the mountains which seem to overhang Cluses, presents the appearance of a black gulf, to which, the entrance is only through the town. It is a place of some antiquity; and was formerly the capital of the sovereign barons of Faucigny.

At Cluses, then a fortified town, through which it was absolutely necessary for the Vaudois to pass, the inhabitants had armed, and lined the trenches to oppose them. The Vaudois were resolved to force their way; but having been overheard to say that, in case of opposition, they must neces-

sarily sacrifice their hostages, one of these, alarmed for his own safety, wrote to the principal persons in the town, representing his danger, and the quiet conduct of the Vaudois when unopposed. This led to a parley with some of the principal inhabitants, who came out, but were seized as additional hostages, to insure their safety. The passage was granted, and the Vaudois marched through a lane of the armed inhabitants. Having defied, they demanded from the authorities of Cluses five hundred weight of bread and a cask of wine, paying for these, five louis d'or. The delay, however, of waiting for these provisions, gave to the people of Salenche time to prepare opposition to their progress, and nearly proved fatal to them as it was. The danger was foreseen early enough to induce Arnaud to order the cask of wine to be rolled into the river.

The deep gorge of the valley, which extends from Cluses to Maglan, is most impressive, and especially to those to whom such scenes are new. Visitors, whose first approach to the Alps is by Geneva and Chamouny, never fail to give utterance to feelings of awe and astonishment, as they drive along a road so immediately below vast precipices, that, without straining the neck, it is almost impossible to see the loftiest points which cut the sky above their heads. In many places, the bases of the rocks receding, the interval between them and the road is filled by the steep slopes formed by the crumbled and broken masses which have fallen from the impending mountains, and excite a shudder at the possible recurrence of such an event *en passant*. At Maglan, the valley widens a little. This village, which since my first knowledge of it, fifteen years ago, has improved in the appearance of comfort and independence, has now a sort of inn; but where no traveller would rest, unless caught in a storm. The passage, however, of thousands of strangers through their valley, has made its benefits felt beyond the spot in which they go, and where they chiefly spend their money, Chamouny.

Arnaud mentions the arrival of the Vaudois at the "village and castle called Maglan, where the villagers were under arms, but contented themselves with being idle spectators of the march." They took, however, the seignor of the village and the curé

along with them; a piece of policy, which made the safety of the hostages a guarantee for the uninterrupted passage of the Vaudois. Of the castle of Maglan there are no remains, nor any tradition that such a building ever existed in or near the village. Just as I arrived at Maglan, I was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. My car was sheltered beneath the ample roof of the inn; and whilst from the passage I looked out upon the tempest, some friends, on their return from Chamouny, drove past. I recognised the car, and rushed into the road to exchange a salutation: it was only with a hand protruded through the leather curtains of the *char-à-banc*, and the greeting was only for a moment.

The storm cleared off, and I ascended the valley, passing beneath the lofty fall of Arpenaz, which appears to issue from a notch in the mountain twelve hundred feet above the valley. The face of this vast mass is perpendicular; and its tortuous stratification led Saussure to point out its geological peculiarity. Before reaching St. Martin's, the road crosses the beds of many winter torrents, where vast accumulations of *detritus* have been raised. In 1776, some enormous masses fell from the Varens, and swept with fury their course into the valley; and often these parts are rendered impassable for a time by sudden storms. That which had just passed away had rendered it nearly so; and it required great caution in my charioteer to conduct me safely to St. Martin's, where I arrived late. The English demand for their comforts has in some degree created them wherever they much frequent. In the *salle à manger*, two or three English families, going to or returning from Chamouny, were taking tea. Some, whose exertions that day required a heartier meal, were discussing the excellence of trout and the toughness of chops and chicken. I discovered, among the travellers, two friends, disguised in *blouses*, one was the greatest landscape painter in the world.

The situation of the little village of St. Martin, immediately below the fine Aiguille of the Varens, offers, from the bridge over the Arve, one of the finest views of Mont Blanc: 'tis, in fact, the first view of its entire mass presented to the eye of the traveller on the side of Geneva, and makes, perhaps, the most vivid and distinct picture in the

memory of any one who has enjoyed this and a hundred other Alpine scenes. The extended bed of the river marks the desolating force of the torrent in winter, when its storms are poured out on a thousand peaks, and accumulating, veinlike, from their channels, rush in returning floods to the ocean. The present bridge is a fine single arch, built about sixty years ago, to replace the "large wooden" bridge which Henri Arnaud mentions as the scene of expected contest with the people of Salenche; but the possession of twenty hostages, persons of consideration, who would have been sacrificed in the event of resolute opposition, saved the effusion of blood: but it required all their resolution to force, or skill to negotiate, a passage. Some capuchins came out of the town, and proposed an exchange of two persons, of the pretended importance of syndics, for the hostages secured by the Vaudois, and had almost succeeded by their cunning in effecting the exchange. When they discovered that the two poor wretches, whose sacrifice they cared nothing about, were to be given in exchange for men, the fear of whose safety had hitherto paralysed all opposition—"Indignant at this shameful fraud, Mons. Arnaud advanced with the intention of detaining the capuchins. His countenance seemed to betray his intention; for so cleverly did the good friars tuck up their gowns for a race, that two only were secured. These demanded why they were thus arrested, contrary to the law of nations, which did not allow of the capture of persons treating of capitulation? They were answered, that it was because, in degradation of their profession and character, they had deceived the Vaudois, and unnecessarily lied in offering the miller as the syndic. And with this answer for payment, they were enrolled in the number and company of the hostages."

Having passed the bridge, the Vaudois drew up and prepared for battle. The inhabitants, however, feared the destruction of their town; and though they lined the hedges of the road by which the Vaudois advanced, they did not fire upon them. The Vaudois passed on a league beyond Salenche to Comblou, where they rested on the second evening of their march.

The *Narrative* of Henri Arnaud states that, on the next day, "they

crossed two of the rudest mountains in Savoy;" and yet they reached, late at night, St. Nicolas de Verose, "a parish peopled only by a few shepherds," whose huts they were obliged to unroof for fuel. That the Vaudois should have encountered the fearful fatigue and danger of crossing two mountains, to reach a place which they might have arrived at by a good road in three hours, appeared to be a piece of incomprehensible policy, or folly. Doubts existed in my mind of their having been at St. Nicolas de Verose at all; and my first object in the morning was to get my guide to accompany me there. We started in a car, crossed the Arve to Salenche, and drove over a fine level road to the bridge that crosses the torrent of the Bourant, which flows by the baths of St. Gervais, situated in one of the most retired and delicious nooks in the Alps. Here invalids bathe, are *douched*, and drink the hot and mineral waters; but owe their convalescence as much, perhaps, to the retirement from the business of life, and the gentle exercise in pure mountain air, as to my benefits conferred by the water. Such short and convenient walks as invalids can take are here offered, amidst scenes of wild and beautiful character. In a walk of five minutes from the baths, there is a magnificent cataract of the Bourant, which tumbles, foaming and furious, down a savage course, which it has cut in the rocks, and instantly after is quiet in a level scene, where all is peace: its turbulence is checked, and its tranquil passage through the little level by the baths is in accordance with the character and the repose of the glen.

Immediately above the bridge which crosses the torrent, the road, a very bad one, winds up a steep and rugged ascent, which presents a fine view of the valley of the Arve, to the village of St. Gervais, a cheerful and beautiful spot, where the inhabitants appear to be "healthy, and wealthy, and wise." At Bionnay, the next village up the valley of Mont Joie, or valley of the Bourant, we crossed the torrent, and winding up by a steep and tortuous path, reached, about a thousand feet above the river, a terrace of rich corn-fields and pasturages; at the further extremity of which is placed the church and village of St. Nicolas de Verose, in one of the most beautiful sites in the valley. Directly across appeared the

path which leads from Bionnay up to Bionassy, and the Col de Vosa, a pass for mules, between the Val de Mont Joie and the Vale of Chamouny, which I crossed in 1824. Looking up the valley, below us appeared the village of Contamine and the hamlet of Nant Bourant, and the course of the torrent of the Bourant, from its source in the Col de Bonhomme. The view down the valley was also fine, terminating in the Aiguille of Varens. The opposite boundary was the southern base of Mont Blanc; and, in each rift, glaciers streamed down towards the course of the Bourant. That St. Nicolas de Verose was not the "parish in an abyss, peopled by a few shepherds," was clear. The proprietors were evidently wealthy, its situation on a fine table brow of the mountain, and its church a beautiful and highly decorated structure; and no path whatever leading from it could have been the steep and dangerous descent from the second mountain passed by the Vaudois. I had, therefore, to look elsewhere for the locality of that part of their course.

I returned delighted with the little excursion to St. Nicolas, and not disappointed; for actual observation had satisfied me that this was *not* the point upon which Henri Arnaud had descended. On our return through St. Gervais, I made a little detour into a deep gorge, the course of the Bourant: it is a wild spot, and well worth a visit.

The following morning, my guide, Jean Rioul, and I, started for Comblou, a village about a league from Salenche, where the Vaudois had rested at the end of the second day. The road is steep all the way to Comblou, but well made, and is a part of the new road intended to connect Salenche with L'Hôpital, in the Val Isère. At Comblou, a scene — almost a panorama — of extraordinary magnificence is presented. On one side the valley of Maglan can be traced almost to Cluses; and on the other, the upper valley of the Arve, from St. Martin's to Chede and Servoz, surmounted by all the peaks, aiguilles, and glaciers of Mont Blanc. It is one of the finest points of view of the "Monarch of Mountains," and will well repay the devotion of two hours, to an excursion from St. Martin's to Comblou, for the enjoyment of this glorious scene. From the village, St. Martin's lies too low in the valley to be seen; but the fine

Aiguille de Varens is a striking feature. The tower of the church of Comblou has lately been repaired, and is as fine as tinplate and fantastical form can make it. The towers in this part of Savoy are generally covered with this material, and sparkle so gaily as to match the gaudy decorations of Catholicism within.

A league of nearly level road brought us from Comblou to Megève, a large and populous village; of which the *Narrative* says, "They came to a little town called Migèves, or Beaufort." This is a strange error. Megèves is situated at the head of the valley of the Arly, and Beaufort in the valley of the Doron; a range of mountains divides them, and they are at least four hours apart. At Megève, I made inquiries about any communication with the Bonhomme, directly across the mountains; and learned from the brother of the innkeeper that there was a pass called the *Portetta*, a mere notch in the mountain not wider than a door, which led from the valley of Haute Luce to Nant Bourant, and also to the little hamlet of Notre Dame de la Gorge. I remembered the latter spot perfectly; and had no doubt that it was to this place the Vaudois had descended, as no other in the valley was in an abyss. As their route over the second mountain was thus described, "A pass cut out of the rock, like a ladder, where twenty men might easily have checked twenty thousand," I felt convinced that this was the course of the Vaudois; and, content with this information, I determined to avoid the Bonhomme, where I had already been—to cross the first mountain, called the Pass-Sion; and descend by the valley of Haute Luce to Beaufort. I procured a mule at Megève, to proceed with Jean, who knew this road perfectly. Whilst the mule was getting ready, I was amused with the tricks of a charlatan, who was bawling to a mob, and from a smart gig, selling, as fast as he could dispense them, very small vials of Eau de Cologne—so asserted to be by him, and pronounced a sovereign remedy for every human ill. He pocketed many twelve sous, the price per bottle, whilst I looked on. His volubility and impudence, necessary requisites for such a character, appeared to have been bestowed upon him in excess.

On starting, we ascended a steep road, high above and upon the brink

of the deep bed of a torrent, one of the affluents of the Arly, then skirting a plain, rich in meadows and corn-fields. We approached what appeared to be a black and barren *cul de sac*. A path, however, led down to a torrent, which we crossed; and thence over and up the loose *detritus* of winter storms. Amidst a few stunted pines, we entered some high pasturages, and reached what seemed to be the crest of the pass. From this point the view, looking back upon the valley of the Arve, near Chede and Mount Blanc, was sublime. Having passed this summit, we saw before us another, which we were obliged to descend, into a basin in the mountain, to arrive at a cross which indicated the actual summit; and we passed, in reaching it, some "deserted huts," such as (and in all probability they were the same) those which Henri Arnaud described as on the summit. This hollow, which we passed, swept in a very steep slope down to the valley of the Arly, which was distinctly seen. Before us, on the crest, were in fact two passes; that on the left led to the upper châteaux of Haute Luce; whilst that to the right, led directly down to the village of Haute Luce and the valley of Beaufort: the latter we took. Clouds and fog obscured the upper valley and our view of a remarkable lake, the lake of Girotta. Immediately after crossing the Col, we descended upon vast pasturages, which thus agreed with Arnaud's account: "On each side of the mountain were some places where cattle are folded, and the *lailages* prepared during the season of Alpine pasturage." They were collecting their cows round the châteaux. Stakes are driven into the ground, to which the cows are tethered by ropes. Here they are milked as soon as they are thus folded, and remain all night so tied to their stakes. At this spot, 160 were attached. We were refreshed with delicious milk at the châteaux.

For some time, our course lay down the slopes of these fine pasturages. We then passed some abrupt and rocky parts of the descent, and entered a pine forest. Clouds had lowered themselves, so as to interrupt a view of the Lake of Girotta, or Haute Luce,—a piece of water in a remarkable situation, high up the side of the opposite mountain. The view up the valley of Luce, to the vast pasturages above it, was very fine. Many hamlets sprinkled

the valley, which is said to be one of the richest in Savoy; its Alps are celebrated for the rearing of cattle, and the production of butter and cheese.

I did not pass through the large village of Haute Luce; but, leaving it on the right, descended to the torrent which flows from the Lake Giroto through the valley—crossed it—and thence continued along its left bank to Beaufort. The river sinks into a deep and black ravine, above which the road passes, in many places at a fearful height. At the extremity of the ravine, where it opens into the valley of the Doron, on a monticule, which appears to cross the pass and forbid the exit of the waters of the Luce, are the ruins of a château, finely situated. In its palmy days, it was twice visited by Henri IV., with some of his gay companions,—Biron, Lesdiguières, D'Epernon, and Rosny, among others. Some memoranda of these visits were made by the curé, and exist in the municipal registers of Beaufort. One note is: "Le jour 10^e d'Octobre, 1600, le Roi Henri de Bourbon, de France et de Navarre, a été ici en grande compagnie de princes et autres gens d'armes. Le jour 11^e, il est allé au Cormet, il faisoit mauvais temps. Le jour 12^e, il est parti conduisant 8000 personnes, ayant fait force des siennes et grandissimes folies." These follies, alluded to by the "bon" curé, tradition says were gallantries of the "mad wags."

The height of the road, when opposite to the ruined château, is nearly level with it. Beaufort, however, is not seen until disclosed by an abrupt turn of the road; when it appears so immediately below, that the observer looks down upon the roofs of the houses. A steep road leads down to the Doron; and there is a choice of two miserable inns, in the rich Bourg de Maxime de Beaufort, which offer their discomforts to travellers. I went, by the advice of Jean, to the Croix Blanche. There was no unoccupied room: the house was full of drunken peasantry, bourgeois, and cattle and cheese-dealers, dignified by the title of *negociants*. The uproar exceeded all that I ever heard in such a situation. I determined to try the other inn. Jean dissuaded me; and the landlord turned out of a dirty narrow room four drunkards, who were prepared at first to shew fight. I would take no part in it; for a victory would have

been only so much dirt and discomfort gained. By entreaty and threats, the room was cleared. Some delicious trout from the Doron served; and fortunately there was enough of these brought to me, for every thing else put on the table required severer hunger than mine to subdue repugnance. The landlady was a fine young woman— independent, as all the rich bourgeois of Beaufort are; but their mode of displaying it was—impudence. I have never seen such a state of society as was presented to me in this secluded little town. I walked out: it was too late; and the old château was too distant to visit. I sought information about it, but could obtain none. I made the acquaintance of one, reputed rich; and recommended, as a cicerone, the son of the syndic, a blustering dirty fellow, with a red riband in his button-hole, and a watch-key as large as a saucer. He knew nothing; but referred to some barren notice of Beaufort in M. de Verneilh's *Statistique* of the Department of Mont Blanc, in which Beaufort was situated during the reign of Napoleon.

Fatigue gave me sleep, in defiance of the noise in the inn; but a fresh party of boisterous wretches roused me at a very early hour. Jean had procured a mule and guide to cross the mountains, from Beaufort to Chapiu and Bonnaval, by Roselant and the Col d'Allée. I have hardly ever left a place with more pleasure, or remained in one for an hour with more disgust. The inhabitants of this capital of the district are reputed rich and independent in Savoy. They are idle, dirty, debauched, and insolent; and these proofs of their independence are offensively exhibited on every occasion in which strangers come in contact with them. Jean Riaul, observing their morning drunkenness, expressed his horror of their character.

On leaving Beaufort, we entered at once into a magnificent defile, almost dark from the exclusion of the sky, by the proximity of the lofty and vast rocks which overhung their bases; between which the torrent contended with the path for the narrow space allotted for both. Some spots in this glen would instantly create an idea of their fitness for deeds of darkness; and one was pointed out by the muleteer where only two months ago, a bourgeois of Beaufort was murdered: the marks of

five or six slugs, close together, were still visible on a rock, which they had struck after piercing their victim, who was evidently shot from a fusée placed close to him. It was some act of revenge, not robbery, for his purse was untouched. The murderer remained undiscovered. A man was then in custody charged with the crime; but the general belief was that he was innocent. Not far beyond this spot the torrent is crossed; and the path difficult, and in many places too dangerous to ride over, for it often passed round the face of the rock: in one place, in particular, called the Portetta, the narrow path, carried to the brink, rose high above even the sound of the torrent, to which the precipice descended perpendicularly. The river below was concealed by the trees which clothed the glen, in many places luxuriantly. The whole course of this wild defile is nowhere surpassed for picturesque grandeur in the Alps. We overtook a party of mountaineers, one old and two young women, going up to the pasturages on the Col d'Allée, with bread, salt, and other necessities, for which they had descended with a mule to Beaufort. One of these was very pretty, and even elegant; she knew it better than any one else—at least, had less doubt about it: but she was a little lame, and her efforts to conceal this led to some coquetish displays of her otherwise fine form.

At the hamlet and saw-mills of Beaubois, where two streams unite, the valley expands. Up the course of the stream, on the left, a path leads directly to the Bonhomme. We turned abruptly to the right, and soon entered another defile, similar to the former; on issuing from it, we saw a fine glacier on the south-western side of Mont Blanc, and soon entered a beautiful little plain of rich pasturages, in which were the châteaux of Rosilant. Here we rested to refresh the mule and ourselves. One of the châteaux hung out a bush, which was rather a sign for *eau de vie* than wine. One loft was fitted up with a table and a couple of sleeping cribs, where, at least, as much comfort was to be had as at Beaufort, for the only tolerable thing there was the fish; and here I observed the boys who tended the flocks, lie flat on the banks over the tranquil stream, which flowed through the plain, and catch several trout by groping in the holes and recesses, where they had sheltered.

The châtlet, where we rested, was kept by a young woman, with her family of five children. She might have been thought pretty, but she was goitred, a defect of which our muletter appeared to be unconscious; for his gallantries to her left me to believe that the morals of the women in the valley of Beaufort were in keeping and character with the sobriety of the men.

The ascent to the plain d'Allée reminded me much of that to the Col du Mont; and this resemblance was increased when the plain of Rosilant was viewed, looking back from the ascent, at this season, when scores of people were busily engaged in the hay harvest. A large grange was in the course of construction at Rosilant, the undertaking of one of the rich proprietors of Beaufort.

The resemblance to the Col du Mont ceased, however, on the summit of this pass; instead of the abrupt crest and glaciated peaks of that place, pasturages extended over the greatest elevation, and the traverse, though steep, was gradual. On looking down to the side of Chapui, the scathed aiguilles of the mountains, which bound the Bonnaval, pointed their black masses to the sky; but it was a long and gradual descent, until we reached the place where Chapui was seen in the valley under us; thence, it became very abrupt and fatiguing. We entered the valley about a quarter of a mile below Chapui; and, as we had no motive for visiting its châteaux, we turned to the right, and pursued our course down the Bonnaval, having, upon entering this valley, again fallen upon the track of the Vaudois. Here we met two chasseurs, who had been, since an early hour, in the mountains. They had only shot a few ptarmigan. We descended through the sterile valley, formerly described, and crossed the torrent at the savage little Pont le Crést.

On my former visit, I did not look upon the Bonnaval and the torrent of the Versoy in connexion with the passage of the Vaudois. Now, I was struck with the description in the *Narrative* of the dangers they encountered in this valley, on the fourth day of their march. There is, however, an error in describing this as the valley of the Isère; the Versoy is one of the affluents of the Isère.

Between Le Crést and the village of Bonnaval, the valley, at its base, is

only a water-course, between the barren and uncultivated taluses, which steeply slope from the mountains on either side. The path down the valley is formed on the talus, above the left bank, and can scarcely be distinguished; it is so narrow and faint a line, and the slope is so great, that the path down to Bonnaval is a bank on one side, and a precipice on the other. The appearance of travellers on this path is truly frightful, and the single-file march of the Vaudois must have presented an extraordinary spectacle. At the village of Bonnaval they crossed a bridge, which they feared would have been destroyed, and their progress thus retarded; it was, in fact, barricaded; but, after a parley, the obstructions were removed, under a threat, by the Vaudois, that they would burn the village if they were opposed; and they then continued their course on the steep and narrow road which overhung the right bank of the Versoy, which foamed and murmured through its deep bed below. Enormous precipices on its left, rose perpendicularly to a vast height above the path; on the other side, that which was pursued by the Vaudois, the path was in many places so narrow and dangerous, that fifty determined men might have utterly prevented their passage. They, however, proceeded safely, and turned through the village of Châtelard; whence a short, but steep descent, led them to the Val Isère; where, turning to the left, at the distance of little more than a mile, they would reach Scez.

We turned to the right, and soon reached my old quarters, at Bourg St. Maurice, chez Mayet.

In the morning, I parted with Jean Riant, a worthy and excellent guide—who may be found by future travellers at St. Martin's, near Salenches,—as Jean proposed to return by the Bonhomme, to which there is a direct path by Chapiu. I wrote, to any *Englishman*, a request that he would forward to my address such information as Jean, in his return through the Val Mont Joie, might be able to procure, relative to the points of descent from the *Portetta*, either upon Nant Bourant, or Notre Dame de la Gorge.*

I engaged my former guide, the younger Mayet, to accompany me again to La Val, and, if necessary, across the Iséran to the Mont Cenis, a journey beyond the Val de Tignes, which he had not made, and therefore was delighted at the idea of such an excursion. He was soon ready, and we started for Scez. Here, since my former visit, two years ago, a fine stone arch was being thrown across the torrent of the Reclus, which had often destroyed structures of less firmness than they were now determined to build against its fury. We soon entered Scez, where the Vaudois passed without interruption, though the alarm-bells had been rung, and the people taken up arms. They even encamped, on the fourth evening, in the immediate neighbourhood of Scez, where they obtained provisions, and such quantities of bread, that the inhabitants, after having sold it, found that enough was not left for themselves, and repurchased it from the Vaudois.

We proceeded by the meadows towards St. Foi; and at the entrance to the defile, which bears the name of the Val de Tignes, crossed the torrent which descends from the Col du Mont. The view of the entrance to the valley, from this spot, is one of the finest in Savoy; from a little chapel on the other side of the bridge, the road, or path, winds steeply up the hill to St. Foi; the spire of this village appearing over the woods. The only road up the valley is on the side of St. Foi; on the other, the steep sides preclude the formation of one. On the opposite side of the river to St. Foi, is the church and village of Villar Rougy, situated on a fine brow, or terrace; beyond and above, are the lofty mountains, which form, at their bases, the left boundary to the Isère; and among them, that magnificent mountain, which I still think the most beautiful in form that I have ever seen, the Pesey, or, as it is called in the map accompanying the Austrian and Piedmontese measurements across the Alps, the Chaffre-Quarre; but these are two of a dozen names by which it is called, scarcely two persons agreeing to name it alike.

Henri Arnaud mentions Villar Rougy as a place at which they arrived, much

* This letter reached me in England, but the information obtained upon the spot was incomplete; it stated the descent to Nant Bourant, but this I ultimately found to be not the path of the Vaudois.

further up the valley. This name must have been confounded with some other place, because the Vaudois could not have passed on that side of the river where Villar Rougy is situated; whilst places through which they must have passed, are omitted by him, as La Tuille, and Brenières, or Baveira, La Gure is a village below the Chaffe-Quarre, not in the line of road of the Vaudois, but seen from it across the deep ravine of the Isère; it has been more than once destroyed by masses of the glaciers and rocks which have fallen and overwhelmed it, but the danger is defied, for the sake of the little land which the terrace affords: the glaciers, which sweep down from the peaks, spread over every place upon which they can rest, and fill every rift in the sides of the mountain. The melting of the snows and ice is poured out from these fissures, and the rocky base below the glaciers is streaked with numerous cataracts, foaming hundreds of feet down to the terrace of La Gure, where they accumulate, and, finding a channel to the ravine of the Isère, rush over the opposite rocks, into the gulf below. The outline, from the Chaffe-Quarre to the Isèran, is an almost unbroken line of glaciers and snow; and far below the station of the observer of this scene, an opening in the ravine, up the valley, discloses its depth and terrors.

I had no time to revisit the curé of St. Foi, nor inquire after Philip Chénard, a former guide from St. Foi, but proceeded along the lofty, wild path which overhangs the Isère, and leads, by La Tuille—which, since the fire, which destroyed it, has been entirely rebuilt, scarcely a trace of the catastrophe remaining,—to Brenières. Clouds overhung some of the mountains on my former visit, and concealed a scene which could never have been forgotten, if once observed; and I had no recollection of the glaciers above the village of La Gure, which is seen across the deep and terrific ravine of the Isère, on a terrace immediately below that vast and many-named mountain, the Chaffe-Quarre.

From opposite to La Gure, the road is carried still higher up the mountain-side, before it descends, at a more convenient spot, into the ravine. Here are some of the horrors of the passage; a fragile bridge crosses a torrent, which descends from the left, beneath enor-

mous masses of rock. Here the progress of the Vaudois might have been checked by a few men; but they encountered only natural obstacles. A little beyond, the valley widens into a little plain, in which is situated the village of Brenières. Here the Isère is crossed, and the road is carried through that wild and difficult pass formerly mentioned. In the most dangerous spot, attempts had been made to render it more secure, by removing the rotten trees, and throwing fresh ones into the crevices of the rocks, to support the stones heaped above. The neighbouring communes have too little intercourse, or too little public spirit, to establish a more secure structure in this dangerous place, where the path, if it can be called one, overhangs a gorge as deep and even narrower than the course of the Isère, opposite to La Gure. Again the valley widens, and presents the largest of the little fertile plains which are so remarkably alternated with gorges, in the course of the Isère, in the Upper Tarentaise. In this plain is the chief place of the commune, Tignes; and the approach to it, on issuing from the ravine and forest below, is very wild and striking. Here the Vaudois rested on the fifth night, encamped in the meadow, in which they made a large fire.

Directly opposite to Tignes is a valley, by which one may pass from this village over the Col de Large, to Entre-deux-Eaux, in seven hours. On leaving the plain of Tignes, a steep path leads again up the mountain side, through a forest, to pass another of those ravines which separates the plain of Tignes from that of La Val, the most elevated parish of the Val Isère. In the last forest, the trees are, from their elevation, stunted and decayed, and add a more sterile and savage character to this secluded spot; the rocks are more bare, are thrown about in wilder disorder, and the fury of the torrent in winter leaves more memorials. Rocks of enormous height, bare even of lichen, fearfully overhang the path, and thousands of fallen masses and *detritus*, prove their constant detachment, by frost and other causes, from the mountains above. Within a very short distance, three alpine bridges are thrown across the torrent, that places of the greatest danger may be avoided, by crossing to the other side. In the plain of La Val, a little barley

is raised, but the miserable crops are scarcely worth collecting. La Val is the highest church village in the valley. At its miserable inn I was instantly recognised by the little pig-tailed *aubergiste*. His dirty wife was in the fields, collecting the hay; and, until her return, nothing could be obtained, or arrangements made about sleeping; a noisy set of revellers in sour wine, were in possession of my former dormitory, and they did not choose to start without higher authority than that of the little pretender to mastery in his own house. I walked about the village, and sketched. On looking up to the enormous glaciers of the Isèran, I saw, with much pleasure, the spot to which I had climbed, by the Galesè. A notch in the peaks above it marked the summit of the grand colureit, whence I had looked down upon the Val Isère, and the mountains of Savoy mentioned in my former excursion.

With the last load of hay came the landlady, who seemed much pleased that I had returned to their village. She soon cleared my den; for which I believe the drunken maledictions of the inmates were poured out upon me; and I prepared myself, fully aware of my destiny, to be sacrificed, as before, to the fleas. Fortunately, there was no meat in the village, and I escaped the cookery of mine hostess. Upon some eggs, *racotta* (curds), and a caraffe of the best wine, I fared sumptuously.

In the pass between Tignes and La Val, we had overtaken a young man who was on his way to cross the Galesè, and go by the Val Forno to Lanzo. He was an itinerant tinman, who, with a few kettles and cups as a stock, when he starts, and jobbing by the way, picks up a living; thus wandering from valley to valley, in such wild, fatiguing, and dangerous districts. He ascended to some châteaux to rest for the night, and shorten his day's journey across the Galesè.

La Val is situated at the foot of the pass of the Mont Isèran, which leads to Bonnaval, in the valley of the Arc. In the course of the Vaudois up the valley of Tignes, from St. Foi to La Val, many errors occur in the names of the villages in the *Narrative*, but none in the description of the places in which they are situated, except Villar Rougy, which is situated at the entrance, and on the side opposite to

the only course they could take up the valley. Their route through the Val de Tignes is thus described:—

“They soon entered a valley, narrowly compressed by mountains, bearing forests of thick and lofty trees, and abounding in passes (places?), which might easily have been obstructed; for the removal of the beams which were suspended over the little river which watered it, would have rendered it impossible for our people to proceed. We arrived, however, in safety at Villar Rougy (La Tuille?), where the avant-guard made prisoners a curé and some peasants. As they escaped from this horrible valley, many of the inhabitants were observed, who had deserted their houses, and retreated to the opposite side of the river. At Entigne (Brenières?), a village situated in a plain surrounded by mountains, no one was to be seen, excepting on the heights, and armed. A detachment was ordered to pursue those under arms; and a Frenchman, who had loitered behind, was wounded. In the evening, our Vaudois made a large fire in a meadow, near a village called Laval (Tignes?), and passed the night there. They found provisions in some deserted houses, and the chief of the village treated the officers; and here, at the end of eight days and nights, passed almost without food or sleep, M. Arnaud and his colleague, M. Montoux, supped, and lay down on beds for three hours; and truly can they say that never was repast or repose more sweet to them. On the morning of Thursday the 22d, the Vaudois passed through the little town of Tigne (La Val?), where they demanded the repayment of the money which had been there taken from the two spies, of whom we made former mention. The inhabitants were, indeed, well pleased to escape on making this simple restitution, for they had expected exemplary punishment. At this place, many of the hostages were released; and as some others had escaped, it was thought prudent to replace them by two priests and an advocate. After this, they began to ascend the mountain of La Maurienne, sometimes called Tisseran, instead of Mont Isèran, whence the river Isère derives its name.”

Still higher up the valley, nearer the glaciers of the Isèran, but very little elevated above La Val, is the hamlet of Forno; whence, as there is no church, they could not have taken two priests and an advocate. Nor would they pass through Forno, the path to the Isèran turning off to the right, before that commune is reached. The

number of the villages mentioned in the *Narrative*, the character of their localities, and fitness for the events connected with them, leave no doubt that, corrected by the names in parentheses, the errors are here explained.

As my young guide, Philip Mayat, had not crossed the Isèran, and as I could not trust my memory to climb a trackless mountain, I induced the *aubergiste*, for the small consideration of forty sous, to ascend with us to the summit. Again I enjoyed the magnificent views of the surrounding mountains, particularly towards that which separates the Val Isère from the Val d'Aosta, by the Col de Rhiemy, one enormous sheet of glacier appeared to cover its surface. The ground was covered with a greater profusion of flowers than on my former passage; myriads of heartsease, highly scented, gentianella, sassafrage, and carlina, the glacialis ranuncalis, and other alpine flowers, overspread the ground, even to the crest of the pass. There were other crosses since my last visit: one of a murder; another, of a poor soldier, found dead from cold and exhaustion. From the summit, all the glories of the chain of the Rochemelon were spread out before me, and offered an unrivalled assemblage of peaks, and snows, and glaciers. The weather had been so unusually dry this season, that the high pasturages of the Isère and the Arc did not afford food enough for the flocks and cattle; they had all been led down to the lower pasturages of Barthelemy, where the hay is collected for winter store, and were making fearful inroads upon the stock which they would, at that season, require. When the Vaudois reached these pasturages, "the shepherds, instead of running away, regaled our travellers," and informed them of the dangers which awaited them, from armed forces on the Mont Cenis.

I was, even more than on my first passage, struck with the sublime gorge which separates the upper from the lower pasturages, and whilst all its grand objects formed the foreground to the scene, a storm suddenly burst upon the peaks and glaciers, which were seen through the gorge, and on the opposite side of the valley of the Arc, it was magnificent. We descended to the plain of the lower pasturages; and at its extremity, where the descent is made directly into the valley of the

Arc, we were overtaken by the inn-keeper of Bonneval, who persuaded us to rest and refresh at his house. It was not that at which I before stopped; he called himself the *aubergiste*, but the filth and fumes of his den entitled him, with more propriety, to take the title of swineherd of Bonneval. He was a robust and powerful man, had a perfect knowledge of the surrounding mountains, and offered to be my guide on some future occasion. He had last week crossed the Col de Girard, which connects the head of the valley of the Arc with the Val de Forno; he was accompanied by the two sons of the English ambassador at Turin; they had reached the summit in four hours from Bonneval, and descended in two, to the hamlet of Gros Cavallo, a *mauvaise gîte*. What must it have been to be so designated by the *aubergiste* of Bonneval? He blamed the young travellers for starting so late in the day, 2 o'clock P.M., as it prevented their getting lower down the Val Forno, than Gros Cavallo. It is probable that the sight of his den at Bonneval had influenced their departure, to avoid resting there.

About two hours below Bonneval, we reached Bessans. I inquired after the worthy Syndic Garinot; he was from home. At Bessans (Besas in the *Narrative*), Arnaud says,

"They were prepared to encounter the vilest rabble under heaven. When they arrived there, they found the inhabitants extreme in arrogance and menaces, inasmuch that, by their insolence, they compelled the Vaudois to take vengeance; which they did, by carrying off some mules, the curé, the castellan, and six peasants, who, by way of disgrace, were bound. On getting out of this place, they crossed the river, and encamped for the night, without shelter, near a small deserted village, in a drenching rain."

A change of weather threatened us, and we pushed on across the ridge which divides the communes of Bessans and Lans-Villiard. Here there was a short cut into the new road, up the Mont Cenis; but we could not get on the track; we inquired, and the man modestly required three francs for the information! He would have given to us his trouble in walking half a mile to put us in the way, without making any extra charge!! We soon reached it, without his assistance. Philip went on, by short cuts, across the tour-

niquets, and reached the post-house long before me. I rode on the road, and some time before I reached the *barrière* on the summit, violent rain fell; and when I arrived at the old post-house, Madame Françoise Bock's

kind attentions were most welcome. I was soon dried from the storm; my hunger was sumptuously satisfied, after two days' privation; and I rested in an excellent bed, from the fatigue of my journey.

THE LAND OF PERJURY AND MURDER.

Two islands immediately adjoin each other, on the western coast of the European Continent. They are united under the same government, live under the same laws, and enjoy the same free constitution. Yet, although only separated by a narrow channel, there exists between them, in one respect, the most fearful discrepancy. The one is the land of peace, security, and order; the other of outrage, perjury, and assassination. To account for this contrast, a variety of pleas are set up; but the real cause, however men may endeavour to shut their eyes to it, is sufficiently obvious. It is nothing else than **POVERTY**.

When we allege so vast a difference between the two countries, we have no wish to forget the fact, that outrages of this kind are but too common in England itself. Smugglers, poachers, and profligates, exist, unhappily, in both countries. It is not even on the greater amount of murder perpetrated in Ireland, that we would dwell,—though we believe that there are single counties in the sister kingdom which might weigh down, in their annual calendars of crime, the aggregate of the whole realm of England! What we would refer to is, not a comparison of numerical amount, but of national participation. It is not that one hundred assassinations occur in the smaller island, for twenty in the larger. It is, that the one hundred in Ireland have ten thousand sharers and participators, while the twenty in England are perpetrated by some thirty or forty wretches, who are abhorred by the whole community beside. This it is that constitutes the leading feature of the case; and it is to the consideration of this that we now wish to draw our readers' attention.

That attention has already been arrested, by the recent fact of Lord Norbury's murder. But it is desirable that a connected statement of the leading particulars of that assassination should now be given, with all those

various circumstances which complete the picture; but which have only yet been given in the scattered notices of the daily journals.

Let us first hear the testimony of Lord Oxmantown,—the "liberal" lord-lieutenant, appointed by Lord Grey; and who, from his own knowledge of the facts, personally describes the murdered nobleman.

After adverting to Lord Norbury's coming into possession of Durrow Abbey, Lord Oxmantown proceeds to speak of his conduct to his tenants:—

"Lord Norbury, by a large expenditure, and repeated acts of profuse generosity, raised their condition to a state of comfortable independence. He was in the act of building there a splendid mansion, to be the permanent residence of his family, and, consequently the centre of a great expenditure. He employed a large proportion of the surrounding peasantry, conferring upon them all the advantages which accrue from the residence of an extensive landed proprietor. Go where you may, you hear but one opinion of him; all classes unite in conferring this just tribute of praise—that a better landlord, a more charitable man, and a more excellent country gentleman, could not have existed. Should I add (it is, perhaps, right that I should), he never interfered in politics?"

That this is no exaggerated view of the character of the murdered nobleman, is proved by the admissions of the *Morning Chronicle* itself. That ministerial print admits, that—

"It is allowed on all hands that Lord Norbury was a kind man, and, for an Irish landlord, a good one. It is singular, that on the evening before his death he had a conversation with Lord Charleville, in the course of which he observed, that their two estates were an exception to the disgraceful state in which Irish estates were, and spoke with great kindness of his tenantry, every one of whom he wished to see in a slated house. He reposed the utmost confidence in the kind feelings of his tenantry towards him, and considered himself perfectly safe among them."—*Morn. Chron.* Jan. 14.

Such is the man who is deliberately murdered, in open day, in the midst of his own grounds, without his having made an enemy;—without its being possible to surmise any personal animosity felt towards him by any human being! It will be confessed at once, that there is something so strange, so startling, so mysterious, in such a circumstance, as to rivet the mind to the fact, with an earnest desire to find out, if possible, the true solution of this mystery.

But the moment we begin to look around, in order to discover, if possible, some fact tending to cast additional light on this mysterious question, we immediately perceive circumstances which immensely increase the horror and alarm which are connected with the case. *The Morning Chronicle* itself is obliged to admit the existence of these circumstances. It says,

“And yet it does seem singular that his lordship should be assassinated in open day, near his own house, and that no one of the tenants should secure the assassin. It is difficult to suppose that, if so disposed, they could not have arrested the murderer.”

Ay! it is difficult—nay, it is impossible! But there are other circumstances which go to establish the fact, that this nobleman—living among, benefiting, and desiring to benefit, his tenantry—was murdered with the full concurrence and consent of that very population who knew him only as their benefactor!

Lord Charleville thus alludes to this part of the case:

“My lamented friend, not very distant from his own house,—near one of his lodges, with forty or fifty of the peasantry whom he loved and in whom he confided within sight of the spot,—was barbarously murdered, and no attempt was made at seizing the assassin. I may be told, because the steward who attended my friend gave no alarm, that, possessed with terror, deprived of reason by the horrid sight he had seen, he did not tell the people returning from a funeral that his lord was butchered, and, consequently, that they were in ignorance of the fact. Would to God I could plead ignorance for them; but no, my lord, I have it in evidence, that, though the steward made no communication to them—though the steward raised no alarm—strange as it may appear, they were informed of the murder. Two persons approached the

lodge gate, addressed themselves to the women there, and asked the astounding question, whether Lord Norbury was not shot?”

“The news reached me when I was at dinner: I ordered my vehicle, and drove to the avenue; and how was I met in this town? A crowd of persons assembled around the inn: they met with yells and groans of disapprobation. Did that effect me? No: I may try to deserve their good opinion, but I have never sought or courted their applause. I have attempted to shew them that I love this country,—that I was attached to the people of this country,—that I was determined to the utmost extent of my means to give employment and protection to the people, and reside among them. That an idle mob should hoot me or not, is a matter that affects me not; for neither in myself nor to others could it inspire but one feeling—an appeal to Almighty God to turn their hearts, to soften them, and to forgive them their crimes. The groans were followed by cries of ‘He is dead! he is dead!’ A savage yell of exultation followed: I passed on my way, and till I was beyond the reach of their voices, those savage men continued to repeat these words. It is a grievous reflection to think how demoralised, how brutalised the peasantry must have become, when a crime of that fearful enormity could be committed, and that men were found to exult and glory in the deed.”

Here, then, is the second branch of this appalling subject. A nobleman who had conferred nothing but benefits on his dependents—who was still conferring and increasing those benefits—and whose object and desire it was to see them all raised to comfortable circumstances—is murdered in broad daylight, in cold blood. This is dreadful enough; but it is still worse to see it clearly proved that the crime was not that of an individual, but was shared in by the whole population, whose natural feelings should have been those of love and attachment to their benefactor.

But we must go on to search for the cause of this atrocity. This question seems to bewilder both these noble lords. Lord Charleville confesses “the confusion of his mind.” Lord Oxmantown attributes the crime to “an extensive conspiracy to wrest the property from the landed proprietors.” Now this hypothesis is not very far from the mark; but yet it does not entirely describe the real state of the case.

The truth, however, is not far to seek.

* The priests have endeavoured to get rid of this terrible fact, by making the woman contradict herself by affidavit! This is just what might have been expected,

Any one who has taken the trouble to observe O'Connell's proceedings for the last seven years, must have the leading facts of the case in his memory. What has been the drift of his multitudinous speeches, letters, and other productions, during all that time? What have been the leading ideas constantly presented to the minds of his blinded followers in all those addresses? Unquestionably, these two:—that "the Saxon," "the Sassenach," was an intruder, an oppressor, a natural enemy; one whom it would be a virtuous and a patriotic act to expel, by either force or fraud, as opportunity might offer: and next, that the Protestant church—the church of the intruders and oppressors—was accursed of God, and a thing which it would be a deed of religious merit to crush and destroy.

These are the two ideas, which, amidst a crowd of lighter and momentary topics, have furnished the staple of Mr. O'Connell's inflammatory addresses for the last seven years. And the natural fruit of these atrocious lessons is now beginning to appear. The two classes, the landed proprietors and the heretic parsons, are each being dealt with according to these views. O'Connell, then, as the main producer of the empoisoned state of the peasant mind of Ireland, is the author of this murderous deed; and the peasantry, his dupes and his slaves, are the instruments. But there has been another agency at work, without whose concurrence and assistance even the power and energy of O'Connell himself would have failed. We speak of the ROMISH PRIESTHOOD IN IRELAND. Lord Oxmantown hastily touches this point, but passes too rapidly from it. He says,

"How, then, has it occurred that, in a period so short, a change so great should have taken place in the morals of the peasantry? Were you told, gentlemen, that such a change had taken place in England, should you not at once say that the Protestant clergy there, the advisers and instructors of the people, must be very much to blame? And can we hesitate for a moment in applying the same rule to Ireland, where the influence of the Catholic clergy over their flock, whether for good or for evil, is so much greater? And can we hesitate in affirming, that they are deeply responsible for this deplorable state of things?"

Yes, they are deeply responsible; but it is not a merely vague and general

responsibility. It is not merely that the peasantry commit crimes, and the priests must, in a cursory way, bear some of the blame. The fact is, that these crimes are connived at, and *more than connived at*, by the priesthood, because the growth of a resident-landlord influence would be an obstacle in the way of the prospect which now opens before them, of becoming, through their influence over the peasantry, the sole lords and possessors of Ireland!

Let us at once grapple with this question. The *Morning Chronicle* tells us, that

"The Catholic clergy, unmoved from the paths of public virtue by the unfounded slanders of Lord Oxmantown, are busy, day and night, in endeavouring to bring to light the whole of this mysterious affair. These are the men whose influence mainly preserves any order or quiet among a peasantry subject to the tender mercies of such landlords and magistrates as those whose factious proceedings we now deplore, and these are the men whom Lord Oxmantown has thought it prudent at such a moment to revile."

Now, we meet this assertion by a distinct denial of its truth, and shall contend, on the other hand,

1. That the priests know well enough who was the murderer of Lord Norbury, and who were his assistants; and, in all probability, knew the whole plot long before the murder was committed.
2. That it was in their power to have prevented this, and all similar assassinations, if it had suited their purpose so to do.

We say, first, that some of the Romish priests of that neighbourhood are well acquainted with all the circumstances of the murder; and were, in all probability, acquainted with the conspiracy before the crime was committed.

We ground this assumption mainly on the practice of confession and absolution, as practised among the Papists in Ireland. This practice is universal: in fact, the most relied on and used by such persons as these conspirators. A scheme for murdering such a man as Lord Norbury was not concocted in a few hours. It had been entertained, in more minds than one, for weeks before its execution. In such an undertaking, too, so evidently accompanied by danger, no Papist would engage without having first settled his soul's affairs, by confession and absolution. This course would be resorted to without the

slightest fear of the intention's transpiring. In fact, even had not the assassin speculated on the half-approval of the priest, it is a current belief with the peasants that the very memory of confessions heard passes away from the priest on his leaving the confessional. But we shall not rest this point on our own suppositions. We call, as an unquestionable witness, Mr. Nolan, who was formerly himself a priest, and who thus describes similar events in his own official course :—

" During the last three years I discharged the duty of a Romish clergyman, my heart often shuddered at the idea of entering the confessional. The thoughts of the many crimes I had to hear—the growing doubt upon my mind, that confession was an erroneous doctrine—that it tended more to harden than reclaim the heart, and that through it I should be rendered instrumental in administering destruction to your soul, were awful considerations to me in the hours of my reflection. The recitals of the murderous acts I had often heard through this iniquitous tribunal, had cost me many a restless night, and are still fixed with horror upon my memory. But, my friends, the most awful of all considerations is this, that through the confessional I had been frequently apprised of intended assassinations and most diabolical conspiracies; and still, from the ungodly injunctions of secrecy in the Romish creed, lest, as Peter Dens says, the confessional should become odious, I dared not give the slightest intimation to the marked-out victims of slaughter. But though my heart now trembles at my recollection of the murderous acts, still duty obliges me to proceed, and enumerate one or two instances of the cases alluded to.

" The first is the case of a person who was barbarously murdered, and with whose intended assassination I became acquainted at confession. One of the five conspirators (all of whom were sworn to commit the horrid deed) broached to me the bloody conspiracy in the confessional. I implored him to desist from his intention of becoming an accomplice to so diabolical a design. But, alas! all advice was useless: no dissuasion could prevail, his determination was fixed; and his only reason for having disclosed the awful machination to his confessor, seemed to have originated from a hope, that his wicked design would be hallowed by his previous acknowledgment of it to his priest. Finding all my remonstrance unavailing, I then recurred to stratagem. I earnestly besought of him to mention the circumstance to me out of the con-

fessional, in order that I might apprise the intended victim of his danger, or caution the conspirators against the commission of so inhuman a deed. But here ingenuity itself failed, in arresting the career of his satanic obstinacy. The conspirator's illegal oath, and his apprehension of himself becoming the victim of brutal assassination, should he be known as the revealer of the conspiracy, rendered him inflexible to my entreaties; and, awful to relate—yes, awful, and the hand that now pens it shudders at the record it makes—a poor, inoffensive man, the victim of slaughter, died a most cruel death by the hand of ruthless assassins. Oh! my dear Protestant countrymen, you will now naturally ask, whether am I, or the perpetrators of the bloody deed, most to be censured? I, who knew the murderers and the murdered previous to the act—I, who had met the intended victim of slaughter in the public streets but a short time antecedent to his death. But, my friends, the prejudices of my early life in favour of the doctrine of auricular confession, and the influence of subsequent education, instilling into my mind the inviolability of that iniquitous tribunal, must plead before my God and the public, as my only apology for the concealment of the diabolical conspiracy. And now, you Romish priests, I ask you, could the Lord Jesus institute a doctrine so monstrous in its practice, and so subversive of the principles of humanity?—a doctrine that beholds the dagger pointed at the human heart, but hushes the warning voice that would apprise the devoted victim of his danger? I must now proceed with the recital of another case, more revolting to humanity than even the former one. It is that of a female administering poison to her parent. Her first attempt at parricide proved ineffectual, owing to an immediate retching that seized the parent after taking the draught. The perpetrator of this foul deed afterward came to confession, and acknowledged her guilt; but circumstances proved that she only sought for priestly absolution, to ease her mind and prepare her for a speedy repetition of the heinous crime. Again she attempted the act; and it proved successful. I was called on to attend the dying parent. The unnatural throes and convulsive agonies of the unfortunate man, convinced me that the disease was of no ordinary nature. The previous confession of his daughter, who at this time made her appearance, rushed upon my mind, and suggested that the parent was a second time poisoned. From what I had known through the confessional, I could not even hint at the propriety of sending for medical attendance; for the Romish doc-

trine impressed an inviolable secrecy upon my lips, and prevented my giving the slightest intimation of the malady : whilst the poor parent, unconscious of the cause of his death, died in the most excruciating agonies of which humanity can form a conception. Oh, monstrous system of confession ! Will you dare any longer to ascribe your origin to the Great Eternal, and thus affix to nature's God the blasphemy of your tenets ? Oh, thou iniquitous tribunal !—thou cloak of crimes—thou abettor of wickedness—thou brutal murderer ! A child attempts the most diabolical act against a parent, but thou, by presuming to erase the past transgressions, only encouragest to a repetition of the crime. A parent suffers the most agonising tortures, and dies in the most excruciating pains, from poison administered by an unnatural daughter, but thou, polluted tribunal ! wilt not allow the priest acquainted with the circumstance to disclose the cause of this heart-rending death. Oh, my Roman Catholic countrymen ! why not awaken from your lethargic slumbers—why not arise from the mystic spells that bind you, and cast off that unnatural yoke, which would dare to unite your God in an unholy alliance with such monkish blasphemy ? Should any unacquainted with Romanism question the veracity of these statements, let him consult history, and he will find many similar facts. Did not the Romish priest, the Rev. Mr. Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits, justify his concealment of the gunpowder plot, on the pretext of its being revealed to him at confession ? Did not Father D'Aubigny, the French Jesuit, put forward a similar plea of justification for concealment, when the assassin Ravillac (that stabbed Henry IV.) in 1610, acknowledged to him in the confessional his plan of regicidal murder ? But why need I refer to such circumstances, as every priest, who has acted in the capacity of a confessor, must admit the fact of similar cases frequently coming before him at the confessional ? *

Surely, then, as far as any case can be established upon presumptive evidence alone, it must be allowed to be all but certain that the priests,—whom the *Morning Chronicle* describes as so diligently seeking for the murderer,—have long ago known both all the parties, and all the circumstances ; and, in all probability, knew both long before the deed was perpetrated.

But we go further, and we say that these same priests might—if it had not

rather suited their purpose to have the resident landlords chased away—have prevented both this assassination, and hundreds of others which have taken place in the course of the last seven years.

In fact, this necessarily follows from our first conclusion. To know of an intended murder beforehand, is to possess the means of preventing it. Even granting that the priest is not at liberty instantly to go and lay informations against the parties contemplating such a deed, still, what a variety of ways suggest themselves, in which, without revealing the confession, the victim might be removed, or the assassin's arm stayed.

But we take a larger view. What becomes of the murderers after the deed is done ? Surely the priests should be compelled to answer that question. If any just example were made of them,—if any fearful penance were inflicted,—if any thing else, in fact, except absolute and complete impunity followed, would not some effectual check be put to these enormities ?

Lord Lorton has been obliged to declare, that the next time an assassination is committed on his property, and the assassin concealed by the inhabitants, he will at once clear all the tenants off the land. This threat has operated in a most salutary manner. But the priests have a far more powerful machinery than Lord Lorton's. We remember, in one case, that a priest in Mayo, who had made some new demand upon his people, which they refused to comply with, placed the whole parish under an interdict for six months, refusing to christen their children or church the mothers, or otherwise administer the rites of the church, till the recusants submitted. If the priests in Lord Norbury's vicinity really were ignorant of the assassin, and wished to discover him, a similar course would furnish them with his name in less than twenty-four hours.

But the whole is a system of delusion, of hypocrisy—of *murderous* hypocrisy. Lord Oxmantown goes on to describe another feature in this deplorable picture :—

" You have all, I am sure, observed, in the discharge of your magisterial duties, whether at petty sessions, or at

* Nolan's " Third Letter," p. 18-21.

quarter sessions, that the crime of deliberate perjury has become one of continual occurrence. From my own observation, fortified by the concurring testimony of numerous magistrates to whom I have spoken on the subject, I am convinced that the crime of deliberate perjury has been committed at least twice for every three cases that have been heard, and that I am under the mark very greatly in making this statement. On this subject there can be no mistake—of course it is difficult to say on which side the false swearing has taken place; but, where two persons perfectly cognisant of a fact swear in direct contradiction, there can be no doubt but wilful and corrupt perjury has been committed by some one. Again, in every civilised country the crime of assassination has been viewed with the greatest abhorrence; the cowardly assassin has been stigmatised as the basest of his race, and held up to execration; all join in the most strenuous efforts to bring him to justice. Is it so now in this country, I ask you, gentlemen? Do you not all know that here the assassin finds in every peasant his protector—in every cottage a place of concealment; and that if he is brought to justice it is generally by the strenuous exertions of the magistracy and police, extorting by ingenious devices from unwilling witnesses perhaps some trifling fact, which at length leads to the detection of the parties. Can there be conceived any proofs more conclusive than these simple facts of my assertion, that the peasantry are rapidly sinking into a state of the most fearful demoralisation? I ask you, gentlemen, to look for a parallel for this amongst the nations of the world. I do not mean to confine your researches to the civilised world; take any quarter of the globe. Does the Turk set at naught his solemn pledge upon the Koran? Does he foster the cowardly assassin? In the Hindoo, do we find a similar picture of depravity? Why, there is not a greater contrast between virtue and vice than between the poor unchristian Hindoo and the depraved Irish peasant of the present day. Does the wandering Arab, who knows no law but the law of nature, so act? No, his reason tells him to be just and merciful, and he is so. Gentlemen, it is a very sad picture which it has been my duty to lay before you, but it is a faithful one; and it necessarily raises the question, How does it happen that the Irish peasant, enjoying the inestimable advantages of living within the pale of Christianity, should pollute himself with crimes unknown even among the semi-barbarous nations?"

How does it happen? It happens

because it is a maxim with the Romish church that *oaths, the keeping of which may prejudice the interests of the church, are not to be kept*; a maxim now undisguisedly taught in the class-books of Maynooth, and universally practised by the priests throughout Ireland. In fact, the practise of concealing and saving the murderer from punishment, necessarily involves the crime of perjury. One of the Scripture readers of Achill was lately put to death, and the man-slayer tried before a Popish jury. He was, of course, acquitted by that jury; for, had not Mac Hale declared, at his late visitation, that if there was one place under heaven more hateful to God than another, it was the missionary settlement at Achill?

But what is the rational—the *English* conclusion, from all this? Clearly it is this, that, instead of falsely describing the priests of Ireland, as Lord Glenelg did when chief secretary, as "a most excellent and deserving body of men;" or, as the *Chronicle* now depicts them, as the men whose influence alone "preserves any order or quiet among the peasantry,"—instead of thus deceiving ourselves and the country, let us speak the truth, and say, that Popery is the grand, the vital mischief in Ireland; and that the priests are unquestionably cognizant of, and justly answerable for, the greater part of the perjury, assassination, and outrage, which is so rapidly reducing that fine country, and noble people, to a level below the Caffre, or the Malay.

Even while we are writing, the *Chronicle* is daily struggling to release the priests from the pillory in which Lord Oxmantown had placed them. But on what does their vindication rest? Always upon either *their own* assertions, or the evidence of some miserable instrument put forward by them!

But are we to forget the recorded and established facts of the Archibald Sly and "Father Burke" cases, neither of which is yet two years past?

In the first of these, which occurred at Carlow assizes, about two years since, a respectable Protestant farmer was put upon his trial for wilful murder. No fewer than four distinct witnesses swore to facts, either of which, if believed, must have brought him to the gallows; yet the jury, under Baron Smith's direction, and without retiring, acquitted the prisoner,—thereby declaring their belief that every one

of these witnesses *was* perjured ! One or more of them were afterwards indicted and convicted of this very perjury, on the clearest possible evidence, and sentenced to transportation ! And the principal among them admitted, that his informing against Archibald Sly, *arose out of his confession to his priest*. In the other case, that of Priest Burke, who is now, we believe, expiating his crime in prison, "one of the functionaries of the law was levying for a simple debt. But he was obnoxious to the Papists, because he often levied for tithes also. Therefore a scuffle arose ; a pistol, which the assailant tries to wrest from him, goes off in the struggle, and the obstructor gets killed. *All this the priest knew ; and yet, knowing it all, this minister of religion sets to work, by suppressing evidence, and distorting facts, to get an innocent man hanged for murder !*"*

Here are two tolerable examples of

"the eminent virtues of that greatly maligned but eminently useful body—the Catholic priesthood of Ireland !" The *Chronicle* assures that they "are busy, day and night, in endeavouring to bring to light the whole of this mysterious affair." We again repeat, that if they really had any such desire, nothing would be more easy for them, than, in a single morning, to "bring the whole of it to light." But except it can be so contrived as to cast, as in Archibald Sly's case, the blame upon some obnoxious Protestant, and by a whole array of perjured witnesses, to sacrifice another "heretic," we will answer for it that we shall never be the better for the efforts of these pious personages. Meanwhile, however, the depravation of the minds of the people goes on ; and the land becomes, even within sight of England itself, a perfect abomination in the sight of Heaven.

* *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1836, p. 519.

THE LUDDITE'S SISTER.

"Tis the Luddite's sister," said the individual of whom my friend asked the question; and he turned as he spoke, with a heavy sigh and tearful gaze, to watch the progress of the unostentatious funeral, as with its long train of real mourners, albeit unclad in the garb so often the mockery of wo, it wound slowly down the hill towards the last quiet resting-place, the peaceful home where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet"

slept.

"Ah, poor Mary! thee didna deserve so hard a fate," continued the villager, in the broad dialect of his county, Derbyshire.

"And why did you not accompany the funeral?" asked my friend. "Most of the villagers, I should suppose, are there."

"And them that arena dinna mown her the less," returned his companion; "but for me,—noa, sir, noa, I couldna bear it; I couldna bear to see the cold, cold clods, fall heavy on so warm a heart as hers once was. Poor Mary!"

"It is a melancholy story, then?" continued our questioner.

"Ay, sir, ay, melancholy enough, and romantic, loike; such as one of your book stories. I canna say much for books; I dinna care to read inony of 'em; but for newspapers, and the loike, I will say, there's too mony of 'em wrote by haf, unless they were better, putting all sorts of bad things into people's heads. They dinna think who write 'em the mischief they're doin; I jalouse if it had na been for some of these if Mary ud a been lying there so cold and stiff this day."

My friend was interested; and, as he accompanied the villager further, elicited most of the details that compose the following story. A very brief statement of events preceding those which led to its tragical conclusion must suffice.

Richard and Mary Wilson were brother and sister, united to each other by the powerful and endearing ties of association, habit, and affection; and, still more, by the stronger bond of suffering—they were orphans. Two years her brother's senior, and blest with a hardy and vigorous constitution,

while Richard had been from infancy a delicate and sickly child, the little Mary, when the death of their parents left them dependent on the scanty supply of the parish, or the grudgingly bestowed assistance of a needy relative, became in no small degree the guardian and support of her young brother. No needle was plied so diligently as hers, no step so light and rapid, and no eye meanwhile so beautiful and bright, as that of the little maiden, as she hastened to the neighbouring farmhouses to procure or restore the needlework by which she contrived to eke out their scanty subsistence,—performing thus, in the days of childhood, some of the most important duties of riper years.

Will it be wondered at, that Richard regarded her with an affection—it might be termed devotion—as intense as it was sincere; or that, accustomed to rely from childhood on the decisions of her firm and powerful mind, he should have known no law but her will, no thought or wish but in accordance with hers?

Yet, amiable and endearing as this rare instance of fraternal gratitude and affection appeared, it was not without its accompanying evils. Naturally thoughtless and indolent, Richard grew up one of those weak and pliable characters that are ever ready to take the bias to good or evil from their stronger-minded associates; and yet—perhaps not an unusual occurrence—none could be more unconscious of the surveillance to which he yielded, or more tenacious of his own right of private judgment and decision. Years passed on, and, under the almost maternal care of his young protectress, the sickly youth surmounted his constitutional delicacy; but his mind, though all she could do towards its improvement, by evening and Sabbath schools, from which, it must be confessed, he often played truant, had been tried, was still of the character we have described: he had no settled principles, no conscientious views, no decided character.

The first important circumstance that fully developed this lamentable vacillation, and caused Mary to tremble for his future happiness, was his determination, immediately on the conclusion of his apprenticeship, to marry.

It was not that she desired his continuance in his present situation, in order to prolong her own power and influence; but she had known the evils of poverty somewhat more than theoretically; and, though she had met them with an unshrinking and even cheerful spirit, still she knew and felt them to be evils; and for her brother, to whom her affection was of a nature that it would be difficult to define—uniting almost the tenderness of a mother with that of a sister—she was most anxious that he should, as she said, make a little way in the world, ere he ventured on the additional expenses and responsibility in which such a connexion would involve him.

But, for the first time, she found her influence insufficient; he would one day agree with her remarks and prudent suggestions for delay, and the next be as strenuous for an immediate marriage (the latter view eventually carried the day); and though for his sake she regretted this determination, she still felt he had certainly a right to decide on a point so important to his own happiness; and she, therefore, with cheerful promptitude, entered upon the little preparations necessary for the reception of his bride, consoling herself with the reflection that he might have made a much worse choice.

Jane Jenkins had been her play-fellow from childhood, and was a pretty, unobtrusive, quiet girl, remarkable for no particular good quality, except an easy temper, which, it must be confessed, had been rarely tried; and for no bad one, unless a natural inactivity and girlish love of dress might be termed such.

Mary, indeed, considered the former as no trifling evil; but she trusted that it would yield, as well as the latter, to the pressure of circumstances and change of situation. But there was one particular which caused her to dread the connexion, both for Richard and herself: Jane had also an only brother; and though Tom Jenkins was accounted the best-looking, as well as the best-dressed young man of the village—one, too, whose avowed preference had often drawn on Mary the envy of her young associates, she had never been able to regard him with any other feeling than that of an unconquerable aversion, almost as unaccountable to herself as it was to others. Mary would have been far from consciously indulging malice

or hatred in her heart—for she was a Christian in more than name; but there was a something in the cautious glance, and occasionally in the manner of the young man, that made her tremble, she knew not at what, or for why. "Coming events," it has been said, "cast their shadows before them;" and the least superstitious will, perhaps, allow, that presentiments have been oftener felt than accounted for; and thus it was with Mary.

"I dinna know why I should think so Richard," she said, on the evening previous to his marriage,—“and God forgive me if I'm sayin any thing wrong of 'em; but I fear ow is na what ow ought to be: we may judge by the fruit, without evil speakin or slanderin. Ow is na often at church, Richard; ow likes strollin about on the Lord's-day, or going to Darby better; ow owd rather he readin the newspaper than the Bible, my brother. I would have ye beware of um, and not give ear to ow's nonsensical talk about politics, and the sins of great men, that ow knows no-thing about, and who have had, may be, more temptations than we Richard, and less to teach 'em to be humble. It's not for poor folks to judge 'em, and we had better mind ourselves and our own duties than meddle with theirs; so beware of Tom, my dear brother,—for I wouldna have ye brought into evil; and though ye are takin one to your bosom to-morrow who will be nearer and dearer to you than your sister, ow willna love you better, Richard.”

A tear gushed to the eye of the affectionate girl as she spoke, which her brother wiped away; and while he laughed at her fears, still promised compliance with her wishes.

"You willna be leavin me, my dear Mary," he said; "and ye mustna take it to heart;—for I shall mind what you say just as much as ever; and Tom shallna come here only when you like. Poor Tom!" he added, "yer hard upon 'ein, Mary; ow only likes to talk a such things, because ow's a fine scholar, and reads a deal, and then ow hears about it among ow's friends at Nottingham or Darby. Ah, ow'd be a happy man, Mary, if ow was goin to stand at the altar with my sister to-morrow, as well as me with his. But ye needna fear for me, Mary.”

Alas! how little do we know of ourselves! how rarely does the reality fulfil the promise! Not many weeks

elapsed before Mary became aware that her brother's home would no longer be a happy one for her ; yet, resisting her own convictions, and the advice of her friends, she continued for some months to reside with him ; nor would she have quitted him, whatever sacrifice of comfort it had cost her, had she not at last been convinced that her presence was the frequent cause of dispute, and consequent unhappiness. Their common purse, the savings of their joint earnings, had been, with all her characteristic generosity, resigned to her brother on his marriage ; but this, far from being husbanded according to her wishes and advice, for any emergency, was quickly and foolishly squandered ; and Mary, in addition to what she paid for her board, was frequently entreated to supply the means for trifling or imaginary wants. As long as she could do this, Jane was content to listen, at least, to her suggestions of the necessity for greater care and attention ; but when the poor girl found it impossible to supply their increasing demands, her slightest remark, however delicately made, was considered as impertinent interference ; and Jane, naturally weak and petulant when thwarted, affected to think herself slandered, and called upon her husband to decide between them. This, whichever way he leaned—and that generally depended on the whim of the moment—was the cause of unhappiness : added to this, she found herself constantly exposed to the persecuting attentions of Jenkins, whose character, as it further developed itself, appeared to justify her suspicions.

The period of which we write was one of great political excitement ; the high rate of wages which had prevailed during the war had ceased at its termination ; and the poor, usually improvident in the time of plenty, were for the most part totally unprepared to meet the sudden depression. Urged on by inflammatory and seditious papers, which were too widely circulated among them, they madly condemned the rulers of the land for those deprivations which so great a change necessarily induced, and which it is probable no prudence or foresight could have prevented ; and proceeded yet more blindly to wreak their vengeance on their employers ; who, by comparison, were still greater sufferers than themselves. The return to hand labour, it

had been wickedly suggested, was the only possible cure for the evils they suffered ; as if to destroy the machinery, and thus to impoverish their masters, could furnish them with the means of assisting them ; or that raising, as it must necessarily have done, the price of the article, could increase its consumption. In these views or deeds, Jenkins, as an agriculturist, might have been supposed to have no interest ; but he was vain of his reading and information, and ever ready to harangue on the propriety of such measures before the weak and credulous Richard, who was himself a stocking-weaver ; and greatly did Mary dread, and frequently did she warn her brother against, the influence of such conversation. But Richard now ridiculed her fears openly, protesting Tom Jenkins was the cleverest fellow of his acquaintance, and she the greatest simpleton for not valuing his attentions.

Under such circumstances, Mary accepted the repeated offer of one of her earliest friends, and most constant employers, to reside with her as her confidential servant.

Mrs. Wayland was a widow, who, with the assistance of her bailiff, managed the largest farm in the neighbourhood ; and some of the gossips surmised that the good looks of William Smeathem, the bailiff, had no small weight in Mary's decision ; but they judged her motives harshly. There are many grades in service, and the modest daughter of a country squire would scarcely have felt herself more honoured by the attentions of a peer of the realm, than Mary by those of Mr. Smeathem, as she always termed him. The gossips proved themselves, however, good diviners as to the result.

It was, indeed, scarcely possible for a discerning young man, such as William, whose affections were not already engaged, daily to witness the unremitting activity and cheerfulness, the never-failing good humour, the many home virtues, of the artless girl, without yielding to their influence ; and in a very short time William Smeathem was her declared lover, and that with the approval of his mistress,—greatly, it must be confessed, to the astonishment of the wise ones, who had predicted, that “it wd be seen how mad ar missis wd be.”

But Mrs. Wayland was a discerning, sensible woman ; she had, too, the

failing, as some might deem it, of setting a very high value on what she herself possessed; and Mary, as her *protégée*, she considered in some sense a character of her own making, and prided in her good qualities accordingly.

"I dinna deny," she would say, "that William Smeathem might ha looked higher, seeing as he's own son to my first cousin's wife's brother; but then I amna no sure, he could ha chosen better. What's the good of a lady-wife for him? and shew me a handier wench than our Mary, an I'll talk to you."

But Mary was too amiable to be disliked even by those who might wonder at her elevation; and with such prospects before her there was but one cloud to dim the brightness of her day-dreams—but one cause of anxiety to mar her happiness; that, however, was of no trifling nature—the welfare of her beloved brother. The increasing discomforts of his home; his frequent absence when she called after working hours; his dissipated appearance when they met; and the just, if not judicious, complaints of his wife, corroborated too strongly the reports which were daily reaching her of his increasing depravity. Want, the too sure follower of idleness and intemperance, with all its accompanying misery, was making rapid strides upon the once peaceful cottage. Jane had neither energy of mind nor determination of purpose to do any thing towards breasting the difficulties that seemed setting in around her; she yielded at the first onset, and sat down listlessly to bemoan her hard fate, and weep beside the cradle of her unconscious and neglected babe.

It was in vain that Mary attempted to stem the tide—that she deprived herself almost of necessities, in order to supply their wants—that she strove to console, to advise, to remonstrate: Richard minded nothing but the money she brought him; and Jane appeared to think every thing she said an unkind reflection. "How should Mary know any thing about it?" she would say, "whose prospects were so very different; nobody felt for her." And then she would bewail her own folly in marrying Richard; taking it for granted that she might have otherwise been as fortunate as her sister, forgetting that Mary's industry and good conduct

were the principal causes of her prosperity.

It was now the autumn of the year. The summer had been unusually unfavourable; and though cold weather and short days had set in, much of the harvest in that part of the country was yet ungathered. The preceding winter had been one of great scarcity; and many were the apprehensions, during the rainy season, that the next would witness still greater distress and deprivation. In addition to this, the riots and outbreaks of the mob had become more frequent and destructive. The means used for their suppression had hitherto produced but little effect; and, grown bolder through impunity, bodies of rioters appeared in different parts of the midland counties, headed by one or more leaders, to whom they applied the name of King Lud; and, not contented with destroying the stocking-frames and other machinery, proceeded to the houses of the wealthier inhabitants, demanding arms and money, and often compelling the peaceable villagers to accompany them in their work of rapine and destruction.

Such was the uneasy state of the country at the period at which the principal events of our narrative occurred. Mrs. Wayland, with whom Mary resided, held, as we have said, a considerable farm, and had shared with others in the difficulties accompanying a wet harvest. A few days of fine weather had succeeded to the rainy season; and Smeathem, anxious to take every advantage of the favourable moment for the gathering of their outstanding crops, had hired every disengaged hand in the neighbourhood, and amongst them Tom Jenkins. This arrangement was not so disagreeable to Mary as it might have been formerly. For a few months, Tom's character had undergone a change directly the reverse of her brother's. He no longer frequented the public-house, or mixed in the political disputes of the day. When such subjects were discussed in his presence, he would shake his head, and profess that they were best off who knew and cared least about them. To Mary, since her engagement with Smeathem, his conduct had been distant and respectful; and she was compelled to acknowledge the truth of what Jane sometimes triumphantly remarked, "Richard's faults could no longer be laid on Tom's shoulders." It was

Saturday evening, the close of a very busy week, during the short harvest season, that Mary, having arranged her work so as to have an hour to spare, took her way towards her brother's cottage, carrying with her, as she was accustomed, a trifle to ensure them a Sunday's dinner, and some articles of dress which she had been preparing for her little niece.

She was alone, for the men, though late, had not yet returned from the field; and anxious to make her own stay from home as short as possible, she chose the shortest, though least frequented, road to the village. Her path lay through a small wood, or park, as it was called though attached to no domain, that skirted the declivity of a gentle hill, about half way to the village. At the foot of the hill ran a little rivulet, that, widening and requiring a bridge as it neared the hamlet, might here be safely crossed by means of a broad plank. Near the extremity of the wood, and within a few yards of the stream, stood a cottage, or rather hut, for it scarcely deserved any higher name, that had formerly been inhabited by a man, who professed to obtain for his family a scanty and precarious subsistence by gathering firewood in the park, and disposing of it at the neighbouring market-town; but he had long borne a bad character, and such insufficient occupation was usually considered as a screen for others of a more lawless kind. He was at length suspected as an accomplice in a highway robbery and murder, attended with circumstances of great atrocity, was taken up, tried, condemned, and executed; and his family dismissed from the parish. From that period the hut had remained untenanted, and many were the wild and mysterious tales that attached to it. We do not wish to describe our heroine as superior in character to many of her own rank. She gave, perhaps, less credence to these supernatural tales than some might have done: but still she was not without a degree of faith, and, consequently, of fear; and we do not think that we derogate at all from her really sterling qualities, when we acknowledge that her step became less firm, her breathing quicker, as she drew near the hut of the murderer.

She had nearly reached its entrance, when the sound of voices, one of them familiar to her ear, arrested her atten-

tion. She paused, listened, and looked around, but could distinguish nothing: the night was gloomy, and every moment becoming darker. Again they spoke, and now she became convinced that, for some purpose, they had chosen the solitary hut for their conversation. An undefinable sensation of terror crept over her, she scarcely knew why; and this would have accelerated her speed, had not a still stronger motive kept her back. For what purpose, she asked herself, could such a time and place have been selected, unless for something evil? and she drew nearer the hut, and listened more intently. Again they spoke, and louder than before, though yet too indistinct for her to catch more than unconnected words.

"On —," she could not fully distinguish the next word, "night be it then. See that you do your work surely," said a gruff voice, which she did not recognise. Something more was added in a lower tone; and then came, in reply, a low gurgling laugh, in which she believed it impossible she could be mistaken, even if she were in the voice that accompanied it: it was decidedly the laugh of Jenkins—one that she had often heard and dreaded in days gone by. What could have brought him there at such a time, when she believed him scarcely returned from the field, at more than a mile distant? Of what he said, only one solitary sentence reached her: "No fear of that; I ——" She would fain have heard more; but now she fancied them moving towards the door, and the thought of how fearfully her curiosity might be visited, if they discovered her, induced her to hasten forward with all possible speed.

She had not recovered from her agitation when she reached her brother's cottage, and the scene there was little calculated to restore her equanimity. Beside the flickering embers of an almost exhausted fire, that threw a faint glimmering light round the apartment, adding to rather than diminishing its air of desolation, sat her sister, weeping herself, while she strove to soothe the sobbings of her restless infant.

"Where is Richard, Jane?" asked Mary, in a kind tone; "and why are you weeping?"

"I have enough to cry for, I reckon," returned Jane; "but if it's the measter ye'r waptin, ow's away, as usual: it is

na often at his own house ye'll find him."

"Is ow not home from work yet?" asked Mary, anxious to soothe rather than increase her vexation, by assigning a possible cause for his absence.

"Humph," retorted Jane, in a peevish accent, "ow hasna any work to come from now."

"No work!" ejaculated Mary.

"Noa, they have taen it from him, and I canna blame 'em; he was na there half his time. No matter either; we can but starve outright." And again her tears flowed profusely.

All further inquiries were checked by the entrance of Richard himself.

"Why, how the devil, missis!" he exclaimed, not for the instant perceiving his sister, "what sort of a fire have ye got to welcome one?"

"Would ye have me burn the bairn? there's naught else," was Jane's indignant reply.

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Mary, "dinna dispute. Arena ye ashamed, Richard, to add to yer wife's sorrow by yer unkindness?"

"What, are you there, Mary, my wench?" rejoined Richard, immediately lowering his tone; "I didna see ye, for it's plaguey dark. Come, come, Jenny! Dinna cry, missis; we'll see better days yet. Hanna ye a few chips, or ony thing?"

"I han nothing at all," retorted Jane, angrily, "neither fire nor candle; less matter for te one, as I ha nothing to cook by it."

"Hush, Jane, hush," again entreated Mary, placing some silver in her hand: "give me the child, and go and get as much as you can for this."

"Ah, I knowed ye hadna come empty-handed," said Richard. "I will say that for ye, Mary, you dinna lift up yer head like some folks, who arena made of ony better stuff than ourselves. Come, Jenny, my wench, away wi' ye: we'll be as big as ony on em yet, and this bairn of arn too. I ha good news for ye when ye come home; but, noa, I munna tell ye it nother—women's tongues are over long." But Jane had hastened away, too intent to procure refreshment for herself and infant to listen to him; and Mary was too busily engaged with her own thoughts, to pay attention to his consoling reflections and wise proverbs, that with him came in place of necessary exertion: "Never a night but there came a morning after,"

"A long lane that had no turn," and such like.

"You had better take the bairn, Richard," she said, as Jane's return seemed unusually delayed; "I canna stay any longer. 'Tis getting dark for goin by myself, and I willna take you from home to-night."

"And I suppose that proud stuck-up measter of yourn, as is to be, couldna demean himself so far as to come here for you now," returned Richard. "Well, we shall see who's the better man by and by: he's only flesh and blood, I reckon, like us poor folks."

"It ill becomes you, Richard, to speak so of Mr. Smeathem," said Mary; "he has been a kind friend to you and yourn, and I couldna ha brought ye what I have to-night without his help."

"He's not altogether as bad as some," returned her brother; "though there is no much got by picking," he muttered, as he took the child, of which he was doatingly fond, from her arms; and Mary hastened to return home. But though the distance and lateness of the hour induced her to continue her speed, long ere she reached her destination she had reasoned herself into a calmer frame of mind. Reflection convinced her that, however confident, she might still be deceived as to the individual who spoke; and even were that certain, there was nothing in the words she had overheard, unconnected with the supernatural terrors which the ill character of the hut had occasioned, to give her just cause for suspecting Jenkins of any evil designs; and, with a laugh at her own folly, she dismissed the subject from her mind, and turned her thoughts to the arranging some plan for extricating her brother from his difficulties. Not the least painful part of her reflections arose from his bitter and envious spirit against those better off than himself. "Ay, that at least," she said to herself, "comes from the foolish stuff Jenkins used to read to him: I fear it will lead to no good. Poor William, too; to be so bitter against him, who is so kind to him, and to every body." And her thoughts at this point naturally turned off in a dearer and pleasanter direction. She was soon joined by him of whom she thought. Smeathem, alarmed at her long absence, had set forward to meet her; and all Mary's sorrow, as it regarded her brother, was presently

lodged in his attentive and indulgent ear. She would now have scarcely thought it worth while to mention her late fright, had it reverted to her, but at first it did not—her thoughts were otherwise occupied; and when she afterwards recalled, and was about to name it, on that and the succeeding days, the thought that Richard might attach more importance to it than she now did, and that it might injure Jenkins with him, which she considered it wrong to do on such uncertain grounds, kept her silent.

"You must give me a brother's right to help Richard, my dearest Mary," said William, fondly pressing her hand as he listened to her story. "Nay, nay, you must not cry, my dear girl; I canna bear that," for she could not refrain her tears. "We'll find some plan for him, I'll a warrant you. But, dear Mary, isna it a foolish thing to wait till Christmas before you make me his brother in earnest? We can make him a home you know, dearest, if he wants one, when we've a house of our own: so, if not for my sake, my own Mary, for his."

"Oh, it wouldna be using Mrs. Wayland well, William," said the blushing girl, "to leave her before."

"Leave her! we shallna leave her!" interrupted her lover. "We are to have old Jackson's cottage, you know, done up for us, and a pretty place it will make, love: I have been looking at it to-day. Oh, it will just suit thee, Mary; so nice and neat as thou'lt have it! And as for leaving missis, why it is but at a stone's throw: thou'lt be at the farm most of the day, as well as me. So, dear Mary, let me tell her to-night."

"No, no; not till she is home from Alfreton," said Mary: "you know she is goin on Monday; for 'twas a pity she should be disappointed through the late harvest, and we can very well manage now."

"When she comes home, then, dear Mary?"

"And the harvest is over," said Mary, "and——"

"Nay, I will na wait any more ands," interrupted William, "and you are a naughty girl, Mary, to ask it. The harvest will be over next week: after that I shall have the cottage set about directly; and then my own dear girl will not be hard-hearted enough to refuse me, will she?"

Mary did not reply—perhaps she could not; and yet, during the remainder of her walk, as she listened to the plans of her lover—plans for happy days to be spent with him whom she fondly, devotedly loved—a vague dread of the scarce knew what, disappointment or sorrow, itself perhaps occasioned by her late anxiety, stole across her mind, and marred her enjoyment.

Tuesday evening had arrived; Mrs. Wayland had gone on the preceding day to visit some friends, and was not yet returned. One of the neighbouring farmers had that day completed his harvest, and most of the servants were absent, sharing in the accustomed festivities. Mary had been pressed to do so; but, in her mistress's absence, she considered the charge of the house peculiarly hers, and would not leave it; and William chose rather to bear her company, than join in the amusements without her. Jenkins, the only one of the men who had not accepted the general invitation, was gone to bed; and William and Mary had seated themselves by a cheerful fire, to await the return of the household, and enjoy each other's society. The evening passed away, and the night was far advanced, but they did not feel it long. The conversation had naturally referred to the pretty little cottage, which, being on the estate, within an easy walk of the farm, had been fixed on as their future residence; and William entered more fully into the detail of his plans for enlarging and beautifying the future home of his Mary.

It was, indeed, a lovely spot. The ground at the back of the farm-house sloped gently down for some few hundred yards towards a little dell, and then rose again abruptly. Near the bottom, on the sloping declivity, stood the cottage, screened on the back by a small, but well-stocked orchard; and shaded in the front by the trees that covered the opposite bank: down this bank, gleaming and glancing out amidst the leafy shade, fell a miniature cataract, and forming a tiny lake in front of the cottage, found its way down a narrow wooded ravine, cut probably by its own force, towards the stream we have formerly described. By the edge of the lake, or rivulet, stood a fine old tree, round which a rural seat had been placed; and here it was that, one fine evening, William had first breathed his tale of love; and to this

place his thoughts and imagination still recurred, and many were the scenes of future bliss his fancy drew—many, many the happy hours to be spent under that old tree,—many the fond avowals of continued and increased affection to be uttered there.

But vainly did Mary endeavour to enter into his feelings; vainly had she striven, for the last few days, to throw off the cloud that shrouded her habitual cheerfulness. It could not be; a presentiment of evil was in her heart, and she could not drive it thence. At length, William saw, and caught the infection, though he mistook the cause.

"You dinna love me, Mary," he said, in a mournful tone; "not as I love you, not as I would be loved; or you couldna be so sad at the thought of what will make me so very, very happy."

She did not reply; and William repeated the assertion almost reproachfully, and with greater emotion. They had left the fireside, and were now standing by the open door. The night was chilly, but the stars shone bright and clear, and the moon, past her first quarter, threw a distinct, though not very brilliant, light around. William turned his eye on Mary, as he spoke, and saw that hers were filled with tears. The kind-hearted young man instantly felt his injustice.

"Forgive me, my dear girl," he cried, "forgive me; I see that I was very wrong. Nay, willna you speak to me? willna ye forgive me, Mary?"

"I canna forgive you, William," said Mary, in a faltering tone, "for ye have not grieved me; my heart couldna feel anger against you; but, in truth, you are wrong in thinking I do not love you: Heaven is my witness that I havena a wish or a hope that is not full of you, dear William."

"But why, then, are you so sad, my own dear girl?" he asked. "Why will na you tell me your sorrows? There should be no concealment between us, Mary."

"I think there should not, dear William," she replied, thoughtfully. "I am sad, and I do not know—and yet, perhaps, I do—but you will think it so little, I'm shamed to name it; but maybe 'twill break the spell. My heart misgives me; he said Tuesday, though I amna sure, and this is Tuesday."

"Who said any thing about Tues-

day? and what have you to tell?" eagerly inquired her companion.

"Why, I dare say you will think me very foolish: however, I will tell you. On Saturday night—Hush! What was that?"

"What was what?" asked William; and what of Saturday night?"

"Hush one moment," whispered Mary; "do not you hear footsteps?"

"'Tis our folks coming home," said William. "Go on with your tale."

"No, no," returned Mary, in an alarmed but suppressed tone, "there are more than our own folks; but, gracious Heaven! who are they?"

One moment ended her suspense, though not her sorrow. A band of armed ruffians, even as she spoke, rushed from behind the trees which had concealed them as they ascended the hill, and with a loud shout "for King Lud," darted towards the open door. It was but the work of an instant for William to draw the terrified girl within the door, and close it against them.

"Go, dear Mary; run!" he cried, as with a desperate effort he pressed—to the door against the foremost of the rioters, and drew the slender bolt; "call Tom Jenkins instantly; this door willna hold long without the wooden bolts, and there's no time for that; and then away with thee, if thou canst get out without the villains seeing, and rouse old Jackson: we shall be little enough then to make head against them."

This was no time for Mary to state her suspicions of Tom Jenkins; there was, at least, the chance of mistake in the individual, and she flew to his chamber. But here her fears were confirmed—he was not there. She paused for an instant; some of the rioters had gone round to the back door, which, fortunately, was well fastened. Should she return to William with the tale of Tom's desertion, or hasten for Jackson? She decided on the latter; the bolts would hold out, she trusted, till she returned, but not one moment was to be lost. She opened the window gently; it looked into the garden, and was at no great height from the ground; in an instant she had thrown herself out, and was flying towards a break in the hedge, the nearest way to the cottage. She has gained it; but loud and long, as it appeared to her, had she to knock

and call, ere she aroused its inmates. At length, the old man appeared at the window; her tale was soon told; but Jackson, with the characteristic of old age, would have heard all the particulars before he moved, had not Mary's anxiety forbidden.

"Quick, quick, for God's sake!" she cried. "Do not stay a moment; William is alone."

"Ay, ay," cried the old man, as he huddled on his clothes, "I'll be with 'em presently, I'll a warrant ye. Here, Jack, dinna ye hear the noise, lad? up with thee, and dress thyself; yon's King Lud at the farm, but ow'll find us a match for 'em, I'll a warrant. Here, Mary, my wench—plague on her, why didna she stop? She canna do any good yonder, an she'd ha been safer here; but ows like the rest o'the women, ow'll have ows own way."

But Mary was already far on her return; and she had entered the garden ere she recollected that though she had left the house by the window, she could not re-enter it in the same manner. She stood for a moment, and lifted her eyes to the house, which had before been hidden by the out-buildings. Lights were glancing through it in several directions. She was too late: either the servants had returned, which she scarcely dared to hope, or the rioters had entered. "They darena hurt him," she murmured to herself, her thoughts resting on one loved object alone. At that moment, as if in answer to them, the report of a pistol smote her ear. "Now, God be merciful! what can that be?" exclaimed the terrified girl, pressing her hand to her beating heart, and hurrying towards the garden-gate, near the front of the house, determined, at all risks, to enter, and share her William's fate, for good or evil. She had just reached the gate, when some of the rioters rushed past; they were evidently leaving the house, with disordered and rapid steps. Perhaps, then, succour had arrived. Involuntarily, with the natural instinct of self-preservation, she drew aside. Two more passed; they were the last. As they reached the gate, the foot of the nearer caught against a stone, and in trying to recover himself, he fell.

"Curse the stone! we have no time to lose," said a surly voice. She believed it to be his who fell, and it was decidedly the voice of Jenkins. Now

there could be no mistake, for she was close beside him, scarcely concealed by the intervening bush from sight, while she could herself see and hear distinctly. His face, indeed, she saw not, for it was partially covered by a frightful mask; but his dress—the long gray coat, the red handkerchief, which muffled the lower part of his face, and the slouched hat, which hid the upper—were fully revealed, and faithfully and, alas! fatally remembered. They passed; all was quiet, and Mary entered the house. It was, indeed, still as death; the lights were extinguished, and the fire, half burned out, scarcely illumined its immediate vicinity.

"William," cried Mary; "my own dear William, where, where are you?"

There was no reply. At that moment, her eye, now accustomed to the uncertain light, caught sight of some dark object stretched near the hearth. Half maddened with fear, she darted forwards; her foot almost slid from under her, the floor was slippery—with what? She rushed to the fire, but what a sight, as she stirred the dying embers, did the flickering flame present to her view! There, apparently lifeless, lay her loved, her betrothed, her almost adored William; the life-stream still issuing from the deep wound; the floor around him deluged with blood. Down on that blood-stained floor, beside that lifeless body, knelt the trembling girl. Oh! what a change had one short hour wrought! A few moments past, and he stood beside her, on that very hearth, in all the glow of health and manly beauty, and now he was a corpse. But was life really extinct? She strove to stanch the wound; and, at length, succeeded. Oh! would that Jackson would arrive. She was alone; what could she do? Oh! woman knows not what her strength can be in such a moment. He uttered a faint sigh: all hope was not then past; and, with a desperate effort, she raised him, and poured a restorative between his closed lips. "He will not, he shall not die!" she exclaimed, as she witnessed its effects, and marked the partial return of animation to the deathlike countenance. "My William, my beloved William, thou wilt yet live to bless me." Alas! it was a fallacious hope. He revived, indeed, to be conscious of her presence, to smile upon, to bless

her, to call her his, to thank her for her love; and then those eyes, which had been to her as the star of the morning—a sun, from which her own received light,—closed for ever.

Days and weeks passed on. An outrage, accompanied by circumstances of such deep atrocity, had increased the vigilance of the magistracy. The rioters had not confined their attack to the hill farm. Several other houses had been broken open on that and the preceding evening, by the same gang, though not in the immediate vicinity; but in no other case had deliberate murder been committed; and this, together with some other circumstance, elicited in the examinations—for some of the band had, as usual, secured their own safety by giving evidence against their companions,—fully confirmed Mary's suspicions, and occasioned the murder to be considered rather as an act of private malice, than of public outrage.

Meantime Jenkins had fled; and though a price was set upon his head, there appeared no direct clue to his discovery. Richard was also absent, and many believed him to have been concerned in the riot; but his wife persisted in affirming that he had left home two days previous, for a distant part of Nottinghamshire, in search of work, which, as he had not yet returned, he had probably found; and to this assertion Mary clung with a tenacity which proved it to be the only prop of hope that saved her from irremediable despair.

A change had, indeed, come over the spirit of the gentle and affectionate girl; she was become morose, capitious, and reserved. Some, who had known her devotion to William, wondered that her health had not sunk in the struggle; but they were of those who gaze only on the surface; they saw not that the energy of the mind, in its state of overwrought excitement, prevented the decay of the body from being, for some time, apparent. And such was, indeed, the state of Mary's mind. All her powers were concentrated in one fatal point—the desire of vengeance. "Blood for blood," she would often mutter involuntarily; and then, if perceiving herself to be overheard, she would hurry away on some household duty, and that rigidly performed, contrary to Mrs. Wayland's wishes, who would willingly have

granted her a respite from such cares, she would fly from the house and wander about, no one knew whither; nor, as she usually returned towards night-fall, did her kind mistress care to inquire. "Grief maun have its way," she would say, "and ow'll be better if no notice is ta'en of her."

A month or five weeks had elapsed since the fatal night, when, one evening, a magistrate, who lived at a short distance, was summoned from his drawing-room, by the information that a young woman had something important to communicate. He was one of those before whom Mary had given her deposition, and recognised her instantly. She was standing in an attitude of impatience as he entered, and did not wait to be asked her errand ere she addressed him.

"He is yonder, himself," she said, "in the murderer's hut; a fit place for such as he! Send some of your people immediately; I saw him enter it not an hour since, and would have watched him, but I couldna have taen him if I had, and he has bolted the door inside, so be willna have left it yet, perhaps; and if he has, he canna be far off."

Without a word, the magistrate obeyed her injunctions, and despatched some of his attendants, with power to apprehend the murderer.

"And now, Mary," he said kindly, "sit down, and let me give you a glass of wine, for you have walked very fast, and must be fatigued."

"No, no," exclaimed she hastily, throwing back her dishevelled locks from her really beautiful countenance. "No, no, I amna, I shallna be fatigued till my work is done. But havna you any thing to write down?"

"True," said the gentleman, "I will take your deposition, and then——"

"And then," interrupted Mary, "I will away to her, and comfort her: poor Jane, she will need it, for he is her brother; though sure she willna wish to claim kin with a murderer."

Rather to humour her, and give her time for rest, than for any other purpose at that moment, the kind-hearted magistrate took down what she had to say, in writing; but, that concluded, no entreaties could induce her to stay a minute longer, and with a rapid step, she hastened to Richard's cottage.

Alas! what a scene, on entering, presented itself to her view. The room

was filled by the servants of the magistrates, and officers of justice; in a chair, half distracted, sat her sister, bathed in tears; and immediately before her, by the side of the cradle, knelt the object of her dread and vengeance. The long gray coat, the handkerchief, the hat, all that aided her in the recognition, was there; but the hat was thrown aside, and as she rushed towards him, she beheld, not the features of Jenkins, but those of her own, her much-loved brother. She did not fall, she did not faint, though her countenance wore the hue of death, but with a frenzied grasp, she caught his arm, and in a sepulchral tone that well might have suited a tenant of the grave, she demanded,

"Was it your deed?"

"Noa, Mary; noa, my poor sister," cried Richard, clasping her in his arms; "I amna so great a wretch as that, though Heaven knows I am guilty enough, for I was by; though I didna suspect him who did it, or, God is my witness, I would have received the ball myself rather than he whom you loved should have fallen."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mary, with an unnatural laugh. "Thank God, you are not a murderer! But what am I? I have betrayed you!"

The remainder of our story is soon told. Mary's mistake had originated in her believing the individual who spoke to be the same as he who fell; but in addition to her evidence, Richard had confessed to being of the party: he was, therefore, fully committed, tried, and condemned to death. Many were the painful anticipations before the trial, of the dreadful moment when the poor girl must appear as evidence against her brother, whom she had loved with more than a sister's love; but she was spared that trial; before that day arrived she was stretched on a bed of sickness, from which she never rose again. Richard, it appeared, might have escaped, for he had been many miles distant during the intervening period, but his anxiety for his wife and child, and, above all, the agony of mind he experienced for his

sister, had induced him to return; and this, together with the subordinate part he had acted, and other circumstances elicited on the trial, caused his sentence to be commuted to transportation for life.

Jenkins, who, it appeared, had instigated and arranged the attack, and fixed the time, evidently to gratify his own revenge, was, we believe, afterwards apprehended, condemned, and executed.

As Mary's health decayed, her mind resumed its former tone, and she bitterly bewailed the unchristian spirit of revenge to which she had yielded.

"I am dreadfully but justly chastised," she would say, "for having yielded to my passions, and forgotten who it was that said 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay it.'"

The news of her brother's reprieve was brought on the morning of her death. The kind magistrate, to whom the unhappy girl had been an object of great interest, and who had used every possible effort to save her brother, was the first to apprise her of it. The effect of joy was, alas! contrary to the hopes of her kind mistress, too overpowering for her weak frame. She rallied, indeed, for a few moments, in the hope of being the first to communicate the tidings to the wretched Jane, who was that day coming to visit her; but the effort was fatal to her; she caught the infant, indeed, in her arms, pressed on its lips a feverish kiss, and then, hastily replacing it in the arms of its mother, sunk back upon her pillow, and in a few moments, with the name of William on her lips, expired. On the same day that Richard was summoned to quit his native shore for ever (in which exile his wife and child were afterwards, through the kindness of the magistrate and Mrs. Wayland, assisted to join him), his sister was conveyed to the silent tomb; and in a little space, the name of the Luddite's sister, and the circumstances of her short but eventful life, and painful death, were remembered among the inhabitants of the village only as a tale that is told.

A RAILWAY GLANCE AT THE CORN-LAWS;

OR, A FEW WORDS WHICH PASSED, BETWEEN WATTFORD AND TRING, ON THE
20TH OF JANUARY, 1839.

Birmingham Manufacturer. By the way, how is it that so little seems to be doing in London, in the matter of the corn-laws? We are just about to take the field at Birmingham; and I rather think that we shall shew some strength.

Londoner. I don't think that the Londoners are quite so easily caught by such follies. We have rather too much to do to find leisure to run after every conjuror. The Chartists have, I believe, got together their tens and twenties of thousands in the provincial towns; but, in London, they could hardly muster as many people as generally assemble to see a balloon. As to the corn-law question, the people of London care rather less about it than they do about Lord Durham's "vindication;" in other words, nothing at all.

B. You cannot be correct! Why, what would you have them care about, if not on a matter so intimately connected with all the great interests of the country?

L. I know, indeed, that the question, if considered on its own merits, is one of vast importance. But I speak merely of the present discussion; which I look upon, and so, I believe, do many others, as nothing better than a most contemptible piece of political swindling; so contemptible, indeed, that we cannot bring ourselves seriously to apprehend any danger from it.

B. Be so good as to explain, if you please, why you use such terms in relation to it.

L. I call it "political swindling," because I look upon the whole of the agitation lately raised to be nothing else, in its origin and main object, than a miserable and dirty trick, designed to set the two great interests of the country by the ears, in the hope that, while they are squabbling, the ministry and its delinquencies may be forgotten, and the present holders of office be permitted to draw their salaries for some months longer. I narrowly watched the commencement of the movement; and though I would not charge it upon the ministers themselves, it was certainly commenced by some of their underlings, and indu-

bitably with this view. It is now taken up by the millowners of Manchester, Leeds, &c.; many of whom, for a hope of an additional profit of a farthing a-yard, would pawn the country's honour and their own wretched souls. But these two classes—the ministerial jobbers of the lower order, and the factory tyrants—are nearly the only ones that seem to be stirring in the matter; and I do not think that London will lend much help to either of them.

B. You are too uncharitable. But let us have a little conversation on the subject; looking at the question simply on its own merits. You will not deny that corn is just now much higher than we could wish; and I suppose that you will admit that this has been brought about, in a great measure, by the operation of the corn-laws?

L. I admit, of course, your first proposition; but I cannot quite concede the second. We have had corn in England, for several years past, at a moderate price—say from 42s. to 60s., and that without importation. Gradually, however, from the increase of population and the general employment of the poor, the stock of corn in the country had become low; and a deficient harvest occurring just at that juncture, the capitalists and great dealers are enabled to keep the price at a point far above its ordinary level. But had the last harvest been a good one, wheat would now have been at about 60s. I therefore cannot so easily admit that it is to the corn-laws alone, or even chiefly, that we owe the present prices. We owe them to the act of God, who has chosen, in his infinite wisdom, to give us only a short supply for the present year. As to the corn-laws, you are of course aware that at the present moment they offer no obstruction to the foreign supply. Any man that chooses may bring in all the grain that he can buy, in any part of the world, at a merely nominal duty of 1s. per quarter.

B. Yes; but you evade my question. Can you doubt, I would ask, that if the present corn-laws had never been passed, there would have been such supplies of corn, grown for our market in

foreign countries, as would have abundantly supplied our present wants, and prevented the rise of wheat to 80s. per quarter?

L. I do not doubt, indeed, that had the corn-laws never been passed, our present condition would have been in all probability very *different* from what it now is: but, whether it would have been better or worse, I cannot even surmise.

B. Why, how can you hesitate on this point? Surely, if foreigners had been accustomed to grow corn for our market, they would have been better prepared to give us large supplies than they are now?

L. That is only a partial view of the question. If it had been our practice to buy much of our corn from abroad, there would probably have been larger supplies from the Continent than we can now obtain. But then you should recollect, also, that if such had been the case, our home supply would have been proportionably smaller than it now is. Observe, too, that there being but a short supply this year in most countries, several of the governments, in order to keep the corn at home for their own people, have prohibited exportation. And this they would have done, in a time of scarcity, whether corn-laws existed in England or not. Our situation, therefore, might have been this: to have grown far less corn at home than we now do, and yet to be suddenly deprived of foreign supplies just when most wanted. And such a situation, clearly, would have been far worse than that which we now occupy.

B. Well, I see you will not very easily take things for granted. But tell me, now, What is your chief objection to a repeal of these obnoxious laws?

L. Nay, it rather belongs to you to state a *reason why* we should repeal them. It is you that demand a change; it is for you, therefore, to furnish a reason.

B. Well, I will just read you, out of my pocket-book, a few passages which I have noted down, when any of the late speeches at corn-law repeal meetings happened to strike me. Here is one, which is, I believe, the most popular of the arguments generally used.

"Twenty millions of people are made to pay a starvation price for bread, that

36,000 landowners may riot in affluence and luxury.

"Suppose these, with their families, to amount to 180,000 in all, are these, for their selfish and unjust ends, to injure the whole 20,000,000?"

L. I think there never was a question, on which the advocates on one side were so fond of refuting each other. Here is a *Morning Chronicle*, which I have only just bought, which tells me that

"The *Leeds Mercury* says, that the pressure of the bread-tax on the people of England is equal to *eighteen millions two hundred thousand* a-year. And of this only about one-tenth, or 1,800,000*l.*, goes as increased rent to the landlords. The nation, therefore, pays 18,200,000*l.*, to yield the landlords 1,800,000*l.*! Is not the bread-tax, then, as wasteful as it is injurious?"

Now, here is a distinct admission, that of the 18,000,000*l.* which this calculator supposes to be added to the price of food by the operation of these laws, only *one-tenth* goes into the pockets of the landlords! But the remaining 16,000,000*l.* is not thrown into the sea. It goes into the hands or pockets of some class or other. That class, of course, must be the agriculturists; i. e. the farmers and their labourers. It comes, then, to this, that your proposition for a total repeal of the corn-laws goes to take away 1,600,000*l.* a-year from the landlords, touching whom I shall not now stop to argue; but the other 16,000,000*l.* from the cultivators of the soil. And do you really mean to argue, that these cultivators can afford to give up this 16,000,000*l.* a-year without suffering prodigious distress—without, in short, being ruined and starved?

B. They will share, you know, in the benefit of cheaper bread.

L. But it is a mockery to talk to a man of the *benefit* of having cheaper bread, when, in order to make it cheap, you are going to deprive him of his whole employment and means of subsistence.

B. Well, let us take another argument. Mr. Gregg says, at the Manchester meeting:

"All we ask for is a free trade: a clear field and no favour."

* L. I suppose that what Mr. Gregg means is, the ports absolutely open, for the import of corn duty free. He does not propose, I believe, the plan

of former years,—a fixed duty of 10s. or 15s. per quarter.

B. No, it would obviously be ridiculous to think of amending the present laws by the substitution of any scheme of this kind. Lord John Russell, and some others of the cabinet, are said to entertain some such idea; but it will certainly be impossible for them even to get a hearing for such an absurdity. We are now importing corn at a duty at 1s. per quarter, and we require all we can get. Not for an instant would the idea be tolerated of raising that duty to 10s., or even 7s. And, on the other hand, supposing the next harvest to be large, and the breadth of land sown with corn to be greater than usual, we may have English corn down to 48s., or even 42s., as it has been since the enactment of the corn-laws; and then foreign wheat, brought in at 35s., would not be one penny cheaper than our own. So that this scheme would be altogether ineffectual and useless in a plentiful year, while, in a year of scarcity, like the present, it would make wheat 90s., instead of 80s., as it is now.

L. You agree with me, then, that the only tangible proposition which is likely to be brought before parliament, is that for a total repeal. The ports are to be opened, now and at all future times, for the constant importation of corn, *duty free*. That is the question, is it not?

B. Certainly; and not for corn only, but for all kinds of food.

L. Well, then, I would ask you whether it will be possible for one large class to petition for the removal of the protecting duties which guard the industry of another class, without, at the same time, stating their willingness to adopt the same "free trade" system as far as they themselves are concerned? For instance, I observed the other day, in Sir H. Parnell's book—and I believe that the late alterations have been trivial—that foreign *woolens* cannot be brought into this country without paying a duty of 15 per cent; *cottons*, of 10 per cent; *china*, of 15 per cent; *silks*, of 30 per cent; *brass and copper*, of 30 per cent; *iron, steel, tin, and pewter*, of 20 per cent; *lace*, of 30 per cent; *leather*, of 30 per cent; and *linen*, of 40 per cent. Now, clearly, if all these manufacturers unite, and demand that the first and greatest manufacture of all—that which employs ten

times as many hands as any one of them, and far more than the whole of them put together—if they demand that *this* branch of industry shall be wholly deprived of protection, and exposed to foreign competition, on the terms of "a clear field and *no favour*," they must freely and unreservedly offer to submit to the same competition themselves.

B. I think that some difference may be made in the case of corn, from its being the first necessary of life, and therefore the main thing which the government ought to take care to see cheaply and plentifully distributed.

L. It is a necessary of life, assuredly, but hardly more so, in this climate, than clothing. I saw it asserted, in one of the Leeds papers, the other day, that "the people had a right to demand to be permitted to buy food wherever they could get it cheapest." Now, if they have this right in so unqualified a degree, that no other consideration is to be named, surely they have an equal right to be left at liberty to buy clothing to protect them from the weather, wherever they can buy those things for the least money.

B. Certainly, I do not see that there is any very great difference.

L. See, then, how the question is enlarged. It is not now the mere question of a repeal of the corn-laws, but of the entire abrogation of all protecting duties, at least so far as any of the necessities of life are concerned. If the Sheffield manufacturer upbraids the agriculturist with making him buy his corn at prices generally higher than those of continental Europe, the farmer may reply, that the Berlin iron goods are superior to the Sheffield ones, and yet he was prevented from buying them, except with a duty of 20 per cent. The Leicester and Nottingham stocking-makers protest against the duty on corn: let them agree to part with the 15 per cent duty on foreign woollens, and the 30 per cent on foreign silks. Let all classes, in short, who are engaged in productive industry, remember, that it is totally impossible for protective duties to be retained in a variety of minor branches, when the system has been wholly abandoned in the main and leading article of all. The Manchester millowners may talk very largely; but if they mean to say, We will not be compelled to buy our corn of English farmers, if we can get

it cheaper in Poland; but the English farmers shall be compelled to buy our cottons and linens, whether they can buy these goods cheaper elsewhere or not,—I rather think that they will find that the common sense and common justice of England will be too much for them in the long run.

B. No: I do not think they will venture to take this position. I suppose it must come to this,—that all protective duties must be given up. In fact, I think I have seen some expressions of willingness, on the part of the advocates of repeal, that some general measure of this sort should be adopted.

L. Probably you may: but I think that, if you had observed closely *from whom* such expressions fell, you would have found him to be some Liverpool broker, or London commission-agent, whose only interest was to sell as many goods as he could, without the least concern as to whether the manufacture of them was profitable or not. As to the great body of the manufacturers, I rather doubt their willingness to close with such a bargain. But, until they do plainly declare such willingness, they must stand in the position of men who are not willing to do unto others what they wish others to do unto them,—who like protective duties for their own branches of trade, but dislike them when intended for the benefit of others.

B. But, really, I think that you are unjust to the manufacturers. They see, in many cases, their business leaving them; they are compelled to dismiss workmen by hundreds, and can you suppose that they will quietly rest amidst all this, without any attempt to relieve themselves, or to save their workpeople? I saw a passage in one of Mr. Gregg's speeches, the other day, which so struck me, that I took it down. It was as follows:—

“The state of our trade in velvet with Russia, I will briefly enumerate. In 1834, we shipped 345,000 yards; in 1835, 177,000 yards; in 1836, 23,000 yards; in 1837, 8,000 yards. The trade has departed.

“I have also a specimen of German prints, made at Camlet, in Germany. The German print is sold at 15s. 6d., the English at 17s. 6d. The German exceeds the English both in execution and work.”

L. I remember it: and there was another fact alluded to by Mr. Rawson of a similar kind, to this effect:—

“That he was about to give a large order for hosiery to a commercial tra-

veller from Saxony, on which he should have to pay five per cent expenses, and twenty per cent duty, and yet should have a handsome profit remaining; for he bought for 2s. 6d. what he could not procure in Nottingham for less than 5s.”

Now, I willingly admit these facts: I suppose them to be literally correct; but I do not see how they help the argument in aid of which the respective speakers adduced them. Mr. Gregg says “that a German print at 15s. 6d. exceeds in quality an English one at 17s. 6d.” We may conclude, therefore, that the English print is about one-sixth dearer than the foreign one. Now, how is this inequality to be met? By merely giving the English operative his loaf at 6d., instead of 9d. or 10d., and thereby reducing his wages (one element only in the cost) about 2s. per week? The remedy evidently does not meet the case. Still more insufficient is it, in the instance alluded to by Mr. Rawson. As things are, he buys woollen hosiery in Saxony for 2s. 6d., which he cannot buy here for less than 5s. Again I say, if you reduce the 4 lb. loaf to 6d., or even to 5d., will that enable you to match the Saxon hosiery at 2s. 6d.? Clearly not. These gentlemen, then, gravely propose to revolutionise the whole property and dealings of the country in an experiment, which the common rules of arithmetic shew to be utterly hopeless.

B. But what do you propose, to meet the evils which Mr. Gregg and Mr. Rawson point out?

L. Really I do not feel called upon to answer this question. These gentlemen are “economists” and “free trade” disciples; and it is by the operation of their own principles that all these evils have been brought about. They complain that foreigners are obtaining our machinery and rivalling our manufacturers, and who, but one of their own advocates,—Mr. Joseph Hume himself,—brought in, and carried through, the bill for permitting the export of machinery, assisted, I believe, by Mr. Poulett Thomson? It is rather too much, then, for these people to get themselves into a scrape, and then to call upon us to get them out. But if I were to advise them, I should say, retrace your steps. Repeal all the free trade follies of the last dozen years. Above all, if you dislike foreign competition yourselves,—if you feel the probability of being beaten in the contest,—do not make that a reason for dragging those

into the same predicament who are at present exempt. The agriculturists are content: use your own maxim, "Let them alone."

B. Ay, that is very easily said, but something must be done. And I do not see why you should place the question so entirely upon this footing. One of the advocates for repeal said to me the other day, "What I look to is, a new *creation* of employments; — a new race of customers. I look to see new markets created for our manufactures; and not merely rivals supplanted in the old ones."

L. Yes: I know that some persons indulge in this kind of nonsense. But you should try to reduce these flights of fancy into dry matters of fact. Just try, now, to explain, in plain English, what this "creation" means.

B. I suppose that he meant, that if we became customers to the continental corn-growers, to a large extent, we should thus raise up a new mass of consumers of our manufactures, and thus immensely increase our trade, and our means of employing our people.

L. In other words, he was one of those people who are unable to grasp more than a single idea at a time. Let us look, for a moment, at this piece of folly. We consume, I believe, in England, about 50,000,000 of quarters per annum of grain of all sorts. Suppose the corn-laws entirely repealed, and all the Continent pouring grain into our markets. We might, perhaps, thus soon come to buy 20,000,000 of quarters of foreign grain in the year. And your friend, I suppose, took for granted that nearly an equal amount of our manufactured goods would be exported to balance the account, and that this would constitute a *new trade*, to that extent.

B. Yes: I understood that to be his view.

L. Then I observe, first, that he marvellously forgot one very important point in the case; namely, that if we thus bought of Poland and Prussia 20,000,000 of quarters of corn more than heretofore, and thus increased our trade in that direction, we should, at the same time, be buying 20,000,000 of quarters *less* of our own agriculturists, and thus destroying our home market to fully the same extent that we had augmented our foreign one. 2. That we should have done even worse than this; for that, instead of giving perhaps 30,000,000*l.* sterling to our own

farmers, to spend among us, we should only give about 20,000,000*l.* to the foreigner; and thus the *new trade* that your friend talked of *creating*, would only be the substitution of a reduced trade for the larger one, which we had previously possessed. 3. But worse still, we had previously paid this 30,000,000*l.* to our own farmers, who had scarcely any option as to whether or not they would spend it among us, and who, in fact, *did* spend it among us; whereas, now we should be paying a smaller amount to foreigners, who would, unquestionably, as far as they could, keep it among themselves, and encourage their own manufacturers.

B. Yes, but you are very well aware that it would be impossible for us to continue to take their corn, except on the footing of an exchange of manufactured goods for it. Gold could only be sent in payment to a certain extent; after reaching which point, if we bought their corn, they would find it impossible to get paid for it in any thing but the products of our industry.

L. Yes, I know that such is the theory of the exchanges; but you must not throw out of view the statements just now quoted from Mr. Gregg and Mr. Rawson. If the German print at 15*s.* 6*d.* be preferable in quality to an English one at 17*s.* 6*d.*, and if Saxon hosiery at 2*s.* 6*d.* be equal to English at 5*s.*, it is clearly ridiculous to suppose that the Germans will take our goods in payment for their corn, at higher prices than the same articles command in their own markets. They will coolly tell us, We cannot give the prices you ask for your manufactured goods. If, therefore, you want our corn, you must give us hard cash for it, or else go without. Thus the end would be, that in reaching greedily after a new market, we should give up a home demand, of which we were sure, for a foreign demand, of which we could not be sure; in other words, we should grasp at the shadow, and let the substance slip away.

B. But, surely, it can never be salutary for a country to be exposed to the fluctuations which we have lately seen, and to the high prices under which we now suffer?

L. I deny both; that is, to the extent commonly intended by these terms. While some seasons are distinguished by great plenty, and others by positive failure of the crops, some degree of fluctuation must exist; and in seasons

of dearth prices will necessarily be higher than in years of plenty. These are circumstances which no human legislation can avoid or prevent. But look at the striking fact, that the average price of wheat in our markets, in the ten years from 1785 to 1795, was 54s. 3½d.; and in the seven years from 1830 to 1837, 53s. 11d., and then say, whether the present corn-laws have caused either high prices or great fluctuation. Nothing, in truth, can be more strictly correct than the remark of Mr. Huskisson, that

“The history of the country for the last 170 years clearly proves, on the one hand, that cheapness produced by foreign import is the sure forerunner of scarcity; and, on the other, that a steady home supply is the only safe foundation of steady and moderate prices.”

B. But, after all, is not the government bound, by a responsibility which it cannot shake off, to see that the great mass of the people have the necessary support of life at as cheap a rate as possible?

L. The responsibility of the government is, to consider the general good of the great mass of the people. But it is not quite self-evident that cheap food, with low wages, would be more conducive to the happiness of the great mass of the people, than higher prices and higher wages. The main difference between an English labourer and a Polish one is, that the former earns from 10s. to 30s. per week, according to the character of his employment, and eats white bread, and often meat; while the former earns his 3s. or 4s. weekly, and lives on black bread, or roots, or the coarsest vegetables. Get rid of all the enactments which protect British industry, and you may assimilate the English and the Polish labourer; but it will be by depressing the former, not by elevating the latter.

B. I see, however, that a Mr. Symons has been insisting upon it, at Stroud, that wages would not be reduced by the repeal of the corn-laws.

L. Yes, I observed it; and in it I saw another instance of the falsehood and hypocrisy of the advocates of Repeal. They have ever a different story for a different auditory. Lord Fitzwilliam addresses the *higher classes*, landowners and manufacturers, thus:

“If wages be high, the price of goods must be high; but if the price of goods

be high, our manufacturers cannot compete with foreigners.”

Here it is plainly avowed that the object is to reduce wages, in order to compete successfully with continental manufacturers. But Mr. Symons, at Stroud, had to address the *working classes*, and for them he had quite another story. He tells them:

“Wages abroad were much lower than here. It was a *very great mistake*, however, to suppose that the labourer here would be as badly off through the repeal of the corn-laws. If the demand for labour increased, the labourer's income must also be increased.”

Thus wages *are* to be reduced, or are *not* to be reduced, just as suits the purpose of the moment, and the character of the auditory. The *Leeds Mercury* even has the impudence to carry this sort of game so far, as to try to persuade the landowners that the repeal of the corn-laws will give them *higher prices!* The whole hue and cry now getting up turns upon the point of “cheap bread;” and except upon the supposition that corn is to be got at a cheaper rate abroad than at home, there is no sense whatever in the agitation of the question; and yet Baines ventures to insult the understandings of the country gentlemen, by arguing that the effect of repeal would be

“An increase in the general prosperity and population of the country, in which the landowners must share, because land itself, and the products of land, thereby become in greater request, and fetch a *higher price!*”

B. Well, I admit that this is not honest. But do you really imagine that the spirit of the manufacturing districts, now fairly roused, can safely be despised, or that it is possible to avoid doing something to meet their demands.

L. I confess I have seen no excitement or manifestation of public feeling, yet, which has appeared to me in the least degree formidable. The metropolis is as careless as possible about the matter. A meeting was lately called in Clerkenwell parish, which contains about 40,000 inhabitants, and the number that assembled was about 150! In Bishopsgate, another very large parish, not even a dozen could be got together. And, as to the movements at Manchester, and other large towns, they are in no sense popular meetings; they are

merely meetings of one class of traders, who come together to complain of a duty which they think presses hardly upon them. At Manchester, where the owners of mills, and the persons connected with them, must be many thousands, a three-and-sixpenny dinner was advertised, at which a dozen live members of parliament were to be seen, like the lions at feeding time; and to see such a shew, at so low a price, 900 persons came together. There was nothing very appalling in this. In fact, I can hardly feel much alarm about the issue, until I see some tolerable shew of reason or argument put forth by the repealers. The twaddle that may pass in a town-council, or in a borough-meeting, will go for very little in the House of Commons. We have nothing, yet, but a greedy and selfish attempt, by one class of traders, to make the law just what may suit their purpose, without the least regard for others. And what makes this attempt the more disgusting is, that it is made by just that class which is already the most rapidly accumulating wealth.

B. How do you prove that? Did you not observe that several of the speakers at Manchester declared that they had been making no profit for these two years past?

L. That may be true enough of an individual, here and there, or even of *one set* of mill-owners. We have often had years in which the whole body of farmers rather lost than gained by their year's work. But what can be more notorious than the fact of the vast sums which have been made by the manufacturing interest within the last few years? What class is it that furnishes the bulk of the *thirty millions* now expending on railways? Is it not notorious that Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire hold half the railway property in England; and that, not content with these, they have furnished a large portion of the means for establishing railroads in various parts of Europe? And when does an estate, of however large an amount, come into the market in the northern counties, without a sharp competition among the mill-owners as to who shall be the purchaser? And yet these are the men, who, in their grasping ambition, would fain put down manufactures in every other part of the world, and monopolise the honour and the profit of being the sole immolators of

children, on a wholesale scale, throughout the civilized world?

B. Certainly, it is true that there are more signs of new accumulations of capital among the manufacturers than among the landowners. But I see we are about to part. What is the general conclusion to which you come?

L. I see no ground, even in the least degree plausible, laid for the demanded change; and therefore I must continue to hope, and to believe, that the legislature, without any cause shewn, will not uselessly tamper with so important a matter. I consider,

1. That the present high price of corn arises from a general shortness of the crops throughout Europe; and that as "open ports," which exist at present, do not remove the evil, there can be no legislative remedy for it. One abundant year, and nothing else, will bring down wheat to its former level.

2. That, anticipating that event, namely, that wheat may be again at 54s. or 56s., there will remain no grievance of "dear bread" to be removed.

3. That the alleged necessity of buying corn of foreigners, in order to induce and enable them to buy our manufactures, exists in an equal degree in the case of our own people. If you leave the English farmer, and prefer to buy your corn of the Polish one, you will only gain a poor and doubtful, though a *new* customer, in the foreigner, by giving up, and sacrificing, a far better one in your own countryman.

4. That if any supposed fall of prices, arising from the free admission of foreign corn, does not produce an equivalent fall of wages among our operatives, the master manufacturers will realise none of the advantages for which they are now contending; while, if such a fall of wages is produced, then, *not* the workmen, but merely a few thousand millowners, will be benefited by the change. And,

5. That any large withdrawal of protection from the agriculturist, must be accompanied by an equal relinquishment of protection by the manufacturer; and thus the only result will be, lower prices, lower wages, and worse fare to all the industrious classes, merely to please a few commission-agents, and to give a still further gain to the funded capitalist, the mortgagee, and the possessors of fixed incomes.

M A P

Shewing the situation of each.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL,

College & Seminary

Throughout

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,

AND

WALES.

MARCH, 1839.

*Published for Fraser's Magazine,
at 215, Regent Street, London.*

*A Roman Catholic Chapel
A College or Public Seminary*



FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CXI.

MARCH, 1839.

VOL. XIX.

STATISTICS OF POPERY IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES.

(Illustrated with a Map.)

I. ROMAN CATHOLIC STATEMENTS.

II. PROTESTANT STATEMENTS.

LONG and impartial observation has most fully convinced us, that the enemy we have reason to guard against is not *Schism*, but *Heresy*; not *Voluntaryism*, but *POPERY*. The sects are no more to be feared than the bubbles on the surface of the troubled ocean, through which the mariner ploughs his way unimpeded and unalarmed; but Romanism, like a coral reef, increasing daily in dimensions, unseen and unsuspected, demands that we should erect a beacon beside it, to shew distinctly those perils by which church and state, the sacredness of the altar, and the integrities of the throne, are now environed. The Dissenters we have little reason to dread: and if we reflect for one moment that their body is composed of fragmental and inter-antagonist forces, its formidable pretensions will instantly evaporate. But the undermining works of darkness—the enemy in the garb of friendship—the pestilence with the flush of health upon its cheek—the Jesuit robed in the plausibilities of modern liberalism—Satan as an angel of light; in one word, *POPERY* working inward on the vitals of our national Protestantism;—the knowledge of all this ought to resuscitate the dormant energies of England, and to evoke, trumpet-tongued, the olden tocsin—

NO POPERY!

We mean to take up our position as firmly and as faithfully as before; having resolved to rescue our glorious

ark from wreck, or ourselves to perish with it.

It appears from various sources that Britain, the great bulwark of Protestantism, is at this moment the spot on which the ravenous eye of the papal hierarchy is riveted. For its conversion to an anile superstition, the papal powers are at this moment combining and concentrating their forces. Jesuits, like the locusts of Egypt, swarm in our parishes. Mass-houses, like plague-spots, start into existence with ominous speed. The fell simoom has begun its murderous course; and in Lancashire, for instance, what was as the garden of the Lord before it, has been left a waste howling wilderness behind it.

We cannot behold the gradual spread and contamination of this moral pestilence, without calling upon statesmen, clergy, and Protestants throughout the country, to adopt some more effective steps than hitherto, not merely to arrest its progress, but to extinguish all its miasma. We take our stand between the living and the dead—between Protestantism, the nursing-mother of chaste women, and great, because good men, and Popery, the prolific parent of curses more numerous and colossal than those under which Ireland groans and is in agony; and while we point out “the destruction that wasteth at noon-day,” we shall not fail to remind the descendants of Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley, the fellow-countrymen of a Wellington and a Nelson, that

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!

The following tabular synopsis is taken partly from Laity's Directories, and partly from personal knowledge.

English and Welsh Counties, with the Number of Chapels in each.

Bedfordshire	1	Brought forward	288
Berkshire	6	Rutlandshire	0
Bucks	1	Shropshire	9
Cambridgeshire	1	Somersetshire	10
Cheshire	9	Staffordshire	29
Cornwall	2	Suffolk	6
Cumberland	6	Surrey	6
Devonshire	9	Sussex	8
Derbyshire	7	Warwickshire	18
Dorsetshire	9	Westmoreland	2
Durham	16	Wiltshire	3
Essex	7	Worcestershire	11
Gloucester	8	Yorkshire	52
Hants and Isle of Wight	12		
Herefordshire	5		
Herts	1		
Hunts	0		
Kent	9		
Lancashire	90		
Lincolnshire	10		
Leicestershire	11		
Middlesex	20		
Monmouth	7		
Norfolk	7		
Nottinghamshire	3		
Northamptonshire	5		
Northumberland	19		
Oxfordshire	7		

Wales.

Anglesea	0
Brecknockshire	1
Caermarthenshire	0
Cardiganshire	0
Caernarvonshire	1
Denbighshire	2
Flintshire	2
Glamorganshire	2
Montgomery	0
Merionethshire	0
Pembrokeshire	0
Radnorshire	0
Guernsey, Jersey, and Isle of Man	3

Carried forward	288
Total number of Chapels in England and Wales in 1839	453
Do. do. do. 1824	357
Increase since 1824	96

Scotch Counties, with the Number of Chapels in each.

Aberdeenshire	7	Brought forward	62
Angus	2	Kincardine	0
Argyllshire	4	Kirkcudbrightshire	4
Ayrshire	4	Lanarkshire	2
Banff	11	Linlithgow	1
Berwickshire	2	Morayshire	1
Bute	1	Nairne	0
Caithness-shire	1	Orkney	0
Clackmannan	0	Peebles-shire	1
Cromartie	0	Perthshire	2
Dumfries-shire	2	Renfrewshire	2
Dumbartonshire	1	Ross-shire	1
Edinburghshire	6	Roxburghshire	0
Fifeshire	1	Selkirkshire	0
Haddington	1	Stirlingshire	2
Inverness-shire	19	Sutherlandshire	0
Kinross	0	Wigtownshire	1

Carried forward	62
Total number of Chapels in Scotland in 1839	79
Do. do. do. 1829	51
Increase in 10 years	28

Total number of Chapels in Great Britain	532
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Colleges.*

St. Edmund's .. Old Hall Green, Ware.	Stonyhurst .. Lancashire.
Ushaw Durham.	Ampleforth .. York.
St. Mary's .. Birmingham.	St. Gregory's .. Downside, Bath.
St. Peter's .. Prior Park, Bath.	German Broadway, Worcestershire
St. Paul's Prior Park, Bath.	St. Mary's Aberdeenshire.

Nunneries and Convents.

Micklegate Bar York.	St. Mary's Priory Leamington.
Hammer-smith London.	Ashton Hall Staffordshire.
Bishop's House Winchester.	Llanberne South Cornwall.
Taunton Lodge Taunton.	Carmel House Darlington.
New Hall Chelmsford.	Court House Bridgewater.
Spettisbury House .. Blandford.	Sale's House Westbury.
Stanbrook Hall Worcester.	Hartbury Court Gloucester.
Caverswall Castle Staffordshire.	Presentation Manchester.
Clare Lodge Yorkshire.	

In order that the eye, the organ of irresistible assurance, may be impressed with the domestic spread of the Romish superstition, we have presented the reader with a map of Great Britain, whereon he may painfully contemplate the moral ulcerations which the Church of Rome has made upon the bosom of our native country. The festering spectacle indicates blame and guilt somewhere. And not a little of that blame is compressed in the apathy and unbelief of Protestants on this momentous subject. But surely it is not too late to begin the patriotic and Christian work, not only of arresting the spread of disease, but of neutralising its virus also. Luther hoped amid almost universal Romanism: and, doubtless, there are Lutherans in the present day, who, fearless of all frowns, and unbiassed by earthly prospects, will stand forth in the strength of Luther's God, the undaunted champions of Protestant Christianity. We know there are many: but we long to see thousands more. Penetrated by a sense of the peril and exigencies of the times, we shall ever be ready to encourage and to aid them.

With this object, we would now submit a sketch of the pretensions and progress of the Church of Rome

in our fatherland. Several long and useful papers have lately appeared on this subject, in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, none of which have approximated to completeness. A complete body of statistics, mainly from personal knowledge, hitherto a *desideratum*, we shall therefore endeavour to supply. A dispassionate perusal of these will satisfy the most sceptical of Protestants, both clergy and laity, that if there be no ground for alarm, there is, at least, a powerful plea for instant remedial efforts. In the following digest, we mean to present either personal or documentary evidence, thereby to place the spread of papal superstition on competent testimony.

From causes which it would require too protracted a dissertation to unfold, there is, on one side, a strong tendency to reject every assertion of the growing influence of the Church of Rome; and, on the other side, there exists a feverish and unnecessary alarm. We are neither sceptic nor credulous. The promises of high Heaven amply assure us of the immortality of His cause; and the activities and progress of the Romish church serve the more powerfully to remind us of our duties.

I. ROMAN CATHOLIC STATEMENTS.

In Leicestershire, near Whitwick, Mr. W. O'Woolfrey, who, with monstrous presumption, signs himself PARISH PRIEST of Grace Dieu and Whitwick, published, in February 1836, the following statement on his miraculous medal and its sanative properties:—

"In England, for nearly three hundred years, has the Catholic church endured a

long night of persecution. During that period, it was wonderful that any vestige of Catholicity should subsist. Blessed be God, the spell is broken! and once more to Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, the ancient faith of their pious ancestors is freely proclaimed. Through these islands, our divine religion is making a rapid progress. Churches, colleges, chapels, convents,

* It is needless to enumerate the seminaries: their number and situation will be found in the map.

and schools, are rising up in such numbers and magnificence, as to make our enemies quake for fear. And well may they fear, for the arm of the Lord is with us; and we defy them, in the name of God, to resist us. HERESY, already grown old, and tottering in its last stage, will soon be no more; and then these three kingdoms will again become faithful portions of the true church."

The *Roman Catholic Magazine*, which was long carried on under the superintendence of the Rev. T. M'Donnell, of Birmingham, put forth the following announcement, in one of its most vaunting numbers, at the close of 1834, with the general accuracy of which, as far as its statistics are concerned, we are satisfied, from personal investigation :

"Times have changed very much, and we are not insensible to the exertions of those liberal, enlightened statesmen, that brought about the change. We have now a large chapel at Moorfields, which all the world (!) frequent, and where, for years, the truths of religion have been without fear announced. The Borough Chapel, near the Belgian ambassador's chapel, was some forty years since opened in a narrow dirty lane; the best term it deserved was that of a wooden shed. It contained about two hundred; and in every respect was a most miserable dwelling for a house of sacrifice. The new chapel in the London Road, which was substituted for the old one, holds about one thousand; but the congregation belonging to it is nearly twenty thousand. East Lane Chapel, Rotherhithe, near the site of the once princely abbey of Bermondsey, can number from two to three thousand of a congregation. Virginia Street, once an hospital for foreign sailors, was at first nothing more than a room for the priest. This has swelled into one of the most capacious chapels in London; and the few that knelt and prayed in the priest's room, to hear mass, has increased to the ten thousand of the actual present congregation. The congregation of Lincoln's Inn Fields is ten thousand at least. Warwick Street Chapel, most repair to it, not for the prayers, but for the music. Spanish Place Chapel has a congregation of six thousand."

The numbers belonging to one Popish chapel require explanation. The fact is, five or six distinct congregations attend the same chapel during so many successive hours—from sunrise to twelve o'clock, after which there is no mass. When, therefore, many Protestants tell us of a Romish chapel, with a congregation of not more than two

hundred, they ought to be informed of other chapels having congregations of ten thousand. A Popish chapel is not the representative of the number for which it furnishes *bond fide* chapel-room, but of a body sometimes double, and often treble, its actual contents, when most crowded.

The *Dublin Review*, in its number for May 1836, remarked :

"We are much satisfied with the aspect which Catholicity presents to us at this moment in Great Britain. The numbers who continue to join themselves to our communion, attest the beneficial tendency of the spirit of inquiry which marks the religious character of the age."

The same organ of Roman Catholicism, of the same date, observed, on the speech of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury on this very subject :

"We can assure his grace that he has underrated the number of our new churches now in course of erection. They are not less than forty; not to speak of four or five now completed."

The *Roman Catholic Magazine* for 1834 contains the following :

"We remember well that the person then called the Bishop of Chester, who, we believe, at present CLAIMS THE TITLE and ENJOYS THE REVENUES of the Bishop of London, acknowledged," &c. &c.—*Roman Catholic Magazine*.

"We were apprized, several weeks ago, of the departure of the Right Rev. Dr. Baines from Rome. We, therefore, are in daily expectation of hearing of his LORDSHIP'S arrival at Prior Park. It is said he brings with him a model of St. Peter's, on which to form the plan of his intended cathedral. His LORDSHIP enjoys a great advantage, in having on the spot the beautiful Bath stone."—*Ibid*.

"On Sunday last, the prior of the Popish college of Ampleforth addressed a crowd of people in Helmsley market-place, during the time of service in his chapel, his intention to do so having been announced the night before by the bellman. The address lasted upwards of an hour; and at the conclusion of it he distributed a number of tracts, and was then drawn in his phaeton by the persons assembled to the inn. The prior preached the Sunday following at Stonegrave, opposite the clergyman's house. His visits have extended to most of the surrounding villages."—*Yorkshire paper*.

"Sharing, as we do in common with all Catholics, the feeling of deep delight at seeing religion penetrating so steadily into every corner of the kingdom, we

know not a spot which presents more local interest, or revives more delightfully our earliest historic recollections, than *HASTINGS*, the spot which the Rev. Mr. Jones has selected for All Souls' Church, and his community of religious sisters."—*Roman Catholic Magazine*.

The London correspondent of the *Chronique de Paris*, Midsummer, 1838, says:

"A remarkable fact at present in London is, that the Catholic chapels are filled with Protestants, and that there are frequent conversions. Controversy is very warm in these, and finds eloquent men to conduct it. The tone of the preachers is simple and grave. They attack the church established by law, with a force which astonishes one, when it is remembered that in the same country, not many years ago, the Catholic worship was interdicted, and permitted only in embassy chapels."

The following statement is from the *Lait's Directory* for 1839, published under the authority and sanction of Dr. Griffiths, the Romish bishop and vicar-apostolic of London. It records facts which may be matter of congratulation in the Vatican; but surely they demand the solemn consideration of all sound Protestants. The latter part of the statement refers to parts of the world which are not comprehended in the present sketch. But a Romish estimate of the state and prospects of these cannot be wholly destitute of interest in these extraordinary times.

"The year 1838 has been remarkable for the number of new Catholic churches, some founded and advancing, and others consecrated and opened. In the person of a convert, a restorer of the ancient ecclesiastical architecture hath arisen, as able with his pen classically and learnedly to unfold and defend, as he is with his pencil accurately to delineate. Appointed professor of ecclesiastical architecture at St. Mary's College, Oscott, he has delivered lectures on this sublime branch of sacred art, which, with so many other characteristics of the ages of faith, have vanished in proportion to the ravaging progress of the march of intellect. Subject to the plans and directions of Mr. A. W. Pugin, eight Catholic churches are now elevating their pointed arches towards heaven; namely, at Reading, Uttoxeter, Solihull, Macclesfield, Keithley, Dudley, Melton Mowbray (?), and St. Peter's, Wexford. Chapels are also building in the midland district, at Derby and Cossey. In the northern district, at Halifax, Evringham, Selby,

Manchester, Oldham, Wycliff, Bellingham, Lytham, Preston, and Skipton.

"At Glossop and at Staleybridge, foundation-stones have been laid by Thomas Ellison, Esq., and at Worksoy and at Leeds, with appropriate episcopal solemnity, by the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, at which Lord Stourton, and other Catholics of distinction, attended. Glossop and Leeds are founded by the munificence of his grace the Duke of Norfolk. In the western district, chapels are also building at Clifton, near Bristol, and at Chipping Sodbury. At Brentwood and Tunbridge Wells, new chapels have been consecrated and opened by the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths.

"Under the protection of *her majesty's government* [*proh tempora, proh mores!*], the British colonies, east, west, and south, have received new bishops and vicar-generals: Bishop Clancy, for British Guiana; Bishop Smith, as coadjutor to the Bishop of Trinidad; Bishop Carew, as coadjutor to the Bishop of Calcutta; Bishop Griffiths, at the Cape of Good Hope; and Bishop Hynes, as coadjutor in the Ionian Isles,—all of whom, as well as in Australasia, are supplied with a well selected accession of assistant missionaries.

"A new chapel, on a fresh site of ground, will also be built in St. George's Fields, to replace that which is too small in London Road. Towards the erection of this, the Earl of Shrewsbury has subscribed 1000*l*.

"In Great Britain, a branch council has been formed of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons and at Paris, of which the Earl of Shrewsbury is the patron, and Bishop Walsh the president. The rest of its members are personages of high consideration in the Catholic body.

"This society, furnishing as it does the means of support to those to whom it is lawfully said, 'Go teach all nations;' as that was the last command, and the grand commission for which the apostolate was founded, so has it the first claim of all others on every Christian's support; bound as they are to assist in directing the light of faith to those who sit in the shadow of darkness and of death, in grateful remembrance that, without any greater merit of their own, it hath pleased Heaven it should beam upon themselves in unclouded effulgence. The Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Bermondsey, claims also the fostering of those who believe that on a diligent exercise of the works of mercy towards the sick and poor depends that salutation, 'Come, thou blessed of my Father,' &c., which, during life, is the animating hope of the just.

" All men are descended from one parent, and we are far remote from the region in which he breathed. The conquests of faith reunite and compact this dispersed and divided family into one communion—the communion of saints—whose sole limits on earth are from pole to pole. This reunion, let us hope, is in progress; for,

" In Turkey, the well-founded fear of Russian preponderance has induced the sultan to court the smiles of his holiness, the central point of Catholic influence and attraction throughout Christendom.

" In Egypt, Mehemet Pacha, through a policy which is both prudent and liberal, has afforded to Catholics and their institutions an ample protection.

" The King of the Netherlands, who strove to stifle Catholicity and its institutions in Belgium, has become in Holland their generous protector.

" Protestant England, without intending it, prepared the way for the triumph of Catholicity in Algiers; for, by the valour of her fleet, under the command of the gallant Lord Exmouth, the chains of the Christian captives were broken, and they returned to their homes and families. But Mahometanism, though humbled, was not corrected; and soon again began to exercise piracy and cruelty to Christian captives. Charles X. completed what England began; and Algiers became a conquest of France. But Louis-Philippe, relying on the superiority of his arms, expected that his army, that had not a chaplain in it, would reduce the barbarians to submission; but an infidel French army became doubly hateful to the Mahometans, and the vindictive passions on both sides threatened mutual extermination. To insure the loyal and willing obedience of the Africans, Louis-Philippe has found that he must Christianise his own army, to bring their unbridled passions into subjection. Algiers, therefore, has become an episcopal see; and where for ages Christians were treated as beasts of burden, the cross is about to surmount the crescent. Happily, the Abbé Dupuch, now Bishop of Algiers, possesses every qualification requisite in a great bishop.

" In France, at the Restoration, under the heartless reign of Louis XVIII., Infidelity and Protestantcy covertly united against Catholicism; and the revolution of July, 1830, prostrated Catholic ascendancy. Never, however, will the great waters be corrupt, or the earth barren, whilst the salt which should season them is pure and abundant: never will religion be lost in a country where the bishops

and priests are duly impregnated with the spirit of their calling. Let England and Ireland, compared, illustrate this position.*

" In fine, as models, in our day, of episcopal heroism in the hour of trial, in France and Germany, the archbishops of Cologne and Paris are presented to the hope and admiration of Christendom!!!"

" We are certain, that if our numerical strength be not yet so great as two millions, it must become so ere long, as the conversions to our faith, acknowledged by the better informed among our opponents, satisfactorily prove. The truth of these conversions is indeed denied by some, but evidently, to take the most charitable view, because men easily believe what they wish for. Our own personal knowledge enables us to state, that from the various classes of the community, from labouring men and mechanics, up to members of the bar and gentlemen of landed property, new recruits are joining us, one after another. Churches and chapels are rising all over the country, to afford accommodation for the increasing number of Catholics."—*Roman Catholic Magazine*, Jan. 1839.

" On Sunday, 16th, confirmation was held in the magnificent Catholic church of Wardour Castle, the seat of Lord Arundel, by the Right Rev. Dr. Baines, bishop of the western district, in which one hundred and fifty received the sacrament of confirmation: many of these were converts to the Catholic faith."—*London and Dublin Orthodox Journal*, Dec. 1838.

" The holy sacrament of confirmation was administered in the Catholic chapel at Poplar, on Sunday the 9th, by the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, to two hundred and eleven persons, eleven of whom were converts."—*Ibid.*

The following abstract appeared in the *Gazette de France*, in May 1838. It will prove how deeply interested the Papists of France are in the progress of their cause in England.

" On the Catholic Church of England.

" The statistical table of Catholic chapels in England makes them amount at present to 430. There are 26 in London and the neighbourhood, 44 in other parts of the London district, 117 in the district of the south, 189 in that of the north, and 54 in that of the west.

" All the London chapels are supported by subscription. Great repairs are about to be made on the chapel at

* This, of course, implies that the Popish clergy in England are not yet so faithful—i. e. so diabolical, mischievous, and tyrannical, as they ought to be, and as their brethren in Ireland are.

Moorfields, that beautiful building having suffered much. Its district is the largest and most populous in London, comprehending, with a few slight exceptions, the whole of the city, and even extending beyond. Its Catholic population, which at the commencement of the century did not exceed from 5000 to 6000, now amounts to 30,000. It has four charity schools. The German chapel is almost wholly composed of poor strangers. That of France has received no assistance from the French government since 1830. The Chelsea chapel has increased to near 6000; but these are mostly poor people. That of Our Lady, at St. John's Wood, is a monument to the zeal of the pious foundresses, Misses Gallini: but their funds have been exhausted on the building; and there is a school wanted. The Somers' Town congregation is increasing every day; but the greater number of the faithful are of the poor. The Bermondsey congregation is wholly composed of poor people, and amounts to near 9000. That at Stratford consists of 3000 poor Irish. That at Tottenham counts but 300 or 400, and all poor. These chapels are recommended to the charity of the faithful for their maintenance, and for the expense of public worship.

"In what remains of the London district, there is a chapel building at Brentwood, in Essex. Lord Petre has given the ground, and generously contributed to the expenses of the building. He laid the first stone on the 23d August last. There is another chapel building at Colchester.

"In the district of the south, where there are 117 congregations, a chapel has lately been built at Hethe (query, Hythe?), but it remains burdened with a debt. A new chapel is now finishing at Wellington, and collections are making for it. The Tamworth Catholics are calling for aid from their brethren, in order to have their chapel completed. Those of Nuneaton have no chapel, and are too poor to build one: they now appeal to the liberality of rich Catholics. Those of Kidderminster, consisting of about 350 poor English and Irish, first made use of an old Methodist chapel; then, thanks to the gifts of the friends of religion, and especially to the generosity of their bishop, and of the late Baroness de Montesquieu, they succeeded in erecting the carcass of a little chapel, which they will turn into a school as soon as they come to have a building better adapted to divine worship. A chapel is now building at Chipping Norton.

"The district of the north is that in which there are most Catholics. Lancashire

alone counts 88. There are five Catholic chapels at Liverpool, four at Manchester, three at Preston, two at Wigan. Yorkshire has 53 congregations. At Wigton, in Cumberland, worship is performed in a miserable barn; but ground has been bought for a chapel, and the assistance of the charitable is besought for an expense which exceeds the means of the inhabitants, all belonging to the poor class. The Catholics at Houghton-le-Spring are also poorly off: they attend public worship in a private house, and solicit pious offerings for the building of a church. Those of Halifax have equally no better chapel than a room, and appeal to the generosity of the rich of their communion.

"In the Western district, comprehending the principality of Wales, there are but 54 congregations. A chapel has been built at Falmouth, but it is burdened with a considerable debt.

"The vicars-apostolic are, for the London district, Mr. Thomas Griffiths, bishop of Olena, residing in London; for the southern district, Mr. Thos. Walsh, bishop of Campysopolis, residing at Wolverhampton; for the northern, Mr. Briggs, bishop of Traconitis, residing near Durham; and for the western district, Mr. Augustine Baines, bishop of Siga, residing at Prior Park, near Bath.

"There are fifty priests in London and its environs, of whom seven are Frenchmen, who have remained in England. There are several others from France in the different counties. In the remaining part of the London district there are 41 priests, and one beside in the Isle of Jersey. In the southern district, the *Laily's Directory* mentions 112 priests; but it must be observed that there are pluralities, as several missionaries serve more than one congregation. At Mount St. Bernard, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, the prior of the Trappists is the Catholic priest. In the northern district, we find 116 priests on the list, besides some double cures. The western district counts but 55 priests.

"From the close of 1835 to the close of 1836, the clergy have lost two bishops, Doctors Penswick and Bramston; eight secular priests; one young ecclesiastic of St. Edmond's College; and two Jesuits of Stoneyhurst, Messrs. Parquer, president of the college, and Scott. Three French ecclesiastics have died during the same period, at the respective ages of seventy-six, eighty, and eighty-one.

"In the Necrology we find also eight nuns of different orders, and a hundred Catholics, among whom are the Dowager Lady Clifford, Lady Arundel, widow of Sir William Stanley, and a daughter of Mr. Keating, the estimable London bookseller.

"There are fifteen charity schools for Catholics in London, at some of which the children are even clothed. These schools are under the inspection of priests charged with the care of divers congregations. There are benevolent societies for the Catholics also; and there is still to be found in connexion with the French chapel an association for poor invalids, established thirty years ago, for the benefit of poor French emigrants.

"Charity schools for Catholics have been opened in the provinces, at Birmingham, Cobridge (Qy. Cambridge?), Norwich, Nottingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Carlisle, &c.

"The Catholics have colleges or seminaries at Oldfield Green, Oscott, Prior Barn, and Ushaw, serving for each of the four districts. Besides this, there is the college at Stonyhurst, kept by the Jesuits; that of Ampleforth, near York; that of Downside, near Bath; the German College of Broadway; that of St. Edmond at Douay. All these colleges are kept by ecclesiastics; and there are besides, in the different counties, six private schools under the direction of ecclesiastics, not to mention lay schools.

"Ten female communities keep schools in different places. Eight other communities have no schools. These are the sisters of St. Bridget, from Lisbon; the Clarisses, from Aire; the Carmelites, from Antwerp; those of Lierre, in Brabant; the Benedictines from Paris; the Ladies of the Visitation; the Dominicans, from Brussels; and the Carmelites of Canford, now retired to Beaulieu, near St. Lô, in Normandy. There are some communities of English females on the Continent; a convent at Bruges; one of Irish Benedictines at Ypres; one in the Rue des Fossés St. Victoire, at Paris; two at Boulogne,—the one of Ursulines, the other of the Annonciades; a convent of Benedictines at Arras. These houses keep schools for young persons. The French nuns who keep the charity school at Somers' Town have a boarding school at Nantes for young persons.

"Among works lately published in England, Dr. John Fletcher's *Guide to the true Religion*, in 8vo., is distinguished. It forms a course of sermons on the marks and characters of the church. It is there shewn that the Catholic Church exclusively possesses these marks, and that the Protestant churches are entirely without them. This work, according to our correspondent, deserves being analysed in this journal, and even to be translated.

"The *Ages of Faith* forms also a very remarkable production: the 7th book, just published, forms an excellent his-

torical commentary on the fifth beatitude, during the ages of faith. The author, himself a converted Protestant, and the friend of two other converted Protestants, the Hon. George Spencer and M. Phillips, nephew of the last Bishop of Lichfield; the author is Mr. Kenelm Digby, descendant of Sir Kenelm Digby, who was executed under James I., for the Gunpowder Plot. Mr. Kenelm Digby, as well as his two friends, were brought up at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has undertaken an historical and philosophical commentary on the eight beatitudes, and publishes a volume annually. Though hardly thirty years old, he is not the less learned. He is married, is a man of fortune, and a relation of Lord Digby. What is laudable in his writings is his piety, his sagacity, and his horror for innovations. His excellent classical information, his acquaintance with the literature of different nations, his travels, the researches he has made in the great public libraries, have given him a rare fund of information on religious subjects. He is devoted to the study of the middle age, and to the bringing to light of all he can discover that is glorious for the Catholic Church. The produce of his works he devotes to charity.

"The chief editor of the *Dublin Review*, Mr. Quin, has resigned that office, and taken a civil situation in the West Indies. Mr. Tierney, a priest, and chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, at Arundel Castle, has offered his services for the Review. Mr. Tierney has undertaken to edit a new edition of Dodd's *History of the Church of England, from the Reformation down to the Revolution of 1688*: he will bring it down to the present day. Mr. Kirk, also a priest, had long been collecting materials for this, which he has handed over to Mr. Tierney."

"Several young men, of respectable connexions, and of ability, are preparing to increase the congregation of converts who assemble in the Catholic church of North Shields."—*Orthodox Journal*, Jan. 1839.

A lady who abandoned Protestant Christianity for Popish superstition, and published her experience, last year, in a pamphlet entitled *Recollections of a Convert*, dated St. Benedict's Priory, near Lichfield, Staffordshire, proclaims her parentage with a pride which Romish writers usually declare to be foreign to the inmates of a convent.

"My father was grandson to the Dukes of Marlborough and St. Albans,

My mother was Countess Jenison Waltham. She attributes much of her conversion to the fact, that her 'mother's nurses, full of faith, covered her all over with relics to help her delivery.'—P. 3.

In a sermon by the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, himself a convert to Roman Catholicism, preached, in 1837, on the abjuration of Protestantism by Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., there is the following prefatory statement:

"It was in the presence of a crowded congregation of his Catholic and Protestant neighbours, before the celebration of high mass, that Sir Charles Wolseley came forward and knelt at the foot of the altar, while the Very Rev. Dr. Weedall, officiating in the place of the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, bishop of the district, who was prevented by illness from attending, addressed to him the solemn exhortation appointed in the Roman ritual to be read at the reception of a convert, and, with the rest of the clergy present, and the choir, chanted the prayers and psalms prescribed by the church on the occasion. After this he stood up, and with a loud voice read his abjuration of Protestantism, and made profession of the Catholic faith in the words of the creed of Pope Pius IV."

Sir Charles was the bosom friend of Cobbett; and, therefore, the transition from worshipping the bones of Tom Paine, to that of worshipping those of Romish saints, is nothing extraordinary.

"We understand that a new Catholic chapel is about to be erected in Preston, on an extensive and elegant scale, upon a plot of land situated south of Albert Street. The erection will commence almost immediately. St. Wilfrid's chapel is also about to be enlarged by the removal of the sanctuary about thirty feet further back than where it now stands."

"A new Roman Catholic college has been nearly finished at Sutton Coldfield, at an expense of nearly 60,000l."—*Orthodox Journal*, Aug. 1838.

"*Turin*.—A young English lady, extremely well educated, lately abjured Protestantism in the church of St. Saviour, in this town. After her abjuration, she received baptism on condition, confessed and approached the holy table. The ceremony was very edifying.

"Towards the end of the last year, an English lady of great literature had also made her abjuration in the same church."—*Ibid*.

"We have four hundred and fifty chapels built within a few years."—*Ibid*.

"A very handsome Romish chapel, which has been erected at Tonbridge

Wells, was opened on July 17, 1838. The bishop, Dr. Griffiths, and ten priests, officiated. The celebrated No. 12 of Mozart, and a choir from London, were advertised, and tickets of admission were 5s. each.—*Maidstone Journal*.

"At Hereford, Sept. 19, 1837, the foundation-stone of a new Roman Catholic chapel was laid, amid much splendour, in the presence of the high-sheriff!! and about two thousand spectators."

The following interesting extract, the authenticity and genuineness of which have been inquired into, is from the *Stockport Advertiser*, Nov. 1838:

"REPORT AT ROME OF PROGRESS OF
POPERY IN ENGLAND.

"A gentleman has favoured us with the following extracts from the journal of one of his friends, who has just returned from the Continent. It needs no remark to render it interesting to every Protestant in the town; and the design of the gentleman who succeeded in inducing his friend to allow him to extract it for publication will be answered, if it awakens to some degree of energy those Protestant feelings which the insidious and alarming advance of Popish influence amongst us ought before to have aroused into activity. It was written during the tourist's stay at Rome:—

"The commissionaire whom I had engaged to accompany me in my survey of the city, I soon found to be an intelligent sort of fellow; an active retailer of news, and completely *au fait* as to that part of his duty which consisted in making himself as agreeable as possible. In the course of our perambulations he had given me an account of the places of amusement and fêtes which would be open to me whilst I remained; 'and,' added he, 'you will perhaps be interested if you can gain admittance to a meeting to be held to-morrow in the room over the office of the principal *imprimeur* to his holiness, at which it is expected some of the cardinals, if not the pope himself, will be present, to receive an account of his mission from a member of the order of Jesuits, who has just returned from your country. But it will (said he) consist only of those who have contributed to the expenses of the mission, with their friends and some of the priests.' I determined, however, to hear what this good father would have to say about Popery in England, if possible; but I was not then aware of the difficulty of obtaining admission. I was about broaching the matter at the *table d'hôte* that evening; but a look from the fair *hôtesse* told me to stop almost at the first word. She told me afterwards, that I

stood in the greatest danger of a stiletto thrust, the consequence of being suspected as a spy, in mentioning it; that the commissionaire had acted a very foolish part in saying any thing about it; and that it was utterly impossible for me to get admittance. This only served to increase my curiosity, and the consequence was, that after much altercation and coaxing, with the promise of a recommendation of her hotel to many English lords when I got home, I at last succeeded in extracting a promise to obtain me a ticket of admission by the following morning. This she did; how, I don't know: this I know,—that it came from the hands of a priest—that the priest whom I had seen about the *bureau* of the hotel was a young man, and that my *hôtesse* was one of the prettiest women in Rome. Of course, nobody ever suspected a priest —; I'll say no more; only I apprehend that I should have been minus my ticket if my friend had not been so pretty.

On entering the room, I found the business had been commenced upwards of an hour. A man in the habit of a priest was on his legs, and two cardinals were sitting near him. The pope was not there. There were perhaps one hundred persons in the room as auditors, and I counted twenty-three priests among them.

It struck me directly as being somewhat in the nature of what we call missionary meetings in England, but on a smaller scale. The person on his legspoke in French. I was surprised that the first word that met my ear on entering was '*Manchester*.' On finding that he was speaking about the progress of Catholicism there, I put myself in a position to take notes. I was much disappointed to find that I was too late to hear any thing of Manchester; but the following is as nearly as possible the substance of the remainder of his speech:

—'*From Manchester*,' said he, '*we proceeded to Stockport, distant about seven miles, a town of considerable size and importance, though much inferior to the one we had just left. It contains upwards of 40,000 inhabitants, engaged almost exclusively in the manufacture of cotton.*'

The holy cause is gaining ground here every day. Its progress since I visited the town, ten years ago, is very great.' After speaking, apparently with great feeling, of the virtues of a priest lately deceased there, he continued, — '*A very favourable circumstance to be noticed here is, that all opposition from the HERETICS has long ago ceased. There is none.*' In fact, the feeling of those who are attached to the principles of the party now in power in England (I suppose he meant the Whigs) is one of decided preference for the true

church to the system of spiritual error there established; and those of opposite principles who used to be loud in their expressions of extreme alarm from the increasing influence of the holy church seem now to be perfectly indifferent to it.'

The church has been considerably enlarged, and a tower and clock added, to give it an appearance of authority; yet it is too small. The school attached to the church is crowded on the sabbath, and filled on the week-days, principally by the children of the heretics.

The speaker went on to congratulate the meeting on this particular feature, saying, *that of the great number of the children of Protestants who pass through the school, it could not but be expected that some would, in the course of their lives, embrace the Catholic faith, and that from none of them could any opposition be anticipated at the time, fast approaching, when friends would most be required; adding, 'the Catholic church there has the whole field of day-school instruction to itself with the exception of a solitary instance, and it is a matter in which the Protestants take no interest whatever. The heretics,' he continued, 'subscribed towards the enlargement of the church, and some of those who were employed in building it returned to the bosom of the church; an example which, there was great reason to believe, would be soon followed by one or two others of influence in the town. Some have attained to stations of confidence, and are thus increasing their influence; others have obtained seats of honour in the local courts for the government of the town; and the priest assured me that to be a member of the holy Catholic church, so far from being regarded as a matter of distrust and jealousy as formerly, is now taken to be a sufficient qualification for the duties of any public office, not excluding those which are connected with the maintenance of their heretical institutions; and in exercising which opportunities are afforded which they will know one day how to improve. The extent of their influence may be seen in the fact, that at the celebration of the queen's coronation the Catholics succeeded in placing their children next in order after those of the establishment, and before all the other heretics. This is the only town in which they occupied that position; but be assured,' he concluded, 'that in the event of another such an occasion, the Catholics shall take precedence of all others throughout the empire; for if a persevering and unanimous struggle on their part can effect it (and what cannot it effect?) its sceptre shall not long be wielded by a professed heretic; but shall be placed again at the disposal of the holy church,*

and the undoubted supremacy of Christ's vicar apostolic on earth be established throughout those islands.

"Our time in England being short, we proceeded to Macclesfield."

We must connect this extraordinary missionary report with the recent speeches and procedure of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer.

"Paris.—The visit of the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, accompanied by that illustrious and indefatigably zealous convert to the Catholic faith, Mr. Ambrose Phillippis, has afforded inexpressible satisfaction to every pious circle in this capital. Our venerable archbishop, as well as other bishops who happened to be in Paris, have had interviews with these two interesting visitants, and their suggestion has been entered into with alacrity by the clergy of the archbishop's diocese, who have agreed, at the recommendation of the archbishop, to offer up mass every Thursday for the conversion of England."—*Gazette de France*, Oct. 1838.

The next extract is from the *Popish Freeman's Journal*. A dinner, it appears, was given to the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, at Birmingham, in December 1838. To his speech on this occasion particular attention is requested.

"For some time past the health of this hon. and rev. gentleman, owing to his excessive labours in the ministry, has been on the decline; and, by the advice of his bishop and physician, he went to France, where he remained two months, and happily repaired, to a considerable extent, his health. As may easily be conceived, his flock, consisting, as it does, chiefly of converts, the fruit of his exertions, anxiously sought his return, and an opportunity of testifying their regard for one whose whole soul and undivided attention have been, at a sacrifice of every worldly honour and enjoyment, devoted incessantly to their temporal and eternal welfare. They accordingly, on being apprized of his arrival a few days ago in Birmingham, sent a deputation to meet and accompany him home. The Rev. Joseph Abbot and the Rev. Mr. Elwes were in attendance at his house in Westbromwich to receive him, and shortly after conducted him to his chapel, which was splendidly lighted up, and filled with persons of all religious denominations, anxious to participate in the tribute of respect to be paid to the honourable and reverend gentleman. The choir was full, and, after going through some appropriate pieces, a solemn benediction was given, and an admirable ser-

mon, on conformity to the will of God, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Abbot. The whole scene was really affecting, and produced a powerful impression on all present. Further arrangements, unknown to the reverend gentleman, were then entered into to celebrate his return, and a public dinner was announced to take place at the Dartmouth Arms. The tickets were anxiously bought up, and suitable preparations, under the management of Mr. Iddins, and a highly respectable committee, were made.—Thursday, the day appointed, between eighty and a hundred gentlemen sat down to an excellent entertainment. The Rev. T. M'Donnell presided as chairman. On his right sat the hon. and rev. guest, the Rev. Joseph Abbot, the Rev. Mr. O'Dwyer, Mr. Edward Corser, and Mr. Thomas Benbow. On his left, the Rev. Mr. Smith, vice-president, of Sedgley Park College; the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, of Wolverhampton; the Rev. Mr. Elwes, and the Rev. Mr. Holland, of Kidderminster. Mr. John Rodway officiated as vice-chairman, and was supported by the principal Catholics of Westbromwich. The cloth having been removed, *Non nobis, Domine*, was sung by the band, after which

"The chairman proposed 'Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria—persevering in the course which she has commenced, may she reign long in the hearts of a loyal and grateful people.'

"Tune—'God save the Queen,' all upstanding, and great cheering.

"The chairman, in an impressive and appropriate speech, proposed, '*His Holiness the Pope, Gregory XVI.*—may his paternal heart be gladdened by the reconversion of our country, the Isle of Saints' (!!!)

"The chairman then rose, and proposed 'the health of their honourable and reverend guest.' (Loud cheers.)

"The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer then rose, and was received with loud and reiterated cheering, after which he spoke as follows:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I must beg you to put aside the consideration of myself, and allow me to accept this compliment as principally addressed to my sacred office, and to be gratified at it more on your account than on my own, taking it as a sign of your attachment to that religion of which in this place I am the unworthy representative, and in your devoted adherence to which I see a pledge of your own happiness. But I see myself surrounded by many friendly faces from a distance, who are not of my congregation, and from whom, therefore, I have not the same reason to expect such a greeting as this; and I confess that when I was told, some

days ago, that a dinner of this kind was in preparation, I was at a loss to understand, or to answer, a testimony addressed to me as to a public character, which is what I have been unaccustomed to imagine myself. It was not long, however, before it struck me that such a meeting as this would afford me an excellent opportunity to explain the particulars of my late tour, and on that account I became quite pleased at the prospect of it. The circumstances of my visit to the Continent, I should, perhaps, not have thought of publishing, unless some occasion should call me forward; but I am thankful, at the same time, for any circumstance that will justify my making them known as extensively as possible; and thus on returning to England, I was glad to hear that the *Times* newspaper, which I did not suspect of meaning thereby any thing favourable to the Catholic religion, had notified my visit to France, and stated, just in such terms as I could wish it to be done, what I had there been occupied about. You see, my friends, how these people do our work, while thinking to expose and keep us down. Gentlemen, my friend, the Rev. Mr. McDonnell, in proposing the health of her majesty, declared the feeling of the Catholics with respect to their political rights to be, that they desired equality with their fellow-countrymen; that they required nothing more, and would be content with nothing less. In this sentiment I consider every Catholic ought to coincide; for although, as you know well, I am not a politician, yet I feel it is our duty, as Catholics, knowing, as we do, that our religion is the religion of Christ, *never to be content while our countrymen are domineered over by the teachers of false doctrines, who have the powers of the state to back them.* I say, then, with the political sentiment I entirely coincide; but again, I say, I concern myself but little with any political interests. I say myself, and wish all Catholics with me to let their neighbours know, that we care not for civil immunities, nor for earthly advantages. Let those who count much on such things as these strive for them, and grasp at them, and keep them all to themselves. These things, in themselves, are worth nothing; and if we persevere in asking for them, it is for the sake of our country, and not for our own. The language I wish Catholics to use is that of St. Paul, 'We seek not yours, but you.' (Hear, hear!) We will not quarrel with you about worldly good things; you may keep them, but we will have yourselves; we will gain your hearts, and never rest till the Catholic religion is again the religion, not of a part, but of the whole of England.

I know my reverend friend, whose sentiment I have adverted to, and in which I coincide with him as a politician, agrees with me, that it does not go far enough when we speak as Christians and as Catholics, and will say with me, England must be Catholic. Who is there that knows this to be the true religion—who is there that remembers how, in ancient days, England's glory was her faith and piety, that can be happy in any other prospect for his country but that of her again enjoying those blessings? I know that no Catholic can do otherwise than entertain this wish. What I have found fault with in the Catholic body since I have had the happiness to belong to them is, that they too generally rest in the wish, and do not confidently hope, with God's blessing, to gain their point. *What I have witnessed in France, and am now about to state to you, has exceedingly delighted me, as calculated, I trust, to animate all the Catholics of England to hope for her conversion, and by that hope to be excited with firm persevering zeal to work for it.* You remember, my friends, that it was under gloomy circumstances I had to leave you. I felt as one exiled when I was sent away to recruit my health; but I determined to acquiesce in the will of God, and it always answers well to trust ourselves in his hands. I have gained more for you, I trust, by my absence, than by all I could have done among you. I had no idea when I went to Paris in what the two weeks of my stay there were to be employed. This was determined by the conversation which took place when, on the first evening of my arrival, I was presented to the archbishop. *While I was with him the conversation turned, as might be expected, on the state of religion in England; and I said, what I always say, that the prayers of the faithful are what we mainly must depend on for success, and that it would be of immense benefit if the Catholics of France would unite in praying for us.* I spoke thus, not to the archbishop himself, but to the grand vicar, and without an idea of making a distinct proposal for such an association as was afterwards established. The grand vicar, however, at once made me speak to the archbishop, who took up the suggestion with an earnestness and charity which surprised and delighted me. He was to receive, two days after, an address from sixty or eighty of the clergy of Paris. He appointed me to meet him in their presence. *After the affair for which they were assembled was concluded, he presented me to them, explaining the cause of my appearance, and concluded by himself requesting that they should undertake to pray for the conversion of England, and that the*

Thursday of every week should be the day peculiarly assigned for this object. (Cheers.) They all accepted the proposal with great alacrity. A few days after, I was told by a priest whom I met, that, though not present at this meeting, he had heard of the archbishop's wish, and that he and twelve others, priests, who lived together in community in one house, had all offered mass for this purpose on the first Thursday which had occurred. You may conceive how this encouraged me in my proceedings. I accordingly obtained from the grand vicar a circular of introduction to the superiors of religious houses in Paris, and visited about twenty of the principal. They all undertook to make the conversion of England the special object of their prayers every Thursday—(cheers)—and to recommend the same practice to all their sister houses through France. The general of the order of Lazarists, the provincial of the Jesuits, undertook to recommend it to all their brethren. (Much applause.) I met, besides, several other distinguished prelates in Paris, who all hailed with extreme joy the thought of England returning to the faith, and promised to recommend the holy work of praying for her to all their subjects. I was everywhere assured that I should have all France united with us. (Hear.) Do you think, said they, we can refuse our prayers for that country which once was the island of saints, and we trust will be so soon again? You would be delighted to hear me read to you the letters which I have received from several quarters, in answer to my subsequent applications. I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of giving you an extract from that written to me by the Bishop of Amiens—"Sir," he says, "I associate myself with my whole heart to your holy enterprise. Bossuet used every day to implore of God that this island of saints, this highly gifted England, might return to the faith of St. Augustine, her first apostle. So many holy martyrs as that church has produced, so many holy and noble families as have in that country kept the faith at the cost of their political existence—so many holy French priests as have there found such generous hospitality—the prayers of former days, the prayers now recently inspired by religious gratitude, all make me believe that this great and noble nation will once more find the road in which her fathers walked. I will embrace every occasion to recommend to my clergy so good a work, in which I feel myself peculiarly interested; and I thank you, Sir, for having given me this good opportunity of expressing my sentiments upon it." Like these were the terms of ardent charity in which all those holy people spoke of our country. And now I must tell you with what

honour I was received, as the agent of this undertaking, on my return to Dioppe, where my friend Mr. Phillippis and I had established ourselves for the two months we were to spend together in France. It does not become me to rejoice in receiving honours, or to speak of them myself; but these honours I delight in, as tokens of the warm-hearted attachment of those good people to this great cause. The same day that I had related my proceedings to the priest of the principal church in the town, he spoke in our behalf most eloquently to his flock, and the next Sunday he requested me to give a solemn benediction in the church, and to preach in French to the congregation, who, though I spoke with the accents and expression of foreigners, received my address with extraordinary kindness. To show you further the interest which this object has excited in France, I have to tell you that the Archbishop of Paris, and the rest who had supported it, saw fit that 6000 copies of this discourse, which I submitted to their judgment, should be printed and distributed through France, so that every bishop and priest of the kingdom should be thus distinctly solicited to enter the association; and the work will not be confined to France. I saw enough to convince me while there that ere long all the nations of Europe will be joined in one great society of prayer for the conversion of this kingdom. (Applause.) Am I wrong now in saying that it will be a disgrace to the Catholics of England, if, with these examples, they remain without hope, cold and inactive in the great cause? Am I wrong in entertaining—and encouraging others to entertain—the hope that England will again be Catholic? Are we to think that God would inspire all these holy men and women with this charitable and most earnest desire, and intend only to disappoint them? This will not—cannot be. But it may appear to some an unreasonable thing that all the world should direct its attention to this one nation. Is it not enough that they should pray in general for all who sit in darkness? This answer was sometimes made at first to my applications; but I replied, True charity does oblige you to pray and to wish good for all, as God, whose love we are to imitate, is ready to bestow his graces on all; but as he sends them particularly to those who ask him, so your charity will oblige you to think specially of England, if for no other cause than that I come to ask you. But I urged, moreover, arguments which to me seem unanswerable, and to which they all acceded, to shew that England of herself deserves the most anxious regard of the Catholic church. Consider, I said, the immense wealth—the

universal commerce of England—the immense influence which she possesses over all the nations of the earth. Now, reflect that this England, Protestant England, divided as she is into so many discordant sects, has such a zeal for proselytism, as to expend, for the propagation of her religious notions, no less a sum annually than a million sterling. If she does so much for this phantom of faith, what, think you, would she do if, by becoming Catholic, she regained possession of the substance? The honourable and reverend gentleman stated three other arguments by which he urged the Catholics of France to be zealous in the holy work they had undertaken, and expressed his joy in the recollection of the effect which these uniformly produced. Such (he proceeded) was the mission with which I found myself charged in France, and, being returned to England, what do I wish but to propose this undertaking to every Englishman?"

It is clear, from this extraordinary document, that the *con-* or rather *per-*version of England, is the consummation devoutly to be wished for by the tools of the papacy. Their prayers we do not much fear. Their insidious and corrupt practices demand that free and faithful exposure which the Protestant and Reformation Societies of England will not fail, it is hoped, to furnish. Especially is the energy of the press of instant and of paramount value in this province. The Romanists have not failed to work this powerful engine, as the following facts attest:

"By the active exertions of individual priests, the Catholic Tract Society of London has circulated upwards of 70,000 tracts on *controversial* and moral subjects."—*British Catholic's Almanac* for 1836.

The importance attached by the Romish Church to the periodical press is great. In 1838 the Archbishop of Paris, after ordaining the Abbé Genoude, turned immediately to the latter, and said, "*La Gazette de France*, voilà votre mission." This paper, of which Genoude was ordained and consecrated editor, is an ultra-montanist paper, and panders to the vilest passions of the lowest of the Parisian democracy.

The following specimens of papal progress, as well as Protestant inconsistency, are from the *Roman Catholic Magazine* for 1835:—

"We announced in our last that the new Church was opened at Lichfield,

September 23. The next day the venerable vicar-apostolic opened a new chapel, dedicated in honour of St. Francis of Sales, in Needwood Forest. His LORNSHIP (!) preached a most powerful and instructive discourse, addressed principally to the *Protestant* portion of the audience. It appeared to make a deep impression."—*Ibid.*, October 1835.

"It is but justice to state, that more than one half of the chapel was occupied by individuals differing from the Catholic religion (!), but who have always come forward on similar occasions with a liberality which cannot be too much admired or commended, shewing us, as it does in the clearest manner, the beneficial effects of the voluntary system (*quantum mutatus ab illa*) in opposition to the compulsory measures of Church and State religion."—*Ibid.*, November 1835.

"*Duckinford Roman Catholic Chapel.*—The collections of the day, which are to be appropriated to the support of the chapel, amounted to 56*l.*, and have been increased to 63*l.* and upwards, by donations from individuals; most of them, we are happy to add, *PROTESTANTS* (!), who were prevented from attending on the day."—*Ibid.*

It is scarcely necessary to inform the Protestants of England, that the Roman Catholic Church has recently concentrated her energies in one great missionary and controversial Institution, the organisation and principles of which it is necessary to transfer to these pages. If able Protestant controversialists are not trained and fostered, who shall at all times be prepared to repel popish sophistry and Jesuitism, and earnestly to contend for the faith, many of the simpler sort of our people may be drawn aside by the priests. Most certainly it can no longer be said that Protestants are the aggressors. In our opinion it is their glory that they should be so.

"*Catholic Institute of Great Britain.*

"President—The Earl of Shrewsbury.

"Vice-Presidents—The Earl of Newburgh, Lord Clifford, Lord Lovat, the Hon. Sir Edward Vavasour, Bart., the Hon. Charles Langdale, M.P., Sir Henry Bedingfeld, Bart.; Messrs. Dan. O'Connell, M.P., Philip H. Howard, M.P., A. H. Lynch, M.P., Joseph Weld, Robert Berkeley, Charles Towneley, W. Constable Maxwell, John Menzies (Pitfodels), W. Lawson (Brough Hall), Ambrose L. Philipps, Philip Jones, James Wheble, Charles Bodenham, Major Huddleston.

"Committee—Members *ex officio*; the Catholic Bishops and Clergy of Great

Britain and the Colonies; Catholic Peers and Members of Parliament; the President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, and Secretary; as mentioned in No. 9 of the annexed Resolutions.

"Members elected and appointed for the current year.—Messrs. H. R. Bagshawe, M. J. Quin, F. Macdonnell, A. W. J. Harrison, — Kelly, C. J. Pagliano, — Havers, Charles Weld, T. C. Anstey, James Youens, Henry Barnewall, A. De La Torre, Scipio Clint, James Summersgill, P. G. Heatley, J. Reed, T. M. Smith, William Chisholme, Charles Innis, Richard Abraham, D. French, Chas. Addis, S. Johnston, Patrick Hughes, James Kendal, Charles Dolman, Thomas Jones, Peter Andrews, Samuel Cox, William Keene, Joseph Keesley, William Mylius, Thomas Norris, John Wright, H. A. Ridley, D. Leahy, — Doyle.

"The committee of the Catholic Institute consider it to be their first duty to make known to their fellow Catholics throughout Great Britain the design and objects of that institution, and to solicit their earnest and zealous co-operation. To this end, therefore, they propose to circulate, as widely as possible, the fundamental articles upon which it has been founded. From these may be collected as well the objects of the Institute, as the system on which it is intended to give them practical effect. They are essentially the vindication of our holy religion from the calumnious defamation of modern adversaries, and the protection of its poorer and more defenceless adherents from oppression for conscience sake.

"In the discussions preliminary to the establishment of the Institute, it was suggested, that as it could not be doubted that such an association would receive the general concurrence and support of the entire body of British Catholics, it might be placed on a more enlarged basis, and embrace other objects of great utility. After much consideration, however, it was determined to confine it strictly to its present purposes. The motive to this resolution was a desire to secure that unanimity and concentration in the Catholic body which seemed indispensable to the success of the undertaking, by the selection of such objects only of undoubted importance as appeared to be beyond the possibility of objection.

"As a large step towards the general approbation of their Catholic countrymen, the committee are happy to announce that the Institute has already received the high sanction of every vicar-apostolic in England and Scotland, and that numerous accessions from the general body of the clergy, including some of the most eminent amongst them for piety and

learning, afford good ground to hope for co-operation of that venerable class in our community.

"British Catholics have been frequently taunted by their adversaries, and sometimes reproached even by their friends, for want of concert in the pursuit of their common interests. Indeed, the alleged experience of the past has suggested in some quarters the apprehension that *this* institution may, by the same cause, be limited in its exertions, if not in its very existence. The committee, however, without discussing the question whether the charge as respects the past be groundless, or well founded, feel confident that, on the present occasion, there is no cause for such apprehension. Between this and all former associations a wide and obvious difference exists. Those were formed under the influence of severe and actual oppression, and whilst the body at large was stamped by the law with the marks of inferiority and degradation. Moreover, the object of such associations was of partial, and, in some degree, exclusive interest, being the recovery of secular privileges, which, from their very nature, must be unequal in their distribution.

"Happily here the circumstances and objects are wholly different. Catholics have been for many years restored to political equality: we have freely mixed with our fellow-countrymen in the transaction of public affairs, and may now assume the tone, and exercise the rights, of freemen without challenge or exception, and it is not conceivable that the objects contemplated can contain any elements of disunion. They regard not matters of temporal or secular interest. They aim at higher ends; at ends in which every member of our community, however high or low may be his rank or station, has a common and equal concern, namely, the glory of God and the good of our neighbour.

"It is notorious that the most vigorous efforts are daily made to check the progress of our holy religion. *Argument, conducted fairly and candidly, Catholics would rather court than discountenance, knowing that ultimately it must assist rather than retard the advancement of truth.* But many have recourse to other weapons. They pervert our tenets, misrepresent our religious observances, and calumniate without scruple the characters of some of the purest amongst the professors of our creed, without regard to sex or station. Silence and supineness, under such circumstances, would be unjust to our fellow Christians of other denominations. They might reasonably believe that charges thus boldly made were passed over only because they could not be con-

tradicted, and we should consequently become indirect but efficient agents in the delusion.

"If the objects of the Institute are in themselves laudable or free from reasonable objection, the mode in which it is proposed to effect them will be not less so; for it is intended ever to keep carefully in remembrance, that the maintenance of Truth is the sole basis of this incorporation. Thus, while its members will feel themselves called upon to promote, through the proper channel, the prompt and vigorous refutation and exposure of the misrepresentations and calumnies complained of, so that the antidote may closely follow and neutralise the poison, they will carefully avoid the course which they condemn in others, as being plainly inconsistent with that sacred purpose. Virulence, harshness, and irritation, are the usual accompaniments, and, indeed, indications of error. The calm dignity of truth disclaims their support. Its appropriate and powerful arms are moderation and charity, which are, nevertheless, perfectly compatible with energy and active utility.

"It is then to an undertaking, formed for carrying out objects which must be dear to every Catholic, in a temperate and Christianlike spirit, that the committee of the Institute earnestly invite the attention and support of their Catholic countrymen, and they confidently hope that the appeal will not be in vain.

"CHARLES LANGDALE,

"Chairman of the Committee.

"Resolutions passed at Meetings held in the *Sablonnière Hotel, London, for the purpose of organising a Catholic Institute.*

"1. That a 'Catholic Institute' be formed, for the undermentioned purposes, which have been sanctioned by the vicars apostolic.

"2. That all the Catholic prelates of Great Britain shall be members of the Institute, without any contribution save what they may voluntarily choose to give.

"3. That all the Catholic priests in Great Britain, having faculties or approved of, be also members of the Institute upon the same terms.

"4. That every individual of the Catholic laity, who shall contribute not less than six shillings by the year, or sixpence by the month, shall be a member, and shall continue to be a member so long as such contribution shall be paid.

"5. That the objects of the Institute shall be confined to the exposure of the falsehood of the calumnious charges made against the Catholic religion, to the defence of the real tenets of Catholicity, to

the circulation of all useful knowledge upon the above-mentioned subjects, and to the protection of the poorer classes of Catholics in the enjoyment of their religious principles and practices.

"6. That the affairs of the Institute shall be under the management of a president, vice-presidents, a treasurer, and secretary, to be elected as hereinafter mentioned; and of a committee, to be constituted as hereinafter mentioned.

"7. That the Right Honourable the Earl of Shrewsbury be president of the Institute.

"8. That all Catholic peers and members of parliament, contributors to the Institute, be *ex officio* vice-presidents, if, upon application to them, they will accept such office; and that there be twelve vice-presidents, to be elected by the committee.

"9. That the president, vice-presidents, treasurer, and secretary, shall be *ex officio* members of the committee; and that, in addition to them, the committee shall consist of all the Catholic bishops and clergy of Great Britain, members of the Institute, of such peers and members of parliament as may contribute to the funds of the Institute, and of twenty-one laymen (to be elected as hereinafter mentioned), with power to increase that number to any extent not exceeding fifty.

"10. That an annual meeting of the members shall be held in London on the second Wednesday in the month of May, and at which the secretary and twenty-one lay members of the committee shall be elected; and that at such meeting an account of the funds and of the proceedings of the Institute, its condition and prospects, shall be laid before the members, and that the discussion at such meeting shall be limited to the foregoing objects.

"11. That the funds of the Institute shall be applied by the committee in providing a suitable place of meeting, and in recompensing the secretary and such officers as they may consider to be necessary for the purpose of conducting the affairs and keeping the accounts of the Institute; and that a further portion of the funds shall be applied in printing and circulating such publications as, having the previous sanction of a clergyman duly authorized by the vicar-apostolic of the London district, may be deemed most useful to obviate calumny, to explain Catholic tenets and defend the purity and truth of Catholic doctrines, and circulate useful information on these subjects.

"12. That the committee shall also undertake the examination of all cases of religious oppression or deprivation of rights of conscience of the poorer and less

protected classes of Catholics, under any circumstances.

"13. That the committee shall be authorised to appoint sub-committees, of not less than five members, out of their own body, for any purposes of the Institute; and also to organise local committees, and to solicit and avail themselves of the co-operation of individuals in different parts of Great Britain and of the colonies.

"14. That all questions, whether in committee or at meetings, shall be decided by a majority of votes, the chairman having a casting-vote in cases of equality; and that five members shall constitute a quorum of the committee.

"15. That Mr. Henry Robinson be appointed treasurer to the Institute.

"16. That Mr. James Smith be appointed secretary to the Institute."—*Roman Catholic Laity's Directory for 1839.*

In order to demonstrate the completeness of the machinery now in action for the desecration of the country, the ruin of souls, and the dishonour of God, we quote still further from the *Laity's Directory for 1839*, published with the authority of Dr. Griffiths, the vicar-apostolic of London. The following are the Instructions for the formation of auxiliaries:

"CATHOLIC INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.
"Instructions for the Organisation and Management of Local Auxiliary Societies.

"At a meeting of the general committee, held on the 20th of August, 1838, it was determined that each member of the said committee should have the power of convening meetings for the purpose of forming local societies, in aid of the general purposes of the Institute.

"By another resolution of the said committee, it was also determined, that all other persons wishing to form local societies, should apply to the said committee for powers to act.

"At a meeting of the general committee, held on the 1st October instant, a finance committee was appointed, with full powers to organise such local societies.

"Accordingly the finance committee issue the following instructions:

"1. Printed forms for convening meetings are to be obtained gratuitously (carriage free) on application to the secretary.

"N.B.—This form has one blank for the insertion of the name of

the gentleman who will preside at the meeting, and another blank for the name of the place and the time at which such meeting will be held. The committee consider it desirable that one of the resident clergy of the district should be solicited to take the chair.

"In London, and within any convenient distance thereof, deputations from the general committee will, if requested, attend all such meetings, in order to explain the objects of the Institute and reply to such questions as may arise.

"By order of the committee,

(Signed) "JAMES SMITH, Sec.

"Oct. 24, 1838."

In prosecution of this new measure, meetings have been held successively in the London Roman Catholic chapels for forming auxiliaries and local associations in connexion with the parent Institute.

In December last a meeting was held at the George Tavern, St. George's in the East, and an auxiliary, to be called "The Virginia Street Catholic Institute," was formed.

During the same week another meeting was held in the London Tavern, and the "Moorfields' Auxiliary Catholic Institute" was organised.

About the very same time, Dr. Baldaconi, a foreign priest, presided at the formation of "The Lincoln's Inn District Catholic Institute."

These are samples of the energy and perseverance with which the Roman Catholics are now pursuing their missionary efforts in this country. The machinery is at work in the midst of us, and prayers and masses are offered up throughout France for the perversion of our country; and should these efforts on the part of Rome, not unworthy of a holy cause, remain unmet by some counter exertions on the part of Protestants, we may have to deplore departed opportunities we most criminally hurried by, and our children and our children's children may have to mourn over that spirit of indifferentism which cast its spell upon the souls of their forefathers, chilling at the heart earth's holiest enthusiasm, and repressing, with too great facility, man's most important exertions.

(To be continued in our next.)

HAZLITT IN SWITZERLAND : A CONVERSATION.

THE cottage I found Hazlitt inhabiting is about half a mile from Vivai, and stands on the banks of a small and rapid stream that falls into the lake at the entrance of the town. The house lies very low, so that it possesses no other view from the windows than a green paddock, overshadowed by some enormous walnut-trees. Behind, and across the rivulet, rises a hill of vines, sufficiently elevated to screen out the western sun. The spot is lovely and secluded.

As is not uncommon with men of talent, his appearance, though not unprepossessing, was by no means striking. He was below the common height; his dress neglected; and his chin garnished with a stubble of some days' standing. The lines of his countenance are regular, but bear evident marks of late and intense application; and there was an habitual melancholy in the expression, as though he had been chewing the cud of past miseries, or brooding on bitter anticipations of the future. His figure was emaciated; and it is evident his mind has preyed upon and consumed much of the vital energies of his frame; and this last, as was said of Shelley, seemed only a tenement for spirit.

I opened the conversation by speaking to him of the beauty of his cottage and the environs.

He said, "I am just returned from Italy; that is, I have only been here a few weeks, and have scarcely stirred beyond the precincts of my *campagne*."

I asked him how he liked Switzerland?

H. I prefer Italy, and France to either; not but that Florence (did not the climate disagree with me) is a pleasant place enough. Leigh Hunt, who was posted by the side of a dusty road, between two burning walls that excluded the air and refracted all the rays of the western sun, used to complain of its crystal heat—and well he might. But, at Florence, one is never at a loss how to pass time. I luxuriated in the divine treasures of its churches and galleries; I lived in them. I thought nothing of the old masters till I saw the frescos there. I am partial to cities and works of art, especially paintings; but, more than all, I like to

study man. One might as well live in some *terra incognita* as here.

I asked by what route he had travelled?

H. I crossed the Simplon; a monument which, had Napoleon left nothing else, would have been enough to have immortalised him. We passed some weeks at Bueg, at the foot of the mountain; but I soon got sick of alps and glaciers, and mean to make no excursions this summer. One range of alps is like another range of alps, one valley is like another valley; the eye can scarce distinguish the difference, so nearly alike are their features. Give me the rich plains of Lombardy, or the cultivated tracts of France.

M. As for me, I agree with M. de Stendhal in thinking "*la belle France*" one of the ugliest countries in the world.

H. Not so; I never tire of corn plains. We have too much pasturage at home, and do not understand the economy of labour so well as in France. The cattle destroy more than they eat in England. We see, too, in every patch of cultivation, that the peasantry are something in France. This division of lands was one of the happy fruits of the revolution. I was never so much disappointed as when I first beheld a vineyard, and am sick of the sight of them here. These vines, crawling along the ground, are no better than sticked beans: one of our hop grounds is far more picturesque. The vines in Tuscany, indeed, form arcades for miles; and it is pleasant enough to walk between the rows of the mulberry trees that support the red clustering grapes; besides, the wheat grows under them. There is nothing like cultivation. I thought England a garden, till I saw the Val d'Arno: it is one orchard—not a tree but a fruit-tree for miles.

M. How did you like the society there?—speaking of Florence.

H. I only knew Leigh Hunt, the author of the *Imaginary Conversations*, and Lord Dillon. The latter, but for some twist in his brain, would have been a clever man. He has the *cacoëthes parlandi*, like Coleridge; though he does not pump out his words. [Alluding to Coleridge's manner of working his arms up and down

in talking.] His lordship's manner is to pin you in a corner; and, when once there, you might as well attempt to get out of chancery. I went to dine with him—the only time I ever dined at a lord's table. He had all the talk to himself: he never waits for an answer. He writes books, too, that are as unintelligible as Coleridge's metaphysics and transcendental philosophy. Lord Dillon is a great Kantist, too. But there the comparison ends.

He now spoke of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and seemed imbued with all his notions about Lord Byron. He particularly insisted on his lordship's avarice.

M. He gave many proofs of his generosity. A fact comes to my knowledge of his sending a draft for 50*l.* to a compatriot in distress at Genoa. Byron, when he received the gentleman's letter, put it into my hand, and asked me if I knew him. It so happened that I had met that officer at Geneva, and knew his story. I told Byron that he had been shamefully treated in India. On very incompetent evidence, he had been drummed through the country down to Bombay before his trial, and afterwards dismissed the service.

H. It was your story opened his purse-strings. Had he not thought the man persecuted, he would not have sent the money—or, perhaps, had he thought him innocent. The greatest misers have had generous fits—Elwes and Farquhar, to wit, who prized gold as their hearts' blood. The latter had a house in Gloucester Place, where, for many years, his windows, that had no curtains, had not been washed, nor the furniture dusted. A *collectaneum* of fifty purchases at auctions—books, china, curiosities of all kinds, were piled in his rooms, pell-mell; and his only fellow-inmate was an old man on crutches. Thus Byron, when he sold his yacht to Lord Blessington, refused to give the sailors their jackets; and doled out to Leigh Hunt a weekly allowance, when he drew himself on his banker, Barry, at Genoa. This was mean—it was insulting. It is the manner of a gift, not the making it, or its marketable price, that stamps its value.

M. There I agree with you. The Marquess Wellesley left a *bon nom*—a great name—in India. He used to say, Give that man a handful of rupees. Had he said fifty, the pre-

sent would have been much less cared for.

H. Men like Byron, who have felt the want of money, generally become stingy in the end. Shelley says, "Gold is the old man's sword." Gold had been Byron's; and would have ended in being his god. Do you remember the panegyric on the diamond, in *Werner*? He there writes *con amore*. What he did for the Greeks was from ostentation, not disinterestedness, or love of liberty. He took care to have good security before he embarked, and was repaid to the last dollar. He married from mercenary motives. His subscription to the maid of Athens was mean. When in England, his aristocratic pride prevented him from selling his writings; and his gift of his early poems to Dallas and Moore, even when he wanted money badly, arose from that feeling. He told Murray that he never would take a sixpence from him; but he had not left England a month when he changed his mind.

The conversation turned on his poetry.

H. He would never have been the poet he was, but for Wordsworth and Southey. He knew *that*, and therefore abused them. Of Coleridge he was not so jealous: he had changed his beat—prose for poetry. After Byron had begun to write tragedies and failed, he was even jealous of Shakspeare. Had he been a painter, he would have abused Raffælle; a general, decried Napoleon.

M. What he said about Shakspeare was any thing but sincere. His finest things are paraphrases of Shakspeare. Witness the stanzas in the third canto, taken from

"A solitude is populous enough."

Voltaire, who, in his *Jule César*, has stolen from Shakspeare one of his sublimest ideas, the comparison of wounds to the dumb mouths, calls him a barbarian; as, more lately, does Manzoni, in that very clever novel, the *Promesse Spouse*.

H. The Italians are like the Greeks of old; they consider the rest of the world barbarians, look upon Dante as a god, and contend that the world has produced nothing *aut simile, aut secundum*, to the Divine Comedies. But I imagine that Manzoni only knows Shakspeare, like Voltaire, from some vile translation.

M. As a punishment, he has been as vilely translated himself. I look upon the *Promesse Sposée* as an admirable novel. The plague scene in the street with the "Magatte" is as finely drawn as any thing I know in tragedy.* *Apropos* of translation. There was an Irishman resident at Pisa, who had employed ten years in *translating* and commenting Dante—a translation and comment, after the heart of Theobald and Co. Strange to say, this "Dantista" has a brother living in Vienna—in fact, become more than half a German—who has been bitten with the same mania, and is *doing* the unfortunate victim into that tongue. Byron knew one of these "*Arcades ambo*," and had heard of the other; and said it was hard upon poor Dante, at this time of day, for a whole race to spring up in order to persecute and disturb his manes.

H. What strange notions the commentators and others had of Shakspeare. You remember what Hume says of him?—"that if he be considered as born in a *rude age*, and educated in the *lowest manner*, and *without instruction from the world or books*, he may be looked upon as a prodigy;" and adds, "that bodies often appear gigantic for being disproportioned and misshapen." Is it surprising, then, that Manzoni should take up the opinions of one of our most esteemed historians?

M. But do you really think Shakspeare was an unlearned man?

H. Sir, he was, if not the most learned, the best read man of his age; by which I mean, that he made the best use of his reading. His *Brutus*, and *Antony*, and *Coriolanus*, are real conceptions of those Romans. His *Romeo* and *Juliet* have all the beautiful conceits of the time: he has steeped them in all the enthusiastic tenderness of Petrarch.

M. Shakspeare was certainly well acquainted with Greek literature, particularly with the tragic writers. *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are full of passages evidently taken from the Agamemnonian story. In the *Tempest*, in all probability borrowed from the Italian, the lines ending

"And Neptune shakes his spear"

are literally translated from the *Prometheus*. And the description of the witches in *Macbeth*,

"But who are they so withered," &c.,

is from the *Eumenides*. To return to Byron. You say he profited by Southey and Wordsworth. I am surprised that you class them together. If I remember right, in some work of yours, you compare Southey to Sir William Blackmore?

H. I spoke of his epics, of the *quantity* rather than the *quality* of his verse. His minor poems are delightful. Read *Thalaba*. Do you know whether it is in rhyme or no? so harmonious are the cadences, so choice and musical the words. Metastasio himself had not a finer tuned ear. The Lakeists have the merit of introducing a taste for a more natural style; they have been great reformists in poetry.

M. I, too, am a disciple of the true romantic, not the pseudo-classical, school. Byron's controversy about Pope has always struck me as most extraordinary, particularly as I never heard him mention Pope but once; and I verily believe, till he took up the cudgels against Bowles, that he had not looked into any work of his since he left school.

H. A mere love of paradox, sir. If Byron had thought of convincing the world by his sophisms to return to Pope again, he would never have used them. He knew that his controversy would lead to a comparison between Pope and himself, and, whether right or wrong, his judgment, a point into which I shall not enter, was confident that the comparison would be all in his favour—bring his poetry still more into vogue. Another thing is, that he would have sacrificed all his fame rather than be classed with any of his contemporaries; he wished to stand out of the canvass, or as much above them as Henry the Seventh's or King's College Chapel is above one of our bastard churches; though he does prate about a Grecian temple. Thus Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lectures, condemns

* There is something very grim in the infernal merriment of these *Hermeses* of the dead, the contrast of their gaily plumed hats and splendid finery with the shrouds of the plague-blackened corpses they are driving to their last general home. The Italians may very fairly retort on us the charge of national vanity in literature, when they see the neglect in which the finest novel of the age, not excepting any of Scott's, is treated by us.

precisely his own style, and hints that what it was the end and aim of his life to attain—colour—is worth nothing in comparison with form, which his deficiency in anatomical knowledge makes him incapable of arriving at. Portrait painting he especially runs down. Fuseli was *l'antipode* of Reynolds; he was sincere in despising every thing but form; he thought himself a Michael Angelo, and spoke disparagingly of Vandyke and Rubens, calling them colourists. Byron was equally vain; but with all his vanity he had sometimes a suspicion that his works would not live.

M. And is that your real opinion?

H. Byron thought he had a better chance of living by his libertinism and profligacy than his poetry; he was ambitious of being handed down to posterity as a wit—a Rochester. He was also an aristocrat *in toto*, and poetry is not an aristocratic *métier*. At times he was ashamed of his occupation, and wished it gone, and all he had written suppressed. He was by no means angry with Goëthe for telling the strange and credulous story about the adultery and assassination at Florence,—never took the trouble of contradicting it. Perhaps, as I say, he thought his poetry would not live, and was determined his name should. I am told that his memoirs are quite as *libre* as Rochester's or De Grammont's. For a name, he would have made himself an Erostratus.*

M. Which of his poems do you prefer?

H. I like *Don Juan* the best: it has always seemed to me unaccountable that he had not carried his hero into Italy—a country about which he knew most. *Beppo* would have made an admirable episode in his hero's adventures.

M. The reason why he did not carry the scene into Italy is clear. He was afraid of a comparison being drawn between himself and Caste.

H. In reading his more serious poems, I fancy myself in the prison at Chillon. The light comes in upon it through only one loophole; the black beam at the entrance, and placed there that the groans of the dying might strike terror at their coming fate in the hearts of the sufferers within their cell;

that rock-hewn cavern below the bed of the lake,—its dim and Rembrandt look,—the black and mouldy columns, at the foot of which the rings are still planted,—all is in good keeping with the scenes of cold-blooded tyranny that passed there. I fancy I see Bolivard chained and riveted to the pillar, and gazing on his dead brother; but I am affected with a suffocating sense of horror, and long to get into the open air, and bask in the sun, and vow never to set my foot in such a place again.

M. But his poems are not all so gloomy.

H. They are most of them the reflections of his own mind, and that not an enviable one.

M. I will send you a critique on his works that has just reached me. The pamphlet is called *Cato to Lord Byron*. 'Tis said to be the production of a person who, after reviewing him poem by poem, and finding them what an orthodox gentleman should, deals out most complacent twaddle on the address at the opening of Drury Lane.

H. Perhaps the writer was a rejected-address man himself. People do not seem to be aware that that address of Byron's was a burlesque, meant to shew how the world is governed by names—that any nonsense of his would go down; and most bombastic stuff it is.

M. The reverend might well be shocked; the idea of comparing the theatre on fire to Israel's pillar,—Was there ever such a simile?

H. It beats Whitbread's phoenix hollow.

Something being said of Byron's tragedies, of which Hazlitt was no admirer, he remarked that they were written against the grain,—that Byron's talent was essentially undramatic.

We then got into a long discussion on the present state of dramatic literature.

H. What have we now on the stage but *rifacimentos* from the French? You know Kenny. Coming upon him unexpectedly one day, I found him on the flat of his back, kicking at a prodigious rate, and apparently in strong convulsions. I ran up to him, in order to assist and raise him; but his malady was an obstetrical one: he was in all the agonies of a *fausse couche*. "What

* Strangely enough, Goëthe is said to have wished to have written some work, or done something, to have entailed on him the execration of his country for the next fifty years.

is the matter, Kenny?" said I. "Oh, my dear fellow, Hazlitt," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I have been for three hours labouring hard to get out an idea, to finish a scene; but it won't—it won't come."

When I called on Hazlitt a few days after, he had on the table the last novel of Sir Walter Scott's. From the objections he made to it, it would seem that he had been running over its pages rather with a view of detecting its grammatical errors and Scotticisms than of enjoying the story. He had noted down, and referred with no small satisfaction to several instances of bad writing.

H. Sir Walter Scott is a Tory; he is the only author George IV. ever patronised. It was because Scott liked the Stuarts, and praised the good old times of the *jus divinum* of kings, and star chambers, that his majesty made him a baronet. He is the high-priest of legitimacy; loves and laments the times of border wars, highland ferocity, and black mail; and, what is more, makes us in love with them too. He has done more to put back the age than any writer of the day, the political economists and Malthus only excepted. He has an equal horror of change. We are amused in his novels at the expense of our better feelings, and are angry with ourselves and the magician whilst we acknowledge the spell. The French and Italians, who look at every thing through a political lens, are not blind to this. He has been attacked, and justly, by them on this account. In England it would be thought little less than sacrilege to doubt his infallibility, or to say what they do of him. Being almost an idolater of Sir Walter Scott, I turned the conversation, by saying, I understood he was writing a life of Napoleon.

H. Yes, that is to be completed like one of his romances, in I know not how many or how few months.* I, too, will write a life of Napoleon, though it is yet too early: some have a film before their eyes, some wear magnifying glasses,—none see him as he is,

in his true proportions. Sir Walter's will be a romance: his object is to make it entertaining, not true; as was Voltaire's, in his *History of Charles the Twelfth*. Scott's is meant for the English, not the world, as it should be. L—— has strange ideas about Napoleon: he says that his talent is commonplace; that he owes all to fortune. A general may do so once (witness Waterloo), but so many pitched battles! He thinks him wanting in personal courage; he forgets the bridge of Lodi. This will not be Scott's view of him. He must make him a knight of chivalry. I shall be curious to see how he handles the St. Helena affair, though there is little doubt which side he will lean to. His style is not made for history. Poetry is as much out of place in it, as it generally is in tragedy. Poets, sir, are vile prose writers—that abstraction and self-concentration required by the latter—that exercise of the judgment, rather than the fancy—that chaining together of ideas, which, though rising naturally out of the subject, must have been preconceived in the mind—that rejection of all that does not bear upon the subject matter,—they do not possess. They are in the habit of trusting to the god for inspiration, and he forsakes or misleads them. There was Byron, for instance; never was there a more execrable prose writer.

M. Byron could write well if he chose, but he preferred being *en dis-habile* in prose; besides, he disliked to reason on paper as much as he hated to argue in conversation. He looked upon both as a recreation, not an exercise of mind; he ever studied, if I may say so, to be slatterly, and was even ungrammatical at times—a strange affectation: I have some letters of his which would have disgraced a school miss. Loose as his hand-writing† was, at times, however, he was very eloquent. Witness his storm in the Archipelago, the small vessels being forced to cut and run before the wind, some for one port, some another, and some, perhaps, for eternity. It is a remarkable in-

* It has been said, in the preface to Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon*, that it was undertaken from a feeling that injustice had been done to the character of that extraordinary man. It should have said, would be done; for his design was formed before the appearance of Sir Walter's work, which, I am inclined to think, a spirit of rivalry chiefly led him to undertake.

† Hazlitt's MSS. were the most beautiful I ever saw. He told me there was a rivalry between himself and Leigh Hunt on this score; that he would not allow of an erasure or interlineation; nor in running my eye over the MS. of the *Plain Speaker*, did I perceive a single one.

stance of his vivid imagination, and more vivid memory ; of the application of poetical images to the illustration of a subject.

H. It is a fine piece of poetry, I will admit ; but it is nothing to the purpose. It is a sort of *ignis fatuus* to mislead. Scott spoiled his prose by his jingling octosyllabics ; besides, the repetition of words, that gives force to poetry, or, as some miscall it, the balancing of sentences, is a weakness.

M. Plato and Thucydides are both against you.

H. May be so ; but the spirit of our language is widely different from the Greek.

M. Shelley used to say that all who sought to write good prose, should study Plato. Not that his own style is perfect : he is too fond of introducing hexameters. He told me it cost him more trouble to write prose than poetry ; and I have heard Italians make the same observation. By habit, and the very mechanism of verse, the periods flow of themselves.

H. I remember a time when to write was the greatest labour to me, but facility came with practice ; I now sometimes run off whole pages without changing a word.

M. I have seen Washington Irving, when in the vein, do the same.

H. Do you talk of him as a prose writer ? Why, is he not a mere "reflector," a new setter of old jewels, like Moore in poetry ? They both suit people who do not like the trouble of thinking, or cannot think.

M. Books that require thought to understand, are grown quite out of fashion. Nothing is now read, and nothing now sells, but novels and gossiping biography. People read to be amused, not instructed ; and facts are so completely falsified in their new-fangled works, that history has become romance, and romance, history. But I do not agree with you about the author of the *Sketch-Book*. I look upon it as a delightful work. Irving never wrote a word he need alter or obliterate ; he is one of the best men I know, and is reflected in all he has written.

Hazlitt made no reply to this remark, and here entered into a long history of his own literary wrongs, his neglect by the public, his bitter persecution by the reviewers, especially by Sir Walter Scott, whom he accused of attacking him in *Blackwood*. The

chord thus touched, vibrated in every nerve, and he spoke for half an hour with much rapidity, and with an attempt, at times, to suppress his feelings, that was no less distressing to me than himself. He dwelt upon the personality of these attacks of the reviewers, and their calling him, I think he said, a barber's son, which he denied. His works, he allowed, were fair game, and that reviews of them would have affected his pocket, not his peace of mind. Working himself up, at last, into a fury, he poured forth the venom of a tongue, that was never equalled but by the gall of his pen. Yet, as he talked, I could sympathise with him. It was probably about the time of this interview that he wrote in his *Plain Speaker*—a work about which he was then engaged—"I was taught to think, and willing to believe, that Genius is not a bawd ; that Virtue was not a mask ; that Liberty was not a name ; that Love had its seat in the human heart." No one, said he, nowadays, can get his bread by his talents, however great they may be, who does not prostitute them—who is not a hypocrite and a bigot. It is because I am neither, that they hate and decry me ; and the surest way to succeed was to attack my birth. It is miraculous how nobility sells a book : without the name of a lord, or an honourable, or, at least, a baronet, an M.P., or a man of fashion, to grace a title-page, a book soon finds its way, as Juvenal says, to the grocers. Your mere author—as Byron calls him, "your author, all author, turned up with ink"—is like a younger son in society, and is not allowed even to make himself agreeable.

The conversation had become painful and distressing to me ; I knew not what to say to calm him, and shortly took my leave. I start to-morrow for a tour in the small cantons, to compare the glaciers of Grindelwald with those of Chamouny ; and I shall, probably, never see again a man who so much interested me, and whose conversation I committed, on my return home, to my commonplace-book. It was fortunate for Socrates that he had a Xenophon ! I could have wished to have infused into my *memorabilia* more of the spirit of Hazlitt ; but find, as I fear you will do, that it is all evaporated in the process. Adieu.

T. MEDWIN.

THE RAVEN ; OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

AN OLD BORDER LEGEND.

"THERE sits that old raven, accurs'd, on my wall ;
 Some demon sure dwells in his throat !
 I tremble to hear him on ' *Hildebrand* ' call,
 With that hoarse and sepulchral note.

Attend me, young marksman, so brave and so bold !
 But bring me that old raven dead,
 I'll fill thy deep pouch with broad pieces of gold,
 And young Edith shall sleep in thy bed.

But bring me the corse of that raven, I swear
 That, with many an acre beside,
 I'll give thee that girl, so proud, and so fair,
 My beautiful niece, for thy bride.

For many a month, for many a year,
 I have sought that old raven to kill ;
 All my arrows have miss'd him, and so has my spear :
He croaks of my dead brother still !

If thou lovest my niece, Sir Marksman, she's thine,
 When yon raven lies dead at my feet ;
 For whilst he has life, he's the torment of mine,
 So rid me of him, I entreat."—

"An oracle speaks from the breast of that bird !
 A prophet is he, and a seer !
 Young stranger ! *respect* of that raven, each word,
 Though *the heart of the guilty may fear !*

Who injures that raven, so bold and so true,
 No hand of young Edith shall claim.
 For years has he spoken *the tale that he knew*,
 When he croak'd forth *my dead father's name !*"—

"Away with that girl ! to the high northern tower ;
 She shall weep for her insolence there !
 She shall feel the full weight of Earl Ethelbert's power,
 By the depth of her own wild despair.

By holy St. Cuthbert, she there shall abide,
 Till yon raven lies dead at my feet.
 Young stranger, I'll conquer that bosom of pride ;
 So kill me that bird, I entreat."—

"My uncle ! I'll go to thy turret so high,
 But the scorn and the pride of this breast
 Will last till that raven so ancient shall die,
 Or thou have one moment of rest.

For years will that raven still sit on thy wall,
 And fill thee with horror and shame ;
 For still will that raven most mournfully call
 My father, *Sir Hildebrand's*, name.

No marksman has skill yon raven to kill ;
Thou hast tried every weapon before :
Sir Hildebrand's name, that old raven still
Croaks louder, proud earl ! than before."—

Then wroth grew the earl, and pale turn'd his cheek,
For the raven flew over his head ;
And flapping his wings, did in hoarse accents speak
The name of "*Sir Hildebrand*" dead.

Again from his bow an arrow he sent,
At the raven who circled him round ;
Back, back it return'd, both blunted and spent,
But the raven had never a wound !

Then forth from that raven's sepulchral throat
A laugh of derision there came ;
And still it return'd to its favourite note,
And croak'd out "*Sir Hildebrand's*" name.

" Oh, send for a leech !" Earl Ethelbert cried ;
I am sad—I am sick—I am faint !"—
" No ; send for a beadsman," young Edith replied,
For no leech can remove *thy* complaint.

'Tis the work of a priest, and not of a leech,
To cure this disease of thy mind ;
The good Father Paul thy disorder may reach,
Which no doctor on earth ere could find.

Young stranger, go seek the good Father Paul,
And bid him come hither with speed ;
For I see that the earl will confess to him all,
And may Mercy atone for the deed !"—

" *What deed dost thou mean?*" cried the earl, white as death ;
" Oh, Edith, thou'rt growing insane !"
But his forehead was damp—short, short went his breath ;
And agony swell'd every vein.

He fell on the ground, whilst the raven high soar'd
In a circle around the earl's head ;
From his throat so sepulchral one word still he pour'd,
The name of "*Sir Hildebrand*" dead !

" Oh, God ! I shall die if that raven I hear !
That name—how it thrills to my soul !
How it curdles my blood ! I tremble with fear !
With anguish I cannot control !"

" 'Tis the name of *thy brother*," said good Father Paul,
Approaching with beads and with hood ;
" Say, why dost thou tremble to hear a bird call
On a brother so kind and so good ?"—

" I slew him in battle, that brother so brave,
As we fought 'gainst the foes of the cross :
His blood cries aloud from a far distant grave—
Oh, how do I mourn for his loss !

'Twas envy that made me my brave brother kill,
For I hated his worth and his fame ;
Oh, find out some way my conscience to still
When I hear my lost *Hildebrand's* name !

To Edith I give all the wealth that I hold,
 To her I resign it this day ;
 I sicken at thought of titles and gold,—
 To thy cloister oh bear me away.

My brother ! my brother ! thy spirit can hear
 My bitter remorse — my despair !
 Forgive me, my brother ! — for sure thou art near —
 And bid yonder raven ‘ *forbear !* ’ ”

“ *Forbear, Master Ralph !* ” cried the monk to the bird ;
 “ Come hither, and sit on my hand ! ”
 The raven laughed loud on hearing that word,
 But came to that word of command. —

“ And dost thou forget when this raven was young, —
 When he dropped from his old mother’s nest ?
 How we fed him, and taught him to speak a new tongue —
 That word that you now so detest ? ” —

“ ‘Tis my Hildebrand’s voice ! ” the sick earl exclaimed,
 As the monk threw his dark cowl away.
 “ Oh, brother ! this heart is both joyed and ashamed,
 When I think of that far battle day.

And art thou not, then, in a far distant grave,
 My Hildebrand ! say, dost thou live ?
 And didst thou not die of that deep wound I gave ?
 And canst thou, my brother ! forgive ? ” —

“ Stand down, Master Ralph,” Sir Hildebrand cried,
 “ I want *both* my arms to embrace, —
 To hold to my heart one so closely allied ;
 So, Ralph, to my brother give place !

I have witnessed with Edith for many a day,
 Disguised as the good Father Paul,
 Thy anguish at hearing this old raven say
 That name that we taught him to call.

Let him croak on thy towers ‘ *Sir Hildebrand* ’ still,
 Whilst we sit below at our ease ;
 And teach him this young warrior’s name if you will, —
 For perchance it may fair Edith please.

But wherefore that blush, lovely daughter of mine ?
 Thou art loved, and thou lovest this youth.
 Gallant knight, take her hand, — my daughter is thine ;
 I have proved both thy valour and truth !

Now, Ralph, thou hast plenty of work on thy hands, —
Sir Hildebrand’s name ne’er will die.
 Look, Ethelbert ! brother ! how solemn he stands, —
 How keen is the glance of his eye !

Perchance he is thinking what name we shall give
 To the next of Sir Hildebrand’s race ;
 Thou shalt learn it in time, honest Ralph, if we live :
 So, brother ! another embrace ! ” —

TALLEYRAND.

(Concluded from p. 151.)

At the close of our remarks on Talleyrand in our last, we referred to his banishment from England at the passing of the Alien-bill. We now find him in new circumstances, and in another quarter of the globe. The reform of 1789 had at length become the delirium, and even fury of 1793. Talleyrand put on mourning for the king, but lived in America with his most implacable enemies. Some members of the constituent assembly were there his companions; but his days in the United States were passed in dissipation, and we have no reason whatever for believing that he was any party to certain machinations then in progress to make the American congress adopt a line of conduct more in harmony with that of the French assemblies. When he reached the shores of the New World, a treaty was negotiating between Great Britain and the republic of the United States; and the slight influence he possessed, he made use of to prevent or retard the accomplishment of that measure. At Philadelphia, he was a great man among little men, but Jefferson had a mean opinion of his moral character, and rather shunned than courted his society. During his exile in America, from England, as well as from France, the pleasures of the table, the society of women of dissolute life, and the daily intrigues of a disappointed and distracted man, occupied the largest portion of his attention. Those Americans who are still living, and who remember his residence in the United States when they were young men, describe his existence in that country as one of mere indolence. He was in his thirtieth year, when he landed in America, and had not lost that taste for a voluptuous life which had made him celebrated in Paris among the Mesdames Dubarry and Roland of that epoch. After the death of Robespierre, he resolved on petitioning the convention for permission to return. That petition was supported by Madame de Staël; and Chenier was charged to present it to that body. The demand was supported by Chenier, Legendre, Boissy, Breaux, and Genissieux, and it was decided that "The citizen Talley-

rand Périgord having signally supported the revolution by his glorious conduct, both as a citizen and an ecclesiastic, and the reasons which had led him to continue absent from France having been appreciated, he was authorised to return." This decree was made on the 18th Fructidor, in the 3d year of the republic. In July 1795, after an absence of upwards of two years and a half, he landed at Cuxhaven, proceeded to Hamburg, and there once more entered into relations with Madame de Genlis and the old Orleans faction. At Hamburg, he resolved on waiting until he should consider it safe and desirable to enter France. Although Chenier rendered such a signal service to De Talleyrand, by obtaining his recall from America, the latter shewed no gratitude, but quarrelled with him so violently, that the former avenged himself in the following terrible lines:—

— " Ferme dans ma route et vrai dans
mes discours,
Tel je fus, tel je suis, tel je serai toujours.
Gorgé de honte et d'or, un impudent
Maurice,
Du pouvoir, quel qu'il soit, adorant le
caprice,
De tout parti vaincu mercenaire apostat,
Peut vendre ses amis, comme il vendit
l'état.
Moi, quand la trahison marche sans re-
tenue,
Lorsque la république est partout mé-
connue,
Dédaignant de flatter des ennemis puis-
sants,
A ses autels déserts j'apporte mon eu-
eens."

In 1796, having returned to France in the autumn of the former year, he was accused of having intrigued to enter the directory. Thus accused, he again published his defence, and the ex-royalist Bishop of Autun declared "that his most decided and warmest wishes were constantly directed towards the happiness and glory of the *French republic*." Still he endeavoured to obtain the friendship of Bonaparte and the favours of the directory at the same moment; and was serviceable to the former in bringing about his marriage with Josephine, the widow of Beauharnais. His success with the

directory was not so rapid, for whilst the marriage of Bonaparte with Josephine took place in March 1796, it was not until July 1797 that he was called to the post of minister of foreign affairs, in the stead of M. Lacroix.

The 18th Fructidor (4th of September, 1797) witnessed the termination of the contest which existed between the council of five hundred and of the ancients on the one hand, and of the directory on the other. The two councils appeared disposed to adopt a moderate line of conduct. They decreed the revocation of the laws of transportation against the clergy, and their re-establishment in all their rights. But the directory was composed of men who were averse to these measures of justice and humanity. For some time, the two parties conspired, the one against the other, till, at length, the directors, more hardy than the councils, took up arms, caused the troops to approach, and effected the notable revolution of the 18th Fructidor. Talleyrand was not unfavourable to this measure, but he did not counsel it. He profited from it afterwards, and was charged at the time to communicate the official news to the General Bonaparte. In the despatch which Talleyrand wrote on that occasion, he expressed his aversion to the cause of royalty, his attachment to the republic, and his approbation of the measure which declared the penalty of immediate death should be incurred by any who should either call for the old royalty, the constitution of 1793, or of Orleans. Thus, once more he cheerfully forsook his former masters.

After the victory of the 18th Fructidor, condemnations to death succeeded with rapidity; fifty-three deputies were proscribed; multitudes of individuals were banished to Guyanne, there to die of fevers; during their passage they were treated with the most atrocious cruelty; the clergy were persecuted with even renewed fury; and laws were passed, which authorised domiciliary visits, and assimilated to emigrants those proscribed individuals who should escape from transportation. De Talleyrand was minister of foreign affairs during the whole of this period, and assisted in bringing back that sanguinary régime of 1793, which he had been fortunate enough to avoid by his absence in America.

After the treaty of peace of Campo Formio, Bonaparte returned to Paris on the 5th of December, 1797, and Talleyrand was charged to present him to the directory. In the palace of the Luxembourg this official and solemn presentation took place, and De Talleyrand, who saw in Bonaparte his future master, did not omit so good an opportunity of reserving the favour of the hero of Italy.

"Citoyens directeurs," said De Talleyrand, "j'ai l'honneur de présenter au directoire exécutif le citoyen Bonaparte, qui apporte la ratification du traité de paix conclu avec l'empereur. En nous apportant ce gage certain de la paix, il nous rappelle, malgré lui, les innombrables merveilles qui ont amené un si grand événement : mais qu'il se rassure, je veux bien taire, en ce jour, tout ce qui fera l'honneur de l'histoire et l'admiration de la postérité ; je veux même ajouter, pour satisfaire à ses vœux impatients, que cette gloire, qui jette sur la France entière un si grand éclat, appartient à la révolution. Sans elle, en effet, le génie du vainqueur de l'Italie eût languì dans de vulgaires honneurs. Elle appartient au gouvernement qui, né comme lui de cette grande mutation qui a signalé la fin du 18^e siècle, a su deviner Bonaparte et le fortifier de toute sa confiance ; elle appartient à ces valeureux soldats, dont la liberté a fait d'invincibles héros ; elle appartient enfin à tous les Français dignes de ce nom : car c'était aussi, n'en doutons point, pour conquérir leur amour et leur vertueuse estime, qu'il se sentait pressé de vaincre, et ces cris de joie des vrais patriotes à la nouvelle d'une victoire, reportés vers Bonaparte, devenaient les garants d'une victoire nouvelle. Ainsi, tous les Français ont vaincu en Bonaparte ; ainsi sa gloire est la prospérité de tous ; ainsi il n'est aucun républicain qui ne puisse en revendiquer sa part. Et quand je pense à tout ce qu'il fait pour se faire pardonner cette gloire, à ce goût antique de la simplicité qui le distingue, à son amour pour les sciences abstraites, à ses lectures favorites, à ce sublime Ossian qui semble le détacher de la terre, quand personne n'ignore son mépris profond pour l'éclat, pour le luxe, pour le faste, ces méprisables ambitions des âmes communes, ah ! loin de redouter ce qu'on voudrait appeler son ambition, je sens qu'il nous faudra peut-être le solliciter un jour pour l'arracher aux douceurs de sa studieuse retraite. La France entière sera libre ; peut-être lui ne le sera jamais : telle est sa destinée. Dans ce moment, un nouvel ennemi l'appelle ; il est célèbre par sa haine profonde pour les

Français, et par son insolente tyrannie envers tous les peuples de la terre. Que, par le génie de Bonaparte, il expie promptement l'une et l'autre, et qu'enfin une paix digne de toute la gloire de la république soit imposée à ces tyrans des mers ; qu'elle venge la France et qu'elle rassure le monde."

Talleyrand, who had been, under the régime of the national assembly, so anxious to promote an alliance between France and England, now denounced the English, in this very speech, as "the tyrants of the sea," and called on the republic, and on Bonaparte, to avenge France for the insults she had received. The ex-bishop of Autun could not pardon Mr. Pitt for his banishment from Great Britain. De Talleyrand counselled the overthrow of the pontifical government, the cruelties exercised towards Pius VI., and the butchery of the bishops and priests which then took place. These events were the object of various notes and correspondences between the directory, Talleyrand, and the agents of the directory in Italy ; and it must be recorded, that he who had been excommunicated by the pope, now took ample vengeance in subjecting Pius VI. to all the indignities and horrors which could possibly be heaped on even a traitor or an assassin. The chief of the Roman Catholic church was treated by the agents of the ex-bishop of Autun with unparalleled and disgusting brutality.

Nor must it be supposed that Talleyrand was no party to these acts of humiliation and violence exercised against Pius VI. His own declaration in writing, after the assassination of General Duphot, in his answer to Joseph Bonaparte, "that the French republic would have ample reparation for his death," and the whole of the despatch, proved that he was prepared to counsel extreme measures.

At this epoch, De Talleyrand was occupied with the operations of the congress of Rastadt, with negotiations with the United States, with a treaty of alliance with Switzerland, and with the expedition to Egypt ; and in all these affairs he displayed a large portion of diplomatic talent and great capacity. But these were not sufficient to protect him from public suspicion and general odium ; so true is it that a total want of moral conduct can never, in the end, be compensated

for, even in public estimation, by talents, however splendid, and success, however extraordinary. He was the object of constant denunciations, and of continued suspicions. It was said that he kept up friendly relations with the former government of France ; and pamphlets, satires, and menaces determined him on offering his resignation. The first time this resignation was made, it was *not* accepted ; but the second time, the President Barras was charged to allow him to retire, and Reinhardt, who was the disciple of Talleyrand, replaced him. This was on the 13th of July, 1798 ; and De Talleyrand immediately published a long explanation of his conduct, and a new profession of faith. In that profession of faith he declared, "that in 1789 he was among the first and most sincere friends of liberty ! That he had merited the implacable hatred of the *ci-devant* clergy and noblesse, by his attachment to the cause of the republic ! That the republic could alone save France from confusion ! and that no Frenchman, who was not mad, would think of finding any security or happiness for his country but in the republic ; and that if he did so, his name would be handed down to posterity as a traitor, accompanied by the curses of public execration !"

We perceive, then, in all the acts of Talleyrand, both in public and private life, the principle of a heartless and extreme democracy, as well as of a cruel and bitter tyranny. This was known and felt by all who came in contact with him, and he was, therefore, the object of perpetual denunciations from the tribune. On one occasion, when suspected of endeavouring to get appointed one of the directors of the department of Paris, Garrau, a member of the council of five hundred, rose and pronounced a fearful speech against De Talleyrand, and called on all energetic republicans to rise against such men as Talleyrand and Roderer, and drive them away, like chaff before the wind.

When Talleyrand gave in his resignation to the directory, as minister of foreign affairs, he perceived that that government was becoming weaker and weaker, and must soon expire, or be dissolved. He turned to Bonaparte, was assiduous at Malmaison, kept up an active correspondence with Napoleon, formed a small party of formi-

dable men, and gained over the council of the ancients. With Lucian Bonaparte, who was then president of "the five hundred," he was likewise most intimate; and when Bonaparte arrived at Paris, on the 16th of October, he found Talleyrand prepared with a plan to suppress the directory, to create a provincial government of three consuls, and to adjourn the legislative corps for three months. In the *Rue de la Victoire* was organised the 18th Brumaire, and Talleyrand was the devoted servant of the Consul Bonaparte. On Christmas-day, 1799, he was once more named minister of foreign affairs, and in that capacity he directed the negotiations of the treaty of Lunéville with Austria, which was signed 9th of February, 1800; and in the following year proposed and signed, on the 8th of October, a treaty with Russia; and on the 9th, with the Ottoman Porte. During this period of his history, the Prince de Talleyrand speculated largely in the French funds, and made very considerable and ill-earned gains. He availed himself of his official position to purchase and sell stock, according to the news he intended to publish the next day himself.

The negotiations with the court of Rome for a concordat, were *not* carried on by Talleyrand, nor was it signed by him. Joseph Bonaparte, Cretet, and Bernier were the French parties thereto, and it was signed on the 15th of July, 1801.

In 1802, De Talleyrand availed himself of his official position to apply to the holy see for a brief, admitting that he had become a member of the laity, and authorising his marriage with Mrs. Grant. This brief, or bull, was never signed by the pope, Pius VII., but a copy of a bull, or proposed bull, was transmitted to De Talleyrand, as if it had been, and the curate of Epinay pronounced the nuptial benediction. The pope, Pius VII., however, when he visited Paris in 1804, insisted, as one of the conditions of his journey, "that Madame de Talleyrand should not be introduced to him, that he might not appear to authorise the marriage of the Prince de Talleyrand with her, since that marriage he would never recognise."

The negotiations for the treaty of Amiens were entrusted to De Talleyrand; and the preliminaries were signed on the 1st of October, 1801,

and a final peace was obtained on the 27th of March, 1802. This peace was, however, but of short duration; and the non-evacuation of Malta by the English, was De Talleyrand's pretext for a renewal of hostilities.

In 1804, the consular government of France—De Talleyrand being still minister of foreign affairs, committed one of those crimes which, to the credit of human nature, are seldom heard of in the history of civilised society. We allude to the seizure and assassination of the Duke d'Enghien. In the night of the 15–16th March, 1804, from three to four hundred French soldiers invaded the territory of the duchy of Baden, invested the habitation of the Duke d'Enghien, at Ettenheim, and arrested the prince, and all his servants and attendants. On the 20th of March, he arrived at Vincennes, and a consular decree awaited him, ordering him to undergo a sham trial before a military tribunal. The sham trial took place in the night, and the last of the Condés was assassinated in the morning. Napoleon declared at St. Helena, "that Talleyrand had been the principal and active cause of the death of the Duke d'Enghien;" and Dr. O'Meara confirms this declaration by other statements made by the emperor. These statements are also fully confirmed by the following letter, addressed by De Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs, to the Baron d'Edelsheim, minister of state at Carlsruhe.

"Paris, 11th March, 1804.

"Monsieur le Baron,—I had already transmitted you a note, the contents of which tended to require the arrest of the committee of French emigrants at Offenbourg, where the first consul, by the successful arrests of the robbers sent to France by the English government, as well as owing to the results of the prosecution and examinations now going on here, obtained information of all that the English agents at Offenbourg had plotted against his person, and against the surety of France. He also learned that the Duke of Enghien and the General Dumouriez were at Ettenheim; and as it is impossible that they should be there without the permission of the electoral prince, the first consul could not but see, with the most profound grief, that a prince, who had experienced the greatest advantages from his alliance with France, should thus have given an asylum to her most cruel enemies, and allow them tran-

quilly to organise the most unheard-of conspiracies.

"Under these extraordinary circumstances, the first consul has thought fit to direct two small detachments to proceed to Offenbourg and to Ettenheim, in order to seize the instigators of a crime which, by its nature, places all who took any part in it out of the pale of ordinary laws and proceedings. The General Caulaincourt has received, as to this matter, the orders of the first consul. You cannot doubt that, in executing these orders, he will observe all the respect which his highness can desire to be maintained. He will have the honour to forward to your excellency the letter which I am charged to address to him.

"Receive, Monsieur le Baron, the assurance of my great esteem.

(Signed) "CH. M. TALLEYRAND."

When Cambaceres expressed an opinion in favour of the Duke d'Enghein — i.e. for saving his life — Bonaparte replied to him, "And how long is it, pray, that you have become so anxious to spare the blood of the Bourbons?" De Talleyrand said not a word; and "*Condamné à mort*" was written at the foot of the letter addressed by the eight executioners to the first consul, to know his decision.

In addition to all this evidence, there is another fact, which cannot be gainsayed. Though the last of the Condés was assassinated by order of the first consul, De Talleyrand remained minister, joined in his triumph two months afterwards, when he was raised to the rank of emperor, and was appointed grand officer of the imperial palace. This was on the 18th of May, 1804; and in July of the same year, he was named grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. Thus there was no protest on the part of the ex-bishop of Autun, against the unparalleled assassination of the Duke d'Enghein. He not only conducted the negotiations which led to the seizure of the victim, but he likewise remained intimately connected with the government which condemned a noble and innocent prince to a vile and horrible assassination. This is one of, if not the blackest page, in the life of De Talleyrand; and his memory can never be rescued from this terrible reproach; — he was one of the assassins of the Duke d'Enghein.

Two months subsequent to the murder of the Duke d'Enghein, a *senatus consultu* organic conferred on the first

consul the imperial crown. When Napoleon afterwards added to his title of Emperor of the French that of King of Italy, a sitting of the senate took place, and De Talleyrand delivered, as usual, a speech full of adulation for the then chief of the government. The question under consideration was, whether Bonaparte should give to his new kingdom a constitution; and the speech of Talleyrand was favourable to the project.

After the battle of Austerlitz, the subject of this memoir was charged to negotiate for peace with Austria; and the treaty of Presbourg was signed on 26th Dec. 1805. On the 5th June, 1806, he signed at Paris a treaty with the Batavian republic, by which the crown of Holland was placed on the head of Louis-Napoleon.

The negotiations with the court of Rome, for the attendance of the pope at Paris to crown the usurper as Emperor of the French, were also conducted by M. de Talleyrand; and he who had abandoned the church and the altar, after having first subjected its ministers to every indignity, and after having, under the convention, persecuted them with the malignity of the anarchists and terrorists of 1793, now pleaded with the Cardinal Caprara "for the interests of religion." The pope yielded to the pressing invitations of Napoleon and his servant; and he was rewarded for his condescension by the occupation of Ancona by French troops, in October 1805.

On the 5th June, 1806, Napoleon sent a message to the senate, by which he conferred on Talleyrand the duchy of Benevento, and on Bernadotte that of Ponte-Corvo, as "recompenses for the services they had rendered him." Benevento was a duchy belonging to Naples, though originally bestowed on the pope, Leo IX., by the Emperor Henry III., in the eleventh century. The same day that the message was sent to the senate to be enregistered, Napoleon conferred on Talleyrand the title of Prince and Duke of Benevento, with the right of transmission from male to male for ever. This act of spoliation, adopted under the pretext that it was necessary to put a stop to the imaginary disputes which the two duchies occasioned between the popes and the kings of Naples, was one of the most impudent and flagitious acts of the usurper's government. In vain

did the pontifical government protest against this aggression. Talleyrand saw himself a sovereign prince in his own right; and it was not likely that he would counsel Bonaparte to rescind his decrees.

During the Prussian campaign in 1806, Bonaparte was accompanied by M. de Talleyrand; and although the bases of all treaties made during the life of Napoleon were always drawn out or sketched by himself, yet he had great confidence in the finesse and diplomatic talent of his minister of foreign affairs. On the 20th July, 1806, preliminaries of peace had been prepared at Paris between France and Russia; but the Emperor Alexander refused to ratify them, and the hostilities recommenced. Napoleon was, during this campaign, again constantly followed by De Talleyrand. The Russians were constantly defeated; and, after the battle of Friedland, Alexander demanded an interview with the usurper. This took place on the 25th June, 1807; and on 7th July, of the same year, peace was signed at Tilsit between France and Russia. De Talleyrand was on this occasion also the representative of France. Two days afterwards, he negotiated another treaty with the King of Prussia, who only recovered his states on the most humiliating conditions; and, above all, that he was to cease from having any commercial connexion with England.

De Talleyrand now fell into disgrace with Napoleon. He had communicated to Josephine a secret entrusted by Bonaparte to him alone—he had been guilty of gambling much in the funds—he was obnoxious to the sovereigns of Germany; and, in August 1807, he was replaced in his post of minister of foreign affairs by M. de Champagny.

Still, however, his disgrace was but partial, for he was named vice-grand elector; and in 1808, when Bonaparte proceeded to Erfurt, to celebrate the anniversary of the interview held by him at Tilsit with the Emperor Alexander, he was accompanied by M. de Talleyrand. The fêtes were splendid; and Alexander conferred on M. de Talleyrand the insignia of the order of St. André, in diamonds.

In the affair of the dissolution of the marriage of Napoleon with Josephine, M. de Talleyrand likewise figured; and as Pius VII. was now driven from his states, and was an erring captive in the

custody of gendarmes, the clergy of Paris pronounced the divorce, and De Talleyrand maintained that the consent of the pope was of no importance. When, in 1809, Napoleon resolved to marry again, and consulted his council as to the preference to be given to a Russian or an Austrian alliance, De Talleyrand, Fouché, and the then King of Naples, gave their votes in favour of a Russian alliance. This was not, however, the policy adopted; and Berthier was chosen to proceed to espouse, in the name of his sovereign, the Austrian archduchess, Maria Louisa.

In 1811, M. de Talleyrand received, in payment of an old debt, the magnificent hotel of the Rue St. Florentin, which belonged to the former ambassador of Spain; sold his old hotel in the Rue de Varennes; and begun to prepare for those changes which he predicted would take place within two or three years. After the war of Russia, which M. de Talleyrand styled "the beginning of the end," Bonaparte arrived at Paris on 18th Dec. 1812. Talleyrand was then accused of being a member of a royalist committee, composed of the Duke de Levis, Royer Collard, Alexis de Noailles, and Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld. In January 1813, Bonaparte was put in possession of some intercepted despatches. The guilt of Talleyrand appeared to him evident; and he addressed his former minister of foreign affairs in the following terms: "How dare you enter my presence, when you have just signed some treaty, some secret pact, the object of which is to get rid of my person or life? I know you. I know of what you are capable. You are a miserable fellow. You have betrayed all the governments you have professed to serve; and will betray those again whom now you vow you regard. But I will not give you the leisure to serve them at my expense. I will punish you as you merit." Talleyrand protested his innocence; and, aided by the Duke de Rovigo and Cambacères, escaped from punishment. But from that moment Napoleon had no confidence in him. Some time afterwards, he received orders to proceed to his estates, and live in exile from the court; but, after vast exertions, he obtained the recall of this decision.

The Congress of Chatillon opened

the 5th Feb. 1814. Bonaparte might still have preserved the throne of France; but to the conditions proposed to him he replied, "I am nearer to Vienna than my enemies are to Paris." The conferences were broken off; and the French campaign ended in the arrival of 200,000 allied troops at the gates of Paris. When Paris capitulated, and the troops entered, Talleyrand occupied himself with but one question,—and that was, the government "to be" established; and despatched couriers to the Count d'Artois, and to the rest of the Bourbons at Vesoul, to inform them of the fact. Thus he who had sworn eternal fidelity to Louis XVI., eternal hatred to the Bourbons, fidelity to the national assembly, convention, republic, directory, consulate, and empire, now proclaimed to the senate, and the kings and emperors of Europe, that the Bourbons he had assisted in banishing from France were indispensable to her happiness and prosperity.

On the 31st March, 1814, the Emperor Alexander occupied the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, which became the centre of all the negotiations; and on the evening of that day the first conference was held, at which its possessor energetically opposed both making peace with Napoleon and establishing a regency. He urged the necessity for the return of the Bourbons; and proposed to obtain a declaration from the senate that his former master was no longer emperor, thus to give a legal and official form to his exclusion from the throne of France. On the 1st April, the senate was convoked by M. de Talleyrand, as vice-grand elector; and he presided. The senate decided that a provisional government of five members should be established; and M. de Talleyrand was their chief. This provisional government lasted fourteen days; and it begun its operations by addressing the army. The ex-emperor was called "that man" and "that tyrant;" and the soldiers were assured that they were no longer the soldiers of Napoleon, but of the senate, and of the whole of France. The pope was allowed to proceed from France to Rome; the Spanish infant, Don Carlos, was sent back from Perpignan to Spain; and the senate and the legislative corps declared Bonaparte no longer emperor. The provisional government issued a proclama-

tion to all the French; and it was signed by the Prince of Benevento. In that proclamation, the former minister of Napoleon styled his ex-master a tyrant, a despot; and declared that he governed the French "like the king of barbarians." The Bourbons, who had been the objects of so many philippics from 1792 to 1814, were now "the princes of France;" the monarchy of the last century, which De Talleyrand had proclaimed hundreds of times to be "impossible," he now styled in print "the true monarchy;" and that throne, which, in his republican fervour, he had rejoiced to see "overthrown for ever," he now designated as a "paternal throne," under the "shelter of which agriculture was to flourish, commerce to be free, order to be re-established, calamities to cease, and France to enjoy all the benefits of true liberty and a national government." Whilst these measures were being taken openly, De Talleyrand was negotiating secretly with Napoleon, and obtained from him his celebrated declaration, that he was ready to descend from the throne and to leave France. There was no longer any opposition: the Bourbons were proclaimed; and De Talleyrand exclaimed, "Louis XVIII. est un prince!" The senate voted, on the 6th April, the constitution of 1814; and Louis XVIII. was recalled to the throne of France. The provisional government liberated the Belgian priests and Romish cardinals who were in custody, and set at liberty the Russian and Prussian prisoners, the chapter of Tournay, the Simonianists of the diocese of Gand, and other individuals confined at Wesel from 1813 to that period.

Deserted by those who owed him their ranks, titles, fortunes, and lives, Bonaparte abdicated; and the provisional government addressed to the army a new proclamation. The white flag was substituted, by order of De Talleyrand, for the "tri-coloured banners" he had vowed to love and defend for ever; and a decree of the senate conferred, at the desire of Talleyrand, the provisional government on the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) under the title of the lieutenant-general of the kingdom. This was the same Count d'Artois, of whom Talleyrand had said to Mirabeau, "As for the Count d'Artois, he is too bigoted even for a priest, and too stupid even for a mill-horse."

Yet he was selected to present to that prince the constitution voted by the senate, and to compliment him on his appointment to the post of lieutenant-general. "My lord and prince," said Talleyrand, "the happiness we feel will indeed be perfect, if your royal highness shall receive, with that *divine goodness* which distinguishes his august house, the homage of our religious tenderness."

De Talleyrand was named by the Count d'Artois member of the council of state; and on the arrival of Louis XVIII., on the 3d May, he was charged to present the senate to the king.

The constitution proposed by Talleyrand, and adopted by the senate, was not wholly approved either by the Count d'Artois or by the king; and the charta of 1814 differed from it essentially in this one point, that whereas the senate and Talleyrand wished to make the constitution a sort of pact between the family of the Bourbons and the French nation, the charta of Louis XVIII., on the contrary, recognised the pre-existing rights of the king; and that that monarch, instead of commencing to reign in 1814 with the constitution, might date his acts from the moment of the death of Louis XVI., because he then in principle begun to reign. Thus the principle of legitimacy was not sacrificed, and the hereditary rights of the Bourbons were not suffered to lapse.

The memory of De Talleyrand cannot be rescued from a charge which has been made against him by M. de Maubreuil, Marquess of Orvault, of having employed him on a secret mission to assassinate Napoleon and his son. The fact of his being employed on a secret mission is indubitable; and M. de Maubreuil has undertaken to explain its nature. There can be no doubt as to his aversion to Napoleon, his conferences with Talleyrand, and his having received written and official orders from Count Angles, minister of police, Count Dupont, minister of war, and Bourrienne, director of the posts, to obtain such aid from the police, army, and posts, as he might require, to execute "his mission of a very great importance." He also possessed an order from the then Russian governor of Paris, directed to all the foreign troops in France, to assist him when necessary, and to supply him with all he required. These facts are patent; and he was

accompanied by an individual named Dasies. Maubreuil proceeded to Fontainebleau to execute his purpose; but there he changed his mind, and determined not to become the assassin of his former master. He arrested the ex-queen of Westphalia, under the pretext that she was carrying away the jewels of the crown. This seizure, and a robbery of which Maubreuil was accused, led to a series of persecutions and sorrows, such as few men have had to endure; and his secret persecutor was M. de Talleyrand, who would not forgive him for having betrayed the secret of the mission with which he was originally entrusted, and for having refused to carry it into effect. Dragged before all the tribunals for the alleged robbery, Maubreuil and his friend were every where acquitted, till at length, at Douai, he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and to a nominal fine. In 1827, Maubreuil, resolved to avenge himself for the wrongs and insults he had sustained, approached De Talleyrand in the cathedral of St. Denis, where he had attended to celebrate the mass for the soul of the murdered Louis XVI., and boxed his ears. Of course, Maubreuil was arrested, tried, and condemned for the assault to five years' imprisonment, and 500 francs fine; and after a series of appeals and trials, Maubreuil was allowed to remain in a *Maison de Santé*, and there to pass at least a portion of the five years. The revolution of July, 1830, restored him to liberty. During the whole of these long and complicated investigations, Talleyrand never replied to the question put by the public, "What was the mission confided to Maubreuil?" If it was not to assassinate Napoleon and his son, what was the mission? The fact of the secret commission is indubitable. Maubreuil declares it was to assassinate. Talleyrand denied it. But if this was not the mission, what was it? Talleyrand has died without clearing up this mystery; and the ruin of Maubreuil is no answer to the charge.

The return of the princes of the house of Bourbon to France has often been ascribed to M. de Talleyrand; but we cannot admit the accuracy of this statement. That he was an active and powerful agent in bringing about that return we frankly admit; but the force of circumstances, and the tendency of the events which had trans-

pired, rendered that return next to unavoidable. The Emperor Alexander said, indeed, "M. de Talleyrand held in one hand the family of Bonaparte, and in the other that of the Bourbons. He opened the hand he would." This may be true; and yet it was not from affection for the Bourbons, or from love to the principle of legitimacy, that he so acted, but because he perceived that France was weary of despotism and of war, and sighed for repose and order. He was rather the unwilling than the willing agent of true and enlightened public opinion.

The Bourbons, from a sort of feeling of gratitude to M. de Talleyrand for the part he had taken in the events of 1814, without paying attention to his motives, appointed him minister of foreign affairs, which post he had occupied under the directory and the empire; and he had now to set about undoing all that he had done in former periods of his official life. This occasioned him no trouble, uneasiness, or regret. Pliable as an osier, he bent to all circumstances, and adopted all facts, provided he preserved his power, influence, and station. He had no affections to gratify, no sentiments to cherish, except self-love and egotism. Pius VII., whom he had seen exposed without remorse to every sort of indignity, he now hastened to liberate from prison; and he who had provoked Bonaparte "to take signal vengeance of the Holy See," now wrote to Cardinal Gonsalvi "that it was sweet to him to return, in such moments of happiness and joy, to his former correspondence with the court of Rome." In his written instructions to the embassy charged to proceed to congratulate the pope on his return to his states, the same *nonchalance* is to be remarked; and all the measures of the empire, as of the republic, towards the Holy See, are condemned by the very man who was the real author of all the attacks made on the clergy and on their chief.

On 20th May, De Talleyrand signed the treaty, called the Treaty of Paris, between France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England. By this treaty, France preserved the integrity of the territory as it existed on 1st Jan. 1792. The Congress of Vienna followed in September of the same year; and De Talleyrand was sent to represent France. He was at first not admitted

to the conferences of the allied sovereigns: but he protested against the exclusion of France, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden; and their representatives were allowed to be present. Difficulties without end were raised by Russia at these conferences; and a European war was once more imminent, when Bonaparte landed at Cannes and again raised the tri-coloured flag.

De Talleyrand now prevailed on the congress to make its celebrated "declaration" against the usurper, by which he was placed out of the pale of all civil and social relations, and was delivered up to public vengeance as an enemy and disturber of the repose of the world." The declaration added, that the treaty of Paris, and the arrangements sanctioned by that treaty, should be preserved intact. Whilst De Talleyrand was engaged in obtaining this declaration from the allied powers, Napoleon was publishing on the same day a general amnesty, dated from Lyons, in which he only made thirteen exceptions; and one of the thirteen was the Prince de Benevento.

On arriving at Paris, Napoleon offered peace to the congress; and the mission of De Talleyrand at Vienna now became most difficult. The recollection of the past successes of the usurper was present to the allied sovereigns, and they more than once hesitated as to the course to be taken. But De Talleyrand negotiated with great talent and signal success for a new declaration; and, on 12th May, the congress confirmed by another official decree its declaration of the 12th March. The battle of Waterloo decided the rest. De Talleyrand left Vienna, joined the royal family at Mons, and was once more named minister of foreign affairs. He prepared the famous proclamation of Louis XVIII. on his second return to France; and had the honour accorded to him of countersigning it. The fidelity of Talleyrand to the Bourbons, during the hundred days, was not the fidelity of choice or of principle, but the result of circumstances over which he had no control. He was at Vienna when Bonaparte returned to France; and Bonaparte had proved, by his decree of Lyons, that De Talleyrand had no longer any chance of pardon, much less of favour, if the imperial *régime* should be re-established. He remained, then, faithful, not from choice, but from necessity.

At the conferences of Vienna, M. de Talleyrand fought hard for his duchy of Benevento; but he was deprived of its possession: and it was returned to the Holy See, with its ancient possessions, after eight years of spoliation. The treaty of Vienna was signed in June, 1815; and M. de Talleyrand, during its discussion, unquestionably distinguished himself by his zeal for French interests, except where they clashed with his own. On the 6th July he returned to Paris; Louis XVIII. arrived on the 8th; and on the 9th he was confirmed in his post of minister of foreign affairs, and was likewise named president of the council.

New diplomatic conferences, destined to terminate the points submitted to the Congress of Vienna, and the difficulties which had arisen in consequence of the campaign of 1815, opened at Paris; and De Talleyrand was again charged to represent France. The discussions as to the northern and north-eastern limits of France, and as to its occupation for seven years, were long and vehement; and the four representatives of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, required that new territorial limits should be assigned to the former country. Against this demand the Prince de Talleyrand protested; but the result was not in the end favourable to his views and policy.

De Talleyrand now sought to give an English direction to the foreign policy of the Bourbons, whilst Louis XVIII. was opposed to an English alliance. He thought that a Russian alliance would be more agreeable to French interests, and be more likely to preserve Europe from a return to revolutionary doctrines. De Talleyrand insisted in his English views, the king in his Russian policy; and, on the 27th September, 1815, the Duke de Richelieu supplanted the former, as president of the council and minister of foreign affairs.

The new ministry continued the negotiations with the allied powers; and concluded, on 20th November, a treaty, which fixed the limits of France to those of 1789, which imposed a war contribution of seven hundred millions of francs, and ordained the occupation of many forts and strong places by foreign troops.

Although no longer in office, De Talleyrand obtained a series of dignities and favours. Louis XVIII. named

him grand-chamberlain, with a salary of 100,000 francs; and also appointed him member of the privy council. Having no children by his marriage with Mrs. Grant, and yet being desirous of preserving the title of prince and the dignity of peer of France to some member of his family, he obtained, in Dec. 1815, an ordinance from Louis XVIII., declaring that, in default of male heirs as his children, his brother, the Count Archambaud, Joseph de Talleyrand Périgord, and his male children, should enjoy those dignities and titles. In the beginning of 1816, at the organisation of the Institute, M. de Talleyrand was named member of the Academy of the Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. His dignity of peer was preserved; and the king also joined to it the title of duke. The King of Naples conferred on him the title of duke in his kingdom; and, in 1818, granted him the duchy of Dino, with permission to confer that title on his nephew, the Count Edmund de Périgord. At the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, he was present as one of the witnesses; and he then predicted that the new-born child would be "a second Henri IV." But, ten years afterwards, this same Prince Talleyrand indulged in jokes and satires on the youthful king; and declared "that the white flag and the Duke of Bordeaux were impossible." In September, 1820, De Talleyrand was appointed commander of the order of the Holy Ghost.

All the favours thus heaped on M. de Talleyrand did not, however, satisfy his ambition; nor were they sufficient to gratify fully his self-love. It was not enough for him to bask in the smiles and protection of the court; he constantly aspired to office and to power. He therefore became a member of the opposition; spoke, in 1822, against the bill proposed by the government to restrain the licentiousness of the press; and, in 1823, blamed openly and severely the entry of a French army in Spain. His opposition was sometimes violent; at other times, secret and spiteful; and at all times dangerous and disagreeable. Louis XVIII. on more than one occasion reproved him; but his caustic replies were to be avoided, rather than excited: and his repartees against the court and the royal family were often very anti-monarchical, and not less injurious.

The return of Prince Polignac and the ultra-Romanist party to office was disapproved by De Talleyrand; who had, during the years 1825 to 1829, become very intimate with the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French. As Talleyrand had begun his life with Philippe Egalité, he terminated his career with his son,—a much more able, and a much more honest man than his father. He often predicted, in private, that Louis-Philippe would ascend the throne of France; and when the Prince Polignac and his friends were called to place and favour, he declared that “a revolution would take place within twelve months.” The republican faction at this time reared its head: Thiers and Carrel, Mignet and Lafitte, were its active chiefs. De Talleyrand smiled on, received, and conversed with them; and he assisted them in establishing the republican journal, the *National* of 1830. This began the intimacy of Thiers with De Talleyrand, so profitable to the former to the last moment of the life of his patron.

The revolution of 1830 arrived. De Talleyrand had predicted it; and it caused him neither surprise nor sorrow. He had adopted the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, first, as a necessity, and, second, as a fact. He saw them depart from France without emotion—never uttered one word of regret—never raised his voice in behalf of the young Duke of Bordeaux—but hastened to the new monarch, and urged “peace and an English alliance.” Louis-Philippe received him as his old councillor and his personal friend, and sent him to London as the ambassador of the revolution. He who had been expelled by Mr. Pitt, as the revolutionary and Jacobin envoy, now returned as the monarchical representative of a democratical revolution; and his first assurances to William IV. were of such a nature, as to render it certain that his opinions had indeed greatly changed, or, rather, that he had resolved to adapt his opinions to those of the country and the throne to which he was sent. London soon became the centre of the conferences as to the rebellion of Belgium. M. de Talleyrand succeeded in obtaining a declaration from the plenipotentiaries of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, that the union of Belgium with Holland was impossible. But then commenced that deluge of protocols, which

terminated in a simple declaration by France and England, founded on a convention between those two countries, that being unable to convince Austria, Prussia, and Russia, as to the measures to be adopted, they would require the troops of the King of Holland to withdraw from the Belgian territory; and, in default thereof, would resort to measures of compulsion. So the citadel of Antwerp was attacked, and compelled to capitulate; and the English Whigs blockaded the Dutch coast, and laid an embargo on Dutch vessels and merchandise. Still the affairs of Belgium remain unsettled; and De Talleyrand has died, leaving the frontiers of that country undefined, and the dispute with Holland undecided.

The affairs of Spain also fixed the attention of M. de Talleyrand during his sojourn in London; and he was the author of the celebrated treaty of the quadruple alliance. He imagined that he had realised by this nominal alliance a great conception and a vast idea; and the union of the four constitutional governments of the west of Europe was to assure peace to Europe, and the triumph of constitutional doctrines. But as the system of peace, prudently adopted by the French government, opposed all intervention in Spanish affairs on the part of France—as Portugal and Spain were too feeble and too poor to be of any reciprocal advantage—the treaty has led to no results; and the advantages to be derived from it by Spain have been only imaginary. The treaty, indeed, has been injurious to the trade and commerce of France in the south of that country; and, up to the moment we are writing, no sort of good has resulted from its signature to any one of the contracting parties. The treaty itself is vague and indefinite. The Portuguese government compelled, indeed, Don Carlos to leave Portugal, and to retire to England. But what then? It only, by this line of conduct, induced him to fly from England to Spain. The Spanish government engaged to oppose all the pretensions of the infant Don Miguel to the crown of Portugal; but hitherto it has been unable to put down the “revolt” of the northern provinces of Spain, and has not a soldier to spare for Portugal. The British government engaged to employ a naval force for such objects;

but as they have long since been accomplished, the third article has been fulfilled. The French government agreed to do whatever itself and its allies should thereafter mutually agree to be necessary; but this mutual agreement has never been come to, and the civil war in Spain has lasted four years since even the treaty was signed. As to the pension to be secured to Don Miguel, it has never been offered; and as to the pension to Don Carlos, if offered, it would never be accepted.

The "additional articles," which were signed in August, 1834, imposed on the King of the French simply the task of preventing arms and ammunition from being sent to Don Carlos; the King of Great Britain was directed to supply arms and ammunition to the queen-regent; and the Portuguese government was bound to supply all the means in its power to defeat Don Carlos and his cause. This was the last great diplomatic act of M. de Talleyrand; and it was as valueless as the original treaty. Neither the treaty nor the additional articles have pacified Spain, prevented anarchy in Portugal, or stopped the progress of democracy in any portion of the peninsula. They have put France to great trouble, and England to vast expense; but the Spaniards are still engaged in a civil war, the termination of which appears as far removed as when that treaty and those articles were signed. The treaty, indeed, was unphilosophical and unstatesmanlike; for as M. de Talleyrand had adopted, and openly proclaimed, in concert with the King of the French, the system of "peace at all prices," nothing could be more absurd than to sign a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, when it was never the design of the government of France to support the object of the treaty by force of arms. Indeed, the treaty itself was obviously *intentionally* vague and uncertain; and this uncertainty was the natural result of the resolution of the French government, by all means and at all risks to avoid war. The treaty of the quadruple alliance at first surprised and alarmed Europe; but it was soon discovered to be quite harmless: and the alliance in question, instead of becoming a subject of dread, was one of mockery and laughter. Thus the mission of M. de Talleyrand to London, from 1830 to 1834, was a failure. Belgium was given to an

English, rather than to a French prince; and its affairs were, and still are, left unsettled: and Spain, which was to have been pacified by the treaty of quadruple alliance, is less pacified and less monarchical than ever.

Having signed the "additional articles," and thus ratified, as he imagined, the alliance of the constitutional governments of the west of Europe, and having attained his 80th year, he now resolved on retiring from active duties, and on paying attention to his health and growing infirmities. He accordingly addressed to the then minister of foreign affairs, M. de Rigny, the following letter, which, at his particular desire, was published in the official and prominent part of the *Moniteur*:—

"To the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Monsieur le Ministre,—When the confidence of the king called me, four years since, to the embassy of London, the very difficult nature of the mission caused me to obey his orders. I think I have accomplished usefully for France and for the king—two interests always present to my mind, and intimately bound up in my thoughts. In these four years, the maintenance of the general peace has permitted all our foreign relations to simplify themselves. Our policy, which was isolated, is now mixed up with those of other nations: it has been accepted, appreciated, honoured, by honest men of all countries.

"The co-operation we have obtained on the part of England has nothing in it which has wounded our independence or our national susceptibilities; and such has been our respect for the rights of every one, such the frankness of our proceedings, that, far from inspiring distrust, it is our guarantee which is to-day required against that spirit of propagandism which disturbs old Europe. It is assuredly to the great wisdom of the king, and to his vast ability, that these satisfactory results must be attributed. I claim for myself no other merit than that of having divined the secret and profound intentions of the king, and of having announced such intentions to those who have since been convinced of the truth of my predictions.

"But now that Europe knows and admires the king—now that, by that very fact, the principal difficulties are surmounted—now that England has, perhaps, as much need as we have of our mutual alliance—and now that the route she appears willing to follow must lead her to prefer a mind with traditions less

old than my own—now I am able, without any want of devotedness to the king and to France, respectfully to entreat his majesty to accept my resignation; and I beg of you, M. le Ministre, to present it to him. My great age, the infirmities which are its natural consequence, the repose which it counsels, and the thoughts which it suggests, render this proceeding on my part quite simple, too fully justify it, and even make it a duty. I confide in the equitable goodness of the king, that he will so judge it.

“THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

“Valencay, 13th Nov. 1834.”

To this official and important communication, no early reply was given. A long time elapsed before Louis-Philippe would consent to accept the proposed resignation. He knew that even the name of the Prince de Talleyrand had something magical about it; and as all the great diplomatists and statesmen, aristocracy and wealth, of the restoration, had refused to serve or be associated with the new dynasty, it is not astonishing that the King of the French should desire to retain, as long as possible, at least the name of the Prince de Talleyrand, as connected with the Orleans branch of the house of Bourbon. At length, however, in January 1835, pressed by the ex-ambassador to receive his resignation, the king directed his minister of foreign affairs to address to the prince the following letter:—

“Paris, 7th Jan. 1835.

“My Prince,—I have placed before the king the letter which you addressed to the minister of foreign affairs, and by which you entreat his majesty to receive your resignation of the post of ambassador at London. His majesty hesitated a long time before he would so accept it.

“In associating yourself with his own thoughts and desires, and with those of his government, you have so ably concurred in giving stability to the new monarchy, grandeur to his policy, and have so assisted in maintaining the peace of Europe, that the king could not consent to deprive France of your powerful services and your great experience. But his majesty has felt that, after so great and so long a career, the attachment and the gratitude he feels for you will not allow him for any longer time to refuse the wish you have expressed, on account of your age, to obtain repose, &c. &c. &c.

“RIONY.”

After his retreat from public affairs, De Talleyrand continued, however, to

preserve the confidence of Louis-Philippe. Whether he resided at his château of Valencay, or at his hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, the King of the French never failed to consult him as to all the vast affairs of his foreign policy. He was frequently at the Tuileries. He signed the marriage “acte” of the Duke of Orleans, at Fontainebleau, in May 1837; and he was present at all the fêtes which were then celebrated.

We have mentioned, in a former portion of this memoir, that M. Reinhardt replaced M. de Talleyrand as minister of foreign affairs in 1798, and gave up to him the post after the 18th Brumaire. This diplomatist had a long political career. He belonged to the school of De Talleyrand; and died on the 23d Dec. 1837, in his 76th year. M. de Talleyrand, though in his 84th year, voluntarily undertook to deliver, at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the eulogium of this his able adept and scholar. His speech was written; but it was a remarkable production. The veteran of diplomacy appeared at the tribune; and the old ruin was once more decked out to appear in public. This was the 3d March, 1838; and from that epoch he prepared for his hour of dissolution. The moral of his eulogy was this, that M. Reinhardt was a man who possessed strongly the “sentiment of duty,” and that he acted as his duty commanded. “He adopted facts, made the best of existing circumstances, and turned apparent evil to good account.” Talleyrand would have pronounced this eulogy on himself—“He did his duty to those he served.” But what was the basis of Talleyrand’s conduct? Was it founded on morals, on principle, on patriotism, on religion? Certainly not. It was based on selfishness, egotism, self-love, ambition. And he “did his duty,” not from a love of doing right, but because he had no faith, no system, and no principle; and he served those who employed him, not from conviction or affection, but because he could never consent, till his 80th year, to be other than an influential and governing personage. He would have served Robespierre, in 1793, with dutiful obedience, as he did Bonaparte when the Duke d’Enghien was arrested, and as he did the national assembly and the revolution when he swore fidelity to the civil

constitution of the clergy. The speech of De Talleyrand on this occasion must not, however, be omitted; and we have intentionally inserted it in the French language, that the style, as well as the matter, of his compositions, may be placed fairly before our readers.

“ *Discours prononcé par M. de Talleyrand, le 30 Mars, 1838.*

“ Messieurs, — J’étais en Amérique lorsqu’on eut la bonté de me nommer membre de l’Institut, et de m’attacher à la classe des sciences morales et politiques à laquelle j’ai, depuis son origine, l’honneur d’appartenir.

“ A mon retour en France, mon premier soin fut de me rendre à ses séances, et de témoigner aux personnes qui le composaient alors, et dont plusieurs nous ont laissé de justes regrets, le plaisir que j’avais de me trouver un de leurs collègues. A la première séance à laquelle j’assistai, on renouvelait le bureau, et on me fit l’honneur de me nommer secrétaire. Le procès-verbal que je rédigeai pendant six mois avec autant de soin que je le pouvais, portait, peut-être un peu trop, le caractère de ma déférence; car j’y rendais compte d’un travail qui m’était fort étranger. Ce travail, qui, sans doute, avait coûté bien des recherches, bien des veilles à un de nos plus savans collègues, avait pour titre : *Dissertations sur les Loix Ripuaires*. Je fis aussi, à la même époque, dans nos assemblées publiques, quelques lectures que l’indulgence, qui m’était accordée alors, a fait insérer dans les Mémoires de l’Institut. Depuis cette époque, quarante années se sont écoulées, durant lesquelles cette tribune m’a été comme interdite, d’abord par beaucoup d’absences, ensuite par des fonctions auxquelles mon devoir était d’appartenir tout entier; je dois dire aussi, par la discrétion que les temps difficiles exigent d’un homme livré aux affaires; et enfin, plus tard, par les infirmités que la vieillesse amène d’ordinaire avec elle, ou du moins qu’elle aggrave toujours.

“ Mais aujourd’hui, j’éprouve le besoin et je regarde comme un devoir de m’y présenter une dernière fois, pour que la mémoire d’un homme connu dans toute l’Europe, d’un homme que j’aimais, et qui, depuis la formation de l’Institut, était notre collègue, reçoive ici un témoignage public de notre estime et de nos regrets. Sa position et la mienne me mettent dans le cas de révéler plusieurs de ses mérites. Son principal, je ne dis pas son unique titre de gloire, consiste dans une correspondance de quarante années, nécessairement ignorée du public, qui, très-probablement, n’en aura jamais connaissance. Je me suis dit :

Qui en parlera dans cette enceinte? qui sera surtout dans l’obligation d’en parler, si ce n’est moi, qui en ai reçu la plus grande part, à qui elle fut toujours si agréable, et souvent si utile dans les fonctions ministérielles que j’ai eues à remplir sous trois régnes.... très-différens?

“ Le Comte Reinhard avait trente ans, et j’en avais trente-sept quand je le vis pour la première fois. Il entraît aux affaires avec un grand fonds de connaissances acquises. Il savait bien cinq ou six langues dont les littératures lui étaient familières. Il eût pu se rendre célèbre comme poète, comme historien; comme géographe; et c’est en cette qualité qu’il fut membre de l’Institut, dès que l’Institut fut créé.

“ Il était déjà, à cette époque membre de l’Académie des Sciences de Goettingue. Né et élevé en Allemagne, il avait publié dans sa jeunesse quelques pièces de vers qui l’avaient fait remarquer par Gesner, par Wieland, par Schiller. Plus tard, obligé pour sa santé de prendre les eaux de Carlsbad, il eut le bonheur d’y trouver et d’y voir souvent le célèbre Goëthe, qui apprécia assez son goût et ses connaissances pour désirer d’être averti par lui de tout ce qui faisait quelque sensation dans la littérature Française. M. Reinhard le lui promit : les engagements de ce genre, entre les hommes d’un ordre supérieur, sont toujours réciproques et deviennent bientôt des liens d’amitié; ceux qui se formèrent entre M. Reinhard et Goëthe donnèrent lieu à une correspondance que l’on imprime aujourd’hui en Allemagne.

“ On y verra, qu’arrivé à cette époque de la vie où il faut définitivement choisir l’état auquel on se croit le plus propre, M. Reinhard fit lui-même, sur ses goûts, sur sa position et sur celle de sa famille un retour sérieux qui précéda sa détermination; et alors, chose remarquable pour le temps, à des carrières où il eût pu être indépendant, il en préféra une où il ne pouvait l’être. C’est à la carrière diplomatique qu’il donna la préférence, et il fit bien : propre à tous les emplois de cette carrière, il les a successivement tous remplis, et tous avec distinction.

“ Je hasarderai de dire ici que ses études premières l’y avaient heureusement préparé. Celle de la théologie surtout, où il se fit remarquer dans le séminaire de Denkendorf et dans celui de la Faculté Protestante de Tubingue, lui avait donné une force et en même temps une souplesse de raisonnement que l’on retrouve dans toutes les pièces qui sont sorties de sa plume. Et pour m’ôter à moi-même la crainte de me laisser aller à une idée qui pourrait pa-

raître paradoxale, je me sens obligé de rappeler ici les noms de plusieurs de nos grands négociateurs, tous théologiens, et tous remarqués par l'histoire comme ayant conduit les affaires politiques les plus importantes de leurs temps : le cardinal-chancelier Duprat, aussi versé dans le droit canon que dans le droit civil, et qui fixa avec Léon X. les bases du concordat, dont plusieurs dispositions subsistent encore aujourd'hui. Le Cardinal d'Ossat, qui, malgré les efforts de plusieurs grandes puissances, parvint à réconcilier Henri IV. avec la cour de Rome. Le recueil de lettres qu'il a laissé est encore prescrit aujourd'hui aux jeunes gens qui se destinent à la carrière politique. Le Cardinal de Polignac, théologien, poète, et négociateur, qui, après tant de guerres malheureuses, sut conserver à la France, par le traité d'Utrecht, les conquêtes de Louis XIV.

"C'est aussi au milieu de livres de théologie qu'avait été commencée par son père, devenu évêque de Gap, l'éducation de M. de Lyonne, dont le nom vient de recevoir un nouveau lustre par une récente et importante publication.

"Les noms que je viens de citer me paraissent suffire pour justifier l'influence qu'eurent, dans mon opinion, sur les habitudes d'esprit de M. Reinhard, les premières études vers lesquelles l'avait dirigé l'éducation paternelle.

"Les connaissances à la fois solides et variées qu'il y avait acquises l'avaient fait appeler à Bordeaux pour remplir les honorables et modestes fonctions de précepteur dans une famille Protestante de cette ville.

"Là, il se trouva naturellement en relation avec plusieurs des hommes dont le talent, les erreurs, et la mort jetèrent tant d'éclat sur notre première assemblée législative. M. Reinhard se laissa facilement entraîner par eux à s'attacher au service de la France.

"Je ne m'astreindrai point à le suivre pas à pas à travers les vicissitudes dont fut remplie la longue carrière qu'il a parcourue. Dans les nombreux emplois qui lui furent confiés, tantôt d'un ordre élevé, tantôt d'un ordre inférieur, il semblerait y avoir une sorte d'incohérence, et comme une absence de hiérarchie que nous aurions aujourd'hui de la peine à comprendre. Mais, à cette époque, il n'y avait pas plus de préjugés pour les places qu'il n'y en avait pour les personnes. Dans d'autres temps, la faveur, quelquefois le discernement, appelaient à toutes les situations éminentes. Dans le temps dont je parle, bien ou mal, toutes les situations étaient conquises. Un pareil état de choses mène bien vite à la confusion.

"Aussi, nous voyons M. Reinhard,

premier secrétaire de la légation à Londres.—Occupant le même emploi à Naples.—Ministre plénipotentiaire auprès des villes hanséatiques, Hambourg, Bremen, et Lubeck.—Chef de la 3^e division au département des affaires étrangères.—Ministre plénipotentiaire à Florence.—Ministre des relations extérieures.—Ministre plénipotentiaire en Helvétie.—Consul général à Milan.—Ministre plénipotentiaire près le cercle de Basse-Saxe.—Résident dans les provinces Turques au-delà du Danube, et commissaire général des relations commerciales en Moldavie.—Ministre plénipotentiaire auprès du roi de Westphalie.—Directeur de la chancellerie du département des affaires étrangères.—Ministre plénipotentiaire auprès de la diète Germanique et de la ville de Francfort; et enfin, Ministre plénipotentiaire à Dresde.

"Que de places, que d'emplois, que d'intérêts confiés à un seul homme, et cela, à une époque où les talents paraissent devoir être d'autant moins appréciés que la guerre semblait, à elle seule, se charger de toutes les affaires.

"Vous n'attendez donc pas de moi, Messieurs qu'ici je vous rende compte en détail, et date par date, de tous les travaux de M. Reinhard dans les différents emplois dont vous venez d'entendre l'énumération. Il faudrait faire un livre.

"Je ne dois parler, devant vous, que de la manière dont il comprenait les fonctions qu'il avait à remplir, qu'il fut chef de division, ministre, ou consul.

"Quoique M. Reinhard n'eût point alors l'avantage qu'il aurait eu quelques années plus tard, de trouver sous ses yeux d'excellens modèles, il savait déjà combien de qualités, et de qualités diverses, devaient distinguer un chef de division des affaires étrangères. Un tact délicat lui avait fait sentir que les mœurs d'un chef de division devaient être simples, régulières, retirées : qu'étranger au tumulte du monde, il devait vivre uniquement pour les affaires et leur vouer un secret impénétrable : que, toujours prêt à répondre sur les faits et sur les hommes, il devait avoir sans cesse présents à la mémoire tous les traités, connaître historiquement leurs dates, apprécier avec justesse leurs côtés forts et leurs côtés faibles, leurs antécédens et leurs conséquences, savoir enfin les noms des principaux négociateurs, et même leurs relations de famille : que, tout en faisant usage de ces connaissances, il devait prendre garde à inquiéter l'amour-propre toujours si clairvoyant du ministre, et qu'alors même qu'il l'entraînait à son opinion, son succès devait rester dans l'ombre : car il savait qu'il ne devait briller que d'un éclat réfléchi, mais il savait aussi que

beaucoup de considération s'attachait à une vie aussi pure et aussi modeste.

“ L'esprit d'observation de M. Reinhard ne s'arrêtait point là : il l'avait conduit à comprendre combien la réunion des qualités nécessaires à un ministre des affaires étrangères est rare. Il faut en effet qu'un ministre des affaires étrangères soit doué d'une sorte d'instinct qui, l'avertissant promptement, l'empêche, avant toute discussion, de jamais se compromettre. Il lui faut la faculté de se montrer ouvert en restant impenétrable, d'être réservé avec les formes de l'abandon, d'être habile jusque dans le choix de ses distractions : il faut que sa conversation soit simple, variée, inattendue, toujours naturelle et parfois naïve ; en un mot, il ne doit pas cesser un moment, dans les vingt-quatre heures, d'être ministre des affaires étrangères.

“ Cependant, toutes ces qualités, quelques rares qu'elles soient, pourraient n'être pas suffisantes, si la bonne foi ne leur donnait une garantie dont elles ont presque toujours besoin. Je dois le rappeler ici, pour détruire un préjugé assez généralement répandu : — Non, la diplomatie n'est point une science de ruse et de duplicité. Si la bonne foi est nécessaire quelque part, c'est surtout dans les transactions politiques, car c'est elle qui les rend solides et durables. On a voulu confondre la réserve avec la ruse. La bonne foi n'autorise jamais la ruse, mais elle admet la réserve : et la réserve a cela de particulier, c'est qu'elle ajoute à la confiance.

“ Dominé par l'honneur et l'intérêt de son pays, par l'honneur et l'intérêt du prince, par l'amour de la liberté, fondé sur l'ordre et sur les droits de tous, un ministre des affaires étrangères, quand il sait l'être, se trouve ainsi placé dans la plus belle situation à laquelle un esprit élevé puisse prétendre.

“ Après avoir été un ministre habile, que de choses il faut encore savoir pour être un bon consul ! Car les attributions d'un consul sont variées à l'infini ; elles sont d'un genre tout différent de celles des autres employés des affaires étrangères. Elles exigent une foule de connaissances pratiques pour lesquelles une éducation particulière est nécessaire. Les consuls sont dans le cas d'exercer dans l'étendue de leur arrondissement, vis-à-vis de leurs compatriotes, les fonctions de juges, d'arbitres, de conciliateurs ; souvent, ils sont officiers de l'état civil ; ils remplissent l'emploi de notaires, quelquefois celui d'administrateurs de la marine ; ils surveillent et constatent l'état sanitaire ; ce sont eux qui, par leurs relations habituelles, peuvent donner une idée juste et complète de la situation du commerce, de la navi-

gation et de l'industrie particulière au pays de leur résidence. Aussi, M. Reinhard, qui ne négligeait rien pour s'assurer de la justesse des informations qu'il était dans le cas de donner à son gouvernement, et des décisions qu'il devait prendre comme agent politique, comme agent consulaire, comme administrateur de la marine, avait-il fait une étude approfondie du droit des gens et du droit maritime. Cette étude l'avait conduit à croire qu'il arriverait un temps où, par des combinaisons habilement préparées, il s'établirait un système général de commerce et de navigation dans lequel les intérêts de toutes les nations seraient respectés, et les bases fussent telles que la guerre elle-même n'en pût altérer le principe, dût-elle suspendre quelques-unes de ses conséquences. Il était aussi parvenu à résoudre avec sûreté et promptitude toutes les questions de change, d'arbitrage, de conversion des monnaies, de poids et mesures, et tout cela sans que jamais aucune réclamation se soit élevée contre les informations qu'il avait données et contre les jugemens qu'il avait rendus. Il est vrai aussi que la considération personnelle qui l'a suivi dans toute sa carrière donnait du poids à son intervention dans toutes les affaires dont il se mêlait et à tous les arbitrages sur lesquels il avait à prononcer.

“ Mais quelque étendues que soient les connaissances d'un homme, quelque vaste que soit sa capacité, être un diplomate complet est bien rare ; et cependant M. Reinhard l'aurait peut-être été, s'il eût eu une qualité de plus ; il voyait bien, il entendait bien ; la plume à la main, il rendait admirablement compte de ce qu'il avait vu, de ce qui lui avait été dit. Sa parole écrite était abondante, facile, spirituelle, piquante ; aussi, de toutes les correspondances diplomatiques de mon temps, il n'y en avait aucune à laquelle l'Empereur Napoléon, qui avait le droit et le besoin d'être difficile, ne préférât celle du Comte Reinhard. — Mais ce même homme qui écrivait à merveille s'exprimait avec difficulté. Pour accomplir ses actes, son intelligence demandait plus de temps qu'elle n'en pouvait obtenir dans la conversation. Pour que sa parole interne pût se reproduire facilement, il fallait qu'il fût seul et sans intermédiaire.

“ Malgré cet inconvénient réel, M. Reinhard réussit toujours à faire, et bien faire, tout ce dont il était chargé. Où donc trouvait-il ses moyens de réussir, où prenait-il ses inspirations ?

“ Il les prenait, Messieurs, dans un sentiment vrai et profond qui gouvernait toutes ses actions, dans le sentiment du devoir. — On ne sait pas assez tout ce qu'il y a de puissance dans ce sentiment.

Une vie tout entière au devoir est bien aisément dégagee d'ambition. La vie de M. Reinhard était uniquement employée aux fonctions qu'il avait à remplir, sans que jamais chez lui il y eût trace de calcul personnel ni de prétention à quelque avancement précipité.

" Cette religion du devoir, à laquelle M. Reinhard fut fidèle toute sa vie, consistait en une soumission exacte aux instructions et aux ordres de ses chefs; dans une vigilance de tous les momens, qui, jointe à beaucoup de perspicacité, ne les laissait jamais dans l'ignorance de ce qu'il leur importait de savoir, en une rigoureuse véracité dans tous ses rapports, qu'ils dussent être agréables ou déplaisans; dans une discrétion impénétrable, dans une régularité de vie qui appelait la confiance et l'estime; dans une représentation décente; enfin, dans un soin constant à donner, aux actes de son gouvernement, la couleur et les explications que réclamait l'intérêt des affaires qu'il avait à traiter.

" Quoique l'âge eût marqué pour M. Reinhard le temps du repos, il n'aurait jamais demandé sa retraite, tant il aurait craint de montrer de la tiédeur à servir dans une carrière qui avait été celle de toute sa vie. Il a fallu que la bienveillance royale, toujours si attentive, fût prévoyante pour lui, et donnât à ce grand serviteur de la France la situation la plus honorable en l'appelant à la chambre des pairs.

" M. le Comte Reinhard n'a pas joui assez long-temps de cet honneur, et il est mort presque subitement le 25 Décembre, 1837.

" M. Reinhard s'était marié deux fois. Il a laissé du premier lit un fils qui est aujourd'hui dans la carrière politique. Au fils d'un tel père, tout ce qu'on peut souhaiter de mieux, c'est de lui ressembler."

Of his domestic habits and conjugal character we have abstained from speaking. Talleyrand was a public man, and not a private individual. He broke his vow of celibacy, as he did all his other vows to the church and the state; and his unfortunate wife expired in solitude and sorrow in 1835; and in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse is inscribed on a black wooden cross, "Madame la Princesse de Talleyrand."

We have also refused to stain our pages with the recitals of his debaucheries and his vices. Such recitals can do no good to the living, and can only tend to corrupt and defile the young and the ardent. We have perused with disgust the narratives of his abduc-

tions, seductions, and illicit loves; and we abstain from all further reference to the facts they record, and to the impurities they denounce. Nor should we even have mentioned the subject *en passant*, but for the purpose of preventing it from being supposed that we were ignorant of the private history or the secret memorials of his life. In all his associations with women, we have been unable to discover one clear page, one indication of pure and genuine love, or one trait of respect for or confidence in the female sex.

M. de Talleyrand endeavoured, in his eulogium on Reinhard, to cause it to be understood, that when he himself had passed from the sacred duties of the church to the worldly duties of the diplomatic circles, he had not so much deviated from religious feelings and occupations as was generally supposed. This was preparatory to a declaration he had then resolved on making, that he abjured his revolutionary errors, repented of the acts of his past life, and desired to enter into the pale of the Romish church, and die in her bosom. Averse as we are to the errors and superstitions of the church in question, we should, nevertheless, have rejoiced at any unfeigned act of contrition, and at any public and open avowal on his part of a belief in the doctrines and principles of the Christian religion. But when we see this act deliberately deferred to the last day of his life, and when we see it made the occasion not of humble and fervent prayer, but of an ostentatious display of his attachment merely to the church in the presence of witnesses of rank and fortune, giving *éclat* to his profession of a belief in Christianity, as though his belief was of vaster importance to the church than it was to himself, we confess that, with every desire to throw the mantle of charity over the sins of his long life of unparalleled hardihood, we can only regard this last act of reconciliation as a portion of that cold and heartless diplomacy which distinguished his whole career. About the period when he pronounced his eulogy of M. Reinhard, he drew up a codicil to his will, in which he declared "that he desired to die in the bosom of the Roman Catholic and apostolic church;" and at the same time he prepared an exposition of his life, to be annexed to his will, and to be published hereafter; in which, having originally written, "that,

being freed from his vows by the venerable Pius VII., he was free to contract marriage," &c., he scratched out, subsequently, the words "I was free," and substituted those, "I believed myself free." On his 84th birthday, he had his first interview with the Abbé Dupanloup, appointed for this purpose by the archbishop of Paris; and although not then attacked by the disorder which was the immediate cause of his death, he expressed his intention of giving satisfaction to the pope and the church before he died. The abbé presented him with the *Journée du Chrétien*, of Bossuet, and *Christianity presented to the Men of the World*, by Fénelon. The conversations of De Talleyrand with the abbé were not, however, without interest. On one occasion he expressed his horror of sudden death, and reproached one of his friends who had intimated his desire to die as by a thunderbolt:—"Mourir d'un coup de foudre!" said Talleyrand: "c'est horrible!" On another occasion, he recalled to the recollection of the abbé the celebrated words of Montlosier, pronounced before the constituent assembly, "It is a cross of wood which has saved the world." The abbé asked him if these words were really pronounced by M. De Montlosier. "Yes, certainly," he replied; "I was present, and the impression was extraordinary. We were 1200 there, and the tribunes were full. When the orator pronounced these words, not a single token of applause was heard; but all breathing was suspended. It was not till he had finished his phrase, and even until some moments had afterwards elapsed, that we breathed again." About fifteen days prior to his death, he wrote with his own hand a communication to the Archbishop of Paris, containing two documents; the first, the draft of a letter to the pope, containing a declaration of his sentiments; and the second, a projected retraction, in two pages quarto, which served as the basis of the final act he signed on the 17th May. An inflammatory tumour, or antherax, essentially gangrenous, attacked him in the beginning of May; and on the 11th he submitted with courage to an operation in the lower part of the back. He then inquired of the doctors, if he could be cured. They counselled him to set his house in order, for that he must die, and not live. Royer Callard, who was much in the apartments of De Talley-

rand during his last days, said, on one occasion, "He cannot refuse, he will not refuse, to make his peace with God before he dies." When this observation was repeated to the dying man, he exclaimed, "I do not refuse—I do not refuse;" and yet, up to the last moment, until he saw and felt that to recover was impossible, he did not sign the documents he had prepared two months previously. On the 17th May, at six in the morning, the act of reconciliation with the Romish church was performed. The Prince de Poix, the Count de Molé, the Baron de Baraute, and M. Royer Callard, were present; and the letter to the pope, and the declaration to the church, were then read and signed by the Prince de Talleyrand. The Duchess de Dino and her daughter, the Abbé Dupanloup, the Duke de Valencay, M. de Bacourt, and the two medical attendants, as well as an old servant of the house, were present, and at his request the documents were dated as follows: "Made at Paris the — March, and signed 17th of May, 1838." It was his reconciliation with the church of Rome which occupied the attention of himself, his abbé, and his friends. Nothing was heard of the offended majesty of God, of the untold offences committed against Heaven, or of the necessity for making his peace with his Saviour and his Judge. The church was to be atoned to, the church was to be satisfied, the church was to have an *amende honorable* for the desertion of one of its bishops; and when the church was satisfied, all was to be considered as concluded. Having signed the documents in question, he made his confession, received absolution, the sacraments, and extreme unction, and died as he desired, "in the bosom of the Catholic church." The abbé pronounced just before his death the words of the Romish litany, "Sortez âme Chrétienne, sortez de ce monde, au nom de Dieu le Père tout-puissant, qui vous a créée; au nom de Jesus Christ, fils du Dieu vivant, qui a souffert pour vous; au nom de l'Esprit-Saint, qui est descendu en vous." The church had done its part, and De Talleyrand was called to appear before the majesty of Heaven.

The obsequies of the Prince de Talleyrand were celebrated on the 22d of May, 1838, at the church of the Assumption. The Dukes of Valencay, of

De Périgord, and of De Montmorency, were the chief mourners. Messrs. Sainte-Aulaire, De Baraute, and De Poix followed; and then succeeded deputations from the Chamber of Peers and the Institute. The device of the house of Périgord was placed, in the language of the province, above the arms of the prince—

“RE QUE DIOU.”

—“Nothing but God.” The sentiment was striking,—for after one of the longest and most brilliant careers of power, and vain glory, “dust to dust” was written on the emblems which now surrounded him. They recalled the exordium of Massillon, who, when before the tomb of Louis XIV., exclaimed, “Dieu seul est grand.”

This was the life of Talleyrand—this his death—this his funeral; let us take a review of his character and conduct. We shall be assisted in doing so by his contemporaries. Bonaparte wrote of him at St. Helena,—“Les deux issues si malheureuses des invasions de la France, lorsqu’elle avait tout de ressources, sont dues aux trahisons de M. A. Talleyrand, et L. Je leur pardonne, puisse la postérité leur pardonner comme moi.” When speaking of him on one occasion, he said,—“M. de Talleyrand était toujours en état de trahison; mais c’était de complicité avec la fortune. Sa circonspection était extrême, se conduisant avec ses amis comme s’ils devaient être ses ennemis; avec ses ennemis, comme s’ils pouvaient devenir ses amis. Il avait attendu à Vienne deux fois vingt-quatre heures de pleins pouvoirs pour traiter de la paix en mon nom. Mais j’aurais en honte de prostituer ainsi ma politique; et pourtant il m’en coûte peut-être l’exil de Sainte Hélène; car je ne disconviens pas qu’il ne soit d’un rare talent, et ne puisse en tout temps mettre un grand poids dans la balance.”

On another occasion he said,—“Le visage de M. de Talleyrand est tellement impassible qu’on ne saurait jamais y rien lire. Aussi Launes disait-il plaisamment de lui que si en vous parlant son derrière venait à recevoir un coup de pied, sa figure ne vous en dirait rien.” All this stoicism was the result of want of heart, and of an unextinguishable self-love. Napoleon still, however, admitted, that he was a man

of such good manners, that he attached you to him by his courtesy, which, though you knew meant nothing, yet placed you on good terms both with yourself and with him.

M. de Coumy, the author of the *History of the French Revolution*, when speaking of the deputies who were expected to play an important part in the constituent assembly, had thus spoken of De Talleyrand,—“Indigne de l’épiscopat, le plus jeune des évêques de France, l’évêque d’Autun, va paraître dans cette arène; jouant avec le parjure, avide à la fois de scandales et de richesses, il se vengera du mépris par les sarcasmes, et, si jeune encore, il se montrera impatient d’attacher son nom à cette longue série d’intrigues et de félonie, dans laquelle il doit user une vie flétrie par le mensonge et l’imposture.”

M. Mignet, another historian of the French revolution, charged after his death to pronounce his eulogium, in his character of secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, thus recorded, years before the death of the prince, his opinion of that individual,—“The senate consummated the great imperial defection in abandoning its former master. It was directed by the Prince de Talleyrand, who had for a short time previously been in disgrace with the emperor. This actor, in every crisis to which successive governments were exposed, had just declared against Napoleon. Without any attachment to any party, and possessing a profound political indifference, he perceived beforehand, with a marvellous sagacity, the approaching fall of a government, withdrew always *à propos*; and when the precise moment arrived to destroy it had come, he aided that destruction by all his means, his influence, his name, and his authority, all of which he took care never wholly to lose. Pour la révolution sous la constituante, pour le directoire au 18 Fructidor, pour le consulat au 18 Brumaire, pour l’empire en 1804, il était pour la restauration de la famille royale en 1814. Il paraissait le grand-maitre des cérémonies du pouvoir, et c’était lui qui, depuis trente années, congédiait et installait les divers gouvernements.”

The eulogium pronounced on De Talleyrand by the Baron de Baraute was measured, though friendly, and circumspect, though favourable. It has been said of him, that his existence

was "logical and rational." What does this mean? Is not logic the art of using reason well in our inquiries after truth, and the communication of it to others? And can the life of Talleyrand be said to pertain to logic? And what is a *rational* existence? Is it not a life agreeable to reason; and was this the life of Talleyrand? If it is our glory and happiness to have a rational nature, that is endued with wisdom and reason, that is capable of imitating the Divine nature; then it must be our glory and happiness to improve our reason and wisdom, to act up to the excellence of our rational nature, and to imitate God in all our actions to the utmost of our power. And was this the life of De Talleyrand? No,—his life was neither logical nor rational; and so flagrant a falsehood must not remain uncontradicted. His life was material, animal, positive, selfish, egotistic; it was *not* logical, it was not rational, it was not useful or honourable.

It has been said that his life was "consistent;" and that, after having traversed so many revolutions, it presented at its termination the accomplishment of the same ideas with which he commenced his public career. This is incorrect. We admit that the mere fact of his having been minister of the republic, the directory, the empire, and the restoration, would not of itself demonstrate any change in his ideas or principles; but we do deny that he always desired the same thing. We do deny that he always desired a monarchical government, moderated by a constitution. We do deny that he was always favourable to the alliance of the south and west of Europe. We do deny that he had always either the same faith or the same symbol. On the contrary, it has been well said of him,—“ Pour M. de Talleyrand, la puissance du fait a toujours dominé l'autorité des principes; pour lui, point de droit sans la consécration de la force, point de titres avec le malheur. Sans passion, sans haine, sans dévouement, il n'a jamais pris d'aussi loin qu'on à paru le croire l'initiative des changements périlleux; mais il a toujours su quitter une cause avant la défaite et s'approprié tout naturellement les résultats de la victoire, quels que fussent les vainqueurs. On a cherché à absoudre M. de Talleyrand de cette inconstance, en rejetant toute la faute

sur l'instabilité des événements. Triste excuse qui sera comprise de nos jours, mais non par les hommes qui ont des convictions fortes et une âme généreuse!”

M. Thiers has said of him,—“ Il était impossible d'exercer plus d'action sur les hommes dans une réunion de diplomates. C'est qu'à beaucoup de supériorité d'esprit, à des ressources infinies, il joignait un charme irresistible; la grâce de sa parole était pour lui une force de plus. Pour donner une idée de l'effet que pouvait produire ce langage qu'on ne parlera plus après lui, on peut dire que le style de sa conversation était la prose de Voltaire. Il se laissait souvent aller à une nonchalance naturelle, et alors il parlait peu; mais quand il secouait cette paresse d'esprit il enchantait. Le ton habituel de sa causerie était une légèreté enjouée; il effleurait toutes choses. Dès qu'il s'agissait d'affaires, cette légèreté apparente faisait place à une force et à une profondeur d'esprit extraordinaires.” M. Thiers was well acquainted with, and was well able to understand the character of, his patron and his master. Cold and heartless as the great original, he possessed not his capacity or his manners; but Thiers installed him in his *sang froid*, nonchalance, and impertinence.

The phrenologists of Paris, who had access to his body after his decease, and examined his head and his brain, and who possess a cast of the former, have published the following phrenological statement as the result of their examinations. It is too curious to be omitted.

“ *Penchans, ou Instincts.*”

Alimentivité	2½
Biophilie, or love of life ..	2
Amativité	3
Philogéniture.....	3
Habitativité	2
Affectionnivité	2½
Combativité	3
Destructivité	1½
Secrétivité	3½
Acquisivité	3
Constructivité	3

Sentimens.

Estime de soi	3
Approbativité.....	2½
Circonspection	4
Bienveillance	3
Vénération.....	1
Fermeté	4
Conscienciosité.....	2½
Espérance	2½

Merveiliosité	1½
Idealité	2½
Gaîté, esprit de Saillie	3
Imitation	2½

Intelligence.—Facultés perçpectives.

Individualité	3
Configuration	2½
Etendue	2
Pesanteur, résistance	2
Coloris	1½
Localité	5
Calcul	2½
Ordre	2
Eventualité	3
Temps	1
Tons	1½
Langage	2½

Facultés réflexives.

Comparaison	3
Causalité	3½

The moral result of this analysis, according to the Paris phrenologists, is, "that M. de Talleyrand belonged to the school of 'me,' 'myself;' and that he sought only to be useful to others when he could be so to himself." In his character they say, "C'est la ruse et la circonspection servies par une haute intelligence, s'appuyant sur la causticité combative, et tempérée par les sympathies de famille, mais sans penchant à l'association par les devoirs sacrés du dévouement."

The wit of De Talleyrand is almost proverbial in France, and few men have said severer or cleverer things than the ex-bishop of Autun. But even in his sallies of wit, there was always a want of heart discernible, nay, too palpable not to grieve and to wound. For instance, a man of great note, whose eyes were unfortunately addicted to squinting, and to whom De Talleyrand was not attached, asked him, in 1814,—"Well, prince, how are affairs looking just now?" "*Like your eyes, sir,*" was the reply. The auditors laughed; but each one muttered to himself, "How savage!" When at the same period Marmont was reproached for the leading and active part he had taken in the treason against Bonaparte, the cynic Talleyrand replied,—"Eh, mon Dieu! tout cela ne prouve qu'une chose: c'est que sa montre avançait; car tout le monde était à l'heure." M. de Talleyrand, desirous of getting rid of his wife, sent her to England with a pension. At the end of a year, Louis XVIII., having learned this fact, directed that she

should be secretly instructed to return to Paris. When she had arrived in the capital, the king asked if it was true that she was at Paris? "Trop vrai, sire; trop vrai!—que voulez-vous? Il fallait bien que j'eusse aussi mon vingt-mars," alluding to the epoch of the unexpected return of Napoleon from Elba.

In 1823, when Louis XVIII. was displeased with De Talleyrand for the active part he had taken in the chamber of peers, and at court, in opposing the entry of French troops into Spain, the king, in a moment of ill humour, thought of directing him to leave Paris. "How far is it from here to Valencay?" (the seat of the prince) asked the monarch. "Ma foi, sire, je ne sais pas au juste, mais il doit y avoir environ le double du chemin de Paris à Gand." This was the *ne plus ultra* of impertinence; but Louis XVIII. was so pleased with the repartee, that he forgave it. M. de Ferrette, the chargé d'affaire of the Grand Duke of Baden, was extremely thin. On one occasion, when at court, it was observed that M. de Talleyrand watched him with great attention. "What has poor Ferrette done to you," asked the king, "that you looked at him so minutely?" "Why, your majesty," replied the prince, "he has greatly embarrassed me,—for he is so thin, that I have been looking to find out whether he has three legs or three swords." In 1815, an individual soliciting a place under government, applied to M. de Talleyrand for his protection. In order to secure his patronage, he said, "I was one of those who emigrated to Gand." "To Gand?" replied the prince; "are you quite sure you went to Gand?" "What do you mean, prince?" was the answer. "Mean?" said Talleyrand; "why, I will tell you. At Gand, you see, there were, at the very most, from 7 to 800 royalists; and yet, to my certain knowledge, more than 50,000 have returned from Gand to Paris." On another occasion, when a council of ministers had lasted an immense time—five hours—an individual at court, astonished at this five hours' sitting, asked the prince, "What, then, has passed, prince, during these five hours?" "*Passed?*" retorted Talleyrand; "why five hours has passed, to be sure."

On another occasion, when Louis XVIII. was tired of his opposition, his

diatribes, and his play upon words, and evidently wished to get rid of him, the monarch said "that Valencay must be a delightful residence, and that the green shades of the lime-tree alleys must form an agreeable shelter from the sun." "Sire," replied the prince, with caustic irony, "elle a perdu ce privilège depuis que Ferdinand VII. a brûlé mes arbres aux fêtes impériales." One day a young man approached him full of enthusiasm for the republic, and for what was then styled "the cause of liberty and the nation." "Jeune homme," said the heartless prince; déliez-vous du premier élan de votre cœur, car il est bon." At the moment when he was ascending the steps of the altar, at the fête of the federation, on the Champ de Mars, in the presence of four hundred thousand spectators, he beheld Lafayette, as commandant of the national guards, placed at a short distance from him. To Talleyrand the whole was a farce, and he exclaimed, "Ah ça, je vous en prie, ne me faites pas rire." One of his favourite maxims was "to leave all to time;" and of him it may be said, as he proclaimed of Reinhardt, "Il ne se fût jamais pressé pour arriver." When accused by Bonaparte of having become suddenly rich, and when asked,—“Citizen minister, what is this I hear of you, that you have become so rich?” “Nothing is more simple, general,” was his reply; “I bought stock on the day before the 18th Brumaire, and I sold them again the next day.” The compliment disarmed Bonaparte, and the matter dropped. In 1803, when accused by Fouché of having negotiated a secret treaty with Paul I., M. de Talleyrand said to Napoleon, though France was still a republic, “Il n’y a plus en Europe que la maison de Bourbon et la maison d’Autriche; il faut épouser l’une et écraser l’autre.” When raised to the rank of grand elector, and named Prince of Benevento, he affected to be indifferent to these honours, and when complimented by a friend, “Passez chez Madame de Talleyrand,” he said; “c’est à elle qu’il en faut faire compliment: les femmes sont toujours flattées d’être princesses.” When Bonaparte, on his return to Paris from Mayence, reproached Talleyrand for his manoeuvres, and when he told him that if he felt himself dangerously ill he would have Talleyrand put to death, the

prince coolly replied, “Sire, I had no need of such a caution to stimulate me to pray to heaven for the long continuance of the life of your majesty.” By this reply Napoleon was disarmed. When Louis XVIII. felicitated himself on the general tenor of the charter of 1814, De Talleyrand replied, “There is one thing wanting, sire; you should pay the deputies.” “No,” said the king, “the functions will be more honourable, because they will be *gratuitous*.” “*Gratuites!*—*gratuites!*” muttered the prince; “oui, sire, *gratuites* ce sera bien cher.” When negotiations were carrying on, after the battle of Marengo, between the United States of America and France, Mr. Livingston proceeded to Paris. When introduced to De Talleyrand, who was then minister of foreign affairs, he was surprised by the question, “Have you any money?” Mr. Livingston replied, with dignity, that he certainly had money; *but*, citizen minister” “No, no,” said Talleyrand; “there is no question of *but*; tell me truly, have you any money?” “Yes, surely; but I do not understand.” “Not understand?” retorted Talleyrand; “yet it is the easiest thing in the world. Have you *much* money? For you must know, that in this country matters are difficult to manage without it. With the aid of an abundance of money all difficulties are surmounted. Reflect well on this; it remains with you to arrange matters to the satisfaction of all the contracting parties.” It would be easy to extend to the length of a volume this sketch of the life of Talleyrand. His quaint phrases, *bon mots*, and satirical jokes, are in the mouths, as well as in the recollection, of all the French people.

But we must close our sketch, with examining his claims to the character of a statesman. No one was more indifferent than himself to public opinion; the reason was obvious,—he thought his own judgment superior to the collected wisdom of the universe. He claimed the title of a statesman, and was not satisfied with the mere appellation of a diplomatist. If a statesman be simply one employed in public affairs, undoubtedly no one could with more propriety lay claim to it than the subject of this sketch. But if a statesman be a man well versed in the science of government, we deny that the Prince de Talleyrand had the right to apply to

himself this title. He was a political *roué*, a political jobber, an adroit and clever negotiator, a subtle and artful politician; but he was no statesman. Richelieu was a statesman, Sully was a statesman, and even Périer was a statesman. But Martignac was not a statesman, Polignac was not a statesman, Thiers is not a statesman, though Guizot is, and Talleyrand was not a statesman. He had no established rules, no fixed principles, no great conceptions of the true interests of France; no idea of reconciling those interests with the stability of conservative institutions; no plan for preserving peace, and never any for carrying on war; no object in view to be attained as the result of alliances, concessions, marriages, disputes, and hostilities; but he jobbed on from year to year, and from epoch to epoch, looking upon every new event as the result of fatality or necessity, and prepared fully to acquiesce with the conqueror, whether that conqueror was the populace who compelled Louis XVI. to quit Versailles and inhabit Paris, or whether that conqueror was Napoleon, who made at the point of the bayonet his 18th Brumaire. But has France profited from Talleyrand's labours? We think not. Almost all his treaties were hastily conceived, inaccurately drawn out, and inoperative in their result. And the reason is obvious; they were never based on high reason and great national policy; but were adapted to the exigencies of the moment, and to the passions or conquerors of the hour. Hence we see him at one time the advocate of the monarchy, at another of the republic,—then of the empire, and then of various forms of government, from the most absolute despotism to the most vulgar and imbecile democracy. This was not the conduct of a statesman, but of a *drôle*. So, again, we find him taking the lead in the destruction of the Roman Catholic church in France,—then persecuting the pope,—then abandoning all religion,—then alternately flattering or

hunting down the priesthood, as the exigencies of the moment appeared to him to require; and, after having ridiculed for half a century the church and the religion of which he was once a bishop, signing in the last days of his life a retraction of all his fifty years' assertions and statements, and giving a final lie to the whole of his conduct. This was not the proceeding of a statesman, but of a *roué*. So, if we examine his conduct at the congresses at which he attended, and at which he negotiated at various periods of his life, we shall see him sometimes English, at other times Russian, and at other times Austrian; sometimes mocking all royalty as feudal and absurd, and at other times proclaiming the monarchical form of government as alone suited to the character and insubordination of man—now, apparently indignant at the charge of not being a republican, and vowing that he was prepared to die for the popular cause; and afterwards amusing himself by the day together in making calembourgs and epigrams on the *sans culottes*. This is not the life of a statesman,—it can scarcely be dignified with that of a politician.

We have done. Our task, painful as it has been, is accomplished. We could have wished that our estimate of this remarkable personage could have been different. He was a gentleman, a nobleman, and a scholar; we wish we could have added that he was a statesman, a philosopher, and a Christian. He played a great part in the drama of the last 60 years; we should have rejoiced to have said that he performed it well. But he has rendered no service to his country or his kind; and at the expiration of the thirty years from his death, which according to his will must expire before his official memoirs shall be published, the then public of France and of Europe will have almost forgotten the name of Talleyrand-Périgord. It is virtue alone that is perennial.

"Virtus semper viridis."—"Vixit post funera virtus."

DESCHAPPELLES, THE CHESS-KING.

THE English play more chess than the French; but the latter can boast of players with whom we have never been able to cope. We love to start with an apparent paradox. Our neighbours on the other side of the herring-pool have always possessed players of so high a pitch of excellence, that they may be fairly styled phenomena; but of artists a grade lower, Britain could at any time show six for one. The fact is, whatever be the pursuit taken up by the French, there are among them to be found individuals capable of carrying that pursuit to an excess inappreciable by souls of less ardent temperament. The best astronomers, chemists, cooks, mathematicians, dancers, architects, and military engineers, are French. And so it is with chess; while we are content to knock under, and, as veteran soldiers, keep our places quietly in the ranks.

The sceptre of chess, in Europe, has been for the last century, at least, wielded by a Gallic dynasty. It has passed from Legalle to La Bourdonnais, through the grasp, successively, of Philidor, Bernard, Carlier, and Deschappelles. It is of the last-named potentate we are about more particularly to speak,—he being in every respect one of the most extraordinary creations of the past or present day.

No pen is more tenacious than our own of committing the slightest infringement on the delicacy of private character, and none more deprecate the tearing the veil from off domestic life, and exposing a gentleman's household gods to the gaze of the impertinent, provided he intrudes not himself and his affairs upon the public. It is not merely because an individual attains eminence in his particular walk that he should be set up in the pillory, with his family shivering in the cold around him. Only with the public character of the eminent have we an acknowledged right; because the glory of fame is a joint-stock concern, to be shared duly between the individual and the body politic of all civilisation. The laurelled hero has knelt at the bar of public opinion, and is ordered to rise "good man and true." He is called to the front of the stage, that the pretty women in the boxes may pelt him with roses.

In recognising his excellence we share his triumph, and become the jealous guardians of his future fame. When we meet him in the market-place, we point him out to our children, that they, too, may be able to say hereafter, they "have known the man."

What chess-player has not heard of Deschappelles? And where dwelleth the follower of our magic art who will refuse to kneel at bidding, "*en preux chevalier*," to do homage in all *devoir* to his chivalrous leader? A health to the king of chess! the lord of the ebon and silver field,—the terrible and the mighty! A health to Deschappelles, and pass the bowl round, while we briefly sketch forth his long career of glory.

M. Guillaume Le Breton Deschappelles (the latter being his "*nom de terre*") was born some sixty-seven years back, with a brain of so perfect an organisation for the acquirement of games of skill, that it may be fairly said, the world never, in this respect, saw his equal. Whatever game he at any time took up, he immediately fathomed, and this in a manner so comprehensive, as to rank him in each particular pursuit, not merely as first-rate, but as THE FIRST. Chess, billiards, Polish draughts, trictac, and whist, were acquired by him with the same facility with which smaller men learn cribbage or dominoes. At a glance, he could take hold of that which to souls of different organisation would have required the study of years; and in three days he had the capacity of going further, in whatsoever particular sport he practised, than others could attain in a lifetime.

In early youth, M. Deschappelles did not discover that he was possessed of the faculty in question. His father was gentleman of the bedchamber to Louis XVI.; and his elder brother, as an equally attached partisan of the monarchical system, filled the same situation subsequently at the court of Charles X. Deschappelles himself, on the other hand, was strongly imbued with the revolutionary spirit of the day; and, his principles being well known, he was spared the persecutions to which his family was exposed from the leading chiefs of the first revolution. When the youth of Paris went forth, in their

pride of country and fever of blood, as volunteers against the Prussians, M. Deschappelles marched in the van. In an early engagement with the enemy, he was unfortunately one of a foot regiment which was exposed to the overwhelming shock of a large body of Prussian horse. His skull was laid bare by a sabre, and a second gash traversed his face diagonally from brow to chin. His right hand was severed from his arm at the wrist, and as he lay stretched on the ground in this sad state, fainting and bleeding apparently to death, by way of climax, the Prussian regiment rode over his body. M. Deschappelles recovered, by a miracle; and we leave it to the scientific physiologist to say, whether these sabre wounds of the head had any share in exciting his brain to that fervent pitch of imagination, without which genius lives not. Once more in Paris, a cripple, and shorn of his right hand, M. Deschappelles received support from the government of the day, and was transferred to the commissariat; of which branch of the army, as an active member, he subsequently made the chief campaigns of the consulate and the empire, under the especial protection of Fouché.

Chess-players ourselves, we shall dwell but lightly on M. Deschappelles' acquirement and practice of other games; nor need we care for the charge of anachronism, incurred, we doubt not, justly, in our memoranda. Beginning with trictrac, a most difficult and complicated game, elder parent of backgammon, we record the fact, that M. Deschappelles is even now considered the first player in France; in which country trictrac is more played than in any other in Europe.

As a billiard-player, M. Deschappelles suffers under the disadvantage of having but one hand; nevertheless, as a mere practical player, he is allowed to be of the third or fourth grade of force; and as a judge of the game is universally placed first in the kingdom. "M. Deschappelles knows the game better than any man in France," said, in our hearing, M. Eugène, the Kentfield of Paris at the present day.

The mode in which Deschappelles acquired Polish draughts is very curious. For a long time this scientific game had been popular in France; its head-quarters being the Café de Manoury, from whence the amateurs of draughts were, however, at one

time, temporarily expelled during the first French revolution, from their being a body of men at that time too poor in pocket to answer the purpose of a wealthy coffee-house keeper. During their wanderings in the desert, they settled for a time in an "entresol" near the Café de Manoury, and there the banner was pitched, under the leading of M. Chalon, the first player of Polish draughts at that time in France, and author of some curious printed problems on the subject. This gentleman was the successor of Blonde, Manoury, and others of the *élite*, and gave odds to all with whom he played, — daily keeping the lists for hours against all comers. Deschappelles took it into his head to play Polish draughts. He walked one fine day into the sanctum, learned the moves and laws by looking on for half an hour, and then challenged M. Chalon to play. The latter gave the odds of two men, and they played thus daily for a few days, when the odds were diminished to one man. After a month, they were brought down to the half man; and at the end of three months, M. Deschappelles challenged Chalon to play even. They did so, and the former was the conqueror. Chalon wished to continue; Deschappelles declined, in the following pithy terms:—

"I have looked through your game," said he, in his peculiarly quiet tone, "and I find but little in it. At one time, played by gentlemen, it might have been worth practising; but it is now kicked out from the drawing-room to the ante-chamber; and my soul is above the place of lacqueys. In three months I have become your equal, in three months more I could give you a paw; but I renounce the pursuit, and bid you farewell. I shall never play draughts again!"

This mode of speech may be termed gasconade, but it is characteristic of the man, and we can but view it as emanating from the simplicity of a Hercules, in the knowledge of his vast strength. Conscious pride is not boasting. The braggart is he who threatens that which he cannot execute. "M. Deschappelles boasts; but, then, the devil of it is, he acts up to what he boasts!" quoth M. Chalon, sentimentally, as his conqueror walked forth from the arena.

The difficulty of acquiring Polish draughts is almost commensurate with that of learning chess. As a proof of this, the renowned Philidor, though he

played Polish draughts for many years, and worked hard at the game, was never equal to those, like Chalon, of the first grade. There were always draught-players who could give Philidor odds; and this determined him, probably, to confine himself to chess, in which, like the lion of the desert, or the eagle of the Alps, he reigned without a rival. The Polish draught-players have long since returned to the Café de Manoury, and the most skilful player there told us (*in the flesh, some six weeks back*), that he should consider seven or eight years a reasonable time to be spent in getting up to the odds of one pawn!

The best proof of M. Deschappelles's transcendent skill in whist is, perhaps, to be gathered from the fact of his having won several thousand pounds at that game; on the interest of which he now chiefly lives. His fame as a whist-player is, indeed, European, and is echoed from the halls of the Travellers' and Crockford's, to the *salons* of the German spas, in all of which M. Deschappelles is ranked as the first living whist-player. Since the breaking up of the Salon des Etrangers, he now chiefly plays in a private club. So great is the confidence of his followers, that we have been gravely informed a quarter of a million of money could be deposited to back any match of whist he might undertake; and this seems the less improbable, as we know of several wealthy bankers who are proud to enrol themselves on his list of devotees. A match was made some years back, between the British Lord G—— and M. Deschappelles, at whist, for two hundred thousand francs; but was stopped, ere commenced, by our countryman's just fears of the thing being viewed in Downing Street as *infra dig.*—a consideration naturally influenced by the discovery that the money on the part of the French player was to be forthcoming in shares. It is understood that M. Deschappelles is at length about to favour us with the publication of his Treatise on Whist, on the manuscript of which, we know he has laboured at intervals during the last twenty years. Such a work will be indeed a treasure; and we are informed (and most cordially do we wish such *annonce* may be correct), that so comprehensive is the Treatise on Whist of M. Deschappelles, that it will run to an octavo of 500 pages! It is curious

to see the veteran collect the cards with his ONE LEFT HAND, sort, play, and gather them in tricks. M. Deschappelles chiefly now plays shorts. From cards, pass we to their progenitor—CHESS.

It has been well said, "there is no royal road to learning;" but M. Deschappelles laughed the proverb to scorn, and arrived at the temple of Caissa by a path which we can only consider as first-speed "railroad." Endowed with so peculiar an aptitude for acquiring games, our hero did not learn, but seized on chess at once. By a sudden and mighty impress, he stamped it on his brain, and bore it ever afterwards, bodily, within him, perfectly developed in all its parts.

"I acquired chess," said he to us, in the presence of fifty amateurs, "in four days! I learned the moves, played with Bernard, who had succeeded Philidor as the sovereign of the board; lost the first day, the second, the third, and beat him even-handed on the fourth; since which time I have never either advanced or receded. Chess to me has been, and is, a single idea, which, once acquired, cannot be displaced from its throne, while the intellect remains unimpaired by sickness or age."

At first reflection, it would appear ridiculous to say the greatest chessplayer of the age had acquired his skill in four days; but M. Deschappelles asserts it as a fact, and we are therefore bound to believe it. We heard a wag whisper, that, like the interpretation put by Dr. Buckland on the seven days of Moses, each day must have meant, at least, a year, or more; but we seriously protest against ill-natured scepticism. It is so delightful to sneer at enthusiasm, particularly on the part of the small-souled and envious! We view the brain of M. Deschappelles as a phenomenon, and not, therefore, to be measured by ordinary rules. Besides, his assertion, however startling, is really borne out by the following extraordinary fact, with which both Paris and London rang loudly at the time.

When the question of M. Deschappelles' chivalrous challenge to give pawn and two to the best English player (of which more anon) was on the tapis, in the month of May 1836, the French champion, who had not played a single game, nor even touched a chess-board, *for fifteen years*, felt some curiosity to know what effect this long

interval of inactivity would have had on his chess faculty. To test this, he suddenly walked into the Paris Chess Club; and, without the slightest preparation, sat down to play with M. de la Bourdonnais, at that curious variety of chess known as "the game of the pawns," in which the one player removes his queen, and is allowed, instead, a certain number of extra pawns. Deschappelles and De la Bourdonnais played four games at this sitting, even,—that is to say, eight pawns being allowed alternately for the queen. Of these games Deschappelles won two, drew one, and lost one! Can words add to this astonishing feat?

Stimulated by some "good-natured" remarks of the by-standers, as to the game of the pawns not being the ordinary game, M. Deschappelles renewed his visit to the club once more during the week, and played three games of the usual species of chess with M. St. Amant, giving the latter the pawn and two moves. Of these games each party won one, and the third was drawn. Be it remembered, that St. Amant, a few weeks afterwards, played in London with our first players, even, *and beat them all round*. M. Deschappelles was now satisfied that his chess organ existed unimpaired; and has never played since, to the deep regret of his contemporaries.

The truth of phrenology is strongly borne out by the conformation of Deschappelles' forehead; in which the organ of calculation is more considerably developed than in that of any other human being we ever saw. A high and sharp ridge stands forth as the boundary of his fine, square forehead; attracting, at the first glance, the earnest attention of the disciples of Combe and Spurzheim.

We may here remark that M. Deschappelles never studied the theory of chess, nor looked at any work existing on the subject. With the usual openings he is, therefore, comparatively unacquainted, and has to find the correct move always in play. In some pools of chess which he once played, even, with Cochrane and La Bourdonnais, he found this to be a disadvantage, and was compelled to play more slowly than either of his two formidable antagonists. Indeed, quickness of play was never the *forte* of M. Deschappelles; he always having been much more "English" in this respect than La

Bourdonnais, his successor; who is the quickest player we ever looked over. Deschappelles' wonderful talent is the most keenly excited in crowded positions on the board. Here, that which is Cimmerian darkness to the bystanders, is to him light as noon. Could we acquire chess as easily as it would appear we might, from his mode of speaking on the subject, much joy were ours. "For my part," says Deschappelles, "I look neither to the right nor to the left. But I simply examine the situation before me, as I would that of two hostile camps, and I do that which I think best to be done. I want to checkmate; I do not want to capture, to defend, nor to attack. I repeat, I want to checkmate, *et voilà tout*."

On this phenomenon chess-player first dropping from the clouds, he was immediately hailed as the greatest artist since Philidor. The Paris players, at this time, were temporarily removed from the Café de la Régence, owing to a prejudice against the latter *locale*, arising, naturally enough, from the fact of the café's having been the constant resort of Robespierre. The headquarters of the chess amateurs were, however, not far away from the old spot; and there, at the head of the veteran band, was the youthful Deschappelles installed as lord of the ascendancy; playing constantly, save when his duties called him to more stirring scenes; which, indeed, was the case for the greater part of his time, thanks to the restless energies of his mighty master, Napoleon.

Having perched himself, at one bold bound, on the very topmost branch of the tree, Deschappelles invariably gave odds. He may be said to have formed the modern school of French players; the chief of his pupils being M. de la Bourdonnais, Mouret, &c. With the former of these artists, Deschappelles played many hundred games, either giving eight, and receiving seven, pawns for the queen, or else allowing pawn and two, at the ordinary variety of the game. When, falconlike, he found the young bird strong enough to plume its wings and fly alone, Deschappelles retired altogether from the arena, and left the mantle of inspiration to be draped around the broad shoulders of his worthy successor, De la Bourdonnais. For the want of similar models of excellence to play up to, we doubt whether England will

ever possess a really first-rate player. Certainly, since the days of Philidor, none, save the late Mr. McDonnell, have appeared, to us, to hold a just claim to the appellation.

We proceed to give one of M. Deschapelles' chess adventures, in his own words :—

"I never thought, nor do I believe, that a player of my force could ever appear from the chilly regions of the north. A southern sun can alone organise a brain of sufficient chess-genius to cope with me. In proof of this, hear what happened in Prussia. After the battle of Jena, in 1806, our army entered Berlin. The ladies there, having expressed wonder at our rapid march, were told politely, by one of the French officers, 'We should have arrived here even twenty-four hours sooner, had we not met with some slight obstacles on the way!'—these slight hindrances to the journey being an army of 300,000 men, whom we were forced to overturn to get past! Well, I lodged at the house of a colonel of the Prussian national guard, who, the very first evening, took me to the celebrated Berlin chess club, instituted by the great Frederic himself.

"A numerous party of amateurs were assembled to receive me; the lists were pitched, the arms in order. The three strongest heads of the club were opposed to mine. Before playing, in the course of some preliminary conversation, I asked whether any foreigner of my acquaintance had ever enjoyed the honour of an introduction. The reception-book being produced, displayed a number of names, French, English, and so forth, but not one whom I knew. 'Which party has been chiefly victorious, yours or your visitors?' demanded I. 'Oh!' replied they, cavalierly enough, 'our club have always come off winners.' 'Very well,' replied I; 'such will not be the case this time.' 'Why?' 'Your club must lose!'

"Fancy the sensation produced by these words! They all gathered round, and a noise like Babel broke forth; from which issued such expressions, from time to time, in German, as, 'Oh, what insolence! What presumption! We'll punish him!'

"Before playing, it was necessary to settle the terms. I at once declared I never played even, and offered the pawn and two. 'What is your stake?' was their question. 'Whatever sum you please,' answered I; 'from a franc to a hundred louis.' They now said they never played in the club for money. I thought to myself, if that be the case, why ask me what my stake was? But I let that pass; and the three best players sat down to play against me. Not only

did I insist upon their consulting together, but I further authorised every member of the club to advise them as he might think fit. It was agreed we should play even, in other respects; and as they obstinately refused odds, I resigned myself and them to fate.

"The move was drawn for, and gained by me. I played the king's gambit. They took and defended the pawn. Feeling a little sore at what had passed, I thought the less ceremony was necessary; so, on the eleventh move, I got up, and told them, in an off-hand way, that it was useless to continue the game, as I had a forced mate in seven moves, which I detailed to them. I then appeared as if about to leave the room, accompanied by my host, and a friend, a cavalry colonel in our service; who, being very fond of chess, had come to take part, as second, in the duel.

"The members of the club crowded round, and, changing all at once their tone, asked me politely to favour them with another trial. Finding my gentlemen, this time, so much more modest (a quality which pleases me), I softened, and remained to play another game; in which, having the move, they began by advancing the queen's pawn two squares. The contest was rather longer than the first, but I was again the conqueror; and such being the case, could not help taking upon myself the tone of a master, and pointing out to them different moves, of the effects of which they had shewn themselves ignorant, and which I advised them to study.

"The *corps d'armée* to which I was attached left Berlin, but we again occupied that city after the battle of Eylau; and, in the public walks, I met with several members of the club, who entreated me to visit them a second time. I told them frankly, I had no objection to doing so, but should decline again playing even with them; that such a sorry joke should be carried no further; and that I would only resume the engagement on their taking such odds as I was prepared to offer. 'What are those odds?' asked they. 'The rook!' answered I, without hesitation. 'And would you play for money, giving us the rook?' 'Yes; for a hundred louis, as I told you before.'

"Again did they decline any stake, and, at least, acted with prudence in so doing. We played three games. I drew the first, won the two others, and the next day left Berlin for Hamburg. I did not expect much from them; Berlin is so cold! Besides, for twenty years, I gave the pawn and two moves to the first players in Europe, be they whom they might, when they presented themselves; and would do so still."

To hear M. Deschappelles narrate his chess doings, with the real spirit of military frankness, is one of the pleasantest things in the world. That he has preserved none of the games, or curious chess positions, which have occurred to him, is to be deplored, when we know how vast a chess acquaintance he has enjoyed; the circle with whom he has played, including the leading players of his time, as well as those who have been famous in more important matters,—as Ney, Fouché, Junot, and Louis Bonaparte. We own we think he underrates the skill of the Germans; and regret he never played with Allgaier, Silberschmidt, or Witholm. Deschappelles once challenged Stein to play at the Hague; but the latter preferred resting on his reputation, and declined accepting the invitation.

It is currently rumoured in the French metropolis, but we know not whether on certain grounds, that M. Deschappelles revenged France on Marshal Blücher, by teaching the latter, to the tune of thirty thousand francs, that he knew much less of manœuvring troops on the field of chess, than on the plains of real war. If this be true, Blücher is not the only German who has paid high for the lesson of experience in chess; witness Count d'Armstadt, and others we could quote, as fitting companions in folly.

* In proof of our assertion we append, from *Bell's Life*, one of the games played by MM. Deschappelles and Lewis, with a move. The second player's K.B.P. must be removed from off the board prior to attempting to play out the game.

MR. LEWIS.

1. K. P. two.
2. Q. P. two.
3. Q. P. one.
4. B. pins Kt.
5. B. takes.
6. B. to Q. third.
7. K. Kt. to K. second.
8. Q. Kt. to Q. second.
9. Q. Kt. to K. B. third.
10. K. Kt. to Kt. third.
11. K. R. P. one.
12. P. retakes B.
13. Q. to K. second.
14. Q. to K. B.
15. Q. to K. Kt. second.
16. K. R. P. one.
17. Q. to R. third.
18. Q. B. P. one.
19. K. to K. second.
20. Q. R. to Q. Kt.
21. K. R. P. one.
22. P. takes B.

In the year 1821, Mr. Lewis, the writer on chess, went over to Paris, for the purpose of playing a match at Frascati's with Deschappelles. The necessary arrangements were made by M. la Bourdonnais, as umpire; and the odds of the pawn and move were unwillingly agreed to be yielded by the Frenchman, he wishing to give, instead, pawn and two, and to play for a larger sum than his adversary chose to consent to. Of the three games constituting this match, two were drawn, and one was gained by our countryman. It is certain that M. Deschappelles was not in play on this occasion; for we find him over-looking winning moves, and in other respects wanting in his usual fertility of resource.* He was taken unawares by an opening of the game he had never previously encountered; and, from the fine attack Mr. Lewis invariably acquired thereby, the wonder is that the latter did not gain a more honourable triumph. M. Deschappelles felt his real superiority; and, on the match being over, challenged his opponent to a renewal of hostilities; offering publicly to give him the pawn and two moves in a match of twenty-one games, and play for any sum of money which might be required. Mr. Lewis declined playing a second match, whether at the odds of pawn and move, or pawn and two moves;

M. DESCHAPPELLES.

1. Q. Kt. to B. third.
2. K. P. two.
3. Q. Kt. to K. second.
4. Q. P. one.
5. Q. retakes.
6. K. Kt. P. one.
7. K. B. to R. third.
8. K. Kt. to B. third.
9. Castles.
10. Q. B. to Kt. fifth.
11. B. takes Kt.
12. K. B. to B. fifth.
13. K. R. to B. second.
14. Q. R. to K. B.
15. K. to corner.
16. Q. to Q. second.
17. Q. to Q. R. fifth.
18. Q. to Q. R. fourth.
19. Q. to Q. Kt. third.
20. Q. B. P. one.
21. B. takes Kt.
22. P. takes R. P.

and was, doubtless, justified in following out the adage of "let well alone." Messrs. Brand, Cochrane, and other first-rate English players, were all defeated by Deschappelles, at the odds of the pawn and two; and it is matter of wonder Deschappelles never followed up his conquests, by fighting us islanders on our own ground. We are happy to believe it is not improbable he may come to London, even during the present winter. He admires British institutions; and should, therefore, favour us with the visit so long due, though never as yet granted to the solicitations of his English friends.

Although Deschappelles was one of those who took the lead in establishing the Paris Chess Club, he accepted no part in the match played by that society, in correspondence with the Westminster Club. His name was, however, invaluable, as an auxiliary towards inducing recruits to join the newly raised tri-colour. Tired of the heat, the noise, and the crowd who throng the Café de la Régence, it was quite a relief for the elect to find themselves established in a suite of lofty and spacious rooms. We are glad to find this honourable society flourishing

as it deserves; increased and increasing in vigour, in numbers, and in talent; including in its list of members Mery, Lacretelle, Jouy, and other *littérateurs*; headed by Boissy d'Anglas, and a numerous sprinkling of nobility.

And let us, *en passant*, congratulate the amateurs, here, of our noble and soul-stirring recreation, upon the prospect which at length dawns upon us, of having a first-rate chess club at the west end of our own metropolis. For years has the attempt been made, at intervals, to institute a similar society, and hitherto has that attempt uniformly failed. But the time is now come when, based upon solid grounds, a fabric is, even as we write, rising out of earth, destined to meet and to withstand the heavy storms of time and chance. Prosperity to the Westminster Chess Club! Remodelled and improved in its constitution, there can be little fear of its success, backed as it is by the first chess talent of the metropolis, at the head of so formidable a phalanx of amateurs. When first established in Bedford Street, this society looked well; but its *locale* was far too eastern for the aristocratic patrons of the science. Overshadowed as it has

MR. LEWIS.

23. K. R. to R. second.
24. K. to Q. second.
25. K. to Q. B. second.
26. Q. R. to K. B.
27. P. takes P.
28. Q. to K. sixth.
29. K. R. home.
30. Q. to K. B. fifth.
31. K. R. to R. second.
32. K. to Kt.
33. P. takes P.
34. Q. takes K. R. P.
35. K. to Q. B. second.
36. Q. to K. Kt. sixth.
37. B. takes Q.
38. B. takes K. R. P.
39. R. retakes.
40. K. takes.
41. R. to K.
42. R. to K. fourth.
43. R. to K. R. fourth.
44. R. to K. R. fifth.

M. DESCHAPPELLES.

23. K. R. to K. second.*
24. K. R. to K. B. second.
25. Q. to K. sixth.
26. Q. to Q. Kt. third.
27. P. retakes.
28. Q. to Q. B. second.
29. Q. R. to K.
30. Q. P. one.
31. Q. to Q. third.
32. Q. R. to K. B.
33. Kt. retakes.
34. Kt. takes Q. B. P. ch.
35. R. to Q.
36. Q. takes Q.
37. R. to K. Kt. second.
38. R. takes B.
39. K. takes.
40. K. to Kt. third.
41. K. to K. B. fourth.
42. R. to Q. second.
43. K. to his third.
44. R. to K. B. second.

The remainder was not taken down. M. Deschappelles, by his last move, wins a pawn, and the result was a drawn game.

* M. Deschappelles here overlooks the circumstance of his having a forced won game, simply by playing knight to king's kt. fifth. If the knight be taken with pawn, rook checks; and if the knight be not taken, queen can check at k. sixth, &c. &c. The French player appears to have discovered his error when too late; for we find him, on the following move, attempting to regain the same position. The latter part of the game is weakly played by the English champion.

been for the two last years, it now again proudly erects its head, determined to shew that it has but stooped to rise with increased vigour. Removed to first-rate rooms (in Charles Street, Waterloo Place), with but a three-guinea subscription, and no entrance-fee, our hopes and wishes are unalloyed by doubt. London shall and will at last have a chess club, commensurate with the improvements of the age, and secure of support from all true lovers and patrons of chess, both in town and country. Return we to our record.

Constituted as is the frame of M. Deschappelles, overflowing with the same fervent feelings of enthusiasm, in age, which the most romantic have conceived in youth, an indomitable love of liberty in the purest sense of the word has more than once led him into trouble. On every subject Deschappelles speaks out as he thinks, reckless of consequences; and "age cannot tame" his ardent devotion to the cause of civil and religious freedom all over the world. In 1832, having, somewhat imprudently, suffered himself to be named president of a sort of republican society, termed "the Gauls," he incurred a government prosecution, and was even imprisoned, *au secret*, for two or three months. This said band of "Gauls" were none the better, in our opinion, for enrolling among their members that Italian chess-player, Signor Lavagnino, so well known in London. No case could be made out against Deschappelles, and he was honourably acquitted. On the examination of some of the "Gauls," we find the question constantly put by the public prosecutor, as to whether it was not understood that M. Deschappelles was to be declared dictator! This appears to be in the highest degree absurd, and was very properly ridiculed by the *galerie*.

M. Deschappelles' political opinions were expressed as follows, in a conversation we lately held together: "I am," said he, "of no country. Shew me a good man, and I will try to be his brother. But were I to choose, though I have never seen England, and understand not your language, I am more a Briton than any thing else. I love your country, in the firm belief that your admirable political constitution gives to man all of liberty which he is as yet sufficiently civilised to enjoy without running into licentiousness."

Is this a man to be reasonably obnoxious to the powers of the state? No. He is more of a philanthropist than a politician,—a Howard rather than an O'Connell. It is a trait of his life deserving record, that his elder brother, who was attached to the court of Charles X., and fell into comparative penury after 1830, has been ever since, together with his family, wholly supported by Deschappelles. To shew the facility with which the hero of our sketch can turn his mind to any occupation which may take his fancy, we may state that, having a few acres of ground in the Fauxbourg du Temple, M. Deschappelles has there struck out an improved mode of cultivating melons, for which he has received more than one honourable prize. His fruit is first in the market, and not unfrequently adorns the table of Louis Philippe. M. Deschappelles may be quoted as being superior to Cincinnati, inasmuch as melons are more refined than cabbages!

It is now about two years since M. Deschappelles sent forth his celebrated challenge to all England, in which he offered to come to London, and to give the odds of the pawn and two moves to any British player, without exception; the joint sum staked on the issue of the match to be a thousand pounds. He declared himself driven to offer this cartel, which first appeared in the French chess magazine, the *Palamede*, in consequence of an English newspaper (*Bell's Life in London*) having appeared to fling some doubts on the truth of his having given the Berlin players the rook in 1806. We have reason to know that M. Deschappelles was misinformed on the point, and that the journal in question meant nothing more than to tickle him good-humouredly into action, on the plan of poking up the lion with a pole, to hear him roar. Be this as it may, M. St. Amant made his appearance in London, as the herald of Gaul; and, not satisfied with the hurling the glove in the faces of our first players, himself inserted the challenge formally in *Bell's Life*,—thus happily making the source of his discontent to serve as the medium through which satisfaction was demanded. The thing was met in a proper spirit on the part of the London Chess Club. A committee was formed, the five hundred pounds were subscribed in half an hour, and a player

of established public reputation was engaged to play the match on the part of our country. At the moment when all were eager for the event, the whole transaction unhappily fell through on this simple point. The London club very properly (as we thought then, and still hold) demanded that, as a starting point, it should be admitted that the challenge originally emanated from the side of France. On the other hand, M. Deschappelles refused all discussion on this part of the topic, and insisted it should not be reopened. Before giving an extract from M. Deschappelles's closing letter, we take leave to express our sorrow that so promising a beginning should have terminated so badly. Deschappelles still maintains that we were wrong in attempting to revert to the point, which, by commencing a discussion of terms, we had tacitly waved; as also by suffering an outrageously long time to elapse between certain letters, and in not at once declaring the name of the gentleman who was to be his antagonist. Opinions differ, and we choose not to revive unpleasant, and now most needless, discussion.

M. Deschappelles shares in our regret, and is particularly sorry for the abrupt termination of this affair, on account of the consequent non-establishment of the finely-conceived code of laws put forth by him to regulate the expected tourney; and forming, as he says, "an everlasting monument of chess legislation!"

From Deschappelles' letter, it will be seen that he is still prepared to give pawn and two to all comers who may choose to demand those odds; and this he has recently told us *vivâ voce*, although he has so long retired from the field of war. We proceed to give a part of his last letter respecting the famous challenge, the wording of which is too characteristic for us to mutilate by translation. It is addressed to the committee of Parisian amateurs who acted in the negotiation on his part, and runneth thus:—

"Messieurs,—Il y a plus de trente ans qu'il existe de ma part un défi permanent au jeu des échecs. J'offre le pion et deux traits.

"Je n'y ai mis d'intérêt que celui de soutenir l'école Française, et de créer de belles parties; et si j'ai consenti à y engager 500 livres sterling, c'est en vue d'éviter le reproche de forfanterie, et pour satisfaire celui qui, ramassant le gant, se déplacerait pour la gloire et le profit.

"Depuis ce jour, je ne sais combien d'apparences se sont élevées, combien de champions se sont présentés; mais j'affirme qu'aucune réalité ne les a accompagnés, et qu'au moment du combat, sous un prétexte ou sous un autre, aucun n'a voulu exposer quelque chose qui en valût la peine.

"D'ailleurs, chaque fois je me suis prêté à ce dont j'étais prié, y mettant surtout de la complaisance; et ne prodiguant pas les efforts de l'attention pour le stérile plaisir de froisser des amours propres.

"Dans le conflit actuel, né d'une attaque de la presse Anglaise, je n'ai cru d'abord rien trouver qui dût me faire sortir de mon insouciance, et j'ai laissé courir sans même en prendre connaissance, les vaines démonstrations qui pouvaient s'en suivre.

"Cependant, la chose sembla prendre une tournure intéressante; un comité était nommé de part et d'autre: le prix du défi était fixé, et les fonds se déposaient. On prétendait, et l'on vint m'assurer qu'il ne s'agissait plus que de résoudre les difficultés d'exécution.

• • • • •
 "Des négociations étaient donc entamées, lorsque tout d'un coup l'Angleterre se ravisa, et, se rejetant en arrière, reprit une question de forme insignifiante déjà expliquée pour en faire un ultimatum."

"Retombée inopinément dans les pre-textes, je dus juger que l'affaire actuelle ressemblait aux précédentes; qu'elle ne contenait rien de réel, et qu'elle ne méritait plus que je m'en occupasse. Seulement je me trouvais désobligé, car je m'étais livré à discrétion, et l'on m'y maintenait sans réciprocité; me faisant subir une position que pour rien au monde je n'aurais voulu infliger à autrui.

* We repeat, that we here take part with the London Club. It was an important point to fix the origin of the challenge, lest it might be supposed England would publicly admit inferiority by asking odds. If a player offer the rook, no honour is lost by putting his pretensions to the test; but to ask for the rook would be tacitly to avow considerable inequality. Deschappelles told us personally that the challenge in the *Palamede*, and in *Bell's Life*, came from him; but as the signature was wanting, this could not be authenticated, nor admitted, on the part of the metropolitan players. London meant play, and would willingly make the match *de novo*, were a similar challenge offered, either by M. Deschappelles, or by any other player in the whole world.

"De quoi eût servi de donner satisfaction sur un point à qui eût conservé seul le droit de rompre sur plusieurs autres ? Un ultimatum est inique quand il n'engage qu'une partie. Avant tout, il fallait se mettre d'accord sur les conventions. Alors Londres et Paris auraient un droit égal de tout terminer par un oui, ou un non.

"Voici ma réponse de clôture avec la commission Anglaise, et ma proposition sous une forme définitive :—Je donne le pion et deux traits, si un adversaire Anglais se présente. Je m'entendrai avec lui seul. Sa capacité m'est d'avance un garant de son équité ; car l'une marche volontiers de pair avec l'autre.

"Recevez, Messieurs, l'expression de mon amitié et de haute estime.

"DESCHAPELLES."

To this letter no reply could be made by the London Club, it being accompanied by an announcement that the Paris committee was dissolved ; and so terminated the negotiation, to the disappointment of the numerous admirers of our scientific game. May an opportunity be yet afforded our bravest and our best, of meeting M. Deschappelles on the *champ clos* of the Westminster Chess Club ; there to cross blades, and break a lance to the contending shouts of St. George and St. Denis, for the sake of chess ; and of the bright eyes of English beauty, we most are bound to love and bow to.

BLUE FRIAR PLEASANTRIES.

No. XXX.

LOCKE IN LONDON.

I REMEMBER, one foggy afternoon, not more than twenty years ago, wandering through the tortuous mazes of certain dark and dismal settlements between Hanover Square and Great Marlborough Street, in search of a select oilman—the privileged purveyor for that "midnight lamp" which for so long a period (ere watchmen had ceased to hold parlance with Echo, or policemen had even a prospective existence) was wont to throw its sepulchral glow upon the pages of my tutor folio. So constant and protracted, indeed, were my studies during that portion of my incipient manhood, that my visage became imbued with the very tinge of the lamp-lit paper over which it had hung ; and when I now walk forth to make a morning call, my countenance forcibly reminds people of something between a vampire and the moon by daylight. But this rather appertains to myself than to my subject.

And, where are those "dark and dismal settlements," and where the oilman ? Lo ! the oilman still exists, but not like Marius at Carthage, a remnant of life amid a city of ruins. No. Behold him more flourishing, more *il-lustrous*, more *lamps*-ant, and more oily than ever ; for now, in addition to all the oils, animal and vegetable, with which he has to do, he has laid in a huge stock of the oil of

gladness, and his face gleams with all the pride of occupying a palatial shop of gilded pillars and plate-glass, No. — but I forget the number—REGENT STREET. He, moreover, delights in paradox ; it being his pleasure to say, that while he occupies a better, he still occupies the same ; and that, although he lives in Regent Street, he still lives in Swallow Street,—Regent Street having, with an admirable voracity, swallowed up the Swallow Street in which he *did*—and in which he consequently still *does*—abide.

Not greater wonders have been effected by the hey-presto slap of Harlequin's wand than the last twenty years have brought forth in a metropolis which, for centuries before, had maintained pretty much the same character, although ever increasing in mere extent. But still, as I wandered the other day, after long absence, among its glittering shop fronts and Corinthian gaieties, I felt that there was a sort of a mushroom sauciness about it all, and was determined not to be put down by the impertinent look of mere architectural dandyism. "Come, come," said I, "none of your fine airs. I knew you, Sir London, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were your chiefest boasts ; and though my line of life should 'stretch out to the crack of doom,' I suspect I shall never find

you with any thing to be more proud of. I'm by no means sure that I like you the better for having got rid of the beasts in the Tower. The shield of England should have preserved the lions, at all events. As to the translation of Exeter 'Change into Exeter Hall, I doubt whether the roarings and yellings, political and musical, with which the latter now so frequently echoes, are a whit more admirable than the roarings and yellings bestial which, about feeding time, used to issue from the former."

Again I say, "None of your airs. I knew you when Portland Place was your only good street, and it is your best still; when Carlton House was standing, and it had been all the better had it stood still; when old Buckingham House pretended to *less* than it possessed, ere the new gimcrack rose to pretend to *more* than it possesses. I knew you when the Thames was deeper, and the tide flowed higher,—in short; when I knew you first, you were the first of cities, and you're no better than that now: so none o' your airs!"

Such was my address the other day to old London itself; though, between ourselves, I mean nothing in disparagement of her modern splendours, which, after all, are rather underrated by John Bull than made too much of. Whatever the particular failures may be, the advance of aggregate success is triumphant, whether we regard it in connexion with the colossal movements of the engineer, the practical elegancies of the architect, the spirit of the fine arts, or the regenerated soul of the drama.

The great things of London in 1839 are her railroads, her street improvements, and Covent Garden Theatre, which has become, in fact, the great national gallery of poetry and art.

And, first, the railroads.

When we arrived by the Blue-Bottle coach at the Basingstoke station, forty or fifty miles from the metropolis, there was an intuitive sense of being already at our journey's end. We felt that we had virtually arrived in London, and that all remaining to do was simply to get into an omnibus, and give up the time of an ordinary hackney coach fare, in proceeding to Piccadilly.

The influence of the scene upon a novice observer is ferociously impressive. First, a string of horseless coaches, like the line of kings in Macbeth's vision, glided with

phantom smoothness by me, propelled by the magic touch of a material imp of Vulcan, to take their places in the train; meanwhile, under a shed at a short distance, were certain other imps, harnessing, or otherwise preparing the fiery dragon that was to carry us off. Then forth the monster came! a hideous thing, with a double body like a wasp! with a whistle as loud as the screech of a tormented elephant; spitting fire and spouting smoke, and looking more like an enraged demon of Vesuvius vomiting destruction than a docile devil subdued to the service of man! It began by shewing off a series of gratuitous movements to and fro, answering to the gambols and curvettings of an impatient blood-horse, and then darted past all the coaches as though determined to run away from them. Anon, returning, the first coach in the train was hooked to his tail; and the lengthy mass began to move a chain of one class, followed by a second; and the second by a third, like Fleet Street running after Ludgate Hill, and the Strand after Fleet Street. To add to the effect of the scene, it was dark,—or, rather, "darkness" made "visible" by the lamps of the station-house, and the fire of the steam-carriage.

"Heavy and slow,
Like the first drops of a thunder-shower,"

as Byron has it, were our first movements, and accompanied by a painfully deliberate kind of cough on the part of the engine, which appeared, to our uninitiated senses, to be sorely broken-winded. As we proceeded, however, the cough became quicker, and less perceptible, till, at length it lost its guttural character, and left us happy in the assurance that the demon's lungs were not affected. They who have travelled in one of the carriages *nearest* the engine will know well how to recite the following:—

"Chkough!—ckough!—kough!—kouh!—kou!—ku!—ku! ku, kuku, kuku, kuku, kuku, kuku," and away we go at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with little to amuse us save the rapid alternation of milestones and policemen (who look like finger-posts), as thus,—10—policeman—9—policeman—8—policeman—7—policeman—6—policeman—5—policeman—4—policeman—3—a sleeping donkey on the rail, cut in two—2—engine off the rail, blown to atoms—engineers hurled

out of danger into a horsepond—the first-class coaches crushed by the second, and the second jammed up by the third, like Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, as aforesaid, all crammed together in St. Paul's Churchyard! But this last is a mere chance—we will not say how likely; and therefore we will take up the train again at 3—policeman—2—policeman—1—policeman—a whistle! O, mercy! *such* a whistle! a shriek, rather; like that of a million “mandrakes torn from out the earth!” Gentler—slower—moderate—slow—softly—stiller—still—Vauxhall Terminus.

And now comes the most melancholy part of the proceeding. After thirty miles an hour, a *dead stop* for as long a time as it would take you to go fifteen miles more; while your coach is worked by hand off the rail on the common ground again; and two sorry jades of horses (instead of the four you left behind you at the other Terminus), with a still more sorry-looking, discarded hackney coachman, for a driver, conduct you with tedious deliberation to the Bear in Piccadilly. This is as “lame and impotent a conclusion” as ever the “march of mind” and mechanics has arrived at. It is, however, due to say, that I only speak from experience of one coach and one railroad, viz. the Blue Bottle Unicorn, and the Southampton line. Now, it really strikes me, that this must be instantly and imperatively reformed; and I would at once suggest, that a set of balloons should be in readiness, all inflated, and “straining upon the start,” with patent, any-way-sailing wings, to waft you up—carry you over as the crow flies—and alight you, as the crow alights, upon a lead flat at the top of the hotel to which you are bound: and so much for railroads.

Next, for London's street improvements. They are, in truth, marvellous; but every thing goes to prove that Napoleon was right when he called us “a nation of shopkeepers.” Nor let us wince at an appellation which, after all, only signifies our commercial importance, and the wealth that is the consequence of our commerce, and the power that is the consequence of our wealth, and the supremacy that is the consequence of our power. London, then, we must admit (like Liverpool and Newcastle), shews that we are morally, physically,

politically, and architecturally, a nation of shopkeepers. The metropolitan palace of the monarch fails in comparison with the shop ranges, which, externally, are as *palatial* as any thing in Genoa. The club-houses are shops for the provision, we may not say of reasonably moderate dinners and wines, but of dinners and wines moderately reasonable. They are but splendid chop and coffee-houses after all; and Barry's Traveller's Club-house is better than any thing in gorgeous Venice, Venetian though it be. The National Gallery suffers more in comparison with the shop *façades* about, than in its proximity to St. Martin's Church, which, with all its undoubted merits, is, nevertheless, undoubtedly overrated. Fortnam and Mason sell pickles behind a piece of splendour (though somewhat mongrel) architecture, which the palatial Italians would be proud to attribute to *il loro Paladio*; and when Morell shall have made an additional fortune by the sale of the *Blue Friar Sauce* (which I am saucy enough to aver will be the case), he will, doubtless, erect a palace, in honour of the brotherhood whose gastronomic accomplishments have enabled him to achieve that achievement, and call it by the name of *Casa Plymouthiana*, or “Plymouth House.” In Regent Street, we have Barclay and Son manifesting the “palmy state” of spermaceti and the wax trade, and waxing fat in fortune (as we trust they *are*, because we know they *ought* to be) “*sub tegmine*”—under the shade—of a couple of gilt palm-trees, which seem to derive their ever-freshening nourishment from a lucid, yet substantial, atmosphere of plate glass. I only fear my quotation from Virgil rather interferes with one I could desire to make from Talfourd, in illustration of a wax-chandler flourishing behind a plate-glass window, and of whom it may, at least with a little variation, be said—

“So his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and
pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes
of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in
light,
And takes no shadow from them.”

The appositeness of the above exquisite passage struck me very forcibly the other day, when I beheld a knot of

very questionable characters looking through the plate-glass windows of Everington's shop in Ludgate Hill.* I only hope the author of *Ion* will forgive me for connecting our national poetry with the national policy of our London shopkeepers. But, "shopkeepers" we proverbially *are*, by the shewing of our own common idiom. If a lawyer talks law at a *conversazione*, he is said to "smell of the shop;" when a clergyman finishes writing a sermon, he "shuts up shop;" and the Englishman who is too proud to avail himself of a lift by his shop, is very likely to prove himself worthy of Botany Bay by shop-lifting.

Our shop streets always must be the handsomest, the gayest, the most attractive. Where the most splendid shops of the metropolis are, there are its most gorgeous equipages, its loveliest women, its smartest footmen. There are no parks or promenades in Europe that can compete with Regent Street, on a fine day, at a certain hour, when the *beau monde* come forth, not so much to buy what they truly require, as to purchase the enjoyment of exhibiting self and all its paraphernalia at the various marts of fashion—or fashion's houses of call. That which, in other countries, would be simply a lazy lounge, assumes, in London, the expression of business. Do we require a drive or walk for exercise, we "go a shopping." The commercial genius of England is a fine lady, who has her drawing-room, and is "at home" on all sunny afternoons, when every one who has money enough to purchase a yard of riband, or a strawberry ice, receives a ticket of invitation to attend. And then you behold a double file of *belles* seated on stools, before parallel counters; and a single file of *beaux* in the intermediate avenue, sitting astride, and with their chins upon the high backs of the little chairs, rocking themselves into a habit of patience, and contemplating the toes of their boots, while their capricious mistresses keep on continually never making up their minds as to what they want. A culprit on a tread-mill has a certain straightforward duty to perform;

but a shopman!—a shopman—with his unfoldings and foldings, his unrollings and rollings, his upgettings and downgettings, his sidegoings and returnings—is, assuredly, a victim of far greater endurings; and is condemned to a perpetual ever varying motion, which one would have thought the black monkeys, lately to be seen in the Zoological Gardens, would be competent to maintain. It will be remembered that these active animals, by the use of their long tails as a third arm, were enabled to go through every possible movement, vertical, horizontal, and diagonal; and it may remain a matter of some surprise they should not have been, ere this, trained to the service of Howell and James's establishment. And so much for London shops.

The next great matter to talk of, is Covent Garden Theatre.

The *play-house* itself is much as it was when I first visited it more than twenty years ago, when the Kemble and the Siddons had departed, leaving Young, C. Kemble, and Miss O'Neill in the zenith of their combined glory. I remember going to see the tragedy of *Jane Shore*. Old Egerton strutted in the robes of *Gloster*; Young was *Hastings*; Miss O'Neill, *Jane Shore*; and all this was very delightful. But there was *more* than this; although when the play began, I was ignorant of it. An actor appeared in a dingy-looking brown suit, and received, on his entrance, a slight greeting of applause, which I was at a loss to account for. The character entrusted to him was that of *Dumont* (or *Shore's* husband in disguise), and the first notes of his voice fell upon my ear as the finest I had ever heard. I found, by looking at the play-bill, that the speaker was a Mr. Macready, who, as whispered me by a prophetic old gentleman close by, was gradually making his way through the almost preoccupied sympathies of the public, as, half concealed amid the sedges, flows the fountain stream towards the broad river bed, which it is destined subsequently to fill with its collected waters. The course of the play soon made me feel that there was

* The "calm depth" of the shop, as seen through the magic crystal, was radiant with every thing "beautiful and pure" in the way of maidens and mercy; while the "surface" of the lucid medium still "glided in light," and "took no shadow" from the pickpocket "shapes" which hovered before it.

the mind to conceive, the feeling to embody, the judgment to correct, and the physical power to execute the great things which he has since accomplished. *Glamis* he was; *Cawdor* he became; and he is now *King*, as it was "promised!"

There were, till within some three years since, two "great theatres," as they were termed, in which (without disparagement to the individual talents of certain favourite actors) Shakspeare and the "legitimate drama" were performed—after a fashion: that fashion being simply the practice of considering the fame and attraction of some one tragedian, with whom even the fame of Shakspeare himself was not to interfere. So they took up the poet's immortal "stuff," as a sort of splendid, but convertible material, in which they bedizened the chief actor, throwing the rags to the underlings. Shakspeare, seeing the *Richard* or the *Tempest* of his own texture so transmogrified, would have exclaimed, in the language of Petruchio,

"O mercy, see what masking stuff is here! Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash!"

All this, however, had Garrick's precedent, and Kemble's sanction; and it served the purpose of the celebrated Kean, with whom we trust the *habit* is gone for ever. We only wish the *habit* had gone without *him*. Had he been spared to us, Drury Lane Theatre might still have maintained the character of its old associations, and co-operated with Covent Garden in the elevation of the national drama to a pitch of critical and intellectual excellence, such as it has never before attained. Drury Lane Theatre, however, no longer exists, except in name. "Her majesty's servants" are now mere singers, fiddlers, wild beasts and their keepers; while *Shakspeare's servants* are alone to be found in the household of Mr. Macready.

In illustration of the distinctive tone of the *opponent* theatres—*opponent*, not rival—I subjoin a specimen of their respective play-bills:—

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, Tuesday, November 20th, 1838,

Will be performed, the Play of the

TEMPEST,

FROM THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

The Music selected from the Works of PURCELL, LINLEY, and Dr. ARNE, and arranged by Mr. T. COOKE.

The Entre-Acts, from CORELLI.

Previous to the Play, Weber's Overture to

"THE RULER OF THE SPIRITS."

The Scenery painted by Mr. Marshall, Mr. Danson, and Assistants.

The Machinery by Mr. Bradwell and Mr. Sloman.

Alonso (King of Naples), Mr. Ward. *Sebastian* (his Brother), Mr. Diddear.

Prospero (the rightful Duke of Milan), Mr. Macready.

Antonio (his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan), Mr. Phelps.

Ferdinand (Son to the King of Naples), Mr. Anderson.

Gonzalo,

Adrian,

Francisco,

} Lords, {

Mr. Waldron.

Mr. Bender.

Mr. C. J. Smith.

Caliban (a Savage and deformed Slave), Mr. G. Bennett.

Trinculo (a Jester), Mr. Harley.

Stephano (a drunken Butler), Mr. Bartley.

Miranda (Daughter to *Prospero*), Miss Helen Faucit.

Ariel (an airy Spirit) Miss P. Horton.

SPIRITS IN THE VISION.

Iris, Mrs. Serle.

Ceres, Miss P. Horton.

Juno, Miss Rainforth.

After which, the Farce of

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Sir Mark Chase, Mr. Bartley.

Alfred Highflyer, Mr. Vining.

Mr. Selborne, Mr. Roberts.

Gamekeeper, Mr. Bannister.

Fixture, Mr. Meadows.

Maria Darlington,

Miss Charles.

Mrs. Selborne, Miss P. Horton.

Mrs. Fixture, Mrs. Humby.

To conclude with the One-act Farce of the

ORIGINAL.

Characters as before.

FOURTH NIGHT OF THE NEW GRAND BALLET !

One of the most successful Novelties ever produced !

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

Madlle. H. ELSSLER.

Mr. DUCROW.

Mr. VAN AMBURGH, and his LIONS AND TIGERS !

Owing to this great Attraction, the Free List (except the Public Press) is entirely suspended.

This Evening, Wednesday, November 21st, 1838,
Her Majesty's Servants will perform (for the 4th time) a grand Fairy Ballet in Two Acts, entitled,

THE SPIRIT OF AIR !

The Overture and the whole of the Music composed by Mr. Eliason.

The Dances and Ballet composed and produced by Mr. Gilbert.

IMMORTALS.

The Queen of the Genii, Miss Somerville.

Eolin, Miss Hall.

The North Wind, by Mr. Wieland (being its Fourth Appearance on any Stage).*Azurine* - (*the Spirit of Air*) - Mademoiselle Herminie Elsler.*Attendant Sylphs*—Misses J. Sutton and Taylor.

Spirits of Air—Mesdames Lane, Thomasin, Griffiths, Frood, Jeans, Hatton, &c.
Sylphides—Mesdames Sutton, Hartley, Marsano, Chester, Vials, Gough, Fenton,
Miller, E. Jones, Cook.

Spirits of the Clouds—Mesdames James, L. Marshall, Simpson, Mott, S. Mott,
Moggridge, Simmons, Young, &c.

MORTALS.

Thionville - (*a Peasant*) - Mr. Gilbert.*Benoite* - (*his Mother*) - Madame Simon.*Beaujen* - (*a Farmer*) - Mr. Howell.*Guilleimine* - (*his Daughter*) - Madame Proche Giubilei,*Cyrille*, Master Marshall. *Clemence*, Miss Marshall.*Musicians*—Messrs. Boulanger, Blake, and Miss Cook.

Norman Peasants—Messrs. Sutton, King, Wronski, Lake, Heath, Roffy, Harding,
Barnett, Hartland.

Norman Girls—Mesdames Ward, Jefferson, Panormo, Phelps, Hayes, Travers,
Delly, Barnet, &c.

The following is the order of the New Scenery, the Dances, and leading Incidents :—

PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF THE GENII.

Proposal for a trip to the earth—"wanted, a travelling companion"—selection of a
Mentor, who turns out to be a tormentor.

INTRODUCTION OF THE NORTH WIND !

All the ladies giving themselves plenty of airs—the North Wind giving himself but
one—carriage propelled by air, steam not being yet introduced in the upper circles
—a general "blow out."

DEPARTURE FOR THE EARTH.

A previous inquiry as to the definition of love—said to begin with a simper, and end
with a sigh—a protective talisman—a rainbow drawing a pretty good long bow.

INTERIOR OF THIONVILLE'S COTTAGE.

Difference of opinion between mother and son on the subject of matrimony—a "Spirit
of Light frightened at a fire—"hole in the wall"—a new mode of entering a
room—a party "in the clouds" execute

A PAS DE LYRES.

Interview between Air and Earth—the one asleep, the other "wide awake"—a report
upon the subject proceeding from a group of *lyres*—mutual explanation, by means of

A GRAND PAS DE DEUX.

An attempt at a kiss foiled—effects of a puff on this occasion from the North Wind—
Starlight called in to solve the mystery—proposal of marriage by no means acceptable.

UNE VALSE NORMANDE !

Much more so—a regular "set-too" between the North Wind and a party of villagers
—the breeze freshens—peasants unable to ward off the blows.

OPEN COUNTRY, AND OUTSIDE OF COTTAGE.

A fallen star—a light air and a gale of wind playing at “hide and seek”—preparations for a village entertainment, commencing with

A CHARACTERISTIC DANCE.

General happiness, but individual misery—joy begins to reign, and the Wind begins to blow—the villagers keep their spirits up (having no spirits at hand to pour down) by performing

A PAS GÉNÉRAL DE SABOTS.

The whole party get a cold—a fight for a brandy bottle—one gentleman blown completely into “the bowels of the land”—the very trees shaking with apprehension, and a lady taking leaf of them in consequence.

A FORTUNE-TELLER “NO CONJURER!”

A bottle of wine generally finds out the truth—“*in vino veritas*”—a draught of drink getting the better of a draught of wind—“the starring system” explained—a lover’s wings clipped, and “the happy pair” introduced, by Cupid, into

THE ABODE OF THE SPIRIT OF AIR!

Plenty of *belles*, and a corresponding quantity of *boces*—proposal to “tie” the North Wind to an old woman indignantly rejected, the said Wind fearful of having the worst of it—a change in the young lady’s situation, and at the same time in her mother’s cottage.

GRAND TABLEAU AND FINALE!

£3 Books of the Ballet to be had in the Theatre, price Tenpence.

After which, the Petite Comedy of

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

Old Melbourne, Mr. Hughes. Young Melbourne, Mr. Brindal. Trap, Mr. M’Ian.

Larry Hoolagan (*his first appearance*), Mr. Sloan.

Louisa Lovemore, Miss Fitzwalter.

Susan, Mrs. C. Jones.

Letty, Miss Somerville.

Jenny, Miss Barnett.

To conclude with (27th time) a Grand Chivalric Entertainment, in Two Acts, entitled

CHARLEMAGNE!

Charlemagne (*Emperor of the Franks*), Mr. King.

Roland,

Mr. Baker.

Ganalon,

Mr. Briandal.

Marsila (*the Moor of Saragossa*) Mr. H. Wallack.

Hamet (*a Captive, in Sir Roland’s Service*), Mr. Ducrow.

Sadi (*his younger Brother, Page to Sir Roland*), Master Ducrow.

Bertram, Mr. M’Ian.

Gaston, Mr. Howell.

Andrel, Mr. Compton.

The Lady Xarifa, Miss Fitzwalter.

Blanche, Miss Forde.

CASTLE AND FORTRESS OF CLERMONT, THE TERRACE OF THE CASTLE.

THE TROOPER’S SMITHY.

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE, in which takes place the PASTIMES of the PERIOD,

GRAND ENTRÉE OF CHARLEMAGNE!

A PASS ON THE PYRENEES.

Torrent of Andorra.

The Gate of the Tower.

FALL OF CASTLE MAURA!

FETE OF THE FOREST!

Given in honour of the Victory of Charlemagne, in which

MR. VAN AMBURGH

Will exhibit a series of Extraordinary Performances with

THE WHOLE OF HIS TRAINED ANIMALS!

Now, inasmuch as we are bound to believe that the manager of “her majesty’s servants” knows better how to manage her majesty’s subjects than the

Shakspearian manager, we beg leave to suggest that Mr. Macready would have done more wisely in promulgating the following:—

TENTH NIGHT OF THE NEW GRAND TRAGI-COMIC OPERATIC DRAMA!

The most successful Novelty ever produced!!

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

MR. SHAKSPEARE.

MR. MACREADY, and his THUNDER and LIGHTNING!

This Evening, Wednesday, November 21st, 1838,

Will be performed (for the 10th time), a grand Drama of Poetry, Song, and Enchantment, entitled

THE TEMPEST; OR, THE MERCIFUL MAGICIAN!

Overture to "THE RULER OF THE SPIRITS," by Weber; and the rest of the Music by Purcell, Linley, Dr. Arne, and Corelli.

The Scenery by Stanfield, R.A., and Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Danson.

The Machinery by Messrs. Bradwell and Sloman.

Alonso (*King of Naples*), Mr. Warde. Sebastian (*his Brother*), Mr. Diddear,Prospero (*the rightful Duke of Milan*), Mr. Macready.Antonio (*his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*), Mr. Phelps.Ferdinand (*Son to the King of Naples*), Mr. Anderson.

Gonzalo, } Mr. Waldron.

Adrian, } Lords, { Mr. Bender.

Francisco, } Mr. C. J. Smith.

Caliban (*a Savage and deformed Slave*), Mr. G. Bennett,

(whose terrific appearance has been acknowledged, by the shrinking of the most courageous, and the shrieks of the timid.)

Trinculo (*a Jester*), Mr. Harley. Stephano (*a drunken Butler*), Mr. Bartley.Miranda (*Daughter to Prospero*), Miss H. Faucit.Ariel (*an airy Spirit*), Miss P. Horton (being its 10th Appearance below the Clouds).

SPIRITS IN THE VISION.

Iris, Mrs. Serle. Ceres, Miss P. Norton. Juno, Miss Rainforth.

The Winds, under the superintendence of the Aeronauts of the great Nassau Balloon.

The Waves, under the management of the United Metropolitan Water Company.

The Thunder and Lightning, by il Sig. Jupiterio Tonante.

Imps, by il Sig. Diavolo Antonio and Family.

The following is the order of the Scenery, and leading Incidents:—

COAST OF THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

Approach of the Neapolitan Fleet—the king's ship too fleet for the others, which last, on the getting up of the storm, get off to sea.

STORM AT SEA! WITH ALL THE PHENOMENA OF AN AGITATED OCEAN!!

The King's Ship is Wrecked!!!

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND,

"Where the rocks of coral grow"—Miranda's distress, and Prospero's consolation.

A SHOOTING STAR, AND ARIEL'S APPEARANCE.

The cavern groans; and lo! the issue,

CALIBAN THE MONSTER!!

A match for the Bonassus, but not for Prospero—enter Ferdinand—love at first sight—rather a grumpy papa.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

Gorgeous scene—"all foizon, all abundance"—home of "the golden age"—treasonous murder intercepted—"Awake, awake!"

FURTHER UP THE COUNTRY.

Fearful combination of man and monster, with two heads and four legs—a drunken butler, and a keg of spirits!

BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

Fire wood and match making.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

Three tipsy ones, and a "tricksy" one—the "lie direct,"

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

Solemn and strange music!—"a phantom banquet!"—who would think that there were mountaineers, dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging to them wallets of flesh? or that there were such men whose heads stood in their breasts?"—There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

Compensation for punishment, if marriage be one.

HYMENEAL MASQUE.

Approach of *Iris* in a rainbow—of *Ceres*—and of *Junio*, peacock-drawn—hymeneal song.

"A MOST MAJESTIC VISION!!"

"And harmonious charmingly."

DANCE OF NYMPHS AND REAPERS.

Where are they?—Gone!—Even as *shall* vanish the

CLOUD-CAPPED TOWERS!

THE

GORGEOUS PALACES!

THE

SOLEMN TEMPLES!

THE

GREAT GLOBE ITSELF!!

Glistening apparel on a clothes-line is a temptation to "steal by line and level"—but unless you can also "steal off," you may chance to be hunted by

A PACK OF GOBLINS!!

BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO!

The project gathers to a *head*—that is, the *tail* of the plot is beginning to shew itself; and the play resolves itself into a game of chess, which ends without a check-mate—the lovers are to be joined in wedlock, and *Ariel* flies to join "the elements."

EPILOGUE, BY PROSPERO.

But I have really to beg Mr. Macready's most indulgent pardon for having mixed up his name with the foregoing trash; and I proceed to make what poor amends I can, by paying my best tribute to the true majesty of the national drama, as it now sits enthroned in all its intellectual dignity and regal state at Covent Garden Theatre. Now may the eye and ear of experienced criticism revel in delights, which, it has been fancied, could only be enjoyed by the susceptibility of inexperienced boyhood. A play, to an intelligent *child*, has always been the supremest of pleasures: but, with growing manhood, the illusion loses its illusiveness; and, unless things can be accomplished as they now are at Covent Garden Theatre, we feel that a play, and particularly a play of Shakspeare's, is a matter rather endured than truly enjoyed by matured judgments. We have, *before* now, been frequently at the theatre for the sake of Kean, Young, Kemble, Macready, and O'Neill: but when, *until* now, for the sake of Shakspeare? When, until

now, has Shakspeare been the *end*, and not the *means*? When, until now, has THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE been the great "lion" of the playbill—the VAN AMBURGH of the attraction? When, until now, has a reverential regard for the great poet's full intent and meaning (even to the minutest particulars to be only *induced* from THE TEXT) been allowed to supersede all other regards? When, before, has fortune been risked, health sacrificed, domestic comfort forfeited, and all for the honour of a national drama, hitherto too highly honoured in having Shakspeare at its head? When, until now, has a theatrical manager, in spite of the "whips and scorns of time," the insolence of opponent ignorance, and "the spurns of the unworthy," maintained the "native hue of his resolution, *un-sicklied* by the pale cast of thought," and preserved in the strong "current" of determined "action," an "enterprise" of such "great pith and moment?"

A former season, and several other successful revivals, had paved the way

for the triumph which I had the pleasure of first beholding, in the production of the play of the *TEMPEST*. *Shakspeare's TEMPEST* was indeed a theatrical novelty; and the playbill promised no more. But, oh! how rich the consummation! There was but one thing wanting: Shakspeare should have been there himself. When Macready was called for at the end of the performance, our imagination saw the poet's ghost crowning him with laurels. Perhaps it would be well, if critics were more frequently to speak through the medium of a mere report as to the feelings and conduct exhibited by an audience.

First, then, the curtain rose to a pit literally crammed, and boxes overflowing; but this is a fact chiefly creditable to the audience itself. The manifestation of a willingness on the part of the public to appreciate the exertions of such a man as Macready, is simply a duty which it were culpable to neglect; and as it is a duty now amply fulfilled, we will not reflect upon its having been, until now, barely rendered. For the same reason, the remarkable attention and the intelligent respect paid to the *entire* performance, were no more than the evidences we should expect of the highly reputable character of Shakspeare's countrymen.

There was, however, much more than this negative testimony to the merits of the entertainment. There was the proof of a critical acumen on the part of the audience—of a rational enthusiasm, which would have scorned the snare of claptrap as impotent and insulting; but which greeted the exhibition of truthful beauty, as the richest compliment which could be paid to a refined and susceptible public. There was a reciprocity between the stage and the auditory, such as later days have rarely manifested. There was no “starring” on the boards, no partisanship in the pit. The artist, the actors, and the machinist, co-operated to produce a perfect whole,—acknowledged as such by the spectators. We narrowly watched, not only *Prospero*, and his “tricksy spirit” in the person of Miss P. Horton, but also the due development of the

characters apportioned to Messrs. Ward, Phelps, Diddear, Bartley, Harley, Miss Helen Faucit, and Mr. G. Bennett; nor was there one of them on whom eulogy might not be bestowed. Mr. Phelps brought out one or two features of the part entrusted to him with great feeling and skill; and Bennett's *Caliban* was *monstrously* good. The aim, however, of each, was exactly to fill his appointed place, with a scrupulous regard to the effect of the whole; and the efforts of each were appreciated. Then there was the singing of Miss P. Horton (who gave “Where the bee sucks” more like a spirit than a singer). And, in legitimate connexion with all this, was the music of a most efficient orchestra, and a display of scenery, more magical in its illusion than was ever before exhibited. To represent the first scene of the *Tempest*, as Shakspeare gives it, is an effort which even Macready has not yet dared; but, seeing what he has done, we scarcely know how to limit our estimate of his abilities. Meantime, we are well content with the view of “a ship at sea,” instead of “on a ship at sea.” We have seen the wreck of a ship; and can truly say, the fresh memory of the real horror was only the more favourable to the truthful semblance of the fearful “mockery” before us. We positively “suffered with those whom we saw suffer.” We shuddered at the “noble vessel” struck, and was “dashed to pieces” on the rock! It was necessary that the knowledge of its being illusion should “step between us and our frightened souls.”

When such things are brought to aid, and not to supersede, the real theme—when, in fact, the fine arts and the arts mechanical are honourably engaged as allies in fealty to the poet of the drama, they become as important in themselves, as were the battalions who wrought out the fame of the hero of Waterloo; and, in that same spirit of admiration with which we gratefully hail any other one who benefits his country, we exclaim, “Hail, and farewell!” to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

Locke, B. F.

SELECTIONS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER IN THE ALPS.

No. II.*

THE first inquiry which I made on my arrival at Madame Bock's, at the ancient Poste, on the Cenis, was for my former guide, Etienne Mastrallet; and I desired that a man should be sent to seek him at the Hospice. An answer was quickly returned, that he was busy saving hay on the pasturages of the Roche Melon. The messenger tried hard to induce me to engage him, but I insisted that some person should be sent to Novales, certain that Etienne would leave his hay to come to me; and he who had been my messenger to the Hospice, at length, undertook to go at three o'clock the following morning, and bring him prepared to accompany me to Salbertrand.

My guide from St. Maurice, Philip Mayat, started early to return to the Tarentaise, and, as I had recommended, by the Vanoise, as a shorter route, and to add to his local information.

Etienne had not arrived at ten o'clock. He had slept in the mountain, and one of his children had been sent from Novales for him. If he had arrived thus late, the day was too far advanced for our journey to Salbertrand; I therefore decided upon visiting the lake which had been described to me as existing at the base of the glaciers of La Ronche. Its situation was pointed out, so that I could not err in finding it, and I had not forgotten the directions given to me last year by the "Jack of all trades," then in the service of Madame Bock, but now no longer her retainer.

The ascent lay directly up the pasturages, between the post-house and the Hospice; and as I rose, the mountains of the Bard, the Vallon, and the Ambin, appeared to rise above each other in alpine magnificence, and to such an effect as this the author must have alluded in the line,

— "Where Alps o'er Alps arise."

The plain of the Mont Cenis soon lay below me, like a map, with its lake; the clusters of houses at the Poste, the Hospice, and Caserne, and the Grand Croix; the white line of road, through the plain, dotted with the houses of refuge, appeared to sink

deeper and deeper, until the largest mass in the scene, which man had produced—the Hospice—became indistinguishable in detail. Waggon on the road were black spots, whose motion could not be seen, though their progress might be marked; and men, scarcely distinguishable, seemed specks without form, whose changes of place, in relation to certain objects, were alone perceptible. No action was to be seen of arms or legs, and a change of situation alone marked their vitality or that they had moved.

At this height, I passed over the brow of the mountain, lost sight of the plain, entered upon a pasturage, nearly level, at the base of the Alp and chalets of La Ronche, and advanced towards the glacier. At the extremity of the pasturage, the path rose steeply among rocks, and became difficult. But here the Flora of Mont Cenis had strewn, with extraordinary profusion, plants and flowers of great beauty and fragrance. Many were new to me, and my attention was every moment arrested and drawn to these beautiful objects, which are found only in such an alpine wilderness.

I had expected, that, immediately beyond the rocks, I should have reached the basin of the lake; the forms of the proximate mountains left no doubt of it: yet it seemed to be as far off as ever; the glacier was still before me, which I had scarcely appeared to have approached.

Crossing another, but a scanty and sterile pasturage, I ascended towards a stream, which evidently came from the glacier, and began to climb on the side of its course. This was, if not the shortest, the most certain way; but it was often bound by precipices difficult to pass, and I began to tire, with "deferred hope." When I rested, the deep feeling of solitude was oppressive: it was so utterly silent, that I heard my pulse beat. Two or three times only this silence was broken by the whistle of marmots, whose burrows were numerous around me; and once I heard the distant shout of the bergers in the chalets on the mountain side, but I looked in vain to distinguish

* This Selection continues the journey made in No. I.

them. As I rose, the sound of my *bâton ferré* came sharp and sudden upon the ear, as it struck the rocks, over which I climbed. After crossing some knotty and boggy ground, a steep talus of mountain *débris* seemed to be my last barrier, the ascent up this loose and wet slope was very fatiguing, and so long, that I had no doubt but that I had risen high above the lake, and should have to descend to it. I tried, therefore, to flank it, and at length reached the precipices of a ravine, through which a torrent fell, and foamed from rock to rock; but on looking up, the water seemed to be poured from the sky into this mountain-channel. I was, therefore, still below the lake; and, making another effort, surmounted, and saw where a lake might have been, and probably always is, in the spring; but the basin was now dry, and the only water was that which streamed down, submelted from the glacier du Ronche, which ran in a quiet stream across the bed of the lake, to fall over the rocks into the ravine below. I reached the glacier, and rested, in a state of feeling which I cannot describe, upon finding myself so entirely alone amidst such a sublimely desolate scene. I was too warm from my exertions in getting there, to remain long, and I began my descent by a better path, which it is always, in mountain excursions, easier to discover in that direction, than in ascending, for a path or track may be seen, and pursued, looking down, but in climbing, the path, at twenty steps distance, is above the head of the traveller, and, in mountain-courses, is generally unseen. I followed the torrent, making such deviations only as I could foresee would be advantageous. The mountains beyond the plain of the Mont Cenis were clearer of clouds than on my ascent, and the amphitheatre offered to my view was glorious. The most striking feature was the mountain of Bard, with its glaciers, the Roches Rouges, and basin of the Lac Blanc. Beyond these, were the lofty peaks of the Vallon and the Ambin. When I returned to the brow, where I had lost sight of the plain, the view of the lake of Mont Cenis burst suddenly upon me, with the effect of the appearance of the lake of Zug from the brow of the Rigi.

When I returned to the inn, I found that Etienne had arrived. I had been absent from Madame Bock's three

hours and a half; and they were scarcely inclined to believe that I had reached the glacier. This excursion in the heat of the day induced me to adopt the advice of Etienne, to change my dress, and rest on the bed for an hour—a luxury which entirely refreshed me.

It was too late, or I was too lazy to walk down to the Hospice, even with a trout supper before my hopes. Don Michael had left the establishment, and descended to Susa; and Bonjean had not this year visited the mountain. I packed my trunk, to be sent on by diligence to Turin, reserving the smallest wardrobe possible for an excursion of four or five days, and retired, mid the well-grounded hope of a fine morning, with orders to be called at four o'clock.

Etienne was punctual, and, after taking some coffee, we left the plain, at five o'clock. I was divided between reaching the Lac Noir by a wild and higher path, and the pass by the Little Mont Cenis; the sky, however, was clear, every peak unshrouded, and as the route of the Vaudois was the object of my journey, I decided upon the latter, and followed my old path. The mountains were unveiled, which I now found had been concealed from me, by clouds, on my former visit. The morning was bright and beautiful: we descended by the lake, skirted its western borders, and mounted the rich pasturages, enamelled and perfumed by thousands of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers; and as we rose high enough towards the Col, I was surprised to see how much had been concealed last year across the Val d'Ambin, which sweeps down to Bramant. Peaks and glaciers bounded the opposite side, and the lofty Ambin, with its long crest of glaciers, terminating in the lofty and apparently inaccessible peak, upon which we saw distinctly the obelisk which was built for one of the points of triangulation, by the Austrian and Piedmontese engineers, in their celebrated survey in 1821, 1822, and 1823. Looking, from the rocks over which we climbed, up the Coombe d'Ambin, which was opposite to, but far below us, a scene of sterility and utter desolation, scarcely to be matched in the Alps, was offered to our view. It was bounded at the head of the valley by the glaciers of Rochemolle, over which lay a dangerous path to Salbertrand, as well as

another, to the right, to Bardoneche, formerly mentioned. When we were pursuing our course by the pasturages of Savines, and our view was confined by the rocks and talus on the sides of the valley, we were too much inclosed to see more than the objects close upon us, and the cloudless sky left nothing to the imagination. A cloud would have been a luxury, to intercept the fervid rays of the sun. Rising, however, from this glen, towards the Lac Noir, Etienne pointed out to me the path by which we should have reached the same point, by a shorter but more difficult course, if we had left the Col de Petit Mont Cenis on our right, ascended by the torrent of the Jassets, to the Lacs Noir and Blanc, at the foot of the glaciers of the Bard, and thus crossed the mountain by a more direct course from the post house, and I now felt some regret that I did not adopt that path. One of the views to illustrate the passage of the Waldenses, by the summit of the Little Mont Cenis, would, however, in that case, have wanted the range of mountains beyond the Col.

We skirted the Lac Noir, and arrived at that point on the Clairée, where we had been advised, by a passing traveller, on a former occasion, carefully to keep on the left. Now Etienne led the way over some rocks to the right, in a direction which gave little promise of our being able to proceed in that course. We soon, however, reached a crest, whence we looked down into a deep valley, through which one of the torrents from the glaciers of the Ambin pursued a rather quiet course, before it began its headlong descents into the valley of Clairée.

We descended nearly halfway down towards the torrent, when we found a convenient place of rest, below a bed of snow, which we had traversed, and near another into which a bottle of wine was thrust to cool—a rather slow operation, which we were not very impatient about, for a walk of five hours made us enjoy rest as well as refreshment; and whilst I unpacked Etienne's wallet for the good things provided by Madame Bock, he, in returning from the snow into which he had thrust the bottle, gathered a large handful of heartsease, with which the otherwise sterile slope was covered. They were as large as the prize specimens shewn in England, various in

colour, and of a fragrance unmatched. How little is known of the luxuriance with which Nature strews her unseen beauties in the untrodden paths and inaccessible acclivities of the Alps! Here was a spot to dine and rest in! The torrent was too deep below for its sound to reach us. Snows were above, beneath, around us. On our right rose the vast mass of the Ambin, its glaciers streaming into every rift in its sides; below us, lay our course across the torrent; and on the other side, the perpendicular face of a mountain, where, though we could trace no path, Etienne said we must climb. Refreshment, for this labour, in prospect, was necessary; in the *Salle à Manger* we had chosen—a Goshen in this wilderness. We began our attack upon hard-boiled eggs, and Madame Bock's favourite provision for travellers, a gigot of alpine mutton, but with such an excess of garlic in it, that it was like "the Irish apple tart, all quince;" and though I had no idea of a *soirée* before my eyes, I could not be driven even by hunger to eat it. I would have readily relinquished all to Etienne; he was, however, forbidden by the rules of the convent to "eat mutton cold" on a Friday. This made the eggs, for two, rather a short allowance; but the gigot was not wasted, Etienne had a dispensation for Saturdays, and the mutton would keep. Our wine *frappé* was perfect for thirsty bibbers. After this repast, and the rest of nearly half an hour, we started for the Col de Tonilles. The descent to the torrent was steep and difficult over the loose earth, wet from the melting snow; but where, at each step, we crushed heartsease, gentianella, and a hundred other alpine flowers. At length, we reached the banks of the stream; it was too wide to leap without the aid of an *alpenstoc*. I had one; and at a narrow point, in two or three springs, I crossed it. Etienne, who had only a short and, for such purpose, useless stick, sought up and down the stream a spot where he could get over; he at length, far up, found a ford, and soon recovered the time lost, for the sturdy mountaineer, seeing the course which I had taken, struck up the rocks, and overtook, by getting above me. Here the climbing became excessively steep, and soon carried us out on the mountain-side, which overhung the deep valley of the Clairée, or

Jaillon. Short zigzags carried us still up the precipice. Leaning towards the mountain-side, holding on, and turning cautiously round the angles of the path, it was only when I at last reached a resting place, where Etienne had seated himself, that I was sensible of the height we had attained, or the sublimity of the scene which it had opened to us. So steep was the mountain-side against which we rested, that we could not see its slope ten feet below us; but immediately beyond lay the first pasturage which we had last year reached, below the Col de Clairee. We were now nearly two thousand feet above it. Close to us was the enormous and black mass of the Mont Bard, at the head of the range of mountains which divide the valleys of Jaillon and Novales; on the other side of the latter, rose the magnificent Roche Melon; and beyond we saw the plains of Piedmont spread out like a map, and the course of the Doire, like a thread of silver, through the Coombe of Susa, to Turin. So few opportunities occur of visiting great elevations, and looking down, and so little practice has the eye in such places, that a scene like the present, which offers vast and distant objects below, instead of level with that organ, appear to be more immediately beneath the observer than he can understand, or reconcile with the fact. Objects thirty or forty miles distant seem to be under him: his general observations are made on the level, or looking up: this practice in the latter enables him to conceive their distance and magnitude, but his eye, uneducated in looking down, is deceived in both. The lake of Geneva has been described by every one who has attained the summit of Mont Blanc, though nearly fifty miles distant, as appearing at his feet. All who have enjoyed the scene from the Righi, have scarcely doubted that they could throw a stone into the lake of Zug, yet a cannon ball would hardly reach it. Whilst looking upon those scenes, there is a sense of security felt in the immediate spot rested upon; but this was scarcely the case when we were leaning rather than sitting, on the mountain-side, and with our heels pressed against a stone, or buried in the shallow soil, the toe cutting against objects thousands of feet below and beyond it, and with the full conviction that it would be im-

possible to recover from a slip. Such a vast view, seen from such a situation, has the sublime emotion it excites, increased to a degree inconceivable to those who have never received the impression, or felt the excitement.

On looking up we had still a fearful height to attain, but not a quarter of what we had to climb was yet visible. Still we scrambled up, trusting much to our hands, keeping our faces to the mountain, and only turning round in spots of comparative safety. Near the top, however, the stones appeared as if the grasp of the hand, or the pressure of the foot, would displace them. We did not venture to detach and roll any down, lest the flocks or the shepherds in the pasturage below might suffer for our folly. At length we escaped from the difficulties, and stepped out firmly upon the highest pasturages; the glorious view took a wider range, a basin, the Coombe of Touilles, lay below us, bounded on the other side by the Quatre Dents, and a range of mountains, which closed the head of the basin on our right, by the Col de Vallon. Over the opposite range appeared the mountains which formed the south-eastern boundary of the valley of Exilles, and divided it from the valley of Perouse. Along this range the Mont Albergan, above Fenestrelles, in the Val Clusone, and the Chaberton, above Cesanne, in the valley of Exilles, were conspicuous objects, each crowned with obelisks, employed in the recent triangulation. A snowy chain was seen still beyond these, even to the mountains which bound the valleys of the Waldenses; and if the weather, at the time of their march, had been clear, the first view of the mountains, and the emotions it excited, would have taken place here. This view over the valley of Touilles, was an extension of the view previously enjoyed; as we rose the Coombe of Susa appeared to sink more immediately under us, and the basin at the head of the Clairee, which I observed last year to form and condense clouds, and present the appearance of a caldron, had again, though the sky was bright and clear above us, commenced its incantations.

Just as we were stepping from the last difficulty of our ascent, upon the safe summit, a chasseur so suddenly presented himself from behind a rock, as to startle us—he had been unsuccessful. After some conversation, and

a little present to increase his stock of ammunition, he scrambled away towards the *Glaciers peubles*. In a few minutes we heard the report of his gun. As we afterwards, during the day, saw several ptarmigan in this mountain, he had probably fired at one of these birds, or at an unlucky marmot.

Our course lay along the mountain-side, the base of the Mont d'Ambin, on a sort of terrace above the basin or valley of Touilles; sometimes over vast platforms of rock, exposed and herbless, at others sinking deep into the crues or furrows of the mountain-side, the rude channels cut by the torrents melted from the glaciers far above us. These were sometimes passed with extreme difficulty, and it was only when we got out again, upon points commanding the valley and surrounding cols, that we were certain of our course. Etienne often paused as if undecided, and at length pointed out, directly across the valley, a course which led over the mountains on the other side, which he said was the easiest but the longest course to Salbertrand.

Knowing where the village lay, the course over the Col de Grand Vallon was evidently the most direct, and we pursued it. Across the valley he pointed out what I had inquired after,—the situation of an extraordinary tunnel cut through the mountain; he said we should arrive at it on the other side. Our course now increased in difficulty: the sides became so broken and precipitous, that it required firm feet and steady heads to pass many points really dangerous; these passed, the bend round the head of the valley was comparatively easy, and we looked down and traced the course of the stream—the Ciauri—which descends into the Val de Claire, and another which passed by the tunnel through the mountain; there were old châteaux in the hollow, and we saw some cows, but no inhabitants. Immediately over us was the Col de Grand Vallon, some hundreds of feet of steep and difficult acclivity. I was often obliged to rest, and when I reached the summit I felt excessive fatigue; my feet had become very sore, and, from the height we had attained, I saw enough, of the labour of the day which yet remained, to appal me. The whole course of the valley of Exilles was laid open to me, from the Fort, to the valley above Cesanne; and

it was only on quitting the Col that we parted from the glorious panorama, which had been before us so long, of the plains of Italy. Striking and magnificent as the deep valley appeared abruptly below us, Salbertrand at least four hours distant, was an object which threatened so much fatigue to reach it, that I confess I looked upon this part of the prospect rather with dread than pleasure.

Our course lay down towards the Coombe de Galembre, a deep crue on our right, headed by the fine glaciers of Galembre, whose meetings had cut this channel. It was very steep, and over a fine pasturage, which the short slippery grass rendered very difficult and fatiguing. Etienne was uncertain of the course which led to the tunnel, at the end where the waters gushed out into the valley of Exilles. We fortunately met a boy on the pasturage, who was attending about twenty cows; he pointed out to us our course. We soon entered a forest of stunted pines, and descended by a very steep path, filled with loose stones, which would not bind in the soil. We more than once seemed to miss our way, but at length reached a châlet, in greater exhaustion from heat and fatigue, and blistered feet, than I had ever before suffered. A young woman in the châlet immediately offered us milk, which Etienne would not allow me to drink until it had been made hot; during this preparation I had fallen sound asleep on a rock opposite the door of the châlet. This rest and refreshment relieved me much; and I inquired the distance to the *trou*, or canal. The girl offered to accompany us there, assuring me that it was only *deux pas*, a *petit demi heure* distant, and *tout en plain*, phrases which I shall associate with fatigue as long as I live. I thought, tired as I was, I could give an hour to so interesting an object, and we set off; but it was up the mountain-side for some way, and as bad as any path that I had encountered for the day, in some places only as wide as the stone stepped upon, which jammed up a hollow, where a slip would have carried down the careless or giddy traveller to the depths of the valley. On the left rose steep pasturages crowned with aiguilles of rock, which crested the summits of the mountain mass that divides the valley of Touilles from the valley of Exilles. It was a walk of an

hour and a half before we reached the *trou*, which I was glad to have visited. The motive for its construction was obvious. No springs arose out of the rocks on the western side of the valley of Exilles, no glaciers rested on their summits; the waters from the Ambin flowed into the valley of Touilles, and thence into the Clairée; and the summer and autumn formerly found the mountain-side, above Exilles, arid and sterile. To render this fertile was a bold undertaking. The people of the neighbouring communes employed a man named Colomban Romain, a native of St. Gilles, in the diocese of Nîmes, in Provence, to cut this tunnel, through the mountain, five feet ten inches high, and three feet four inches wide. The terms agreed upon were, that he was to receive five florins for each toise (six feet six inches) advanced, and to be furnished with a hectolitre of good wine (twenty-four gallons), half a hectolitre of corn, and a hectolitre of legumes per month; they built him a cabin, and a forge at the entrance, and furnished him with tools, charcoal, and all other requisites. This persevering man worked hard for seven years on his task, which he was often upon the point of abandoning, disgusted with the incessant labour; the prayers and entreaties, however, of the population to be benefited by his exertions, induced him to persevere, and, after piercing 520 feet (Bourcet says 650 feet), he accomplished a work which has benefited every succeeding generation in the valley. A little river of pure water gushes from the mountain-side, and I quaffed from it to the memory of Colomban Romain.

So great was the reputation of this work, that the celebrated Vauban, in 1711, sent persons to examine it, and report upon the way in which it was accomplished. That which seemed most to have surprised him, was how the miner obtained air, and many curious conjectures were offered upon the subject; but as no record or tradition exists of his having practically found any difficulty, it is probable that none ever existed, except in the theories of those who conjectured them.

This stream, led by a thousand little channels, irrigates the whole side of the valley below it, though this is so steep, that it is difficult to imagine how any labours of the field can be carried on upon such a slope. The song of

the husbandmen, however, engaged in cutting and housing the rich crops of hay which this torrent had produced, came cheerily up the side of the mountain. Close to the *trou* I started a covey of seven partridges. This canal evidently lay in the path by which we should have passed, if we had directly descended from the Col de Touilles into the valley, and up by some peaks which we saw, called the Quatre Dents. Etienne ran on the path some way, expecting to flank the Quatre Dents, and look upon the path we should have taken if we had passed by this Col; but he did not reach even the lofty precipices beneath which he remembered that the route passed, and having the fear of the still distant Salbertrand before his eyes, he returned to me.

I was two hours in returning to the *châlet*, thoroughly sore and wearied; and I shall long remember this mountain girl's *deux pas—petit demi heure*, and *tout en plain*. I might have thought of the insignificance of the excursion as she did, if I had not been walking since five o'clock, without having had twenty minutes' rest, during one of the most difficult day's journeys I ever made, of fourteen hours. To gain Salbertrand, three hours distant, was out of the question, and it was impossible to sleep in the *châlet*; the girl advised, therefore, our descending to the village of St. Colomban, about an hour down the mountain, where we should find an *auberge*!—an "*assez bon gîte*," as she called it. She pointed out a short cut; but it would now have been dark, except for the bewildering light of the moon, which had risen. Etienne was not to be trusted in an unknown "short cut," and I gave the girl a franc to accompany us so far that we could not afterwards wander from the right course. I never suffered so severely as in this descent. We soon reached a road, walled on either side, as fences to the terraces, formed to keep up the soil upon them; unfortunately, every stone on these little plots of ground, had been carefully thrown into the road, where there was no soil to hold them, nor travelling enough to crush them; there they remained loose upon the rocky surface, offered to my blistered feet an hour's excruciating torment, and obtained my hearty malediction. When we approached the village, I sent Etienne

on to find the auberge, and crawled after him through steep, narrow, and dirty lanes; but I could neither find Etienne nor the inn. After wandering about some time, I met him; his report was dismal; he had found what was called the auberge, but there was no accommodation. I determined to search for myself, and in one of the narrowest lanes turned suddenly under a low arch, and in total darkness descended by what once might have been steps, but now a steep, foul, and dangerous slope. We had passed under some houses; on emerging, we crossed a wooden bridge, which led to the house; on it, I met the landlord; he coolly said that he had no bed, and not even a grange near, where I could rest on the hay. He had no bread, nor meat, nor eggs, in the house, but I might have wine; and if I would lie on some straw with the pigs and the children, I might sleep in the kitchen. This I refused; and asked him if the village had a curé. He said, Yes, and the curé had a bed, if he chose to accommodate me. This was a promise of Paradise. I offered a franc to him to shew the way to the curé's house; this the landlord undertook to do, and reascending by the dark passage, soon reached the house; but the curé was absent. Fairly knocked up, I sat on the step of his door, and offered another franc to the landlord if he would hunt up the curé in the village, and bespeak his kindness for an English traveller benighted, wearied, and in need of his hospitality. In about twenty minutes, the good Samaritan came, and kindly received me. He said, in his poor village, a stranger could not find much accommodation, but he had a spare bed at my service. A buxom, good-tempered woman (a Catholic priest's housekeeper is always well chosen) bustled about with great kindness to serve me. I was offered coffee, bread, and wine; but I had fortunately some tea, which I preserved in my haversack, and it was soon boiled in the *cafetière* of the curé.

How little a tea-drinking party in England knows of the refreshing effects of this beverage ("praise to the Giver!"), after fatigue and exertion such as I had just endured:—the circumstances under which such commonplace things are enjoyed converts them into luxuries. I remember Colonel Leach's remarks upon a cigar, in his *Rough Sketches by*

an Old Soldier: "If a man in England, after having eaten an alderman's dinner, and lounged upon a sofa, with a Turkey-carpet under his feet, a blazing fire before him, and a cigar in his mouth, fancies that he really knows the comfort of tobacco in that shape, he is very much mistaken. He must rise, wet to the skin, and numbed with the cold, from the lea side of a tree or hedge, where he has been shivering all night under a flood of rain—then let him light his cigar, and the warmth and comfort which it imparts is incredible." My feet were bathed in hot water; and Madelaine was instructed to prepare two hot towels, for what purpose I did not understand. The curé and his handmaiden had observed how much I had suffered from excessive perspiration. When the towels were heated, she came to me, took off my cravat, opened my shirt collar, and thrust the hot clothes down, around me, between my shirt and skin. There was an indescribable enjoyment in their warmth. Then taking a lamp, she at once led me to the chamber, desired me not to remove the towels, but sleep in them, and I should rise refreshed, and protected by them from taking cold. The bed was a luxury: it was comfortable, and the room clean. Some prints of saints were hung round the walls; and a few books—breviaries and missals—were on a table. A clock, which struck twelve every hour—I had not the wit to stop it—two or three times awoke me; for the fatigue I had suffered exceeded the quantity which would induce sound sleep.

There is a little uncertainty about the actual course of the Vaudois on this "the eighth and very memorable day" of their march, partly owing to the names of places and the difficulties encountered in them. I formerly mentioned that the pass of the Col de Claire, so called by Etienne, and I think appropriately, because it led by the course of the torrent of Claire to the valley of Jaillon, and there is no other pass by which the Vaudois could have reached the Jaillon from the Little Mont Cenis, is, in the latest survey of the district, called the Col Clapier. The difficult ascent and pass, on the right, from the Lac Noir, which we took to-day, to reach the valley of Touilles, is called the Col de Coche; and the Col by the Quatre Dents, near the celebrated tunnel, is called the Col

de Touilles. The employment of the latter name in common for the three passes, described only as one, under the name of the Col de Touilles, is one of the chief sources of difficulty here in tracing their actual course. Their descent by the "Touliers" (Clairée) is described as over precipices rather than a path, by which they reached the valley of Jaillon; "which was so narrow, and the stream so rapid, that the Vaudois felt as if they were entering their sepulchre." And here, "benumbed with cold and wet, and exhausted by fatigue," they bivouaced on the evening of the seventh day's march. On the eighth morning they united, and marched down the narrow valley, intending to reach Chaumont, above Susa. But they found the approach strongly defended, and the heights above them covered with French soldiers, and peasants aiding them by rolling rocks and stones into the valley below upon the heads of the Vaudois; whose only chance of safety from utter destruction was to return from this fearful defile by the course they came. "Pour regagner ces hauteurs," says the original narrator, "il falut monter ou plutôt grimper, en marchant souvent autants des mains que des pieds," &c. "Ils se rassurèrent, et aiant pris la résolution de remonter la Montagne de Touliers," &c. Acland says: "Some notion may be formed of it (the difficulty of returning) from the fact, that the hostages entreated that they might suffer death, as preferable to such extreme hardship. The Vaudois succeeded, indeed, in regaining the heights, but with a confusion which cost them dear, for many of their men were left behind and made prisoners." In the small but beautiful engraving of the "Topographie du Mont d'Ambin et de ses Environs," published by the Austrian government in the *Opérations Géodésique*, &c. &c., by the Austrian and Piedmontese officers so often alluded to, all the Cols of the mountain of Touilles are distinguished except that of Coche; and a dotted line is laid down, as if of a practicable path, up the precipitous course of the torrent which descends from the basin of Touilles. This would, if practicable, have been the shortest course for the Vaudois to the actual Col de Touilles. But if the statement be literally true, that they regained the point on the Col de Clairée, from which they de-

scended the evening before, "remonter la Montagne de Touliers," they must have used incredible exertion, fatigued as they were in passing the Clairée, the Coche, and the Touilles; for it is not probable that they passed by the Col de Grand Vallon from the Col de Coche. There is little doubt, if they retraced their steps to the Col de Clairée, that they crossed from the Coche to the Touilles, and "continued their march, closely united, through many obstacles, and halting from time to time, till they approached a village (St. Colomban), about a league from Salbertrand." Here the trap was laid, into which they were to be decoyed or driven, and caught — by "2500 well-entrenched troops," commanded by the Marquis de Larrey.

I was up at five, and looked out from the window of my dormitory over the valley of Exilles. The curé was in his garden, and shouted up a morning salutation to me. Etienne prepared milk and eggs—a sumptuous breakfast; he had also obtained a mule for the day's journey, and a guide in the brother of Madelaine. A douceur to the curé, under the pretence that it was for his handmaiden, was accepted; but, as Etienne afterwards said, "he was more likely to keep it himself"—"le coquin étoit très riche." His income from his parish was 300 francs a-year; but as he was the priest of the fort, where he got 500 more for pardoning the peccadillos of the soldiers. I started from the shelter of his roof with grateful feelings for his kindness. We soon descended into the deep crue of the Galambre, to cross its torrent. The scene was wild and beautiful. The ravine, well wooded on the side of St. Colomban, terminated with the white bastions of the upper fort of Exilles, situated on a knoll still far below me. Rising on the opposite side of this gorge by a very narrow and fearful path, where I felt it to be too dangerous to ride, I scrambled round the brow to where many soldiers from the fort were engaged in forming a new line of approach to it. In following the mountain crues, the path was impracticable for the mule: it was, therefore, led by a lower path to a farmhouse which we saw on the other side of the deep ravine that I had to cross. The attendance of a boy, as a guide to me, was very useful. We went through some fields of barley to a little hamlet

wildly situated on the mountain-side, and wound our way into the deep hollows cut by the torrent. Into the deepest parts of these recesses the sun's rays poured with unmitigated force: not a breath of air stirred; and the heat, excessive in any situation, was here dreadful. How grateful it was to gasp the slight breeze of the valley, felt in rounding the most projecting points on the mountain-side, and to quaff the bright fresh springs which I occasionally passed!

At length I reached the farm-house, remounted the mule, and from the next brow looked down upon Salbertrand, the point whence the Vaudois, on the evening of the eighth day, saw the fires of the enemy's entrenchments. The path was steep; but in less than half an hour we reached the auberge at Salbertrand. Here we rested a little, and took some wine; and, I had cold meat, and bread and cheese, with a couple of bottles of wine, put into Etienne's wallet, which was cheerfully borne by him. After about half an hour's rest, we started to cross the Mont du Sow (Montagne de Sci of Henri Arnaud). We descended to the river, and crossed by a wooden bridge the torrent of the Doira Susana. There is another bridge further up the stream; but that which we crossed was obviously that where the battle was fought, as it was the only one that lay directly in their march. The Vaudois crept along by the track which I had followed from St. Colombar, to avoid those who were posted in the valley below. At length they saw the village of Salbertrand; and, when they were within half a league of the bridge, they discovered thirty-six fires below them, which they rightfully considered as indications of troops; for, within a quarter of an hour afterwards, the avant-guard fell into an ambuscade, which retreated after firing one volley, and left five dead on the field. As there was no longer any doubt of immediate battle, the Vaudois united in prayer; and having scoured the country on either side, in search of ambuscade, advanced close to the bridge.

"The enemy, who was entrenched on the opposite bank, bailed them with a 'Qui vive!' 'Friends,' was the answer, 'provided they were permitted to pass.' The enemy would have no such friends on those terms, and shouting out 'To slaughter!' opened a fire of more than

2000 shots in a volley. Mons. de la Tour (Henri Arnaud) ordered his men to lie down on their faces; and only one was wounded. A Savoyard gentleman, a hostage, who had grown gray under arms, declared he had never seen so heavy a fire with so slight an effect. Still more remarkable is the fact, that Captain Moudon of Bobi, and Mons. de la Tour, with two refugees, not only made head against, but actually checked two companies, who were making a charge on them in the rear. Our Vaudois, now between two fires, saw that, without loss of a moment, all must be hazarded. In this desperate crisis, some one shouted, 'Courage! the bridge is carried!' though it was not. But our soldiers were so animated by the exclamation, that throwing themselves headlong, with sabre and bayonet, on the bridge, they succeeded in gaining it, rushed impetuously on the entrenchments, carried them on the first attack, and pursued the enemy so closely as to seize many by the hair. Never was a charge more severe. The Vaudois sabre shattered the swords of the French, and made itself dreaded by the fire it struck from the muskets, no longer used except to guard off the blows of the victors. So brilliant and complete was the victory, that Mons. le Marquis de Larrey, who commanded the enemy, exclaimed, with oaths, according to French custom, 'Is it possible that I have lost my honour and the battle?' and, despairing of any remedy, added, 'Sauve que peut!' He himself was dangerously wounded, and carried off, with some other officers, to Briançon; but not conceiving himself safe even there, he was removed on a litter to Embrun. The battle lasted two hours: and so great was the disorder into which the enemy were thrown, that many of them, as the only chance of escape, mixed among the Vaudois; but mistaking the Vaudois watchword, 'Augrogne,' for 'Grogne,' more than 200 fell a sacrifice to this *shibboleth*. The field of battle was covered with the dead; many of the enemy's companies being reduced to seven or eight men, without a single officer. The greatest part of the baggage, and all the ammunition, fell a prey to our victorious Vaudois. The moon rose, but did not shew one remaining foe. Mons. Arnaud, always under the name of Mons. de la Tour, then called together his little band, and directed that thirteen chests which were found should be broken up, and that such booty as they could not carry should be thrown into the river. He also ordered every man to supply himself with ball and powder; after which the rest of the ammunition was set on fire. The trumpets were then sounded; and all of them, throwing their hats towards heaven,

made the air ring with the following joyful exclamation, 'Thanks to the Eternal of armies, who has given us the victory over our enemies!'

"What! a handful of men beat 2500 troops, well entrenched, among whom were fifteen companies of regulars and eleven of militia, with all the peasants that could be collected, besides the troops which attacked this handful in the rear! Belief in so improbable a fact must be grounded on a conviction, that the hand of God not only fought with the Vaudois, but blinded the French. For how else can we account for their not thinking of cutting away the wooden bridge, and thus effectually checking the Vaudois? For the Dora was so swelled, that any attempt to wade through it would have been to court inevitable death. If this glorious victory is matter of surprise, the small loss of the Vaudois in obtaining it is not less so. It amounted only to ten or twelve wounded, and fourteen or fifteen killed, in addition to one of the hostages, six only of which failed in making their escape during the conflict."

The next day they learned at La Traverser, where the account of their victory had preceded them, that the enemy had lost twelve captains, and many other officers, and 600 privates dead on the field.

This battle, and the defence of the Balsille, were the most extraordinary events of the "*Rentrée Glorieuse*." The preceding exertions and fatigue of the Vaudois, in the march which I have described, would leave the chances of a successful struggle hopeless, even with equal numbers. But this victory was like refreshment to them, and they resolved immediately to continue their march through the night; and the *Narrative* thus continues:

"Though, after such an action, repose was more necessary than ever, especially when it is remembered that three days and nights had been occupied by heavy marches, with insufficient food, yet it was thought right to advance, lest the enemy should receive reinforcement. The remainder of so glorious a night was therefore employed in climbing the mountain of *Sci* by the light of the moon. It was a business of infinite pain, for the men fell down from drowsiness and fatigue at every step; and many more would have been lost than were so, had it not been for the peculiar care taken by the rear-guard to awaken such as thus fell asleep on the ground, and compel them to proceed."

The valley spreads out into a little

plain near Salbertrand; but the ascent from it on the mountain-side is very abrupt. A few zigzag and steep turns gave us a commanding view of the valley; and the scene was certainly beautiful, from the Roche Melon, over the lower valley of Exilles, to the Mont Chaberton, which commands the upper valley, and appears to guard the pass to the Mont Genève.

In about an hour we reached the village of Luherge, and, still higher, that of Celles, where there is a saw-mill. The heat was most oppressive; and every pump or spring that we passed was put in requisition. There were many little hamlets on the mountain-side, and the peasantry were getting in their harvest; which, borne on mules, in the narrow paths, often embarrassed us in passing them. At length we reached the forest; and finding a mossy bank in its shade, and a cold spring near, in which we could cool our wine, the mule was unsaddled, and allowed to range whilst we enjoyed the rest and luxury of lying outstretched on the ground, and used the contents of Etienne's wallet. What a glorious spot for *gipsying*! We were on the borders of the forest, so that towards the side of the mountain the view was uninterrupted: it had narrowed in extent, but it was limited in height only by heaven. Now pure and cloudless, directly before me, lay the Col de Grand Vallon, the glaciers of Galambre, and the Mont d'Ambin. All the Cols across this part of the great chain could distinctly be traced, and my path of the preceding day over the Grand Vallon, and down the steep pasturages to the Coombe of Galambre. Its appearance brought with it my recollections of suffering and fatigue. These, however, had ended: I scarcely felt either in the morning.

Above our resting-place, we found the path through the forest very difficult to trace. No previous directions could aid a stranger in finding his way through it; and I was often surprised at the sagacity of Bernard the muleteer. We sometimes crossed the traces of an ancient and wider path: this was made by the French, for conveying their artillery to the heights and redoubts of Assiette, above the fort of Exilles; a most important frontier defence, when the *grand nation* held the Val Exilles as territorial possession. In the upper part of the forest we saw numerous

piles of firewood, cut and ready for removal. This had been prepared by wood-cutters from the Val Prajelas, on the other side of the mountain, where wood was scarce; and the people of that valley pay to the commune of Salbertrand an annual consideration for permission to cut in their forests. Here it is piled until the snows enable the peasants to remove in *en traineau* to their valley. At length we emerged from the forest, leaving the stunted pines, which could not grow higher up; but the course was just as difficult as when we followed the muleteer in the forest. We soon, however, reached the dry bed of a mountain lake, and saw above us the summit of the pass. Etienne set off to find a stream in which to put the last bottle of wine for cooling; whilst Bernard and I reached the Col—a narrow crest—where we rested in full enjoyment of the glorious panorama around us, and refreshed by a light cool breeze.

This was the spot where, on the ninth morning of their march, at break of day, the Vaudois saw, in the distance, their native mountains. Those who arrived first waited for those whom wounds or weakness obliged to linger.

“When they had rejoined, Mons. de la Tour collected the whole troop, and having remarked that, from that spot, they could see the tops of their own mountains, exhorted them to return thanks to God, who had so miraculously assisted them through so many difficulties, and already granted to them the partial sight of the places to which they aspired. Prayers were then offered up, which produced a most reanimating effect. Having returned thanks to God, they descended into the valley of Prajelas, crossed the Clusone, and halted opposite to the church of La Traverse.”

The scene from the Col de Sow is magnificent. Not only were all the mountains we had traversed presented to our view, but those over which our course for the next day would lead, lay also before us. We could not look into the depths of the valley of Prajelas; but the forests, and the alpine peaks above them rising to the sky, were seen so clearly as to enable us to trace the course we were to take up to the Col de Pis, the barrier to the Vaudois valleys, their serrated mountains filling up the broken outline against the sky. One of the most striking of those presented in the view was the Mont Frei-

dour, crowned with an obelisk for the triangulation.

On the Col de Sow were the remains of a shepherd's hut, a station whence to look out after his flock. From the summit the pasturages swept abruptly down, forming a vast basin. We soon reached the lower pasturage, where a great many people were busily engaged in getting in the hay. The basin soon narrowed to a valley and a ravine; along the side of which a tolerable road, leading to the pasturages, had been made by the inhabitants of a very prettily situated village, in a little plain where there were some fine trees and rich meadows, exciting little idea of its elevation above the Val Prajelas. Crossing these meadows, the road passes into the corn-fields above the valley; and a long tedious descent led us by some hamlets, and a broken and sometimes difficult path, down to the village of Prajelas, where we were civilly received by mine host of the Rose, and where a piece of good fortune befel us. Fifteen officers of the garrison of Fenestrelles had that day come up for a *spree* from the fort, and dined at the Rose. They had departed before we arrived; and what they had left furnished forth a feed such as I had not seen for many a day,—pullet *sauti en glace!* capital trout from the Clusone! an excellent desert of fruit from Turin! and wine that would have made a Turk break his vow! The walls and ceiling were blackened with millions of flies: luckily they were not musquitocs; and I was in too good a humour to allow them much to disturb me.

In the morning came the reckoning, and my bill, I have little doubt, was equal to one-third of what was paid by the party from the garrison. I engaged Etienne and Bernard to go on with me as far as the Col de Pis was practicable for a mule. A young man, who was a good chasseur, was also engaged to accompany me as far as Marcel, in the Val Germanasca; and he was delighted at the idea of going to the house of M. Tron, whose reputation as a rich and hospitable man was known in the Val of Prajelas, as well as in that of the Germanasca. Some years ago, in my second visit to the valleys of the Vaudois, I had crossed the Col de Julian to Pralis, and thence by the Col de Fontana to Marcel, on my way to visit the Balsille. I had been told that

I should pass a palazza; and as we passed a singularly handsome house for such a situation, a workman on a ladder, on the outside, looking down upon us, said, "Are you strangers?" "Yes." "English?" "Yes." And he descended with the rapidity of a lamplighter, offered us the welcome of his house, pressed us to take refreshments, and, on our return from the Balsille, to take beds, and descend the valley the following day. We told him that our arrangements obliged us to go to Perouse that night, after visiting the Balsille. We then took a little wine and fruit, and promised to dine with him on our return down the valley. He directed our course, and promised, after he had found madame and his daughter, and given them directions about the dinner, to follow us, and give us every information concerning the interesting place we were about to visit. We started; and whilst I was engaged in making a sketch he joined us. He was a warm-hearted, well-informed, and hospitable man. We returned with him to his house to dinner. Madame's reception was not so hearty as M. Tron's. His daughter was a buxom girl. When he found that we were resolved to go down the valley (four hours) to Perouse that night, he kindly advised us not to make it too late; and gave us a hearty invitation, if we should ever return to the valley, to pay him a visit. My anticipations of renewing an acquaintance, so agreeably begun, made me engage the young chasseur, François Berguin, of Traverse, only as far as Tron's, where I was sure of obtaining a bed if fatigued, or a mule and guide if I felt well enough to proceed.

We descended from the bank on which Prajelas is placed, crossed the broad bed of the Clusone, and immediately struck into and up a pine forest by an excessively steep path. It was so abrupt, that I was often obliged to dismount, and almost regretted that I should have taken on the poor beast; but I had suffered so severely two days before, that I resolved to spare myself as much as possible of this day's walk. After a long and difficult climb through intricacies of the path, and over gnarled roots of the pine and larch, we looked out upon the hollow, up one side of which we had been ascending, and seeing a village on the other, learned, to my vexation, that it was Jausand,

near to where the Vaudois passed the night of their ninth day's march. I had intended to pass through it, but François had taken a shorter road up through the forest. He pointed out where the paths on either side of the ravine united, to reach the Col du Pis. Our course grew worse and worse. We skirted a savage ravine, on its very brink; and then, turning suddenly off, climbed a steep talus of loose soil, where we slipped back almost as much as we advanced. Bernard had difficulty to keep the mule's head up the mountain: but François told me that I should soon remount for an hour; and then, when the mule could go no further, we should be within little more than an hour's walk of the Col. By degrees the pines dwindled to the dwarfish and stunted representatives of the noble forest-trees among which we had so recently passed: a little beyond we rose altogether above them. At length we reached the spot where we were to part: it was a delicious sward, but on the brink of a frightful precipice, which formed one side of a deep valley that led down to Fene-strelles, in the Val Clusone. Here we sat down, drank a bottle of wine, and I settled for the services of Bernard and Etienne. This had been my second journey with the latter, and he would willingly have gone on. We parted excellent friends, and in the hope that we might yet have another scramble together. I saw them go down the mountain; and they fully intended to return, Bernard to St. Colomban, and Etienne, by the valley of Exilles, would probably continue his walk to Novalesse.

The direction of François, which I followed, appeared to me to be most extraordinary and unusual. It was to keep near the precipice, and ascend to the point of an abrupt knoll, or peak; which was only so, however, in perspective. It fairly tried my renewed strength. My own judgment would have led me round the knoll, as attaining the top of a rock seemed to be only for the purpose of descending again on the other side; but on climbing to the apparent summit, I found it a ridge between the precipices on the left, and a deep Coombe on the right, and that this was the only accessible path to the Col du Pis. Along this ridge we continued to walk for some time; and where we left it, the scenery around

offered only the wildest mountain forms and the most savage sterility: deep valleys sweeping down on either side; large masses of snow filling the hollows; the beds of winter lakes; and a steep loose mass of slaty detritus sloping from the crest, which was close to an enormous black insulated rock, that formed one side of the Col du Pis, down to the fearful hollow by which a chasseur might descend to Fenestrelles. Here, for the first time in all my alpine rambles, I found tufts of the *ginipe*, a fragrant plant, which the chasseurs of the Val d'Orca believe to be the food of the Bouquetin: it was evidence of the great elevation of this Col, which we had not yet, however, attained; and it was only by great exertion that I at last found myself flanking the enormous rock by which the Col is at a distance distinguished. From this elevation the panorama was impressive, from the emotions of vastness and solitude which it excited. The Col de Sow was below me; and over the range in which it is situated lay the great chain of the Alps, from the Mont Chaberton to the Roche Melon. Towards Italy the sky was not clear: the extreme distance appeared to be obscured by clouds. Whether, under more favourable circumstances, the plains could be seen, I could not learn; but the mountains ranged low enough in the distance to induce me to think this probable.

On looking down the pasturages of the Champ Bouchars, on the eastern flank of the mountain, I saw traces of redoubts, thrown up by the French during the war of the revolution, when every practicable pass was contested or guarded. Here François went in pursuit of some ptarmigan, but without success. He then hastened down to a bright stream, where he could put a bottle of Vino d'Asti to cool, and left me leisurely to join him. On the bank of this torrent, we drank and ate in an amphitheatre of rocks, peaks, and glaciers, with less relative importance than the smallest mites could have claimed in the largest Cheshire cheese: a comparison which, of course, will be thought undignified; but man feels little self-importance in such a scene. His spirit may embrace the whole, and rise above it; but in relation to quantity, in such a spot, the comparison is in favour of the mite. François pointed out the course he should take, on his return, to search for chamois, and felt

confident of success. He intended to climb to the glaciers in the mountain immediately above us. Near to them, he said, there was a lake which the chamois much frequented. He, too, had a story about gold mines in the neighbourhood. The mountaineers generally attach such a tale to places that are nearly, if not quite, inaccessible. We packed up the fragment of our feast, some bread and fruit, and the last bottle of wine, and started down the pasturages of Seras. We soon met a large flock of sheep and goats, led up the mountains by some peasants. Their dogs threatened an attack; but the level of his rifle by François was as effective a check, and apparently was as well understood by the dogs, as the shout of recall by the master.

At length we reached some ruined chalets of the Alps of Pis, on a sort of steppe, or terrace, whence the descent was very abrupt. Here the pasturages were very rich. Deeply seated among some rocks, at the head of a tremendous gorge, were many other chalets, and apparently occupied by men, women, and children. We passed on the other side of the gorge, and soon lost sight of them behind one of the grandest masses of rock I ever saw, in itself a mountain, which darkly beetled over the deep valley below; which it frowned upon, and appeared to close up, like a cul-de-sac. Between this black mass and our path, lay a fearful ravine, called the Crue de Vallon, through which we heard the torrent roaring in its course to the lower valley. Our path was a narrow track on the very brink of the gulf. The view from it was one of the finest I ever saw. On the right was the enormous beetling mass of rock; far beyond and over it was seen a lofty summit, with its glaciers; and under the rock, the black impenetrable gorge, the channel of the torrent. Thence the eye passed abruptly to the deep valley below, which terminated in the peaks (Quatre Dents) of the Balsille. It was difficult to believe that a mountain, which from the village of Balsille appears to close the valley, and fill a large optical angle, should here be scarcely distinguishable, not so much from its distance, as its relative magnitude to surrounding objects. I was so high above it, that I could perceive, amidst its raggedness, the platform on which the Vaudois established themselves; but the mountain itself, and its Quatre

Dents, was the mere subsidence of a vast mountain range into the Val St. Martin, or, as is sometimes called, the valley of the Germanasca. At its base was the confluence of the stream which descended from the Col du Pis and the Col de Guinivert. Our path led, by a considerable *détour*, to enable us to get down to the lower valley, to some *châlets*, wildly placed close to the precipices; and children were playing about and sporting with danger in situations so alarming, that a slip from either of numerous points would lead to a fall down hundreds of feet, and to certain death. At these *châlets*, where François was known, and where he left his rifle, we were supplied with delicious curds, and rested for half an hour—a great relief to me; for I had not so entirely recovered from the consequences of my walk from the Mont Cenis to St. Columban, but that the rough scramble of to-day had punished my feet again severely. From these *châlets* the descent was so dangerous, that we made two or three attempts to search for the least abrupt; it was long and tedious, and led us down to the base of the dark rock which bounded the gorge, out of which the torrent poured in a magnificent cataract—an object of occasional visit to travellers in Piedmont; but they scarcely do the valley justice, if they do not go higher, and climb beyond the *châlets* and the rock itself, to the head of the *Crue de Vallon*. From the waterfall, we descended by a rough road, strewed with enormous blocks which had fallen into the valley from the mountain above. The valley in itself would have been wild and grand; but, after the impression made by the scenery from the *châlets* of the Alp of Pis, it was uninteresting. We passed through the village of Balsille; and I was here, to my surprise, accosted by a rather young and active man for alms, and, upon my refusal and rebuke, he pretended it was to buy a book! He continued to walk with us, and when we came in sight of the house of Monsieur Tron, above half a league below the Balsille, he, too, spoke of his hospitality. On approaching the house, I heard music and dancing within, and knocked at the door; it was unanswered. I knocked a second, a third time, when I saw the head of a young woman, whom I recognised as the daughter, stooping, and looking down

from a return flight of stairs. I asked for Monsieur Tron; she gave no reply, but withdrew her head. I heard a low conversation above. I knocked again, when the stairs became charged, with a man who took the lead and descended furthest; he was named by the beggar as a friend of the house. Close by him came a young man, about twenty, who folded his arms, and stared offensively at me. On the next step, behind, stood his sister, and next to her Madame Tron. Two or three pairs of legs were seen further up the stairs. Two dogs joined the array against me, and all stood as if they were determined to oppose my ascent. To my question, "Is Monsieur Tron at home?" I had an abrupt "No." "Do you expect him soon?" "No; he is gone to Turin." "I am known to him. On a former visit to your valley, I was received by him with kindness: and he desired me, if I repassed, to call upon him." "Humph!" was the answer. "I am an Englishman on a visit to the Vaudois, and I have crossed the mountains to-day. I have suffered much from fatigue, and my feet are too sore to enable me to continue my march to Perouse. Will you have the kindness to direct me to where I can hire a mule for the descent of the valley?" "We are no lenders of mules," said madame, sulkily; and the unfeeling observation was supported by a loud laugh from all the possessors of the stairs. It was impossible to suppress my indignation; and I said, "I will not forget Monsieur Tron's kindness in the inhospitality of his family. If he were here, my reception would have been different. I had thought that, invited as I was by him, and madame and her daughter must both remember me, I had some claim to courtesy. I had claims to your kindness as a stranger in this country,—as an Englishman,—one of those from whom the Waldenses had received the greatest kindness, and one whose chief object in his present journey was to extend a knowledge of their Protestant communities in Piedmont in England." They laughed. Here, on the threshold of one of the richest proprietors in the valley, I was met by unfeeling inhospitality. I brushed the dust of their door from my feet, and left it. The utter astonishment of François cannot be expressed, though he made an effort to do so by a string

of epithets which will not bear translating; and, having vented his maledictions, volunteered to proceed with me to Perouse, and we soon descended into the magnificent defiles of the Germanasca. Indignation had really so destroyed my pain and sense of fatigue, that I felt myself equal to double the distance. When we got into the shade of the vast precipices which bound the course of the river, we got out upon some rocks on its bed, and there ate our last fruit and bread, and drank the last of our wine. I bathed my feet, and we started fresh for our four hours' walk to Perouse. The dust and heat were very oppressive; sometimes, however, in the narrow parts of the valley, we were free from the latter. We passed below Manielle, and thence through the communes of Perrier and Pomaret. The whole valley of St. Martin is highly picturesque and interesting, and the name of every spot is associated, by those who know it, with the history of the Waldenses. On my way through Pomaret, I inquired for the pastor, Monsieur Jalla; he was gone to Perouse: the regent Peyran was also absent; at length I crossed the Clusone, and entered Perouse, amidst the noise and bustle of a festival. The streets were crowded, stalls covered with temptations for children of all ages. There were charlatans, fire-eaters, and conjurors—giants and pigmies. A temporary booth for dancing was crowded; a greased pole, with inaccessible decoys at the top, was fixed in the Grande Place; and it was with some difficulty that I bustled my way through the crowd to the principal inn. Here there was so much more, in getting any thing, that, after waiting half an hour for a bottle of Asti, and having only in prospect a room in which there were three other beds, François set out in search of better accommodation; and, having found it, I left the chief inn to go into one with less pretence and more convenience,—for I did at last get a little room to myself. Out of the window of my chamber half a dozen drunken peasants were scrambling for a sight of the efforts of the greased-pole-performers; and it was with some difficulty that the landlord and François cleared the room. Every chamber was crowded, and the stairs, filled by comers and goers, were almost impassable. François, who was a kind-

hearted, good-tempered fellow, went to arrange a dinner; and in one minute after my room was cleared, in spite of the din and noise of the multitude without, and the drunken singers and roars within, I was sound asleep. From this refreshing forgetfulness I was roused by a visit from M. Peyran, the regent (schoolmaster), of Pomaret, who had heard of my inquiries after him at his village. I was too full of the abominable reception I had met with at Monsieur Tron's, not to give vent to my indignation; it was too inhospitable to be called savage: in the most uncivilised country more humanity would have been shewn. He was much distressed on hearing my report, and begged that he might render me any assistance in his power, and try to lessen my unfavourable impression of Vaudois hospitality. I assured him that I had often received the greatest kindness from his countrymen, and I would not do them the injustice to let my censure of the unworthy treatment I had received from the family of Tron extend beyond his roof. Peyran said that his distress would be great when he came to hear of it; and that their conduct to me was not the first of the kind shewn during the absence of the head of the family, and regretted that his noble feelings should be so ill represented by his wife and children. He said, too, that it vexed him to know that Tron's horses were actually at home; for he had seen them taken up the valley the day before, sent back from Turin. Whilst we were conversing, M. Jalla, of Pomaret, and M. Rostaing, another of the pastors of the Vaudois, came in: they, too, expressed their regrets upon my report, and entreated that I would stay, and receive their efforts to obliterate such unkindness from my memory. I stated the objects of my journey, and gave them some information, which interested them, upon the route of the Waldenses; and that I wished to get on as soon as possible to Turin, as the object of my journey was accomplished, in tracing the course of the Vaudois from Ivoire to the valley of St. Martin. I accepted, however, an offer of M. Peyran to accompany him in a cabriolet, the next morning, to La Tour, and thence, in the evening, to Pignerol.

With the presence and aid of some *gens d'armes*, the noise of the revellers was at an end before ten o'clock; and

Perouse became as quiet as any other village in the valley. I slept soundly, and awoke fresh, to start with M. Peyran, who came for me at the appointed hour, with a cab borrowed from one friend, and the horse from another. We drove down the fine road on the banks of the Clusone, towards Pignerol, passing the extensive quarries where stone is hewn for the public works of Turin. Soon after, we crossed the Clusone, and passed through Brischerasco and St. Jean, and reached La Tour; where we called on M. Bonjour, the pastor, who, after offering his unaffected hospitality, accompanied us to see the state of the new college now building at St. Marguerite, near La Tour; but before I could complete a sketch of the building, and the surrounding scene, heavy rain, which had for some time threatened, fell, and prevented my proceeding. After waiting some time, we returned to the inn at La Tour. Whilst we waited there, I was pleased to observe the facilities with which knowledge was being extended into these retired valleys. A respectable-looking man, agent for some booksellers at Turin, opened a packet containing numbers, or parts, of various works in the course of publication. In this form, dictionaries, a *Penny Magazine*, elementary works of science, history, and biography were furnished at a cheap rate,—very well got up, and the system of sale was well arranged. The purchaser signed an agreement to continue the works, but which he only paid for when volumes were completed. Monsieur Bonjour bought to the value of nearly a hundred francs; it was the first occasion that had offered itself to him, and he availed himself of it to get some valuable elementary works for his children. No books are allowed to be sold which have not received the censor's approbation at Turin.

The appearance of the weather was so like a break-up, that, instead of staying in the valleys, I was impatient to get to Pignerol, where M. Peyran soon drove me. Shortly after our arrival, a tremendous storm broke over the city. The following morning, the diligence, in four hours, took me to Turin. Here I met my friends from the Fabrica. Monsieur, now the Baron, du P——, had been ennobled, as one who "had done the state some service," and retired from the manufac-

tory at Pont, to enjoy the dignity and fortune which he had so honourably acquired. On my going to Bonafous' establishment, to my exceeding disappointment, my portmanteau had not arrived from the Mont Cenis; a search at the custom-house was equally unsuccessful. My friend of the Casa C—— was in the country; and the Chevalier Mariani, from whom I had hoped to receive certain information, about a pass from the Alp of Haute Luce to the Val Montjoie, had died a few months before my arrival. This determined me to start by the *malle poste* for Chambéry and Geneva, and to go over the ground myself to settle the only remaining doubt of the course of the Vaudois. The following morning, my portmanteau was brought; the laundress was put instantly into requisition, and the next evening, at four o'clock, I left Turin, reached Susa at ten, and the summit of Mont Cenis at two in the morning, Lanslebourg at five; and thence, for the fourth time, through the Maurienne, to St. Jean, where I met a Piedmontese jockey, who was on his way back from England with twelve horses, and three dogs—a bull-dog, a King Charles's, and a pointer; these had been bought for the King of Sardinia: he had three English grooms with him. We reached Chambéry at seven in the evening, and started again (the second night) at nine, for Geneva, through Rumilly. The ride at daylight was through some beautiful scenes. We reached Geneva at seven in the morning. Having arranged my wardrobe, and taken some breakfast in Köhler's capital inn, the Ecu de Genève, I hired my old cohee, Edward Candevaux, to drive me to St. Martin's, which place I reached after dark. This was my fourth passage through the valley of Maglans this season; and always, owing to bad weather, or the lateness of the hour, I had been unable to make a sketch of a particular spot in the valley. A noisy party of butchers from Geneva, who were going over the Bonhomme to buy cattle in the Val Isère, kept near us in another car: fortunately, they went on to Salanèche, and did not rest at St. Martin's, where I arrived at ten o'clock. I sent immediately for Jean Riant, my old guide, who promised to call me at four the next morning, to start for the pass of Haute Luce and the Portetta. As I had not slept in a

bed since I left Turin, that at the inn at St. Martin's was most welcome to me.

At four o'clock, Jean roused me, and we were soon off. The morning was beautiful, and Mont Blanc cloudless. What a glorious scene it presents from the bridge and the road between St. Martin's and Salanche! The morning was fresh, and we walked briskly up the hill to Comblou; numbers of people at this early hour were going to mass. My advice to all travellers who at St. Martin can find time enough for a little excursion to Comblou, is to repeat it; the beauty and grandeur of the scenery will repay the trouble. The valley above and below, the Varens, and the glorious view of Mont Blanc, will more than recompense. I sent Riant on to Megève, whilst I was sketching, to secure a good mule and guide to reach the Portetta. These were ready by the time I had breakfasted at Megève, upon three dirty chops, for which the unconscionable rascal of an *aubergiste* at the Soliel, charged me 5½ francs! We started by the former route towards the pass Sion, and the more favourable state of the weather increased the enjoyment of the excursion. We met several peasants driving cattle to the fair of Megève, to be held the next day. After passing the first ridge of the Alpine basin which sweeps down to the valley of the Arly, we saw two cols, or passes, on the second ridge. I formerly took that on the right, which led to Haute Luce and Beaufort; I now passed by that on the left, the highest of the two Cols; and having crossed it, the whole amphitheatre of the vast pasturages of Haute Luce opened upon me, bounded by the distant and jagged ridge which I had to cross. The situation of the Portetta was pointed out to me, directly opposite to the ridge which I had now crossed; a fine range of mountains formed the southern boundary of the valley of Luce, to its junction with the valley of Beaufort. Near the head of the valley, and immediately below the loftiest of these mountains, the lake of Girota appeared in a remarkable situation; it seemed almost to be artificial, and to be propped up by enormous embankments; but the prop of the Great Artificer was the mountain-side, and the embankment a solid rock, down which the stream from the lake foamed in cataracts into the deep

valley below, and became the torrent of the Dorinet or Luce. My guide said that it was a good hour's march round the borders of the lake. As it lay on the opposite mountain-side, we did not approach it near enough for an examination. The great extent of these Alps, and the deep crues in the mountain side, made me look almost with incredulity upon the passage by the Vaudois across them, under the circumstances described by Henri Arnaud. He says:

"They succeeded at last in ascending the second mountain, called the mountain of the Haute Luce, the mere approach to which produces fear; for it is at all times one of the rudest, and, at the period here spoken of, its dangers were increased by rains, snows, and a thick fog. So dense was the mist, that the guide, in his astonishment, was easily persuaded that God had providentially directed it to conceal the Vaudois from their enemies. They found on the summit, which they had thus gained with a difficulty to be imagined, but not expressed, a deserted grange, from which they took some milk, and other trifling articles of food. They then beat up the country in search of some peasants, to supply the place of the guide, who, on account of the mist, had lost all knowledge of the passes. It was soon seen that these peasants were conducting them by the longest and most dangerous paths,—not from ignorance, but with the intention of delay, till the Savoyards should overtake and destroy them in these frightful defiles: a remedy to this was found by Monsieur Arnaud, in a determined threat to hang them.

"As the leader of this little flock knew how to subdue traitors by fear, so did he understand how to rally, by holy exhortation, the courage of those among his followers who were ready to sink under the complicated load of hardships to which they were exposed; and which, in this instance, was increased by the extreme fatigue of crossing a pass cut out of the rock like a ladder, where twenty men might easily have checked twenty thousand. If the ascent of an abrupt mountain is difficult, the descent is not less so. Thus here they were obliged to descend, seated and sliding, as though on a precipice, and with no other light than what proceeded from the whiteness of the snow. In this manner they arrived, late at night, at St. Nicolas de Verose, a parish peopled only by a few shepherds. On this spot, deep in an abyss, desert and cold, the Vaudois were compelled to halt, with no fuel but what they obtained by unroofing the huts which sheltered them from the rain,—thus escaping one

misery at the expense of encountering another."

As I had ascertained that the descent to St. Nicolas de Verose from this Alp was impracticable, and therefore an error in the narration, I felt great interest in clearing this part of the question from its obscurity, by a personal examination. The clearness of every object around enabled me to trace our course to the Portetta. From the pass of the first ridge, we descended a considerable way by a path where I pursued my course on foot. In the immensity of the Alpine basin before me, the deep and almost impassable crues were no more seen than a ha! ha! in a park; yet they were broad, deep, rugged, and dangerous channels, cut by the winter torrents, and the melting of snows from the mountains above. After passing several in our descent, we made a considerable *détour* into one where the loose soil, and steep sides, and the difficulty of passing the torrent foaming at the bottom, was very great. I recommended the muleteer to return; but he told me I should be glad of the mule in the long journey over those Alps which still lay before me, ere I reached the Portetta. On scrambling up on the other side of this ravine, we came suddenly upon a group of peasants near some *châlets*. My companions were merry with the girls, who were really good-looking. They had come up, after mass, from the villages in the valley below, to visit their friends in the *châlets*. A long succession of ravines and pasturages followed, with little or no variation in the prospect. Of the time necessary to traverse them, my eye, though it had seen the whole course, could take no cognisance: at length, upon rising above one of the deepest crues, we reached a solitary grange; it was impossible to doubt, from its situation, that it was the very deserted grange mentioned in the passage of the *Vaudois*. Here we rested: it was again deserted. I found some hay in the grange for the mule; but we had difficulty in finding water deep enough, in a rocky channel, now nearly dry, to cool our wine in. This Jean effected, however, by making a dam; though in doing it he disturbed a poor frog, whose appearance at this height in the mountain surprised us. Here we rested an hour, in the perfect enjoyment of lying stretched out on the sward which bor-

dered the dry bed of the stream. We saw, however, with some uneasiness, a prospect of change in the weather; some clouds began to form suspiciously in the valley below. We started up a steep ridge, and saw on our left a col of easy ascent, called the Col de Joli, by which a path led down to Le Batieu, a hamlet which lies between *Nôtre Dame de la Gorge*, and *Contamines*. We now approached the Portetta; but the most difficult ravine across our path was yet to be traversed: the pasturage leading down to it was so steep, and the grass so slippery, that I repeatedly slid, and was only brought up by my Alp-pole. On gaining the top of the opposite ridge, we reached the highest, but scanty, pasturages, where there were two or three miserable *châlets*. The inhabitants crawled out to see us pass. Here I expected the muleteer to leave us; but he persevered. The ascent now became sterile, stony, and very steep. Turning round, we looked down on the right upon the Col de Joli; saw over it the *Mont d'Hermance*, famous for its pasturages, and the *Mont Joli*; then down the vast basin of the pasturages over which we had been many hours passing, and into the valley of *Haute Luce*. On the left, the Lake of *Girota* was concealed by an intervening ridge; but still further on the left we saw a col to which a difficult path over rocks and stones, called the *Plan des Pierres*, led to the head of the chief valley of *Beaufort*.

We were now close upon a ridge of rocks which appeared to bar our progress, especially when the actual pass was pointed out to us; a very steep track led up to it, and the muleteer resolved to get over it, if possible, with his mule, in order to return by the valley of *Mont Joie* to *Megève*, instead of returning by the dangerous and difficult route which we had come by the mountains. By piling up stones and rocks, the peasantry from the *châlets* had formed the rude and dangerous path which we ascended; but when we reached the crevice in the rocks by which we were to pass, it had been closed with rocks and stones, so as to render the passage of the mule impracticable, without removing some of them; this seemed to defy our united efforts. Leaving the mule, however, where it was impossible for it to turn round, the labour of half an hour in removing some rocks, and filling up the

hollows of others with stones, the muleteer got his poor beast over, though it was a fearful operation to observe, — for the least slip must have carried it down the mountain to certain destruction.

Having passed the place of difficulty, I was surprised to see that we had not yet attained the actual col. We soon saw it high above us, whilst we ascended to it through a steep track that seemed to lie, as in a ditch, between two enormous walls. As we ascended, heavy clouds began to gather about us, and bursts of thunder rolled their grand volumes against the mountain-sides. In the wall now before us, about five hundred yards from the first crevice, we saw the "pass cut out of the rock." When we reached it, I felt the truth of the description by Arnaud. Two men could scarcely have walked abreast through it, and its length was not twenty feet between the precipices on either side, and so steep that I did not make a dozen steps, from seeing nothing above or beyond the passage, and standing in it in full view of the southern side of the enormous mass of Mont Blanc, which formed the opposite boundary of the Val Montjoie. The magnificent circumstances under which I saw it made an impression never to be effaced: heavy clouds hung upon it, and threw their shadows of intense darkness into every rift or hollow. Amidst this depth, the courses of numerous glaciers terminating in the rifts, produced the most striking contrasts. Behind us, the sun, now declining rapidly, lit up a glorious iris, which spanned in vivid colours the black mass before us. The storm had slightly touched us. On the opposite mountain it was raging in spite of the bow, which promised its cessation. I was particularly struck with the truth of the description of this locality in the *Glorieuse Rentrée*. Deep, as in an abyss, were the miserable chalets of La Barne, at the foot of the Bonhomme, in the Val Montjoie. The abyss was only in appearance. An enormous ridge of *débris* on one side, and, on the other, the flanks of Mont Jovet, so limited the view of the valley, that only the chalets of La Barne were seen in the hollow, which presented the appearance of a funnel. The mule was carefully and safely led down; and was the first, I believe, that ever made the passage. Across the talus, on the left, we traced

a course which led down through a forest, partially destroyed lately by a water-spout, to Nant Bourant. On the right, a path which flanked the Mont Jovet led directly to the Bonhomme. The course was clear before us, and the Plan de Dames, with its cairn, was in sight. The Vaudois were too much exhausted to proceed that high to the Bonhomme, and descended for rest and shelter to the chalets. The commencement of our descent to the chalets was very steep and dangerous; but below we had no unusual difficulties. We left on the right the path which led direct to the Bonhomme: Below this the descent was comparatively easy.

The motive for this march of the Vaudois was now clear to me; they had been well advised. By passing the mountains, they had avoided all ambuscade and danger in the valley; and the course, in a direct line, was very little longer. By it, too, they had the choice of reaching the Tarentaise, through Beaufort, if any interruption had been prepared, by the Bonhomme.

On reaching the chalets, I was glad to avail myself of the mule to ride down the valley, as I had yet a six hours' journey to return to St. Martin. I observed that an auberge had been built at Nant Bourant; but knocking did not get us access to it. It is now a better place than Contamines to rest at, in the excursion from Chamouny to Cormayeur; because it more equally divides the distance. My mule bore me safely down the dangerous path from Nant Bourant to Notre Dame de la Gorge, whence the road is safe and easy to Contamines. It was dark before we reached the latter place, where, to my surprise, I was immediately recognised by the landlord, though it was many years ago, and my hair has blanched, since I rested at his house on my way to the Bonhomme. When Jean Riant left me at St. Maurice, to return to his valley by the Col de Bonhomme, I gave him particular directions about inquiries to be made concerning the pass of the Portetta, or, as it is called, on this side, the Fenêtre — either name — the *little door*, or the *window*, characterising the form of the pass on the crest. The landlord at Contamines had informed him that he knew it well, and had often passed by it to Beaufort; and that there was no other access to it on this side than by

the forest above Nant Bourant. This man's authority, brought up as he was in the valley, and knowing the pass, might have been unquestioned; yet I found that it led also to the châteaux of Barme, and to the Bonhomme. It was quite dark when we started down the valley to Bionnay and St. Gervais. I had given directions to Edouard to bring the char, and wait for me at Foyer, the hamlet at the foot of the ascent to St. Gervais: it was eleven o'clock when we arrived there; he was waiting, though he had relinquished the hope of my returning that night. On collecting my things from the muleteer, I found that my *blouse* was missing; I had seen it on the mule at Contamines, and concluded that it had been thrown off the baggage on the mule in the stable there, and not missed in the dark. The muleteer promised to return for it, and bring it to me at St. Martin's by six in the morning. I congratulated myself on having ordered the car, in which I returned at twelve o'clock, having been eighteen hours absent.

The following morning, the *blouse* was brought. The weather had changed, — the rain came down in torrents, and

I felt grateful that the object of my journey had been accomplished. At eight o'clock, I parted with Jean Riant, and returned to Geneva. I was again disappointed in any sketch in the valley of Maglan; but I had well furnished my folios, and been very fortunate in the weather during my journey. From Geneva, I returned direct to England.

Since my return, many of the scenes which I sketched on this journey, to illustrate the march of the Waldenses on their return, have been published in Dr. Beattie's work; and among them the Lake of Geneva and Mont Blanc, from the Forest of Nyon; Ivoire; Filli; Col de Voirons; Böège; Viu; St. Joire; Cluses; Valley of Maglan, from Comblou; Megève; The Portetta; Plan de Dames; Pont la Crêt Bonval; Scez; St. Foi; Gure in the Val de Tignes; Defile in Val de Tignes; Bonaval, in the valley of the Arc; Col of the little Mont Cenis; Lac Noir, on the Col de Clairée; Valley of Jaillon below the Clairée; Col de Touilles; La Traverse; Balsille; Manneille, &c., &c.

THE BRITISH NAVY.*

It will be seen by the numerous pamphlets, of which the titles are subjoined, that the attention of the public is at last attracted towards this important subject; and we hail with pleasure this increasing interest in naval affairs as a satisfactory symptom of an improving state of public opinion, and that, instead of exhausting all our energies, and much of our resources, in domestic turmoil and dissension, we are at last

beginning to think seriously of those great interests which have been too long postponed and neglected.

All these works are well worth the attention of those who wish for information on this important subject.

Captain Crauford relates briefly and modestly his personal observations of the state of the Russian fleet in the Baltic.

The *Observations*, quoting some of

* Crauford on the Russian Navy. Ridgway.

Observations on the Preparation and Discipline of the British Navy, with Suggestions for a better System. Dalton.

Letter to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, on the Actual Crisis of the Country. By a Flag-Officer. Ridgway.

Two Letters on the Conveyance of Troops to Canada. By Captain Bowles, R.N. Ridgway.

Barrow's Life of Lord Anson. With a Supplemental Chapter on the present State of the Navy. Murray.

A Letter to Lord Minto by One of the People. Ridgway.

Reply to the same. Hatchard.

Our Navy is not Neglected!!! The Navy *versus* Lord Minto and Sir John Barrow. Richardson.

A Letter addressed to Sir John Barrow, Bart., on the System of War and Peace Complements in Her Majesty's Ships. By the Hon. Captain Berkeley. Ridgway.

his most remarkable passages, contrast the exertions made by the Emperor Nicholas to increase the discipline and efficiency of his fleet, with the extraordinary supineness and negligence of our own naval administration; and offer some very useful and able suggestions, to which we shall hereafter advert.

The *Two Letters on the Conveyance of Troops* contain much interesting matter, and particularly deserve the attention of both naval and military readers.

The pamphlet by a flag-officer has attracted peculiar notice, and has been very generally read and canvassed. His statements are perhaps too highly coloured, and in some instances he discloses facts which it was unnecessary to enlarge on; but his assertions, generally speaking, are as well-founded as they are important: and we have, therefore, perused with extreme regret the supplemental chapter appended by Sir John Barrow to his *Life of Lord Anson*, in which he replies to Commander Crauford and the flag-officer with an intemperance of language towards his opponents (who have, after all, been guilty of no offence beyond that of entertaining an opinion differing from his own on this important subject) which we think wholly unjustifiable. Surely, Sir John Barrow should have been aware that such epithets as blundering, disgraceful, false, factious, frivolous, impertinent, impudent, ignorant, mischievous, sapient, silly, and unfounded, are not now used in discussion or argument by any person of decent manners or conversation; and he seems to have forgotten the old proverb, "It is a bad cause which needs a railing advocate."

We see, however, by some correspondence in the *Times*, that a friend of Captain Crauford's has already obtained from Sir John an explanation, which is considered satisfactory of the very contemptuous and taunting language used by him towards that officer; so that we need say no more on this part of the subject, except that he seems to have forgotten, while upbraiding the "silly commander" with his youth and inexperience, that the latter is now about the age of Lord Nelson at the time he made that memorable reply to the old governor of the Leeward Islands: "I have the honour, sir, of being as old as the prime-minister of England, and think

myself as capable of commanding one of his majesty's ships as that minister is of governing the state;" and that he is therefore tolerably capable of judging in what state of efficiency the Russian fleet really was at the time in question. Sir John Barrow is very angry with him for not having communicated his observations officially to the Admiralty; but I think the sample we have already had may pretty well convince us what sort of answer Mr. Crauford would have received from their lordships (signed, J. Barrow) for his impertinent presumption.

But the last on our list, the production of a Lord of the Admiralty, who, in attacking his own secretary, avows himself to be the leader of that clamour which the secretary so energetically deprecates, against the measures of that board of which they are both component parts, is by far the most remarkable and interesting of all these publications. How a house so divided against itself can stand, and whether it may not, before these pages can reach the eyes of our readers, have already fallen, time alone can shew. But the strange and unprecedented occurrence of a paper war between two individuals thus situated, is the strongest proof we have yet seen of the anarchy which prevails, from the highest to the lowest, throughout all our departments, and that the whole fabric is tottering to its fall. But it is only justice to Captain Berkeley, and still more a duty which we owe to our country, and to the great interests which are at stake, to avow honestly and impartially that his statements are incontrovertible, and highly creditable to his professional character and ability. It was our intention, if any future opportunity had presented itself, to have entered more fully into the part of the subject to which his attention has been most especially directed, and which is undoubtedly of the highest importance. Sir John Barrow's remarks upon it are exactly those which an imperfect acquaintance with his subject (that *parva sapientia* which a civilian in his situation picks up, but which every seaman knows to be rank nonsense) would naturally dictate. Captain Berkeley is perfectly correct in all his observations with respect to the under-manning our ships, and the harassing increase of work, and consequent disgust and discontent which is produced amongst our

seamen. He very truly states, that the ships themselves are much larger than they were formerly, and consequently more difficult to handle, while all the stratagems and contrivances which could be devised have been resorted to by the Admiralty to reduce the number of working hands. All Sir John Barrow's remarks are fallacious and dangerous; and in his attempt to prove that, because some of our ships at the battle of the Nile were short of complement, we may therefore venture to incur similar risks in future, he entirely forgets, first, that these were all of the smallest class of seventy-fours, and next, that they had been almost all four years in commission, in the highest state of discipline and preparation, flushed by former victories, perfectly well officered, and led on by Nelson. Can any fair parallel be drawn between a fleet engaging the enemy under such circumstances, and one which, having been totally neglected during peace, was at the commencement of war hurried into action against an enemy which had long and carefully been preparing for such an encounter?

It will be seen, in a subsequent part of this article, that we fully agree with Captain Berkeley in his recommendation of employing smaller ships, but thoroughly well manned, during peace; and it is evident that no satisfactory system of regular exercise can be adopted, until the fleet is so manned as to go through all its evolutions and manœuvres without harassing and annoying those whom it should be our first object to interest, as well as to instruct.

Having thus directed the attention of our readers to these publications, from all of which they will obtain much interesting information, we now proceed to state our own opinion on a subject of such paramount importance to the very existence of the British empire; and we will endeavour to perform this duty calmly and dispassionately, divesting ourselves of all mere political feelings, and considering the subject on those broad grounds to which all in authority, of any party, will do well to attend in future. The question to be considered may be divided under three heads:—

1st. The state of what the French call the *matériel* of the navy: the number of ships afloat and building, of all the different classes; their condition;

the time they are likely to last without serious repairs; and the arrangements which are made to replace gradually those which will become unserviceable from age, &c., or which, from their defective construction or inferior force, it is not advisable to retain in the service.

2d. The state of preparation of the navy for rapid equipment; the measures taken to preserve discipline and complete efficiency amongst the ships in commission; the arrangements for regular exercises, reviews, and inspections; and the distribution of our ships at home and abroad.

3d. The composition of our naval administration, and the evils which arise from conducting it on principles so much at variance with those on which our military departments are governed.

To begin with the first. There is too much reason to apprehend that the excessive reduction of the sum appropriated for the maintenance of the navy, in the two first years of Lord Grey's administration, is the principal cause of that almost entire suspension of activity and exertion in our dockyards, which the most casual observer notices. It is well known that the navy estimates were reduced, first, 900,000*l.*, and, subsequently, 300,000*l.*, in these two years; and the whole weight of this reduction fell on our building and repairing establishments with such paralyzing force, that we believe we are perfectly correct in asserting that, in the last eight years, only one ship of the line (the *Vanguard*), and three large frigates (the *Vernon*, *Pique*, and *Inconstant*), have been launched; and that the work of repairing has proceeded so slowly, that any visitors to the dockyards will find the same ship in dock, or on the building slip, year after year, with very little apparent change in her appearance of forwardness. There is reason to think, that if Sir James Graham and Sir Thos. Hardy had remained at the Admiralty, this system would not have been continued. The latter was frequently heard to say, that these reductions could not be persevered in without risking the very existence of the navy; and we believe that, under his directions, arrangements were in progress for launching annually three ships of the line, and a proportionable number of frigates. But, unhappily, new changes took place. The navy fell into the hands of mere party

politicians, whose attention was wholly engrossed in elections and political manœuvres; and the consequence has been what we have already described.

We fear that Sir John Barrow's statement of our actual force is very considerably overcharged, and that many of the ships which he asserts are fit for immediate service would, on preparing for commission, be found very defective; and this observation applies more especially to our old seventy-fours, of which many are known to be in a very decaying state, and yet we are bringing forward nothing to replace them. We have only two ships of the line building at each of our dockyards which are in any state of forwardness; and we are (as Sir J. Barrow himself confesses) still more deficient in large frigates. In this respect, the misconduct of the Admiralty has been very remarkable; because, although it is now nearly ten years since it was decided to discontinue the construction of frigates which could only carry eighteen-pound guns, and to build others of a superior class, and the *Vernon*, *Castor*, *Pique*, and *Inconstant*, were prepared for the express purpose of ascertaining which model deserved the preference, yet, strange to say, no sufficient trials have during so many years been yet made of the comparative merits of these ships; and instead of assembling them in one squadron, and trying them both together, and with other known good sailing ships, not for a few hours or days, but for some weeks, or even months, and under every possible variety of circumstances, they have actually never been all assembled together once; while the *Castor* has been chiefly employed lying at anchor at *Passages*, the *Vernon* as a flag-ship in the *West Indies*, and afterwards inactive in the *Mediterranean*, and the *Pique* and *Inconstant* in the conveyance of passengers and troops; so that, down to the present moment, no decisive opinion can have been formed of their respective merits; and during this long interval of doubt and vacillation, the construction of frigates appears altogether suspended, although Sir J. Barrow frankly admits our deficiency in this important class of ships.

We are very happy to observe his positive official assertion, that no deficiency of stores of any description exists in our arsenals; but we are unable to assent to many of his positions, and

especially that it is more economical to commission all our ships in a sort of rotation, and that they last longer at sea than in ordinary; forgetting, apparently, how much the weight of guns and stores, the strain of sail, and bad weather, and the innumerable other casualties arising from accidents and climate, accelerate the decay of a ship in commission, while those which lie at their moorings, carefully roofed over and preserved from all injuries, except the inevitable effects of age and moisture, must undoubtedly last a very considerable time longer, without requiring an expensive repair.

The cheapest plan in our opinion would be, to wear out our oldest and least valuable ships first, and reserving the newer and larger ones for time of need, lay out as little money as possible in what one of the pamphlets to which we have alluded terms "perpetuating the inferiority of our navy." A seventy-four, *well manned*, is a better ship to employ during peace than a heavy eighty-four, like the *Ganges* and *Powderful*, with a reduced establishment of men, and would in various ways be much less expensive and equally efficient.

We will now pass to the consideration of the second division of our subject,—our state of preparation for the rapid equipment of a fleet, and the manner in which our rising generation of officers is instructed and exercised. Our former system was to keep in commission, for home service, about twelve sail of the line, four at each port, so that on any sudden emergency each ship could fit out, and partly man another, and by this means double (or, as more men came in, if necessary, still further increase) our force in the shortest possible time; and we had thus, on two occasions within the memory of many of our readers (in 1790 and 91), a formidable fleet ready for sea before either Spain or Russia were prepared for hostilities; and a war in each case was in all probability avoided.

But now the case is completely reversed as regards this latter power; and while she possesses thirty sail of the line, with a full proportion of frigates and smaller vessels (steamers included), all manned and carefully exercised during the summer months, we have only three ships lying at *Portsmouth*, *Plymouth*, and *Chatham*—in commission, indeed, but so completely unmanned, that they would not be safe

even at Spithead, or in Plymouth Sound; and are, consequently, totally useless, as far as assisting in the equipment of others is concerned.

A stronger proof of the total want of all preparation cannot be given, than that which we find in the second letter on the conveyance of troops, in which it is stated that when the first intelligence of the revolt in Canada was received in Dec. 1837, we had only one ship at home (the *Inconstant* of 36 guns) manned and ready for sea; and that we were obliged to send to Spain and Portugal for others, before we could despatch even two regiments to reinforce the garrison of Halifax at a most critical moment. According to our former system, all these guardships (as they were then called) were assembled early in the summer, and exercised together in all the evolutions of a fleet. There are officers now living who recollect Lord Hood, when a Lord of the Admiralty, hoisting his flag, and superintending the summer exercise himself to the westward of Scilly; but now any instruction of this sort is thought, it would appear, wholly unnecessary.

On this important part of our subject, our opinions are so entirely in accordance with those of the author of the *Observations*, that we cannot do better than to give them to our readers in his own words:—

“The two great defects at present are the absence of any sufficient arrangements for rapidly fitting out a fleet, and, what is of equal importance, our extreme disinclination to assemble any, even the smallest number, of ships for exercise and instruction. If our army was managed in the same manner,—if there were no field-days, no reviews, no inspections,—what would have become of its discipline and efficiency? What general would venture to engage in active operations with a force which had been so utterly neglected, against troops of any military nation accustomed to manœuvre every year in large numbers, and on a great scale? And yet, is not this precisely the case with our navy at the present moment? Our whole force in commission in Europe consists of about sixteen sail of the line, and eight or ten frigates; and these are all in Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean; almost always at anchor either at Malta, Vourla, Lisbon, or some of the Spanish ports, and never assembled for exercise. The *Hastings*, of 74 guns, has been between

three and four years in the *Tagus*, without ever once going to sea. The *Rodney*, a new ship of 90 guns, whose sailing qualities it was very desirable to try while her copper was clean, went straight from Plymouth to Barcelona with arms, and remained there a year and a-half without moving from that station; and we fear that if we were to go through the history of the remainder during the last twelve months, it would scarcely be more satisfactory. Who can wonder if a navy so mismanaged should become, from the best, one of the worst in Europe? How can we hereafter blame our officers (the rising generation more especially), if they are found grievously deficient in seamanship and experience?

“But if a new system was adopted, if the Admiralty could be induced to consider exercise and instruction at sea indispensably necessary for the preservation of discipline and efficiency in our fleet, there could be no difficulty whatever in making such an arrangement as might combine these advantages with any political objects which the government has in view.

“It cannot, surely, be considered necessary to keep fifteen sail of the line and ten frigates always at anchor, and in a state of almost total inactivity; and we should, therefore, propose, that during the summer months the whole should, by turns, and relieving each other where some force may be considered absolutely necessary, join a squadron of exercise to be assembled at some central point (off Cape Finisterre, for example) for this purpose, under the command of an active and experienced officer.

“With respect to our force at home, we think the expense of a ship, only one-fourth manned, and not able even to go out to Spithead or Plymouth Sound, is money altogether mispent, in accustoming our officers and men to indolence and inactivity. There can, however, be no doubt, that as long as the Emperor of Russia has 30,000 seamen ready at Cronstadt, we ought to have at least 7,000 or 8,000 distributed between our three great naval arsenals, and we will briefly sketch the arrangement which we should propose for this purpose.

“Four manned and well disciplined ships at each port ought, on any emergency, to fit out eight more at the shortest possible notice, and be able to furnish a good foundation for a ship’s company to each. This was our former system, and it was by this means that two wars were prevented in 1790 and 1791, Spain and Russia perceiving that we had a formidable fleet ready to strike some decisive blow, before they were prepared for hostilities. Six out of these twelve

ships would be the flag-ships at the respective ports, because we should strongly recommend that the admiral superintendent's should be a sea-going ship, and not as at present, a mere receiving hulk.

"By a late judicious arrangement, the seamen belonging to the ordinary ought to be able-bodied men; but except they are regularly exercised afloat, this wise regulation will soon become a dead letter, and all sorts of abuses creep in. They should, therefore, form the crew of a 74-gun ship, and be exercised during some period of the year with the rest of the fleet. This would excite an *esprit de corps* amongst them. It would prevent the admission of unfit and unsound men from mere favour and compassion, and it would also, it may be hoped, ensure the selection of officers for this important service who could stand the test of an annual inspection with credit to themselves.

"The remaining six might, we should think, be spared from what appears to us the superabundant force at present employed in Spain and Portugal; so that this plan does not involve any material increase of expense beyond the keeping three first-rates manned and effective. All these ships should assemble at Spithead as early in April as possible, and be placed immediately under the command of the officer who is to superintend the summer exercise. It is extremely to be wished that one of the lords of the Admiralty would hoist his flag on these occasions, and see with his own eyes the actual state of that service for which he is so deeply responsible to his country. It is obvious that his reports to his colleagues would be received with much more attention than those of a subordinate officer; and, without intending the slightest disrespect to the present board, we cannot but think that a little occasional nautical experience would do them no harm, when it is considered, that of the four officers of which it is composed, one has not been at sea for twenty-two years, and two others, although captains of thirty and twenty-three years standing, are not yet eligible for their flags, in other words, have not served four years at sea during the whole of those periods. If, however, their presence in London during the session of parliament cannot be dispensed with; because, whatever other excuse may be devised, this is the real one; or if the consolidation of the Admiralty and Navy Boards has increased the business of the department to such an extent as to demand their constant attendance, some officer of rank may surely be found whose pursuits are more professional than political, and who will undertake this important duty. If we had two additional lords of the Admi-

ralty, ineligible for seats in parliament, and (like the under secretaries of state) not necessarily removable on every change of ministry, and who were expected to execute this as part of their official duty, this difficulty would be obviated, and an efficient and responsible inspection of our active force afloat more effectually secured. It is unnecessary for us to enumerate the various points to which the attention of the officer in command should be most especially directed. He must be prepared for many difficulties, and some occasional opposition, and will at first have need of all his temper and patience; but he must remember the indolence and inactivity which have so long prevailed, and proceed temperately and considerately, being careful to shape all his measures in such a way as to interest as well as to instruct those under his command, and to avoid every thing which may be felt as harassing or annoying by those who have been hitherto passing their whole time in the enervating dissipation of Spain, Portugal, or Italy, and who are therefore almost entirely unaccustomed to activity or exertion. But he may be assured, he will soon be amply rewarded for his forbearance. Emulation and energy will speedily revive, latent talent will develop itself; and he will very shortly have the satisfaction of seeing both officers and men cordially seconding his efforts to place the British navy on its former footing of proud superiority.

"During the time the squadron remains at Spithead, much useful exercise may be gone through in shifting masts, yards, sails, gun-practice, landing and embarking marines, with their artillery, and such other manœuvres as would naturally suggest themselves to the mind of an experienced and zealous officer; and early in the summer he would proceed to meet the ships ordered to join him from Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean; such arrangements being made for this purpose, that every ship belonging to these stations may in her turn have the advantage of at least a month or six weeks' exercise in the evolutions of a fleet. And considering how few of our younger officers have ever seen an order of battle or sailing formed, this period of instruction will not be thought excessive. Towards the end of August the squadron would break up, and the ships intended to remain at home would dismantle at their respective ports; but it would be extremely advisable to form another squadron from such ships as could be best spared, and which stood most in need of instruction; and, instead of permitting them to pass six months in idleness and inactivity at Malta, or Lisbon, despatch them in October to the West Indies, to exercise there during the

winter, when the climate is perfectly healthy, the weather fine, and the localities particularly adapted to the exercise and manœuvring of a fleet. We have generally from 15 to 20 ships of war on this station, and these should, in the manner already recommended, join the squadron by turns, and receive their share of exercise and instruction. In March or April, the ships thus detached would return either to Spithead or their respective stations, as circumstances might require; and it is unnecessary to enlarge on the improved state of discipline and efficiency in which they would arrive.

"It would be a great additional stimulus and encouragement, if after the course of exercise just recommended, a small promotion of one officer of each rank, selected from the three ships most remarkable for their good order and general discipline, was granted at the recommendation of the commanding officer; and we hope this would not be considered as too serious an interference with the patronage of the Admiralty. In touching on this part of the subject, it becomes a very painful but unavoidable duty to point out the extraordinary and unprecedented partiality with which naval appointments are now bestowed. If, indeed, the patronage of the department be a mere perquisite of office, to be used in the first instance to provide for relations, friends, and connexions, and afterwards as a fund from which those political partisans are to be remunerated, by whose exertions the government is maintained in power and in place, then we admit we have no right to complain: but if, as we have always understood and maintain, the selection of officers for important situations is a sacred trust to be exercised for the good of the nation at large, and not for the benefit of any particular party, we contend that the officers of the navy have just cause of complaint, when they see that it is only by political subserviency that commands and other lucrative situations are obtained, and that to contest a county or a borough is considered a stronger claim and surer passport to favour than all the wounds and services of a long and honourable career. It is true that many of us have retired with disgust from the scenes of riot and venality which too many of our popular elections present, and that others have, with old-fashioned English loyalty, rallied round the throne and the altar, when we saw these sacred institutions of our country threatened by republicans and infidels; but are these offences for which we are to be placed under the ban of the Admiralty, and which are to bar all our claims to employment for ourselves and advancement for our families?"

"We appeal with confidence to the

nation at large against this unjust decision, and our countrymen may be assured, that it is not to those who are loudest on the hustings and in the senate that the defence of their country may be most safely intrusted. It has lately been seen that a turbulent parliamentary orator does not necessarily make a brilliant general; and those officers who have abandoned their profession for political pursuits do not in general stand highest in the estimation of those best qualified to judge of their merits."

These remarks and suggestions are so full and complete, that they leave little for us to add to them. It is quite clear that our fleet, regularly exercised and instructed in the manner there proposed, will, in a short time, recover its discipline and efficiency; and the arrangements suggested are so simple and easy of execution, that the *will* only can be wanting, if they are not carried into complete execution this summer. We see by this statement, that our ships of the line have actually been allowed to remain whole years at anchor in foreign ports, without once going to sea for exercise and instruction! Sir John Barrow adds the *Russell* to the sad account the *Observations* furnish us with of the proceedings of the *Hastings* and *Rodney*, and it is impossible to account for or justify such extraordinary mismanagement. With sixteen sail of the line in commission in Europe, and none of them further off than the Mediterranean, surely arrangements might have been made for the periodical relief of ships in these situations. We are convinced no British admiral would complain of any little personal inconvenience which might arise from shifting his flag for a short time under these circumstances; and we cannot but hope that the publication of these almost incredible facts will at least prevent their recurrence. We entirely agree in the recommendation with respect to the ships in which the flag of the admiral superintendent is hoisted being kept armed and ready for sea on any sudden emergency. We are fully aware that receiving ships will be wanted at the breaking out of war, and some should, of course, be appropriated and fitted for this purpose; but, during peace, our object should be to have our whole force at home an effective one, and this cannot be accomplished under our present arrangements.

If we revert, as we ought, without a moment's loss of time, to our former

system, and take care to have always a respectable squadron at home, well manned, and exercised together during the summer months, and distributed, in winter, between Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Sheerness, none of our maritime rivals will be inclined to take any liberties with us, when they know that it is in our power to assemble rapidly a force amply sufficient either for defence or attack; and all this may be done by a better arrangement, without any very material increase of expense. The three seventy-fours so unnecessarily allowed to the commanders-in-chief in the East and West Indies, and at the Cape; the two employed as troopships, with their full establishment of officers and men; and the six flagships, would, with some additions, and occasional interchanges with Lisbon and the Mediterranean, form a sufficient home squadron for ordinary purposes, and enable the rising generation of officers, who so much require it, to receive their annual instruction in the management and evolutions of a fleet. We have no wish to say anything harsh or offensive to Sir John Barrow, he is an old and faithful public servant, and, as we have already said, discussions should be carried on temperately and courteously; but his supplemental chapter furnishes, we think, one of the strongest proofs we have ever seen of the danger of "*a little knowledge*," and how difficult it is for an unprofessional man to comprehend the real points of a professional question. He seems in some small degree aware of the insufficiency of our force at home; but notwithstanding the opinion of the great Lord Chatham, which he so curiously quotes against himself on this occasion, he appears to think that a fifty or sixty gun-ship in the Downs, "to shew foreigners we were looking about us," and two second-rates exercising *by themselves* at Portsmouth and Plymouth, would be quite sufficient to deter the Emperor of Russia, or the King of France (both of whom he so gratuitously and improperly insults), from any hostile intentions. Now, any naval officer of the least experience or talent could have explained to the secretary of the Admiralty that it is exercise *at sea*, and with as many ships together as can be collected, which we want to instruct the young, and refresh the recollections of the old; that it is when they are thus assembled that energy and emulation are excited; and it

is only by being well exercised in the order of sailing and battle that our officers can acquire that experience and confidence in the management of their ships, without which they will be more dangerous to each other than to the enemy. Let those who have served in fleets or squadrons reflect on the accidents to which they are daily and hourly liable from the negligence or inexperience of an unskilful officer of the watch, and how frequently, even during the best days of our navy, serious disasters occurred; but what would be the case now, when perhaps nine-tenths of the lieutenants, and a very large proportion of the superior officers, have never had charge of a ship in these situations? Is it not in the highest degree incumbent on our naval administration to afford every possible opportunity for their acquiring full knowledge and experience in this most important branch of their profession? and what can we expect but disaster and disappointment, if we persevere in our present inattention to exercise and instruction *at sea*?

Those who happened to be present, or to form part of our last exercising squadron, in 1831, will recollect, that in consequence of the omission of the usual precautions, which formerly nobody would have omitted, in getting under weigh with a fleet from Spithead, two ships had been on board each other, and one on shore, before they reached St. Helen's; and if the weather had not been extremely fine and moderate, these three ships would, in all probability, have received so much damage, that they must have returned to refit without getting to sea.

The inspection of newly commissioned ships, and especially of those proceeding to foreign stations, demands much more attention than has ever been paid to this subject by any naval administration since Lord Howe's time; and it is of great importance that now, during peace, and when we have full leisure for improvement, a better arrangement should be made, and that dangerous practice of hurrying ships off badly manned, and imperfectly equipped and disciplined, entirely abandoned. We subjoin an extract on this subject, from a valuable work published some years since, which at the time was generally attributed to Sir C. Penrose, but now we observe is claimed by the author of the pamphlet standing last on our list, for Admiral Schomberg.

Whoever wrote it, it is well worthy of a reperusal at this moment ; and the passage we give will, if attended to, produce a most important improvement in this part of our naval arrangements :

" A regiment, when ordered on foreign service, is always reviewed previous to embarkation, and its state of discipline and appearance confidentially reported on. Such a practice introduced into the navy would have the best effects, both by encouraging emulation and exertion, and preventing that fatal system of hurrying ships to sea in an imperfect state of equipment ; and nothing could be more easy and simple than the detail of such an arrangement. A newly commissioned ship, after being reported ready for sea, might be allowed any reasonable time to prepare for being reviewed ; and the captain should have full liberty, during this interval, to get under weigh, and exercise in any manner he thought proper. The commander-in-chief should then, after mustering the crew, and fully inspecting all the interior arrangements, see the men exercised at their guns ; and the ship being got under sail, should be put through all the various evolutions which it is of most consequence to perform steadily and correctly in the presence of an enemy. If this regulation were rigidly adhered to at Portsmouth and Plymouth, no ship could in future proceed on foreign service materially deficient in discipline or preparation, and the thoughtless and injurious system of encumbering and overloading them in the manner I have described must be at least considerably checked, if not altogether put a stop to."*

If some more regular plan for relieving our ships on foreign stations was adopted, a considerable saving might be effected by commissioning those intended for this service on the return of the fleet from its summer exercise, and manning them rapidly by volunteers (of which, from a sailor's love of change, abundance might always be found) from the large ships. Their fitting out would be another very useful class of exercise, and our young officers would, it may be hoped, emulate each other in the seamanship and energy with which these ships were got ready, while the men thus discharged might be gradually replaced, as opportunities offered, during the winter.

A more frequent interchange of ships

between the home and other European stations would materially facilitate all these objects, and keep our ships in that state of activity and motion which so much conduces to order and discipline ; preventing, at the same time, all the evils on which we have already animadverted in the instances of the *Hastings*, *Rodney*, and *Russell*.

We now approach the consideration of the last part of our subject, namely, the composition of our naval administration.

There is nothing which surprises foreigners more, or which appears to them more inexplicable, than to find that our minister of marine is invariably a man who cannot, by any possibility, have any knowledge or experience on the great interests over which he is chosen to preside ; and when we reflect that such a principle, if extended to the management of the army, would be considered very little short of insanity, it is difficult to find arguments in justification of so absurd and anomalous a practice. In plain truth, only one explanation can be given. In a popular government like ours, patronage is required to conciliate the electors and the elected, and it is therefore thought necessary to place this in the hands of a firm political ally, rather than in those of some naval officer of high rank, who might sometimes be inclined (like Lord Anson) to prefer the interests of his service and his country to those of his party.

It is true that a certain proportion of professional men have seats at the Board of Admiralty, for the purpose of advising and assisting the First Lord ; but they are too generally selected rather from their political connexion and parliamentary influence, than from any acknowledged professional merit and character, and they are therefore very little disposed towards any exertion which takes them from the House of Commons, or a very comfortable society at the Admiralty.

It is for this reason that we so cordially second the recommendation of the author of the *Observations*, which we have already extracted, with respect to some additional *unpolitical* Lords of the Admiralty, being perfectly convinced that, as long as matters remain on their present footing, the most important naval concerns will be neglected, when-

* Remarks on the Naval Administration of Great Britain since 1815. Ridgway. 1830.

ever their lordships are summoned by the Secretary of the Treasury to their places in the House of Commons.

The brilliant naval administration of Lord Anson, to whose excellent measures and management the extraordinary successes of the British navy, during the seven years' war, are most justly attributable—of Lord Howe, who restored it from its most fallen condition, after the American contest, to great efficiency and discipline, and prepared the way for our subsequent glorious successes by his energy and exertions—and of Lord Barham, who, during his short but triumphant career at the Admiralty, directed all the arrangements which led to the battle of Trafalgar, the capture of four sail of the line by Sir R. Strachan, the interception of Admiral Linois by Sir J. B. Warren, and the destruction of a whole French squadron at St. Domingo, sufficiently prove that, where a careful selection is made, a naval First Lord of the Admiralty is infinitely more to be depended on than any nobleman or gentleman who chances to draw this prize in the lottery of politics; and who, however zealous and conscientious in the performance of his duties, must necessarily depend on others for information, and is too often led into serious and costly errors by incompetent advisers.

It is very remarkable, that during all the excitement and complaints which have been of late so frequently made of the mismanagement of the navy, and for which, as we think, we have fully shewn there exist sufficient grounds, our army conducted on totally different principles, directed entirely by officers of the highest character and most distinguished services, wholly unconnected with party or politics, has been "*pursuing the even tenour of its course*," preserving its discipline, instruction, and efficiency, filling up its ranks again by recruiting, when weakened by detachments sent on foreign service, and, in short, carefully avoiding all those errors into which our naval administration has fallen, under a different system.

This circumstance well deserves serious consideration, and with this remark we conclude the third head of our observations.

We will not fatigue our readers with any lengthened recapitulation of our statements.

The points to which we wish principally to direct their attention are our defective arrangements for home defence, as well as for replacing our old and decaying ships, and also our disregard of all those means by which alone our rising generation of officers can be disciplined and instructed. Some of these evils have, as we have shewn, arisen from an ill-judged and delusive economy, which, like all such short-sighted measures, will probably involve us, ere long, in a much heavier expense; but others appear more attributable to carelessness and negligence, and may therefore be more easily remedied. What we most earnestly deprecate is perseverance in a bad system, and here those members of parliament in both houses who feel a real interest in the subject, may be of the greatest use. Let them, without calling for information which it may be really dangerous or objectionable to produce, move for such returns as may enable them to judge how many months in each year our ships in commission have been at anchor, and where;—what orders or instructions have been issued by the Admiralty, and are now in force, with respect to inspections, or what exercises at sea have taken place, either at home or abroad, and what reports the commanders-in-chief make of the state of discipline of the ships under their command on these occasions.

This cannot be refused, and will have the effect of obliging the Admiralty to adopt a more vigorous and energetic system, and to shake off the apathy and inattention which now appear to oppress them. Returns of the number of large frigates launched since 1830, and of those building, with their state of forwardness, could not well be objected to; and all these inquiries cannot fail to do good, by exciting public attention to the subject, and directing it to those great points on which no parliamentary manoeuvres or mystification ought to avail.

We cannot better terminate this article, than by giving our readers another extract from the pamphlet to which we have already directed their attention.

"We now conclude a series of observations, which a deep sense of their paramount importance to the country as well as to the naval profession, has induced us to offer to our readers. We trust that while, as our bounden duty under these circumstances, we have sup-

pressed no part of the truth, we have succeeded in our intention of expressing our sentiments in becoming and temperate language; that our strong desire to avoid every thing which could give the slightest personal offence will be clearly seen; and that our reluctance to impute unfair blame to our official superiors will be felt and appreciated. Loyalty and obedience should be the motto of those to whom the defence of their country is intrusted; and it is, in truth, to the country itself, much more than to any ministry of any party, that blame is imputable on the present occasion.

"The crown has lost, and the people have acquired, so much power of late years, that any set of men desirous of retaining office, must govern the country pretty much in the way in which it desires to be governed.

"In former times we were duly sensible of the importance of our naval superiority, and prepared to submit to any personal sacrifices which were necessary for the protection of our colonies and our commerce. Our patriotism, constancy, courage, and union, were the admiration of surrounding nations; and after a fearful and desperate struggle, in which this favoured island was almost the only spot in Europe exempted by the blessing of Providence from the ravages of an invading foe, 'England saved herself by her firmness, and Europe by her example.' But now a sad change seems to have come over us; instead of feeling gratitude for our deliverance, and making a manly effort to relieve our posterity from the weight of a debt which might, during twenty-two years of peace, have been materially diminished, we are become restless, dissatisfied, selfish, and disunited, wasting all our energies, and much of our resources, in domestic turmoil and dissension, and in those never-ending scenes of strife which the demon of discord has furnished us with, in the shape of contested elections, registrations, town-councils, church-rates, &c., to the utter exclusion of all those noble, generous, and above all, Christian feelings, by which we were once so pre-eminently distinguished.

"Let us hope, however, that reflection may, before it is too late, convince us of the delusion into which we have fallen, and that the example of Spain and Portugal may not be lost upon us. We have seen these unfortunate countries endeavouring to effect what, in the slang language of the day, was called their political regeneration, by the adoption of liberal principles. We have seen their sovereigns coerced and insulted, some-

times by military revolvers, and sometimes by factious demagogues. We have seen the church stripped of its property, and the nobility of their privileges, and the whole power of the state centring in clubs and revolutionists. And what has been the result?—the increase of religion, civilisation, tranquillity, or national prosperity? Alas, no! Civil war in its most hideous and fearful shape, a whole population corrupted and demoralised, inured to murder, cruelty, and rapine, cities and even provinces plundered and devastated, and local animosities and antipathies so inflamed and exasperated, that the wisest and most paternal government will not be able, during the present generation at least, to extinguish and appease them.

"Will not these melancholy scenes operate as an awful warning to ourselves? Shall we neglect the high and sacred duties of our appointed station amongst the nations of the world, and forget that we have (as far as mortal eyes may be permitted to penetrate into the inscrutable decrees of the Almighty) been hitherto preserved and protected for the special purpose of diffusing the light of the Gospel and the blessings of civilisation throughout the remotest quarters of the globe? But if we swerve from our path, if we 'become weary of well-doing,' and if, infected with the spirit of the times, our colonists carry with them to distant regions the seeds of infidelity, turbulence, and disaffection, may we not fear that, like the Jews of old, our appointed course is run, that we are no longer worthy of the trust formerly reposed in us, and that the destruction of that power, which has hitherto been able to resist the whole world in arms against it, will at last be accomplished by our own hands?

"But we will hope better things of our countrymen; we trust that the follies and delusions which, for some years past, have obscured our political atmosphere, and invested objects of very secondary importance with an unnatural magnitude, may speedily pass away; that our attention may revert with redoubled anxiety to those great sources of our power—our ships, our colonies, and our commerce; never again forgetting that if these are choked by our own negligence, or diverted into other channels by the superior activity of our rivals, the broad and beautiful stream of national prosperity which has hitherto irrigated and fertilised the remotest corners of the empire, will soon be dried up and disappear, its rocky and arid bed alone remaining as a mournful memorial of our departed greatness."

VOYAGING IN HINDOSTAN.

PART I.

SCENES AND SCENERY ON THE GANGES.

IN the distance, the dwindling outline of a spacious city, famous in Indian story, lingeringly receded from my view. As I stood on the beauliah's* deck, each minaret, temple, and chunam† whitened dome, bright as un-sunned snow, contrasted with the dark green foliage, gleamed dazzlingly; and every gilded ball that crowned the summit of each stately structure, beneath the torrid glare, glittered like burnished gold. Amid the neighbouring environs, cresting a mangoe tope,‡ green banners drooped their silken folds over the mausoleums of Mahommedan saints and warriors, signalling the tombs of the mighty dead, with Saracenic high festival. No smoky cloud brooded over that fading city, which seemed to my gaze vanishing in unsullied beauty, "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

The heat and glare of noon was intense, and the thatched chattah§ proved but a sorry shield of defence from the sun's eye, whose withering glance seared as doth a burning-glass. There was an overpowering tepidness and scorching warmth in the stagnant air; and even when a passing breath, "few and far between," rustled past, it felt as if wafted through the yawning cleft of some smouldering volcano, and scorched like the simoom of the desert.

Hamlet's wish to be dissolved into a thaw, in my instance seemed near being realised. Even the mauntee,|| a shrivelled ancient mariner, seared to the bone with the fervour of some fifty summers, and weatherbeaten by the pelting of some hundred monsoons, felt its blighting power. His lips seemed blistered, cracked, and parched; and his bronze-hued cheeks and temples were suffused with a deeper and ruddier tinge, and glowed with a fiery radiance, as oft, bending over the creaking tiller, he unwound a coil of coir rope, and dipped his brazen lota¶ in the sacred flood, and quaffed in hurried gulps the turbid water from

the clear burnished pitcher. Erewhile the guluya,** leaning against the sailless mast, handling a long bamboo pole, alike for sounding, and for staving off the craft from the sandy shoals or bluff jutting headlands, alternately tightens the flaccid folds of his dingy turban, or, wheeling round to every point of the compass, watches wistfully for the tardy breeze. Forward, Carlo, the Spanish pointer, my *fides Achates* in my many wanderings "by field and flood," whimpers plaintively, as in day-visions — perchance he dreams of the chase; or starting up hastily from his broken slumbers, snaps angrily at the buzzing gadflies; and again cowering to a side, and gasping for breath beneath that vertical sun, vainly seeks a sheltering shady spot under the lee of the low bulwark.

The beauliah, sluggish as a tortoise, closely hugging the bank, crawled forward, and beat up against the current. The mauntee and the guluya pulled strenuously with their limber bamboos; while the rest of the crew, harnessed to the long tow-line, tracked steadily over height and hollow. Thus creeping onward, we tardily rounded headland after headland, that trended slantwise into the winding stream. Nevertheless, low wooded promontories and narrow capes still jutted out, seemingly into infinitude; bounding the prospect in the distance, and hemming in the mighty river, that here assumed the semblance of a chain of continuous lakes.

With Venetians wide thrown open to catch each passing breath, leaning carelessly over the narrow window sill, 'twas amusing to scan the glowing aspect of the tropic landscape, and note Asiatic men and manners. In the foreground of this moving panorama, the Indian boatmen, who dragged the beauliah, ranked first and foremost in my estimation, and demanded especial notice. The dandees†† (in name alike,

* Beauliah; small decked passage-boat.

† Tope; a grove of fruit-trees.

|| Mauntee; boatswain.

** Guluya; the mate.

† Chunam; cowrie shell lime.

§ Chattah; umbrella.

¶ Lota; vessel of brass.

†† Dandees; Indian boatmen.

but in persons, oh! how different from the Bond Street loungers, those walking model-blocks of Stultz or Nugee), regardless of the yoke, as they trotted on, "plodding their weary way," shouted forth, in guttural harshness, some merry Hindostanee catch, and again bounded forward with fresh alacrity.

In candour, however, it must be admitted that the Asiatic dandees far surpass their exquisite namesakes in graceful simplicity of dress. Unencumbered with artificial costume — "when unadorned, adorned the most" — the natural tegument does duty for coatee, inexpressibles, and stockings. A voluminous ragged sheet, twisted negligently round the head, thatching the shaven pate with a pyramid of cotton, that serves to shield off the sun, and a scanty rag, with a string encircling the loins, constitute the entire inventory of a dandee's personal wardrobe. No dun of a schneider, with face and bill alike elongated, nor gruff voice of grim bumbailiff, ever frightens him out of his propriety, and makes inevitable an abrupt retreat to the snug sanctuary of Serampore,* that calm haven of rest, where fugitive debtors from "the city of palaces"† "oft do congregate." But even although, at the suit of some cabbaging durzee,‡ a dandee suffered arrest, and was laid up in limbo, little indeed (arguing *a priori*) would the benefit of white-washing avail the swarthy-hued *blackleg*.

While skimming slowly past, glimpses of ever-varying scenery enchained the wrapt attention. Umbrageous woods stretched far inland, in scattered clumps and individual forest-trees, like the ancestral woods of a baronial domain.

Flitting along the flooded narrow nullah, fringed with reeds and over-arching bamboos, the Indian fisherman, in his shallow canoe, freighted with the funny produce of his toil, glided into the interior like a shadow, in the dim sylvan twilight. Propelled by the slanting flood, the beauliah, hauled close along shore, often bumped on the *débris* of the crumbling overhanging banks, which, sapped by the undercurrent and retarded reflux, often burst asunder, and fell into the turbid abyss with a thundering plunge.

The bared foundations of a temple,

a row of broken pillars, with fragments of stuccoed porticos, the dismantled wreck of, what had once been, gigantic trees, with shattered boughs and branches submerged in the flood, and tangled roots poised high in mid air, along with gourd-mantled cottages, bisected in the midst, while the green tendrils dangled from the splintered rafters, marked forcibly the havoc of the periodical deluge after the rainy monsoon.

The beat of drums, clangour of horns, and clamorous din of a multitude of men, resounded from bank to bank; frequent garlands and festoons of flowers drifted down the channel; and on veering round a jutting ledge, I then descried a spacious ghaut, crowded with Hindoos. In celebration of some pagan holyday, every surrounding village, temple, and pathway track, poured forth a living tide of heathen votaries. Far above the Babellike uproar was heard a stunning crash of barbaric music. Men, women, and children, plunged promiscuously into the hallowed waters, vainly believing that they could purify alike their souls and bodies. Faqueers, bedaubed with clay and burnt ordure, howled; lepers, falling to pieces, piecemeal, made supplication in piteous accents; groups of Hindoo mothers immersed their dingy offspring in the shallow water; budding maidens, bending over the river's margin like long-haired mermaids, arranged their black flowing tresses, or burnished their bangles.

Crowds of officiating priests, sanctimonious knaves that had batted to fatness on the rich spoil wrung from their credulous dupes, monotonously muttered their prayers in pharisaical pomp and reiteration, and offered up flowers and propitiatory oblations to the deified Ganges. I marked attentively a youthful Brahmin, distinguished by the poita§ of his office, who, often pausing from the fervour of his invocations to the gods and sacred waters, slyly scanned the voluptuous forms of the unveiled maidens, emerging like water nymphs from their river bath, and gazed unswervingly with unhalloved eye on the receding naiads. Never did tinsured Roman gloat with a more roguish leer "on weeping beauty kneeling at confessional."

* Serampore; a Danish settlement on the Hooghly.

† City of palaces; Calcutta.

‡ A tailor.

§ Poita; Brahminical cord.

Beneath the chunam-whitened portico, contiguous to the ghaut, a knot of nautch-girls,* officially attached thereto, with embroidered tunics and glittering bangles, stood motionless, like an exquisitely chiselled group of Grecian statuary — chaste classic models of *virtus*, although not of *virtue*.

An aged superannuated Brahmin, sleek, pursy, and rotund, as gormandising alderman or pampered abbot, with voluminous jowls and protuberant paunch, a fine specimen of fat contented ignorance, lolled drowsily on the ghaut steps, gazing in holy abstraction on vacancy, regardless of the tumultuous scene below. A couple of white Brahmeny bulls walked leisurely across the piazza. On the roof of the portico, on the dome of the temple, and astride the overarching boughs of an ancient banian-tree, a swarm, "a whole wilderness," of ring-tailed monkeys, chattering and jabbering in the discordant dissonance of "the unknown tongue," were skirmishing indiscriminately, and clutching out of each other's paws clusters of bananas, with all the insatiate avidity of a gang of tatterdemalion jogees,† scrambling for a handful of eight anna pieces.‡

The haughty Mahomedan, as he strode along the strand, and threaded his way through the idolatrous crowd, swaggering past with his crooked scimitar, and gold-embroidered skull-cap, rakishly stuck on, eyed the pagan worshippers with a Moslem's sneer, and with a Moslem's hate.

Gladly I found myself receding from the precincts of this unhallowed temple and its votaries: the heathenish din and uproar, becoming fainter and fainter, slowly died away. Another headland was doubled; and the boatmen, plunging into a flooded nullah,§ waded through, shoulder deep, reckless of alligators or treacherous quicksands. On regaining the further bank, the dandees, slyly forking out of a patch of garden ground some half dozen cucumbers, wound round the rear of a hamlet, and jogged on at a quicker pace. In the dandees' vocabulary, *meum* and *tuum* are merely and strictly synonymous terms; for, alas, as yet the schoolmaster, *par excellence*, in his march of intellect, with his *Penny Magazine* and proud peaked-

up nose, had not been abroad, to lay down a code of morality.

After beating up some half koss or so against a strong current, the embouchure of a tributary river opposed a barrier to further tracking. On reaching the disemboguing point, at the maungee's signal the boatmen, who, in their amphibious nature, assimilate more to otters than to any thing else bearing the semblance of humanity, plunged into the turbid flood, at a few strokes reached the beauliah, already beginning to drift down with the current, and scrambling on board, drenched and dripping, shook off the moisture from their tawny hides like so many water-spaniels. A Babellike uproar now broke in upon the quiescence hitherto on board, and the Indians jabbered vociferously in their outlandish jargon; for, like the Portuguese sailors, the Asiatic mariners "give mouth" invariably on all the emergencies of navigation.

The dandees, handling their sweeps briskly, made the beauliah creak and stagger tremulously to its very inmost timber. Gallantly the craft breasted the current, and shot slantingly into mid channel; nevertheless, maugre every gigantic effort, the strength of the rapids imperceptibly swept us lower and lower. Some distant white sails gleamed along the crest of the horizon. Divers porpoises fitfully rolled over their unwieldy bulk, with frequent rotatory plunges, giving favourable augury of a rising breeze. Hovering over the shoal water on the margin of a sand-bank, a flock of aquatic birds, a species of sea-mew, oft darted down glancingly, on a shoal of small fry, with shrill screams.

At length our bark, after edging away to a side, bore up for the further bank, abreast of a hamlet, overshadowed by colossal peepul-trees; and on hauling again along shore, within soundings, the sweeps were relinquished; and forthwith the boatmen, bundling over the bulwarks with tow-tackling in hand, with the facility of water-rats, swam to land, and towing the beauliah alongside the beach, moored it to the bank, until they had recruited, after their arduous exertions in ferrying across, by bolting hastily some pro-

* Nautch girls; dancing girls.

‡ Eight anna pieces; coins of silver.

† Jogees; mendicants.

§ Nullah; a water-course.

vender, and smoking the indispensable goorgooree.*

The village abreast of us was tenanted by guowallahs.† Gourds and parasite-creepers, in impervious interlacement, twined about the thatched roofs and clay-built walls of the cottages. At the rude-fashioned ghaut, whose steps were cut out of the clayey bank, a group of naked dingy urchins were gambolling and dabbling in the water; and a young Indian maid, whose chuddur,‡ coquetishly arranged, was not of the most spotless hue and whiteness, dipped her Kedguree water-pitcher in the turbid stream, regardless of the coarse jibes of the boatmen. Balancing gracefully the antique-shaped vessel, replenished with its liquid freight, and arranging her chuddur with the grace of a Spanish coquette manœuvring with her mantilla, she slowly glided away, noiseless as a spectre, if it had not been for the occasional clank and jangle of her bangles, while the broad round ring dangling from her nostrils vibrated like a pendulum, to and fro, at every step.

A herd of cattle were browsing on the russet-hued, close-cropped bank; and a solitary minah§ had perched itself, unmolested, on the flank of a buffalo bull, distinguished from the rest by a little bell, which, swinging from the neck, tinkled as he grazed. Bearing in his hand a blackened earthen pitcher, a stalwart herdsman, with his black blanket wrapped about him—employed alike for warding off the deluges of the rainy monsoons and the sun's ardour, somewhat upon the same principle that prompts the Spaniard to wear his voluminous dark cloak in the dog-days—lounged leisurely near one of the doorways of the hamlet, which was clustered together like a Caffre kraal.

While the boatmen hurriedly crunched their scanty feed of parched grain, "poor grist for such mills," a mere meagre shadow, in the shape of a leper boy, who scarce bore the impress and stamp of humanity, crawled, with a feeble tottering gait, along the bank, and, with supplicating gestures and unequivocal signs, begged for succour, impassionately, though silently.

Hard is the fate of the lazar, abandoned by his kindred, thrust forth to prowl at large, and pick up a precarious morsel, in a hideous, unholy alliance with obscene beasts and birds of prey, revelling on the rotting bodies of the unburied dead; shunned by his fellow-men, pointed at by the finger of scorn, wasted by pinching poverty and desperate famine, and bleached by the winds, no friendly shelter shields him from summer's drought or tropic rains, no home gladdens the heart-broken, houseless outcast. While an unquenchable fire riots in his veins, and the purple current of life therein burns and scorches like the lava flood, he stalks over the breadth of the land a living volcano, smouldering continually, yet not consumed. Doomed to "finish his journey alone," no companion's helping hand is stretched forth to succour or to soothe. For him, no pitying eye glistens with the tear of sorrow, no compassionate heart throbs in response to his soul's sadness, no sympathising ear listens to his tale of grief, agony, and despair; while a mortal malady, like an insatiate vulture, preys unceasingly on his corroding vitals.

The leper-boy, hideously shrunken, marred with festering sores, sighed tremulously, and moaned piteously, like a child. A strange unearthly lustre lightened up his glittering eyes, which, shrunken deep within their sockets, glimmered like two glowworms, sparkling in the cavernous orbits of a skull. The moulting hair had fallen off in patches, and the elongated finger-nails were curved like the hooked talons of a bird of prey. His limbs were frightfully diminished in bulk and volume, and through a lacerated chasm in the mouldering flesh the thigh-bone glistened blue and white. 'Twas marvellous, as he tottered forward, that the legs did not snap asunder, so brittle, so rotten, did they seem. You would have fancied that you could discern the daylight gleaming through the shrivelled trunk of this living mummy. The leper, holding up his skeleton-like hands, and pointing upwards, mumbled unintelligibly, swayed his arms backwards and forwards, stooped down, and threw up into the air minute jets of sand. Anon he passed hastily his

* Goorgooree; a rude-fashioned hookah.

† Guowallahs; herdsman.

‡ Chuddur; a sheet.

§ Minah; a bird about the size of a thrush.

long, skinny hand across his eyes and forehead; perchance he wept. Vain surmise. No; for years no moisture had dimmed these fiery orbs. The fountains of tears, which at the first onset and whirlwind of grief might have overflowed unceasingly, were now for ever dried up, and arid as the sand-choked wells of the parched desert. Thenceforward, even for ever, they had become "broken and empty cisterns, that can hold no water."

The maugee, scornfully repelling the importunate leper's nearer advance,

disdainfully spurned him back with his foot, and chucked to a distance a half handful of parched grain. An idiotic, unmeaning smile faintly lighted up the wan, ghastly features of the lazar. Salooming to the dust before his benefactor, he eagerly crawled to a side, and ravenously pecked up the scattered grain like a famished bird.

Having discussed their feed of pulse, the dandeeds, starting up from the village ghaut, resumed their posts at the tow-line, and again briskly trotted forward.

PART II.

THE CHASE OF THE MUHAJUN.*

Light airs, nautically termed "cats' paws," began to ruffle the slumbering waters. Presently the breeze freshened steadily; whereupon the Indian mariners, hailing its advent as the glad harbinger of succour from their arduous avocation, ceased further tracking, vaulted merrily into the beauliah, and made hurried preparations to hoist sail, with vehement gesticulations. The craft bumped against the crumbling sand-bank; and the dandeeds, vociferating hoarsely, manned the deck to hoist away.

"Eksūng hio!† Burra jor hio!"‡ shouted forth our jovial crew; and lo! the bellying canvass wooed the breeze. The bark, veering away from the land, and partially swinging round, for a time made no headway; but, balanced motionless, it vibrated on the rippling current like a falcon poised in mid-air before its arrowy swoop. At this juncture, the dandeeds, aided with their sweeps, and the beauliah gradually acquiring more headway, gallantly bounded over the upheaving swell, and ploughed merrily our watery way.

The breeze blew dead aft, and wafted us swiftly onward; the busy haunts of men and the "maddening crowd" were left far behind. Methought, as the free breath of heaven rustled past, that I breathed in a purer and more ethereal atmosphere, the further I receded from unhallowed fanes, idolatrous votaries, and ghastly lepers, with all their tainted pollutions.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore;

* * * *

I love not man the less, but nature more."

Dark masses of jungle—wild untrodden wastes—extended for many a league along the windings of the river. Inland, eternal forests towered aloft in savage grandeur, through whose sombre, overarched solitudes and green depths, the Indian huntsman's halloo had never startled the wild deer. Parallel with the distant rugged banks, low, swampy mud-bars jutted out into the current, forming marshy deltas, covered with tall, withered reeds and sedge-brakes. Numerous buffaloes, lurking among the slimy rushes, wallowing in the mire like a herd of swine, grunted and bellowed, as the intruding bark rustled past, rousing them from their oozy lairs. The startled crane, rising heavily on the wing, soared away majestically; and the wandering note of the bittern boomed fitfully from its fenny haunt. Tardily we threaded our course through an archipelago of mud-banks. The lulling ripple of the waters and monotonous, drowsy call of the guluya, sounding with his bamboo, broke softly on the hushed loneliness of the wilderness. Prowling along the beach, a brace of lank paria dogs trotted abreast of a floating corpse, oft pausing in their course with protruded muzzles and expanded nostrils, snuffing

* Muhajun; an Indian merchant: one of a class of men who combine banking with their other mercantile speculations, who often accumulate great wealth, and affect some state on occasions.

† Eksūng hio; all together, Yo!

‡ Burra jor hio; with great force, Yo!

up the tainted air, while they eyed steadfastly the macerating carrion, green, livid, and bloated, like an inflated goat's skin. Standing on, the beauliah rounded the uttermost shoal, and, nearing the main land, dodged along shore. On a sandy reef, half an arrow's flight off, a gaunt, wild paria dog, of a reddish brown tinge of hair, fierce and savage in aspect as an untameable hyena, was holding high carnival, as he gorged himself with the flesh of another dismembered corpse just drifted ashore. The wild dog, besmeared with slime and gore, and gloating over the dead with dilated eye-balls, peeled off the flesh from the skull, and scalped it, with the ready adroitness of a North American Indian with his tomahawk. To behold God's image thus ruthlessly marred and remain any longer neutral and quiescent, was beyond endurance. Hastily snatching a double-barrelled fowling-piece, as the beauliah's broadside swung round partially with the eddy, I raked the paria's spine with a volley of slugs. As the blood trickled down his riddled flanks, the wild dog sharply wheeling round, gnashed his teeth in rage, and, yelling frantically, howled a farewell curse.

"Khuburdar!"* shouted out the maunjee, who, from his elevated position on the raised deck, descried some lurking hazard; "khuburdar!" Scarce had the maunjee's warning voice been heard, when, whew! crash went the beauliah, with a heavy bump, upon a hidden shoal, jerking me, with the abruptness of a projectile propelled from a catapult, against the lee Venetians, capsizing table and chairs, and shivering to splinters a choice bottle of châteaueau margaux, along with a jar of China preserves, and with all the other appurtenances of my scanty desert. "Wah, wah!" softly whispered forth the dandees, "it is run aground." Instead of "astonishing the natives," the whole affair seemed to be viewed with imperturbable coolness, as a matter of not the least import. At length, after somewhat more stir, and divers murmurs, the boatmen, leaping over the bulwarks into shoal water, essayed to shove the beauliah off the treacherous bar;

but the craft appeared riveted to its new birth unswervingly, and bid defiance to all the back and shoulder shoving of the dandees. Every argument *à posteriori* was fruitless. All the collective force of their *rear guards* that could be brought to bear as a purchase proved unavailing. After very many ineffectual struggles to launch once more the firm-rooted keelless bark, the panting crew, seeing the futility of every effort, desisted from further exertion, and, in desperate haste, handed from mouth to mouth the consolatory goorgoorée, and, taking a flying whiff, kept up a running fire, or well-sustained *feu de joie* of puffs. If the dandees could have willed it so, unquestionably the whole affair would thus have terminated in smoke; but, as circumstances stood, there seemed a prospect of the beauliah retaining its sandy bed until the freshes of the next rainy monsoon. In the very midst of this self-same, vexatious delay, while standing on the poop, "like Patience on a monument," the flotilla of an Indian muhajun, that had been dodging in our wake since daybreak, wafted by the glorious breeze, swept swiftly alongside successively, in a long straggling line. The headmost budjerow,† manned by an unusual complement of dandees, carried the proud muhajun, who reclined luxuriously on deck, cross-legged, on embroidered cushions. As he haughtily casteasual glances towards my grounded beauliah, methought (perchance 'twas fancy) I could discern a scornful sneer, and supercilious twitch of his upper lip. A couple of richly attired menials, with gorgeous turbans and cummerbunds,‡ stood behind the muhajun with folded hands; while a crooked dwarf whisked away the insects with a white chowry,§ and a fourth attendant shaded his precious head with a red chattah,|| whose enormous breadth more resembled the dome of a temple than a portable umbrella. The muhajun's maunjee, under the sheltering shadow of the great Hindoo, slyly mocked, with insulting gestures and grimace, my floundering crew, who again had resumed their struggles. "Sneer on, oily ghee¶ swelling muha-

* Khuburdar; take care.

† Budjerow; large-decked passage-boat.

‡ Cummerbunds; waist-cloths. § Chowrie; tail of Thibet cow. || Chattah; umbrella.

¶ Ghee; clarified butter, some three or four pints of which are gulped down daily by "gorbellied knaves," in the shape of Calcutta baboos, or Hindoo gentlemen, with the greatest gusto!

jun," I muttered, between my set teeth; "Sneer on. Hast thou conquered Roman? Grin on, thou baboon-faced maungee; villain is written on every lineament of thy ugly, hideous visage, as legibly as that red pagan mark that streaks thy shelving forehead. 'Let them laugh who win.'"

"Sa-rhe teen háth!"* bawled out the budjerow's guluya, provokingly loud, as if in mockery, while he sounded with his bamboo pole, only some eight paces off. Verily, that same tantalising cry, at such a time, and under such untoward circumstances, grated harshly on my tingling ears. Thoroughly nettled and chagrined, I bit my lips in silent rage. Carlo seemed to participate in my wrathful feelings, and growled savagely. Had I been within arm's length at that moment, I could have cracked the bawling blackleg's shaven seonce with the greatest pleasure in life. My cool serenity was fast ebbing away, and my cheeks began to glow with hot, angry flushes. Compassionate reader, hast ever been beleed and pilloried in such an awkward predicament? Commiserate me, then, Prometheuslike, chained to a rock,—no, not to a rock exactly, but to a beauliah,—riveted as fast as a rock.

"Sa-rhe teen háth!" once more shouted forth the guluya from the receding budjerow; and the unheeding muhajun, upon the system of "non-intervention,"† left me to my fate. Ha! Hush! there was suddenly a sound of minstrelsy; the tinkling tones of the vina,‡ blended with the rustle of the winds, softly floated along the water. A second budjerow, with snow-bright sails, swept nearer and nearer. Several ayahs§ and slave-girls ran playfully to and fro, and eyed furtively the white voyager. The Venetians were wide thrown open, and through the trellised chicks|| I fancied I could detect bright eyes glancing. The minstrelsy ceased, and the fairy craft, like a summer's cloud, passed away. Presently, two other heavy budjerows of the fleet, with closed

Venetians, sailed by; while several smaller craft, stealing through the shallow, lagged behind.

"Once more into the breach!" Again the dandees strained every nerve in the work of emancipation,—toiling, twisting, and writhing backwards and forwards. Huzza! the beauliah grated on the sand, veered to a side, swung round as on a pivot, and was launched once more into deep water—the dandees clinging to its sides like limpets to a rock, yelling triumphantly.

Although considerably mollified, nevertheless, I felt enraged at the lubberly, unseamanlike manœuvring of all hands on board. "Ha! maungee," said I, jeeringly, "doubtless you would make a clever admiral. A canoe is the only craft you are fit to steer. Why, the dandees you have picked up at a venture must be some outcast pariah¶ coolies, at one rupee per month. Hoist every rag, fore and aft, you haremzadeh!§§ Look ye here, maungee; I promise you a reward of five rupees, and buckshees,†† besides, to your crew, provided you beat the muhajun's budjerow by half a bamboo's length."

"Khodabund!"‡‡ said the wily maungee, crossing his hands fawningly. "Khodabund; the budjerow's sails are much larger than the beauliah's."

"Never mind," was my reply; and whispering to my surdar bearer,§§ the latter dived down to the cabin, and speedily re-appeared with the needful. "Look here, maungee," said I, telling out, at the same time, from a small canvass-bag, the stipulated coin. "The buckshees is yours when you beat that muhajun by half a bamboo's length; if you don't try, why, should you get your deserts, you deserve to be beaten by a whole bamboo's length." The maungee spoke not, but "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." The clinking and glittering of the hard cash had a talismanic influence. The confusion and uproar on deck became as great as the tumult on board a Chinese junk in a typhoon. Every eye glistened with delight, in expectation of buckshees.

* Sa-rhe teen háth; three arms' lengths and a-half.

† The system pursued in India by an ex-governor-general.

‡ Vina; stringed instrument. § Ayahs; Asiatic abigails (i. e. ladies' attendants).

|| Chicks; screens.

¶ Haremzadeh; savage.

‡‡ Khodabund; a title of respect.

†† Buckshees; a present.

§§ Surdar bearer; head valet.

As for the maungee himself, he appeared "as busy as the devil in a gale of wind," as the nauticals have it.

My "Yeo heave O!" was commingled with the "Eksüng hio, burra jor hio!" of the excited natives. Every old rotten rag of a sail under hatches was thoroughly overhauled. Presently, the sweeps were strenuously manned, until the requisite steerage-way was regained; and the beauliah leaning over, and fluttering her expansive canvass wings, darted away with the velocity of a balloon newly unshipped from its fastenings.

After a run of some two koss, evidently we gained upon the muhajun's fleet, which, at the onset of the chase, was seen hull down from the beauliah's deck. The maungee steered steadily, in an unswerving, undeviating course; while, on the contrary, the pursued flotilla yawed repeatedly from side to side; and, furthermore, gave each sandy promontory a wide berth: whereas, with a reckless daring inseparable from a steeple-chase, we burst through rustling sedge-brakes, grated unscathed on hidden shoals, and boldly shot past each narrow cape, often brushing against their crumbling sides. As we neared the budgerows, the Hon. Company's ensign was run up to the mast-head, and the meteor flag that had waved triumphantly over many an Indian battle-field flaunted redly in the breeze. After carrying on another half koss or so, the beauliah became be-

leed and becalmed under a steep headland. In their eagerness, the Indians expanded their chuddurs* on the raised deck aft, to catch each passing breath. Presently, the promontory was doubled, the wind freshened; and, scudding merrily on our course, we bore up for the Hindoo armada. Silently we swept past two lagging barks, and ran close alongside of the budgerow, with the zenāna.† On the weather side, through the open Venetian window, I caught a passing glimpse of a young Indian houri, who, startled at our abrupt and unexpected advent, hurriedly drew back. A trellised chick, by some invisible agency slowly unrolling, at once threw a veil of mystery over the zenāna, that seventh heaven of your Asiatic voluptuary, and, like some envious cloud, screened from eyes, vulgar or profane, the aforementioned "maid of Paradise."

The trim little beauliah, rattling ahead, and closing with the muhajun's great lumbering hulk, shot alongside with the weather-gage in our favour, and partially took the wind out of his sails. As lingeringly we passed by, chucking the promised buckshees to my salaaming noble commodore, and tossing some stray rupees among the scrambling, joyous crew, while the budjerow's chop-fallen maungee "looked unutterable things," in my turn I smiled exultingly. The poor runaground Feringee‡ had triumphed.

* Chuddurs; sheets.

‡ Feringee; an European.

† Zenana; the apartment of the women.

TREASON WITHIN THE CHURCH.

No. III.

HAVING given our testimony, and discharged our consciences, in the matter of the revival of Popery, now endeavoured at Oxford, it was not our intention to have returned to the subject. But the discussion is renewed from the other side. Our readers will have seen a tract, which some persons have been at the trouble and expense of compiling and printing, and which was stitched up with the last number of this and many other magazines, entitled, *Extracts from the "Tracts for the Times," and other Publications, shewing that to oppose ultra-Protestantism is not to favour Popery.* It is sufficiently obvious that the chief purport and object of this tract is, to remove the impression produced by our late notices of the subject. We are not very apprehensive that those who have read with any consideration our remarks, will have their minds much disturbed by this reply; but, as many may have only glanced in a cursory way at the question, it seems worth while to give a very few minutes to the disentangling the confused knot of contradictions which this counter-statement has woven. Our explanation shall be very brief; and we trust it will also be sufficiently clear.

And first, let us rectify the title of the said tract. It professes to "shew that to oppose *ultra-Protestantism* is not to favour Popery."

But this sort of manœuvre cannot for a moment be permitted. To change the terms of a proposition while in the middle of a controversy, might agree with the morals and reasonings of Jesuits, but certainly will not be tolerated among honest and fair-dealing men.

The use of nicknames, the calling things "*ultra*," and the like, is always a mean and unworthy way of conducting an argument. But, in the present instance, it is worse. An open and vehement attack had been made upon "*Protestantism*"—upon "*the Reformation*;" and when that attack is steadily and earnestly repelled, the attacking parties would fain defend themselves by saying, that "to oppose *ultra-Protestantism*, is not to favour Popery."

Mr. Froude had not stooped to this device—he had frankly avowed his detestation of *Protestantism* itself. His words are: "Really I hate the *Reformation* and the Reformers more and more" (p. 389). "That *odious Protestantism* sticks in people's gizzards" (p. 322). "I have been reading a good deal about the *Reformation*, it is *shocking* indeed" (p. 325). "As to the *Reformers*, I think worse and worse of them" (p. 379). "I am more and more indignant at the *Protestant doctrine* on the eucharist" (p. 391). "The meagreness of *Protestantism*" (p. 425). "I wonder H—— does not get to hate the *Reformers* faster" (p. 434).

A multitude of similar passages might be given; but enough has been quoted to shew that in Mr. Froude's *Remains*, edited by Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble, and praised by them for "*the truth and extreme importance*" of the views contained, it is not *ultra-Protestantism*, but *Protestantism*, the *Reformation*, and the *Reformers*, against whom the attack is levelled.

The title of the tract before us, then, must be rectified. It must stand thus: "Extracts from the '*Tracts for the Times*,' shewing that to oppose *Protestantism* is not to favour Popery."

Whether the absurdity of such an attempt is not too obvious to require proof, we shall leave to our readers to determine. Every reflecting and observant man must be well aware that the most fearful among the signs of the times is the rapid advance of Popery. To choose this moment, then, for a series of attacks on Protestantism, and to argue that this "*is not to favour Popery*," is a sort of proceeding, the folly or the dishonesty of which is too apparent to need a single remark.

But let us open the tract itself, and consider its contents. These, however, will not detain us long; for any thing more immaterial or irrelevant to the question at issue cannot well be imagined.

The charge brought against a certain set of writers in the *Tracts for the Times*, *The British Magazine*, *Froude's Remains*, and other works, was this—that they were disparaging and writing

down Protestantism, and advocating a moderated sort of Popery. Nobody ever thought, nobody ever said, that they were ready to embrace the Italian apostasy *entire and unaltered*, without a single modification or amendment. In fact, it would have been absurd to have alleged such a charge; for had these persons been prepared to embrace Popery in the lump, what prevented them from doing so?

The allegation was, that they were substantially, and in all the leading points, at one with Popery, and opposed to the doctrines of the Reformation. And this charge was proved by a multitude of passages from their own published writings. How is this charge met? By shewing that the quotations were false; or that they were unfairly made; or that they proved no such bias as was sought to be shewn by them? Nothing of the kind is even attempted; but instead of this, we are treated with a fresh selection of "extracts," shewing that these same writers have, in other passages, found fault with many things in the Romish church.

Now, when we have admitted all this—for we certainly shall not take the trouble to deny it—what is the amount of the whole proof? Just nothing, absolutely nothing, to the only question at issue.

For where would be the difficulty of selecting a whole volume of similar passages, from the writings of men who still lived and died Romanists? What man of intellect and real religion among the Papists did not, at some time or other, give vent to his dissatisfaction with many things which he saw around him? And yet, in spite of all this, he chose still to continue a member of that apostate and idolatrous church!

The tract before us, then, shews that the editors of *Froude's Remains*, and of the *Tracts for the Times*, were conscious of faults and pollutions in the Church of Rome, and sometimes wrote strongly against these faults and pollutions. But it does not alter the fact, which we have in Mr. Froude's own Diary, that in spite of this sense of the evils existing in the Italian churches, he himself, with a friend, "got introduced to a man of some influence at Rome, to find out whether they would take us in, on any terms to which we could twist our consciences."

True, the negotiation failed; but we have Mr. Froude's own explanation of

the real cause of that failure. It was not any difficulty felt by him as to transubstantiation, purgatory, image-worship, or any other of the papal abominations; but simply and solely this—that he could not bring himself to reckon his own mother among the "accursed." He says: "No one can join the Church of Rome, while it retains its anathemas. *Only think what it comes to, as regards friends departed.*" This, then, was the difficulty, and, if we are to take Mr. Froude's own account, the only insuperable difficulty, in the way of his joining the Romish Church. He says, in another place: "*If the Roman Catholics would revoke their anathemas*, we might reckon all the points of difference as theological opinions."

This being the case, of what use is it to offer us passages from Mr. Froude's *Remains*, to shew that he was shocked at the profaneness and laxity which he saw among the Romanists on the Continent? It was never said, or thought, that Mr. F. and his friends were ready to take up with Continental Popery, with its immoralities, its carnivals, and its lurking atheism. What was said was merely this: That he and his friends concealed not their preference for the theology of Rome, over the doctrines of the Reformation. And this fact is abundantly clear throughout his *Remains*.

This collection of extracts, then, which constitutes the tract now before us, requires no lengthened consideration at our hands. It in no way alters the state of the case. We had shewn grounds for charging a tendency to Popery on the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*. Those grounds remain unassailed. All that is done is to produce a counter array of extracts, which seem to bear in a contrary direction. This may shew either that the writers in question do not quite know what they themselves mean; or that they "palter with us in a double sense;" or that they are wavering and inconsistent in their views. But when it has been clearly shewn that a man has deliberately preferred Popery to Protestantism, not in one, but in a dozen passages in his writings,—it is no answer to the charge to shew that in other places he has found some fault with Popery.

This is all that need be said with reference to these "Extracts." We

shall merely advert, in conclusion, to two or three other circumstances, which shew, with more certainty than any "extracts" can, that with these writers, "to oppose Protestantism is to favour Popery."

1. Within the last three or four months, a proposition has been made to erect a church in Oxford to the memory of those three of the "Noble Army of Martyrs," who perished in that city, by the hands of the Church of Rome, in the days of Mary. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, are names often quoted with great affectation of respect, when it suits the purpose, in the *Tracts for the Times*. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned to death in the streets of Oxford, for their firm adherence to "the faith once delivered to the saints." In these days of monuments and new churches, what more natural than the idea of raising a monumental church in Oxford to the memory of these three Christian heroes? But the proposition is met with a decided opposition! From whom does this opposition proceed? From the Romish priests, and from the authors of the *Tracts for the Times*!

2. A Romish priest, whose brother lately died in the Isle of Wight, made use of the widow as an instrument of attack on the Church of England. By his suggestions the poor woman was induced to erect a tombstone with a popish inscription:

"PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF JOSEPH WOOLFREY."

"It is a wholesome and pious thought to pray for the dead."—2 Macc. xii.

The incumbent of the parish took means to remove this superstitious inscription. Proceedings in Doctors' Commons were commenced, and the widow's cause was defended by the *Roman Catholic Institute* of London.

Owing to some informality in the proceedings, and to no little confusion in the judge's intellect, the incumbent was defeated, and the tombstone remains. Great delight, of course, pervaded the whole body of Papists; but not less another body. In the *Morning Post* there instantly appeared an epistle of congratulation from an "M.A. of *Oriel College, Oxford*," expressive of the greatest satisfaction at the decision. Here was a second proof of the want of sympathy with Protestants, and of an entire unity of feeling with Papists, on the part of these Oxford divines.

3. Take the following specimen of the style of thought and writing in which they are accustomed to indulge. It is found in the *British Magazine* of April, 1837.

"Are the Roman Catholics of Ireland members of a Christian church? Are their clergy as truly bishops, priests, and deacons of the church of Christ, as we are? Intruders and schismatics though they be, recognised neither in law nor equity; slaves and emissaries of a foreign usurpation, degrading the minds of their 'subjects' with superstition and idolatry; standing between them and civilization, education, and truth; are not they and their people part and parcel of the church of Christ, as truly as we are?—and do not we and they (shudder at it as we may) compose, in the sight of God and his angels, the *Church of Ireland*? And was there ever exhibited such a spectacle since the foundations of the church were laid? In every city, two bishops; in every parish, two priests; without one single interchange of Christian communion; regarding each other with feelings of irreconcilable animosity. How is such a state of things to end, but in total atheism? Unless God interpose, I do believe it will end, it can end, in nothing short of it.

Meantime, who that loves Christ and his church in this wretched and tormented country, would not rejoice with unutterable joy if the Romish clergy of Ireland could be induced to retrace their steps, and, renouncing the novel yoke of foreign tyranny and exaction, renouncing a subjection which debases their morals as men and as clergymen, would cast off, by an honest and *bona fide* reformation, all that is really *anti-scriptural* in their doctrine and worship,—all that is really incompatible with sound and healthy, primitive and catholic, Christianity? Surely, if they could be persuaded to make such a reformation as this, the existence of two rival churches need continue no longer. Some arrangement might be made, and the surviving bishop and priest might be put in possession of the undivided diocese and parish. Unless some such event be brought about by an internal reformation of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, I see no possible termination to our unnatural and disgusting disunion but universal anarchy and atheism."

"Do not we and they [the Irish clergy and the Popish priests] compose, in the sight of God and his angels, the *Church of Ireland*?" To this monstrous imagining, this extravagant

chimera, we answer most distinctly, NO! The ministers of Christ and the priests of Antichrist no more form one body, of which Christ is the head, than the Holy Spirit and the Infernal Spirit constitute one God.

The supposition is equally absurd and appalling, whether we take a superficial or a scrutinizing, a worldly or a spiritual view. Considered merely with the eye of sense, the Romish priests of Ireland are seen in the character which this writer himself delineates, as "slaves and emissaries of a foreign usurpation, degrading the minds of their 'subjects' with superstition and idolatry; standing between them and civilization, education, and truth." Or, as he says in another part of his letter, "the Roman priesthood have let loose all the restraints of morality, and are the tyrants of the poor, the demagogues and agitators of their bleeding country. They have goaded on their ignorant and lawless slaves to such a state of violence, that no one will now insure the life of an Irish Protestant clergyman." This description is notoriously accurate; and, consequently, nothing can be more directly in opposition to a merely external view of the case, than to consider these ministers of insubordination, rebellion, and murder, as "forming part of the Church of Christ."

But it is said, that if we take a truer and a deeper view, we shall find that, "in the sight of God and his angels," these very pests and emissaries of Satan do form, "with the clergy of the Establishment, the Church of Ireland."

It will be conceded, we suppose, that the only way by which we can possibly tell how these men are regarded "in the sight of God," is, by consulting His own word. The writer in the *British Magazine* has no special revelation,—the priests themselves have no divine credentials to shew; so that it is impossible for us to know any thing of the mind of God in this matter, except by the study of his own Scriptures.

Now the Scriptures, instead of describing the Church of Rome as constituting a part of the church of Christ, give us a totally different view of the whole case.

St. Paul tells us that between the apostolic times, and "the day of the

Lord," there should come "a falling away," in which "the man of sin, the son of perdition," "the wicked one," "should be revealed;" and in describing this Antichrist, he identifies the pope in the most explicit and unequivocal manner. "*He exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.*"—(2 Thess. ii. 4.) Any other fulfilment of this than in the person of "our Lord God the Pope," as he has been called by his own creatures, has never yet been seen. In and by him it is fulfilled to the very letter. The pope is annually exalted on the high altar of St. Peter's, and there receives divine adoration.

But St. John completes this testimony; describing, not the pope individually, but the apostate and adulterous Church of Rome, he tells us that her name, "in the sight of God and his angels," is, "*BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.*" And he adds, "*I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.*" The writer in the *British Magazine* sees her drinking the blood of the martyred clergy of Ireland, and he longs, nevertheless, to embrace her in the closest union! But St. John tells us that there shall be no union with her, except in perdition. "*She shall be utterly burned with fire, for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.*" "*And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.*"

Such are the declarations of Scripture concerning Rome; the only evidence we can possibly have, as to how she is viewed "in the sight of God and his angels." Yet it is in the face of these that the writers in the *Tracts for the Times* and the *British Magazine* persevere in their wishes and their plans for a reunion with Rome. To discountenance such schemes, they call "ultra-Protestantism; and, to make the whole scheme of delusion (we hope of self-delusion) complete, they compile tracts like that on which we have now been animadverting, to prove to us that, in all these doings, they are "not favouring POPERY!"

EPAMINONDAS GRUBB, or FENIMORE COOPER, *versus* THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THIS is, of its kind, a remarkable article, and should not be suffered to drift away unobserved on that foul current of republican abuse and calumny to which it belongs. It is worth while to catch hold of the vile thing—pulling it forth with a pitchfork—and exposing the intricate texture of its black web;—the materials being spite, envy, hatred of order, and of all deservedly exalted characters; hatred, too, of the best efforts of successful genius; and the whole production brought out for effect, under a pretended zeal for “principle.”

This precious critique, as the author instructs us to believe, has been written from stern dictates of duty; and his *conscience* would not have allowed him to rest unless he had promulgated it to the world. “We think it time,” says he, “that the voice of Truth should be heard in this matter; that these old and venerable principles, which have been transmitted to us from God himself, should be fearlessly applied!” For our own parts, though we understand well enough what the word principle means, when *correctly* interpreted, yet, at the outset, we are somewhat puzzled by these epithets, “old and venerable.” A venerable eternity would sound rather strange, but not more so in our estimation than an old and venerable principle. However, so much is quite clear; the *plan* of our transatlantic moralist is the “fearless application of principles,” and the immediate *object* of his exertions, as will soon be apparent, is to shew, that Sir Walter Scott had trampled on *all* principles, being most pertinaciously addicted to “fraud, falsehood, avarice, selfishness, treachery, low cunning, abject meanness,” and other such propensities, which are to be discovered often enough in the world, but of which, according to our author, Sir Walter’s character was pre-eminently, if not exclusively, made up!

Such is the plan, and such the drift, of this exquisite American *brochure*. But notwithstanding the grave dignity of the introduction, there is not so much of novelty in the performances of a paltry insect trying his best (or worst) to undermine an oak-tree, as to have induced us to notice the article, had we not been confidently assured that it comes from the pen of Mr. John Fenimore Cooper, author of the *Last of the Mohicans*, the *Spy*, and numberless other works, for whom (as well as for Sir E. L. Bulwer, and other *indefatigables*), we are bound to entertain all due respect. And if Mr. Cooper be in reality the writer of the critique before us, the sentiments of an individual so much distinguished, especially when he appeals to “old and venerable principles,” are, questionless, entitled to consideration; at all events, should not be passed over in utter silence.

But for our own part, we avow at the outset, that we have some reason to believe this paper is not the production of the “great American novelist,” but has emanated from the pen of Mr. Epaminondas Grubb of Massachusetts, a genius whom, by singular chance, we recollect to have seen in London several years ago, when it was still the practice of certain publishers to give large sums for the copyright of novels, even when execrably bad. He came into the market with a huge three-volume MS., of his own composition, for which he modestly demanded fifteen hundred pounds. And we can recollect it was Grubb’s decided opinion, even at that period, that Sir Walter Scott had been ridiculously overrated. He thought, moreover, that the inhabitants of this country were poor, paltry, ignorant beings, compared with those of Massachusetts; lastly, we are sure that Grubb did also talk about “old and venerable principles.”

* The malevolent and abusive article, on which we have here animadverted, appeared in “The Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine,” for October 1838. But, with laudable impartiality, the proprietors of that journal have, in their number for December last, published a “Reply to Cooper’s Attack on Scott;” which, however, did not fall in our way, till after our own remarks had been for some time in type. As Mr. Cooper’s countrymen and the editor of the “Knickerbocker” (who should know best) have fixed on that eminent romance-writer the paternity of the attack, we owe an apology to our old acquaintance, Epaminondas, for having so freely indicated our belief that he, more probably, was its author. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat!*—O. Y.

Yet, as already said, the production before us has been fathered, by the force of *on dit*, on Mr. Fenimore Cooper, and that he *may* have written it, is, we think, quite within the limits of possibility. There was an article not long ago in the *Quarterly Review*, where Lockhart happened to treat the "great American novelist" with considerably more of justice than ceremony; and, from the virulent animosity betrayed by the *soi-disant* "moralist" against the review and its editor, one can scarcely help surmising that some slight alloy of egoism must have blended with the zeal for "old and venerable principles," before he could write so bitterly.

Still we do incline to think that the author is not Cooper, but our old acquaintance, Epaminondas Grubb, who, we believe, really and unaffectedly despised every mortal but himself. Be this as it may, Mr. Fenimore Cooper unquestionably does belong to a class of authors, all of whom (whether he forms an exception is another question) did most cordially hate Sir Walter when living, and who rejoice in having a fling at the lion when dead. There are divers novelists who, thanks to that sort of public taste which used to support the "Minerva Press," and to the splendid industry exhibited by some of our west-end booksellers, not only have "had their day," as regards pecuniary emolument, but continue to see their works paraded in public. Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, such authors being in a predicament much like that of builders who have run up houses that will hardly stand wind and weather even for *one* generation,—these gentry, we say, have an awkward propensity, not only to get into a rage when their productions are scrutinized or begin to moulder away, but they entertain the most bitter vindictiveness against each contemporary (or even deceased) artist, who happens to have completed twenty or thirty edifices of unquestionable character, which have stood, and are likely to stand firm, and to bring high prices in the market!

We have known numbers of aspirant and incipient authors, not having advanced so far as to get either praise or blame, who lisped in *affected* admiration of the "Last Minstrel" and the Waverley novels; but your *middling* writers—your creatures of puff—your straw and patch-work gentry—(who,

instead of being middling, wish to be esteemed first-rate)—this *genus* were, and are, all against him to a man, and ready to calumniate him in every possible way. And if they have not shewn much fight, this was not from any want of envious rancour, but of opportunity and courage, and because it did not occur to them to begin, like Epaminondas Grubb, "in King Cambyzes' vein," with "old and venerable principles." Among the really enlightened members of society, those by principle, education, aims, and objects, fitted to become authors "for all time," it is almost superfluous to observe, that we never knew even *one* who did not rejoice in contributing just praise to the character, both public and private, of Sir Walter Scott.

But it is full time that we should proceed to the article itself, which commences with declaring that, in the author's opinion, the "very important task of writing the life of Sir W. S. being delegated to Mr. Lockhart, had fallen into the hands of a very improper person." The circumstance, it seems, of the near connexion existing betwixt the biographer and the deceased, is one reason for this impropriety; but, above all, the decisive fact against Lockhart, as we shall see hereafter, is that of his being editor of the *Quarterly*, and also the writer of articles (generally the most *trenchant*) in the journal which he edits. This is the "damned spot" affixed to his character, which all the merits, literary and moral, of his *Valerius*, *Reginald Dalton*, *Matthew Wald*, *Adam Blair*, translations from the Spanish, and other works, cannot efface or compensate.

The author goes on to his charges against Sir Walter; but, *au commencement*, very wisely recollects that perhaps some one may start the question, *cui bono?*—for which, however, he is quite prepared on "old and venerable principles;" as, forsooth, he benevolently intends, "by proper exposure, to prevent the young and inexperienced from following in footsteps which have been made to appear hallowed."

The first delinquency alleged against Scott, is, that he sanctioned the notion of his life being written, and his diary published, by Mr. Lockhart, and named him his literary executor. "The very fact of designating a biographer," says Grubb (for we can hardly suppose that Cooper would write such arrant non-

sense), "infers something like a *fraud* on the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth." Consequently, and in order to avoid the commission of "something like a *fraud*," Sir Walter must either not have appointed any literary executor, or devolved that duty on an utter stranger; unless, indeed, it had been his fortune to number among his acquaintances an individual so thoroughly imbued with old and venerable principles, and so perfectly free from any alloy of prejudice, envy, uncharitableness, or resentment, as Epaminondas Grubb or (shall we add?) Fenimore Cooper.

He tries back, of course, on the old tack, viz. his abhorrence of Lockhart. Not only, he tells us, is the appointment of a literary executor in itself a fraudulent act, but "Mr. Lockhart was one of the last men that Sir Walter Scott should have selected for this office." So sound a logician as our *ci-devant* friend, Epaminondas, is, of course, always ready to support every *dictum* by premises, and here comes the reason:—"Mr. Lockhart was disqualified for the task, because a man can no more maintain a connexion with a publication like the *Quarterly Review*, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partisanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious and hope to escape pollution." That Mr. Lockhart is the staunch adherent of a political party—that he has no great admiration of the condition, social or political, of the United States; that he detests modern (so styled) Whigs, with their precious reformations, their economy, their foreign policy, their Irish tail, and their "tender mercies" of various kinds,—all this is true enough; but, as already said, we suspect that all this would not have been sufficient, and that there exists behind the curtain some *other* cause for the "moralists'" immitigable spite against the *Quarterly* and its conductor.

As above, we have been favoured with the *first* proof, according to "old and venerable principles," of Scott's propensity to "fraud." We proceed to number two, whereby he is arraigned of having sanctioned "deliberate false-

hood" and "aggravated treachery," the charge being founded on the following passage, which occurs in a letter from Sir W. S. to his brother, Mr. Thomas Scott: "Dear Tom,—I observe what you say as to Mr. * * *, and as you may often be exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons you do not honour, *short*, T. Scott; by which abridgement of the name I shall learn to limit my civilities." The remarks of Epaminondas on this letter are as follows: "He who is not shocked at the fraud the instant he is told of it has reason to distrust himself, for he may rely on it he is wanting in the very elements of honesty. Reflection only makes the matter worse. If the marks do not contradict the words of the letter, they are clearly unnecessary; if they do contradict the words of the letter, they become a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood that is so much the worse, as it is connected with treachery cloaked in the garb of friendship," &c. &c.

Grubb, in every passage, wishes to blacken the memory of Sir Walter Scott; but in every instance when the *truth* (which he professes to revere) is made known, the blow recoils against his own purposes and on his own head. *Here* the truth happens to be, that Scott's hospitality and kindness to visitors were so profuse (comparatively with his means and fortune), that a friend and relation need to be very cautious whom he introduced. Moreover, the poet was often admonished by those who had his welfare at heart, on this kind of improvidence, which infringed on his time, purse, and patience. He was himself not unconscious of the fault, and considered it a duty to *aim* at caution and discrimination. The simplest words of ordinary courtesy in a letter of introduction were enough to secure his invitation, not merely to dinner, but (if in the country) to stay all night (and possibly for days). His brother held an official situation, and had many acquaintances, to some of whom, doubtless, he made no scruple in flatly refusing an introduction; among others who deserved at least politeness at his hands, it was necessary to indicate those on whose good conduct he could place reliance, and those of whom he could only say, "I did not like to refuse the man a mere letter of intro-

duction, though, to tell the truth, I know very little about him." We say it was absolutely requisite, not merely upon "old and venerable principles," but on principles of right and wrong, which are *neither old nor new, but are universal and eternal*, that Sir Walter should be apprized by his brother of this distinction; and for the sake of his wife and family, if not for himself, that he should desire and request to be thus apprized.

The next accusation is against the moral rectitude of Sir Walter, for a certain letter addressed to Gifford, when the *Quarterly Review* was organised. In this letter Scott, in the plainest manner, states his opinion as follows: "It would certainly not be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science, and of miscellaneous character, ought to be of such a quality as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries. But, as the real reason of instituting the publication is the disgusting and deleterious doctrines with which the most popular of our journals disgraces its pages, it is essential to consider how the warfare shall be managed."

"*This*," asseverates Mr. Grubb, was "most gross fraud" on the part of Sir Walter, and he "does confess his astonishment at the coolness of the impudence with which it is related by the editor of the *Review* itself." Further, he says that "by the disgusting and deleterious doctrines of the *Edinburgh*, we are to understand only the slang of party, and not a high moral aim, as a brief consideration of the facts will shew. The *Quarterly*," he continues, "is Tory—the *Edinburgh*, Whig. The first" (query, former?) "party taught the doctrine of undue deference to rank; of perpetuating the institutions (which was perpetuating an aristocratical polity) of obedience to the king, to cloak the power of the nobles; of submission to the thousand abuses that belong to such a system."

Then he goes on to state, that Sir Walter, being "servilely submissive to the great, in public, took his revenge by abusing them in private," and illustrates this latter position by two quotations from private letters, wherein Scott has alluded with bitterness to the depravity, egoism, and folly, too often

imputable to the higher, even to the highest, ranks in this country.

Here, again, when the truth is fairly stated, Grubb's intended blow against the memory of the dead recoils, to counteract his own amiable purposes. Scott avowedly wished for the establishment of a quarterly journal which should oppose the political misrepresentations of the *Edinburgh*; but on prudential grounds, as explained, he wished not only that it should appear, from the commencement, as a literary journal (its precursor having done so), but that the "miscellaneous and scientific articles should," *actually and truly*, "be of such quality as might challenge competition" with any and every periodical of the time. This is the whole truth, on which Grubb founds his impudent accusation of fraud; and so far is the letter from containing aught that requires concealment, it might, without impropriety, have been published (as from an intending collaborator) along with the prospectus and first number of the new journal.

But, as we have said, the American's blow recoils on himself; for, according to his assertions, Sir Walter had "*no moral aim*;" he was acting from mere self-interest, forsooth, and as the "*tool of a party*." [This is the main point, — for motives are of more importance than actions in the moral world.] Be assured, most valorous Epaminondas, that, notwithstanding all the faults and frailties incident to the social condition of this and other countries, it is quite possible to cherish the most fervent sincerity and entire personal disinterestedness, in all one's views and wishes, although connected with a party; for on public questions no man can act alone. And that Sir Walter Scott was sincere to his heart's core in his detestation of those *impulses* (most erroneously or mendaciously styled *principles*) which actuated the Whigs in Scotland, at the time when he co-operated with the *Quarterly*, no impartial judge can for a moment doubt. As little doubt can there be that he abhorred the vices, and despised or lamented the weaknesses, of divers existing members of the aristocracy in England, as a country gentleman may conscientiously wish to support the church establishment, although, perhaps, he feels himself bound to censure the conduct of his own parish rector, or of the nearest bishop. But, above all, we are reminded by Grubb's

attack how true have proved the predictions of Scott; that under a Whig administration almost every previously existing evil or danger has increased tenfold; and that by the breaking up or shaking of old institutions there has been introduced into the country a spirit of demoralisation, and an almost utter abandonment of principles, rightly so termed, which, were it not for the growing strength, the intelligence, and steadfastness, of the Conservative party, might render us entirely hopeless.

The fourth and fifth accusations (founded on letters to Thomas Scott and Mr. Ellis) are absolute shadows; there is nothing to grapple with. As to the notion that Jeffrey's flippant review of *Marmion* had been an inducement for setting up the *Quarterly*, it is too ridiculous for notice; and Scott's allusion to that article is written evidently in a tone of the most good-humoured badinage.

The next imputation of "fraud and deception" hinges upon this, that Scott, having written a very favourable review of Southey's *Kehama*, remarks, about the same time, in a letter to Mr. Ellis, that had he been disposed to turn it into ridicule, the work afforded ample opportunities for so doing. Let his words be sifted and twisted in every possible way, they will amount to no more than this; which, moreover, is exactly what every man of critical tact and common sense (placing Southey himself at the top of the list) would have thought and said of such a poem as *Kehama*, had he been asked to review it. But there is afterwards another charge represented as very serious, and connected with this poor matter of a review, on which Sir Walter Scott probably never bestowed a second thought. A letter is printed in Lockhart's book, addressed to Southey, wherein Sir Walter says, he "has not yet seen *Kehama*;" and this Grubb resolutely insists was written after the above-mentioned letter to Ellis, of which Mr. Lockhart observes, that it is without date. We happen to have in our own possession several autograph letters from Scott, two of which having been sent by post, and *en envelope*, are without date—by no means an unusual occurrence in his despatches, though it is possible enough to guess at the date from the contents of the letter, or style of the handwriting. Grubb, however, stoutly maintains, that in this instance

above-mentioned the date had been torn off, and "suppressed, *pour cause*," &c. But we are growing heartily tired of the reptile's rubbish, though not yet half through with his closely-printed pages.

Seventhly,—the insect tries to raise an immense pother, because in writing about Lord Melville and to the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Walter Scott said of each of these friends, that he had been "the architect of the Border Minstrel's little fortune." To those having any access to know the real characters of those noblemen, it will give little cause for wonder if the Minstrel spoke of them, at all times, in the warmest terms which confidence and friendship could dictate. And though, in strict reality, neither one nor other had been the architect of the poet's fortune, yet, as both had the sincerest heart to serve him, it was generous and graceful on his part to overrate whatever benefits were conferred, and acknowledge the "will for the deed." When both happened to dine together at his table, he might possibly have found an opportunity to say,—“You have been the architects of my little fortune.” But Grubb, the moralist, must needs express great wrath, because in writing to (or of) each of them *separately*, Sir Walter should not have taken care when he eulogises *one*, to reckon up, at the same time, the benefits for which he conceived himself indebted to the other.

Eighthly,—the grub tries to be quite solemn upon the enormous fact,—the indelible crime of Scott having reviewed the *Tales of My Landlord*, and therewith the Waverley Novels, for the *Quarterly*. The northern Minstrel, be it remembered, had been engaged and relied on as a writer for that review from its commencement, and as he was not addicted to the physical sciences, nor then wrote much on politics, *belles lettres* was his proper (if not only) department. He had determined not to admit his being the author of *Waverley*, or the "Landlord's Tales" (which last were then supposed by many to be the work of a third party); and to keep up this harmless delusion, also in fulfilment of his promises to Gifford at the outset, he agreed to review them, stipulating, however, that Mr. W. Erskine (Lord Kinnedder) should be jointly engaged with him in the critique. That the laudatory parts of the review

originated with Erskine, all who are acquainted with that gentleman's propensity, to express strongly and in detail, his critical opinions of every new work, must be thoroughly convinced. (Indeed, without his encouragement, we doubt much whether *Waverley* itself would ever have been completed.) Grubb, of course, knows nothing about Lord Kinnecker's habits or style of writing; however, he indicates his entire disbelief that his lordship had any thing to do with the article, and almost gives the *lie direct* to persons who were as widely distinguished from him in character as an antelope is from a muckworm. But although Grubb knows nothing about Lord Kinnecker's merits, he cannot deny his knowledge (or access to know), that this lamented individual died three years before the disclosure of the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*. Yet as a *clencher*, at the close of this charge, he insolently demands *why* Mr. Erskine did not come forward to justify his friend! The suppression of a fact, as Grubb elsewhere informs us, is tantamount to a direct lie, and in most instances this is correct enough. Let him have the full benefit of his own "old and venerable principles."

Next is paraded Hogg's notion, that Sir Walter had been the author of a review, in which he places himself at the *head*, and the Shepherd at the *tail*, of English poetical literature; a notion which the latter found reason to abandon. But Grubb, of course, insists on the probability that Scott *did* write the article.

Tenthly, comes a monstrous long passage, attempting to prove that Sir Walter had really no "sentiments" in favour of "hereditary power," but that he always paid homage to those who happened to possess it, no matter whence derived, and this merely for the sake of the worldly advantages which he might extract from them. The grand evidence which gives rise to this allegation is a note addressed to Sir William Knighton (who was then in the confidence of George IV.), not asking directly or indirectly any favour, but announcing that his son (who had been already introduced to his majesty) was about to marry a lady of fortune; and with obvious exultation he adds, that though thus situated, the young officer had no thoughts of quitting the army, and that his bride would accom-

pany him to the quarters of the 15th Hussars, in Ireland.

Of this note to Sir W. Knighton our *amiable* critic observes, that a "more whining and pitiful letter was never written; it is almost abject," &c. But, as usual, the intended rufianlike blow recoils on his own head. Twist the letter in every possible way; it contains no more nor less than we have stated above. And most true it is, that Sir Walter was fervently interested in his son's welfare; as, indeed, his affection for the members of his own family, and his indulgent regard for all those dependent on him, were carried to a degree perhaps approaching to weakness: but, if so, it was the weakness of a generous and noble nature. He cared not how far friends and connexions tried his temper and patience. So long as there was plain dealing, with a frank and warm heart, honourable motives, and spirit to manifest them, a hundred disqualifications would be overlooked. His elder son had from boyhood deservedly engrossed a large share of his confidence and affection, and he would have gone great lengths to promote his welfare. But the servility and whining imputed to the letter exist only in the vile and morbid brain of Grubb; for no roundabout or servile methods were needed. Sir Walter had been on friendly and convivial terms with Sir William Knighton. In the joy of his heart, he mentions his son's marriage, and intention to continue in the army; having good reason to believe that such information would be well received, both by the acquaintance to whom it is addressed, and by the sovereign to whom it would also be communicated.

Hereafter follows a long passage, which, if it has any meaning at all, seems to indicate that Sir Walter, expressing, as he did, a respect for hereditary rights, ought to have voted George IV. out of his kingdom, and the Duke of Buccleuch out of his dukedom. *This*, we presume, may be passed without comment—as, indeed, might have been the whole paper; though we still maintain that, in its way, it is a fine specimen—something like those articles in a naturalist's cabinet, to which he gives a place as being good of *their kind*, however worthless, unsightly, and offensive.

But we might long ago have said, "*Ex uno disce omnes*;" and must now

hasten to a close. The reptile afterwards does all that is in a reptile's power to rake up the old accusation against Sir Walter, of having unjustly assigned over to his son the landed property of Abbotsford; and as to the unparalleled exertions which the poet made betwixt 1826 and 1831, with broken health (and, we had almost added, with broken heart), the spiteful miscreant coldly and brutally observes, that considering such "great advantages" (that is to say, *salaries*, no matter how much *bespoken*), "so far from its being extraordinary that he should attempt to pay his debts, it would have been extraordinary had he not attempted it."

The only other endeavours of this writer *specially* to blacken the private and personal character of Scott, hinge on the stern and unforgiving conduct which he apparently evinced towards his brother Daniel, and on the circumstance of Lady Scott having expired at Abbotsford, whilst her husband was at Edinburgh. From commenting on these passages we are withheld only by the feeling, that to draw the veil

from the sanctuary of domestic life, or to write on subjects of a solemn nature, would be extremely out of keeping with the tone and treatment which alone such a production as that now before us deserves at our hands. Those who knew aught of Sir Walter's domestic character, of the principles which guided his conduct, or impulses which were paramount in his heart, will perfectly appreciate the motives which on this occasion induce us to be silent.

The rest of the trash is made up by an *affectedly candid* estimate of Scott's literary powers, of which, notwithstanding the vague meanderings and ridiculous contradictions, the *real drift* is perfectly apparent, namely, to depreciate all the writings (but especially the novels) of the distinguished individual, whose moral character he has before endeavoured to traduce; and to prove that these writings belong in reality to the *middling* class, whilst Fenimore Cooper and Epaminondas Grubb (perhaps, also, other worthies) have been unjustly denied that palm of superiority to which their achievements entitled them.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

THE homes of merry England, how sweetly do they rise
Within her dells, upon her hills, beneath her native skies;
The fleecy clouds sweep over them, upborne by many a breeze;
The wooden walls encircle them upon her rolling seas:
The wooden walls! the merry homes!—good Christian men, ah me!
The homes are still, the meteor flag floats not upon the sea;
And the thunder songs of triumph that burst upon the blast,
And the banner bold that floated free like eagle round the mast,
Now proudly greets the whirlwind in the tempest's eye no more;
And the wooden walls of England all are rotting on the shore.

The vision of futurity is dark upon my brow,
And the glories of the past rise in mockery I throw;
The voice of mighty triumphs that pealed from realm to realm,
When the sons of Ocean armed, with a Nelson at the helm,
And thousand hopes were round them, and thoughts of home and beauty,
And England hoped that "every man that day would do his duty,"
Fills lofty retrospection: then every gale that rose
Brought victory to Albion, defeat unto her foes;
And scarce the orient orb upsprung to sweep into the west,
But England's fame was stamped in flame upon his gorgeous vest.

The vision of futurity is dark upon my brow,
The wooden walls of England, where are your glories now?
Where is the flag of memory that floated o'er the deep,
And the lion roar that shook the waste of waters in their sweep?
Where are the valiant men of might like rocks who dauntless stood,
Who gazed like gods and potentates on England's ocean flood?
A wailing from the white-cliffed shore, a wailing as of pain,—
No battle-decks are on the deep, no thunder on the main;
And murmurs from a thousand graves of heroes in their pride,—
Fame's spectral sons leap forth and point to England's sailless tide.

Howe, Rodney, Jervis, Duncan, lo ! " it is a knell " of truth,
 To rouse the shame, the agony, of England's rising youth,
 When ye, and names like yours, are heard with all a nation's strength,
 With patriot power wrung from the soul in all its breadth and length ;—
 Invoking ye,—great God, to think !—invoking ye in vain.
 Ye cannot " sweep across the deep " of England's rolling main ;
 And it is well that Fame of old enwreathed each honoured brow,
 That in your graves ye sleep, nor see our shame and sorrow now.
 'Tis well for ye, immortal shades ! ye hear not Honour's calls,—
 For England now upon the sea no more has wooden walls.

A wan and faded lustre shines, our sun is in eclipse,
 And naught but scorn, with fear combined, go forth from English lips ;
 Scorn of the heartless bloodhound band, whose foul unsated maw
 Old England's nobler parts devours with never-wearied jaw ;
 Fear that our unprotected fanes the spoiler may pollute,
 The banner starred, the supple Gaul, or, worse, the northern brute ;
 For Albion's seas are tenantless, her meteor flag is furled,
 And her once dauntless spirit crushed and spurned by all the world ;
 For where a Pitt and Nelson shook with thunder sea and land,
 A Melbourne feeds and Minto's earl bursts bombshells on the strand.*

O wo to England's weal, and wo to England's lordly power,
 And wo to every honest heart when knaves and fools have power,—
 When Traitorism, giant vast, from surge and valley looms,
 And would, hyena-like, devour the dead within their tombs.
 Wo to the memory of the past ; what's glory but a shroud,
 Fame's sheeted phantom darkening all when traitors bay aloud ?
 Wo to the crown of centuries, wo to the sceptre and the ball,
 When feeble is the arm that wields the spear and sword of Saul ;
 Wo to the strength of loyal hearts, the trusty and the true,
 When England's zenith star but shines on England's traitor crew.

O for an hour of good old days, e'en for that hour again,
 When Admiral Kempenfelt went down with his eight hundred men ;
 Though sad that hour, yet in that hour Old England on the seas
 Had wooden walls, and jackets blue, and banners on the breeze ;
 She'd hearts of oak to sweep the deep, and guard her island shore,
 And ne'er a foe but quickly felt her ocean thunder's roar.

But now,—down heart, indignant hide thy spirit's manly tears,
 And brace thine arm, and grasp thy sword, and trample on thy fears ;
 Dash down the traitor knaves, dash down the knave and foeman too,
 And man once more thy wooden walls with England's gallant crew !

It is the soul's unbounded burst when patriot passion fires,
 To trample on domestic stripes, feel honour but inspires,—
 Honour, that from past centuries springs, and from the thousand tombs
 Of heroes, England's glorious dead, lights up the passing glooms ;
 Honour, that in the brave man's breast feels every hope restored,
 Hears but its country's pleading voice, and grasps its country's sword !
 Honour, that flames above the storm like that transcendent light,
 Whose presence is eternal day, whose absence endless night !
 Honour, that bids us brave the blast, and true to glory's calls,
 Come forth in England's trial hour, and man her wooden walls !
 Arise ! and, spite of all the shame that weighs thy spirit down,
 Come forth once more on sea and shore,—come forth for old renown !
 Remember not thy wrongs, true hearts, remember but this thing—
 In danger Britons only see their country and their king.
 Abide the time, but in the hour when storms and dangers rise,
 Let's only on our altars think, our homes and native skies.
 Once more, once more, O let the flag of England be unfurled,
 And England's wooden walls again be monarchs of the world !

* The papers informed us, the other day, of this patriot earl's arduous employment, in playing at hollow-shell practice, and of his blowing up sundry sand-hills, whilst the fleet was unmanned, the arsenals empty, and every dock-yard was exposed to the aggressions of a foreign foe,—“ Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a ”—bomb.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

I. LORD MELBOURNE ON THE CORN-LAWS.

WHEN, on the morning after the meeting of Parliament, we read the following very statesmanlike declaration of Viscount Melbourne, on the subject which, above all others, interests the country:—

“The opinion, my lords, which I then expressed, and to which I now distinctly adhere, is, that though I am not prepared to pledge or bind myself to the maintenance of the present system, as the best possible; I am not at the same time prepared, either as a member of the government, or as a member of Parliament, to pledge myself, from any information which I have, to a change or alteration of the law as it stands.”—

We involuntarily exclaimed, Why, this is a downright parody of *Lord Grizzle's* revelation, “Shall I tell you what I am going to say? I do not positively know; but, as near as I can guess, I cannot tell.”

Two or three days after, we took up the *Examiner*, and there saw that the editor's mind had just as instantly reverted to this passage. We suppose that this is sufficient proof of the likeness.

It appears, then, that on a question which is agitating the whole community, there is at least one person who still preserves a perfect unconcern. The manufacturers may declare that they are in the very jaws of ruin; the agriculturists may clearly see, in the demands of the manufacturers, *their* utter perdition; each may strain every nerve to save himself from what he considers positive destruction, but the premier quietly leaves them to settle their differences in the best way they can; for what with his constant engagements at Buckingham House, he really cannot find time to form an opinion on the subject!

Mr. Sydney Smith described, last year, the same sort of *nonchalance* in Lord Melbourne, on another subject. He says:

“Viscount Melbourne declared himself quite satisfied with the Church as it is; but if the public had any desire to alter it, they might do as they pleased. He might have said the same thing of the monarchy, or of any other of our institutions. * * Carelessness, however, is but a poor imitation of genius, and the

formation of a wise and well-reflected plan of Reform conduces more to the lasting fame of a minister than that affected contempt of duty which every man sees to be mere vanity, and a vanity of no very high description.”

This is certainly the most easy and gentlemanly style of governing a country that can be conceived. One thing, at least, we shall learn from it, if it succeeds, or rather if it is tolerated for a course of years; namely, what a great mistake we have all been falling into, in supposing that any care or trouble was connected with, or that any sort of talent or knowledge was needed in, the government of a great empire. Nothing can be more clear than that this is a “vulgar error.” Any decently behaved “diner-out,”—any tolerably lively companion, any sort of person, in fact, from an ensign of foot to a linendraper's assistant, who can dress with propriety, and command a certain amount of small talk, would be qualified, as far as we can see, to replace the Viscount Melbourne. No one, a degree above the rank of an idiot, could more grossly neglect and mismanage the affairs of Canada; nor is it likely that the shallowest man alive would descend lower than to confess that he could not form an opinion on the Corn-laws.

But the clearing away of this popular delusion would unquestionably extend further. If the premiership were seen to be an office of so slight and immaterial a character, it could not but follow that the subordinate departments must be, if possible, still less onerous. A few senior clerks, at 400*l.* or 600*l.* a-year, might be authorised to do the duty,—and doubtless would do it equally well,—which is now performed by secretaries of state at 5000*l.* per annum. Thus a very considerable saving might be made, and, in all probability, the public business much better done.

We cannot but recommend this matter to the serious consideration of Mr. Joseph Hume. Properly worked, this line of retrenchment might yield a greater saving to the country than the whole mass of curtailments in which he has succeeded since his first entrance into Parliament.

II. LAMENTATIONS OF A LIBERAL.

The prospects of the "Movement party" appear to be more and more overcast. The following are the gloomy reflections and prognostications of a very acute journalist in the west of England, the editor of the *Cheltenham Free Press*. They appear so just and rational, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of putting them before our readers:—

"Dozing betwixt sleep and wakefulness, how radiant a tissue of spectacles and phantasies often dance in misty magnificence before one's eyes! How many glorious aspirations seem indefinitely realised, and how gay is the land, and how glittering the water, of the scenery on which we dreamily gloat! And how suddenly and shockingly we are brought to the dull ground, and our visions reversed, when we awaken and return under the thraldom of circumstances, and re-enter the narrow, trammelled sphere of daily action! But the reverse is not so great—the shock is not so strong—the change neither bows down the spirit, nor palsies the buoyancy of hope, half so much as when, from the contemplation of what the English people *might be made*, we recur to what they are *enchainèd to be*. When we dwell on the energy and skill of the people, the illimitable capacities—physical, productive, and topographical—of the country; nay, more, the choice spirits who might pioneer us in a course of mental, social, and productive improvement, who, by the talisman of beneficent laws, would not only regenerate our powers, but usher us into a new career of plenty and prosperity, of intellectual progress and civil freedom, of which no parallel has been hitherto afforded among the nations of the world,—it truly sickens the heart to look upon the pigmy demons who enthrall us in their withering trammels, and who, insignificant in number, and contemptible in intellect, spell-bind the sinews of our frame; standing over us with the grin of idiots, but the power of wizards, unnerving our capacities of progress, and dragging us downwards to the hell of slavery and famine.

"There are, we know, a large body of sanguine reformers who repel these forebodings. We are going to get the ballot, and we are going to get extended franchise, and we are going to get free-trade, and we are going to get national education, and we are going to get, in a word, every one of the patriotic measures shadowed forth in the phantasmagoria of their hopeful aspirations. All we wish to ask is, *H-o-w*? We don't see any of

these things coming. On the contrary, they look to us remarkably like things going further and further away, growing 'small by degrees, and beautifully less.'

We have been for some years among the sanguine; but, we confess, our hopefulness has been expanded to its utmost limits, and it will take a considerable amendment in matters to restore its elasticity. We have talked as poetically as possible about repose refreshing our energies, alike preparatory for and indicative of redoubled activity; but the repose begins to look monstrosly like the sleep of Sampson, with a strong probability of a similar result. The manufacturers are wide awake, there is no doubt about that; and the Chartists have been as actively mischievous as could reasonably be expected; but the bulk of the country are as fast asleep as ever. Somebody talked about making the lion roar, and his tail has been well pulled; but all the roaring as yet would scarcely discompose the nerves of a monkey. The Chartists have, indeed, put on the lion's skin, and some of them have held up its dangling claws for the express purpose, it would seem, of exposing their inability to scratch. Then the creature has discoursed most eloquently; but, with here and there an exception, the voice has borne a singular resemblance to that of the animal in similar apparel in *Æsop's* fable. The long and the short of it is, that the Lords and Commons are not a bit frightened; and it is no use denying the fact. The manufacturers have stood forward nobly; but the working-classes, whose interest is identified with that of the manufacturers, have basely opposed them in some places, and but indolently and ineffectually aided them in others. The result of course will be, that the national claims of the manufacturers will be perverted into the appearance of the demand of a self-interested clique; and the corn-law question be viewed as a mere conflict of rival monopolies. The people who know otherwise choose to stand aloof, and we predict the use which will be made of their neutrality.

"The factious conduct of the Chartists is at the root of the mischief. We confidently assert that there has never been, since the Reform-bill was passed, so auspicious an occasion as the corn question now offers of bringing an effective force to bear upon the citadel of abuse. There is no other question which unites so many different interests as that of cheap bread. It is the sole question which blends the power of capital and numbers in its advocacy. The union on this point might have been—must have

been—of irresistible power. The occasion has been basely rejected by the Chartists. So far from furthering universal suffrage—so far from proving the capacity of all to govern themselves and others, the Chartist body have afforded the strongest evidence on record of their utter and deplorable inability to comprehend and pursue their own most plain and palpable interests. Their conduct on the corn-law bill has thrown back universal suffrage by half a century. People who take such exceeding pains to prove that they are fools, must be content to share the exception from general rights, which every civilised community is bound to impose on those who are incompetent to use them. What is the course held, and the defence urged, by these foolish Chartists? They oppose anti-corn-law demonstrations, because the parliament is too corrupt to attend to them; and yet these inconsistent men *humbly* (yes, the word is in their own petition), *humbly* petition the same parliament to grant them universal suffrage! If it is useless to ask for 20 per cent of a debt due, what must be the absurdity of preferring a humble prayer for the whole hundred! The language of these sapient Chartists is, 'Please your imperial worships, we are fully sensible of the utter hopelessness of getting you to allow us cheap bread, which we know you think would diminish your power and pelf; but we humbly pray that you will be so good as to relinquish your power altogether to us, and enable us to extinguish you entirely!' If cheap bread cannot be got from the legislature, can universal suffrage? The fact is, that the whole pretext is a vamped-up falsehood.

"They who principally lead the people have got their own interests to

serve by the continuance of that very distress which the repeal of the corn-laws would remove. Daniel O'Connell is not the only man who finds agitation gainful. We entirely exonerate the body of the Chartists from this charge. They are the duped, not the *dupers*. Demonstrations such as that led by Mr. Vincent in this town are wholly of a different character; but are very far from constituting any thing like a majority of the Charter meetings. The Chartist ringleaders are the worst enemies the people have. They never reason; they are independent of reason, or else one might inquire whether they think it best to feed or starve people before work. They represent constantly the difficulty there will be in obtaining radical reform, and yet they condemn giving the people food to sustain them in their battle for liberty: it does not appear to us that starvation is at all the road to civil freedom; we do not perceive the connexion between empty stomachs and extended franchise.

"The Chartists have effectually floored the practical success of the battle for bread. They have thrown their factious strength into the ranks of the monopolists; and the defeat of the people is the handywork of the people—the people who by way of obtaining more strength have abetted starvation. Likely persons, certainly, to legislate for twenty-five million souls!!

"The Lords and the Commons are complacently chuckling in the security of their privileged abuses: there is division without, and there is, consequently, safety within. Impunity in abuse, and impotence in resistance: this is a correct picture of the relative position of parliament and people."

III. MANŒUVRES CONCERNING EDUCATION.

The "Liberals" have always been great boasters of their zeal for education; and it, therefore, naturally occurred to "the Liberal Ministry" to attempt something in this line. Accordingly, an annual grant of 20,000*l.* a-year was commenced about five years since, for the purposes of "Education."

This step, however, having been taken, the next was not quite so easy. The Treasury had the grant placed at its disposal, but it found some difficulty in knowing how to dispense it. At last it was seen that no other practicable plan could be hit upon, but that of dividing the money between the two long-established societies—the National, and the British and Fo-

reign. It was decided, therefore, to distribute it through these channels, upon the entirely impartial plan of giving just so much to each as should be met by corresponding private contributions. In this plan there was clearly not the least favour shewn to the Church. Had the Dissenters, through the British and Foreign School Society, shewn that superior zeal for the education of the poor, upon which they are so fond of pluming themselves, they would have obtained the larger portion of the money. But the contrary turned out to be the case. The Church, through the National Society, raised by far the greater proportion of money by voluntary contributions, and,

of course, obtained the largest share of the public grant. The total received, during the last five years, has been, by the National Society, about 75,000*l.*; by the British and Foreign School Society, not quite 25,000*l.*

This disproportion, however, though solely attributable to their own exertions, has latterly much displeased the Dissenters, and they have begun to annoy the Government with complaints. A more formidable power, also, began to interfere, namely, Popery. By the system in operation, the Papists were excluded from all participation in the grant. In Ireland they had every thing in their hands; but in England their influence seemed inoperative. Consequently, for the last two or three years, Mr. Wyse, the Romish member for Waterford, has been keeping up a perpetual course of irritation on this point. Motions, and committees, and reports, have succeeded each other; and, at last, he has obtained his end, and has worried Lord John Russell into an entire adoption of his views.

The mode of proceeding adopted on the subject has been truly characteristic of the present administration. On the first day of parliament (Feb. 5), Lord John Russell gave notice that on that day week he would lay upon the table of the house, "certain papers relating to national education." Accordingly, on the 12th, certain papers, three only in number, were so laid on the table.

Now, would not any reasonable man have concluded from this proceeding, that when his lordship promised, on the 5th, to lay certain papers before the house, those papers had at least some existence? Whereas, when we come to look at them, we find them to consist of three letters, one whereof is dated *four days after* that notice was given, one the next day *after*, and only one the day *before* the giving that notice. So that, in fact, when his lordship promised, on Tuesday, to give the house copies of a certain correspondence, he promised to furnish that which had not yet any real existence, but was merely a correspondence *about to be carried on!*

This is enough to shew the fictitious and vamped-up nature of the whole proceeding. One other feature of the case may be remarked.

The chairmanship of the new board of education is given to Lord Lans-

downe; who accepts it in a letter, of which the following portentous sentence forms a part:—

"I at the same time beg leave, at the outset, to state my opinion, that the establishment of a normal school, for training masters in the most perfect methods of communicating literary and industrial, as well as moral and religious instruction, is the most pressing and important of these objects, both in itself and as being a necessary step to the attainment of the rest; and also the strong conviction which I entertain that it should be a positive condition of such an establishment, that it should be so regulated and provided with sufficient means to enable the teachers, who are trained there, to acquire and to give such religious instruction as may be required at all ordinary schools in the principles of the Church of England, without any exclusion of those who may be connected with such other religious persuasions as are known to prevail amongst a considerable portion of the population of the country, who may be desirous of and should be enabled to receive similar instruction from their own ministers, subject to the control and superintendence of the authority under which the school will be placed."

When the reader has recovered his breath, and begun to escape from his bewilderment, after this infiction, he comes, in the very next line, upon an expression which, under the circumstances, is irresistibly ludicrous:—

"That such a regulation should be *distinctly promulgated and understood* (!) appears to be indispensable."

If Lord Lansdowne adheres to this conviction, his labours must terminate before they have well begun. If his normal school is not to commence operations until this prodigious "regulation" is "*understood*," the day of doom will arrive before it is any thing but a name.

The oddity, however, of such an exhibition, on the part of a man only just appointed to the superintendence of the national education, is quite superlative. Would it not be advisable, before his lordship enters upon the arduous duties of his post, and begins to direct the education of those who are to educate the nation, that he should take a few lessons in the art and mystery of *writing English*?

But we must not permit the ludicrous to draw our minds away from the alarming. The real drift of the

whole proceeding, whether expressed in plain terms or in unintelligible jargon, is still the same. The National Society, which teaches the doctrines of the Church of England, is to be turned adrift; the British and Foreign School Society, which uses the Bible in its

daily lessons, is equally to be cashiered; and instead of either, a new system and course of action is to be invented and adopted, in which a disciple of Priestley is to be the ostensible director, but in which a Jesuit will possess the real governing power!

IV. SYDNEY SMITH ON THE BALLOT.

Sydney Smith has written a tract on the Ballot. We need not say that it is such a tract as no other man could have written. Since Swift, we have no equal to Peter Plimley in this peculiar walk. He can almost make error look like truth; but when he takes the right side, and combats error, his strokes are like those of the flail of Talus. Listen to some of his ideas on the Ballot:

"All these practices are bad; but the facts and the consequences are exaggerated.

"In the first place, the plough is not a political machine: the loom and the steam-engine are furiously political, but the plough is not. Nineteen tenants out of twenty care nothing about their votes, and pull off their opinions as easily to their landlords as they do their hats. As far as the great majority of tenants are concerned, these histories of persecution are mere declamatory nonsense; they have no more predilection for whom they vote than organ pipes have for what tunes they are to play. A tenant dismissed for a fair and just cause, often attributes his dismissal to political motives, and endeavours to make himself a martyr with the public: a man who ploughs badly, or who pays badly, says he is dismissed for his vote. No candidate is willing to allow that he has lost his election by his demerits; and he seizes hold of these stories, and circulates them with the greatest avidity: they are stated in the House of Commons; John Russell and Spring Rice fall a crying; there is lamentation of Liberals in the land; and many groans for the territorial tyrants.

"To part with tenants for political reasons always makes a landlord unpopular. The *Constitutional*, price 4d.; the *Cato*, at 3½d.; and the *Lucius Junius Brutus*, at 2d., all set upon the unhappy scutiger; and the squire, unused to be pointed at, and thinking that all Europe and part of Asia are thinking of him and his farmers, is driven to the brink of suicide and despair. That such things are done is not denied; that they are scandalous when they are done is equally true; but these are reasons why such acts are less frequent than they are com-

monly represented to be. In the same manner there are instances of shopkeepers being materially injured in their business from the votes they have given; but the facts themselves, as well as the consequences, are grossly exaggerated. If shopkeepers lose Tory they gain Whig customers; and it is not always the vote which does the mischief, but the low vulgar impertinence, and the unbridled scurrility of a man who thinks that, by dividing to mankind their rations of butter and of cheese, he has qualified himself for legislation, and that he can hold the rod of empire because he has wielded the yard of mensuration. I detest all inquisition into political opinions, but I have very rarely seen a combination against any tradesman who modestly, quietly, and conscientiously took his own line in politics. But Brutus and buttermen, cheesemonger and Cato, do not harmonise well together; good taste is offended, the coxcomb loses his friends, and general disgust is mistaken for combined oppression. Shopkeepers, too, are very apt to cry out before they are hurt; a man who sees, after an election, one of his customers buying a pair of gloves on the opposite side of the way, roars out that his honesty will make him a bankrupt, and the county papers are filled with letters from Brutus, Publicola, Hampden, and Pym.

"An abominable tyranny exercised by the ballot is, that it compels those persons to conceal their votes who hate all concealment, and who glory in the cause they support. If you are afraid to go in at the front door, and to say in a clear voice what you have to say, go in at the back door, and say it in a whisper: but this is not enough for you; you make me, who am bold and honest, sneak in at the back door as well as yourself; because you are afraid of selling a dozen or two of gloves less than usual, you compel me, who have no gloves to sell, or who would dare and despise the loss, if I had, to hide the best feelings of my heart, and to lower myself down to your mean morals. It is as if a few cowards, who could only fight behind walls and houses, were to prevent the whole regiment from shewing a bold front in the field. What right, has the coward to

degrade me, who am no coward, and put me in the same shameful predicament with himself? If ballot is established, a zealous voter cannot do justice to his cause; there will be so many false Hampdens, and spurious Catos, that all men's actions and motives will be mistrusted. It is in the power of any man to tell me that my colours are false; that I declaim with simulated warmth, and canvass with fallacious zeal; that I am a Tory, though I call *Russell* for ever, or a Whig, in spite of my obstreperous panegyrics of *Peel*. It is really a curious condition, that all men must imitate the defects of the few, in order that it may not be known who have the natural imperfection, and who put it on from conformity. In this way, in former days, to hide the gray hairs of the old, every body was forced to wear powder and pomatum.

"I have hitherto spoken of ballot, as if it were, as the Radicals suppose it to be, a mean of secrecy; their very cardinal position is, that landlords, after the ballot is established, will give up in despair all hopes of commanding the votes of their tenants. I scarcely ever heard a more foolish and gratuitous assumption. Given up? Why should they be given up? I can give many reasons why landlords should never exercise this unreasonable power, but I can give no possible reason why a man determined to do so should be baffled by the ballot. When two great parties in the empire are combating for the supreme power, does Mr. Grote imagine that the men of woods, forests, and rivers,—that they who have the strength of the hills,—are to be baffled by bumpkins thrusting a little pin into a little card, in a little box?—that England is to be governed by political acupuncturation?

"A landlord who would otherwise be guilty of the oppression will not change his purpose, because you attempt to outwit him by the invention of the ballot; he will become, on the contrary, doubly vigilant, inquisitive, and severe. 'I am a professed Radical,' said the tenant of a great duke to a friend of mine, 'and the duke knows it; but if I vote for his candidates, he lets me talk as I please, live with whom I please, and does not care if I dine at a Radical dinner every day in the week. If there was a ballot, nothing could persuade the duke, or the duke's master, the steward, that I was not deceiving them, and I should lose my farm in a week.' This is the real history of what would take place. The single lie on the hustings would not suffice; the concealed democrat, who voted against his landlord,

must talk with the wrong people, subscribe to the wrong club, huzza at the wrong dinner, break the wrong head, lead (if he wished to escape from the watchful jealousy of his landlord) a long life of lies between every election; and he must do this, not only *unde*, in his calm and prudential state, but *redeundo* from the market, warmed with beer, and expanded by alcohol; and he must not only carry on his seven years of dissimulation before the world, but in the very bosom of his family, or he must expose himself to the dangerous garrulity of his wife, children, and servants, from whose indiscretion every kind of evil report would be carried to the ears of the watchful steward. And when once the ballot is established, mere gentle, quiet lying will not do to hide the tenant who secretly votes against his landlord: the quiet, passive liar will be suspected, and he will find, if he does not wave his bonnet and strain his throat in furtherance of his bad faith, that he has put in a false ball in the dark to very little purpose.

"The noise and jollity of a ballot mob must be such as the very devils would look on with delight. A set of deceitful wretches, wearing the wrong colours, abusing their friends, pelting the man for whom they voted, drinking their enemies' punch, knocking down persons with whom they entirely agreed, and roaring out eternal duration to principles they abhorred. A scene of wholesale bacchanalian fraud, a *posse comitatus* of liars, which would disgust any man with a free government, and make him sigh for the monocracy of Constantinople."

We are delighted to see our own argument, which was first offered to the world in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1831, p. 88, repeated in Sydney Smith's nervous language.

"In the open voting, the law leaves you fairly to choose between the dangers of giving an honest, or the convenience of giving a dishonest vote; but the ballot law opens a booth and asylum for fraud, calling upon all men to lie by beat of drum, forbidding open honesty, promising impunity for the most scandalous deceit, and encouraging men to take no other view of virtue than whether it pays or does not pay; for it must always be remembered, and often repeated, and said and sung to Mr. Grote, that it is to the degraded liar only that the box will be useful. The man who performs what he promises needs no box. The man who refuses to do what he is asked to do despises the box. The liar, who says he

will do what he never means to do, is the only man to whom the box is useful, and for whom this leaf out of the Punic Pandects is to be inserted in our statute book. The other vices will begin to look up, and to think themselves neglected, if falsehood obtains such flattering distinction, and is thus defended by the solemn enactments of law."

Here is a beautiful rebuke to the little, shuffling, manœuvring meanness of Lord John :

"I observe Lord John Russell, and some important men as well as him, saying, 'We hate ballot, but if these practices continue, we shall be compelled to vote for it.' What! vote for it, if ballot is no remedy of these evils? Vote for it, if ballot produces still greater evils than it cures? That is (says the physician), if fevers increase in this alarming manner, I shall be compelled to make use of some medicine which will be of no use to fevers, and will, at the same time, bring on diseases of a much more serious nature. I shall be under the absolute necessity of putting out your eyes, because I cannot prevent you from being lame. In fact, this sort of language is utterly unworthy of the sense and courage of Lord John; he gives hopes where he ought to create absolute despair. This is that hovering between two principles which ruins political strength by lowering political character, and creates a notion that his enemies need not fear such a man, and that his friends cannot trust him. No opinion could be more unjust as applied to Lord John; but such an opinion will grow if he begins to value himself more upon his dexterity and finesse than upon those fine manly historico-Russell qualities he most undoubtedly possesses. There are two beautiful words in the English language—Yes and No; he must pronounce them boldly and emphatically; stick to Yes and No to the death; for Yes and No lay his head down upon the scaffold, where his ancestors have laid their heads before, and cling to his Yes and No in spite of Robert Peel and John Wilson, and Joseph, and Daniel, and Feargus, and Stephens

himself. He must do as the Russells always have done, advance his firm foot on the field of honour, plant it on the line marked out by justice, and determine in that cause to perish or to prevail."

The conclusion is solid wisdom :

"So few nations have been free, it is so difficult to guard freedom from kings, and mobs, and patriotic gentlemen; and we are in such a very tolerable state of happiness in England, that I think such changes would be very rash; and I have an utter mistrust in the sagacity and penetration of political reasoners who pretend to foresee all the consequences to which they would give birth. When I speak of the tolerable state of happiness in which we live in England, I do not speak merely of nobles, squires, and canons of St. Paul's, but of drivers of coaches, clerks in offices, carpenters, blacksmiths, butchers, and bakers, and most men who do not marry upon nothing and become burdened with large families before they have arrived at years of maturity. The earth is not sufficiently fertile for this

Difficilem victum fundit durissima tellus.

"After all, the great art in politics and war is to choose a good position for making a stand. The Duke of Wellington examined and fortified the lines of Torres Vedras a year before he had any occasion to make use of them, and he had previously marked out Waterloo as the probable scene of some future exploit. The people seem to be hurrying on through all the well-known steps to anarchy; they must be stopped at some pass or another: the first is the best and the most easily defended. The people have a right to ballot or to any thing else which will make them happy; and they have a right to nothing which will make them unhappy. They are the best judges of their immediate gratifications, and the worst judges of what would best conduce to their interests for a series of years. Most earnestly and conscientiously wishing their good, I say,

"NO BALLOT."

V. THE THREE PARLIAMENTS.

The opening of the present session, more than usually dull in other respects, has presented at least one new feature,—namely, the sitting of *three* parliaments in Westminster at one and the same time. One has quickly disappeared, but the other two are in session still.

The first in order, we suppose, we

must place the poor old House of Commons; though, indeed, this crazy concern seems to have been so shaken in constitution, in the course of the operation called "Reform," in 1830 and 31, as to shew many signs of rapidly advancing decay.

The second was the *patriot* parliament, "the National Convention,"

"the Chartists," or whatever else they may please to designate themselves. These gentlemen are of the class which has furnished, during the last few years, the British legion in Spain, the Calthorpe Street meeting in London, the "Patriots" in Canada, besides divers other practical illustrations of the modern theory of freedom.

The third was the gathering of factory-owners from Manchester, Leeds, and Glasgow, whose errand was to bully, if possible, the landlords and agriculturists out of their legitimate protection for British industry.

The first of these bodies assembled in a temporary building on the site of the late chapel of St. Stephen's; the second at the British Hotel, Cockspur Street; the third at Brown's Hotel, Palace Yard.

At first sight, the old "Collective Wisdom" seemed to be in some danger of being overridden by its more juvenile rivals. But, fortunately, the one of these bodies, having plenty of pluck, had withal no money; and the other, having plenty of money, had no pluck: and thus, between the two, there seems a considerable chance that the old-fashioned House of Commons may yet live through it all.

The Patriot Parliament, or National Convention, has certainly shewn "great spirit." A vote was passed, requesting the House of Commons to hold a conference with the Convention, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, to which, we believe, up to this moment, the House has not been able to gather resolution enough to send an answer. In another matter, "the Convention" has clearly over-crowded "the House." A certain Newport magistrate, of Lord John Russell's own manufacture, had given the said Lord John a pretty considerable "rowing," in an official correspondence. The House of Commons asked for copies of these letters; when

Lord John looked silly, and took time to consider of it. Mr. Frost himself being a member of the Convention, that assembly requested *him* to furnish copies. He laid them "on the table" without hesitation. They were read amidst loud cheers; and the unanimous thanks of the Convention were voted to Mr. Frost for "the spirited rebuke" administered by him to Lord John.

Unhappily, however, for the liberties of Europe, but happily for the House of Commons, this courageous and enterprising body suffers under a dreadful lack of "the sinews of war." Were it not for this single circumstance, it is impossible to tell what important events might not be anticipated.

The third and remaining body is now, alas! defunct. Opening the campaign with an ample supply of means, and the most prodigious anticipations, the cotton-lords have shewn themselves about the most *pluckless* set of fellows that ever undertook a great enterprise. They blundered in their first attempt, and with one failure their whole courage evaporated.

Instead of commencing with a proposition which might have united all parties except the agriculturists, they offered the preposterous request, to be heard by counsel at the bar. It was immediately shewn, that this would merely involve the House of Commons in an interminable inquiry, standing in the way of all other business. Scores of men, who would have voted for the general proposition, that the present system of the corn-laws required revision, voted against them on this. The house divided, 361 against 172, or more than two to one; and in six-and-thirty hours after, the routed factory-owners had broken up their parliament, adjourned their meetings *sine die*, and set off back to Manchester, some small matter wiser, perhaps, than they came. And so ended Parliament the third.

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STATISTICS OF POPERY IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES.

II. PROTESTANT STATEMENTS.

WE now proceed to submit to our readers the views and impressions of discerning Protestants, on the progress and pretensions of the Romish Church in this country. The following statement is from a speech of the Rev. H. Seymour. His testimony, delivered at a meeting in London, in May 1837, is important on two grounds. First, the rev. gentleman came to England so penetrated with a sense of the utter wickedness of the principles of the Church of Rome, from great experience, that he publicly declared he *would not*, and could not, believe that any proselytism from our population to that communion had taken place. Secondly, Mr. Seymour has drawn his conclusions from patient and *personal* inquiry:—

“I had been living in Ireland—had been an eye-witness of the sufferings and persecutions of Protestants there—had taken part in the many controversies and religious discussions that pervaded the land; and I had seen in every case the expanding principle of Protestantism developing its power; I had seen the gradual opening of mind among the Roman Catholic population—the increasing subjection of their understanding to the Holy Scriptures, and their consequent abandonment of the errors of the Church of Rome, notwithstanding the fiercest persecution. As I was in the daily habit of thus witnessing the falling of the Church of Rome and the rising of Protestantism on its ruins in Ireland, I was not disposed to believe that in England—in Protestant

and Bible-reading England—an opposite state of things could possibly exist. I did not believe that while I saw that the Romanists were becoming Protestants in Ireland, the Protestants should be turning Romanists in England. I had known in Ireland one parish where there were one hundred—another where there were two hundred—another where there were three hundred conversions from Romanism, and I would not believe that in England a process of change of an opposite kind could possibly be in progress. There are many in this meeting against whom I have argued this assertion, and they then stated that I would yet discover that my views were erroneous, and that popery was *increasing in England* as rapidly as it was *decreasing in Ireland*. I do now freely confess, sir, that I was wrong in my views—that I have entirely changed my opinions as to the fact, and I do now propose to lay before this meeting the character of the evidence upon which I have proceeded. There are three classes of evidence which have influenced my opinions on this point.

“The first is the information I received personally from the local clergy in various parts of England. I have made it my business, both in my correspondence and in my personal interviews, to inquire into the alleged increase of Romanism in their respective vicinities; and I have learned from them that, though there has been perhaps some exaggeration, yet that the fact is true to a melancholy extent. I shall endeavour to describe this species of evidence by an individual parish. Having visited the incumbent, I inquired into the supposed increase of Romanists;

and he told me that the number had undoubtedly increased. I asked, whether the increase was owing to the influx of Irish Romanists? He said that it was not. I asked, whether it might be ascribed to the natural increase of population? He answered in the negative; and stated that the increase arose from proselytism, arising in the first place partly from intermarriages, and partly from independent proselytism. I then visited the curate of the parish, and he gave me precisely the same information, only more in detail, adding the names of the individual proselytes as well as the means by which their proselytism seemed to have been accomplished. Now, this kind of evidence comes frequently before me; and as none can be such competent informants as the local clergy, so I have given much credence to the information I have thus received from them. A large number of these proselytes have come under my own personal observation. I shall state an instance. I was very lately at a public meeting, and an individual came forward publicly to defend the Church of Rome. He had been a Protestant, and is now a Romanist; and on that occasion came forward as the champion of the Church of Rome. A second individual in the body of the meeting made the same avowal. They had both of them been proselytised some time before. I shall state another instance. While preparing, on a very late occasion, in the vestry to read the Evening Service of our Church, a respectable female entered, and requested the prayers of the congregation might be asked for one who was in great affliction. Upon inquiring the particulars, she replied, that her husband had been that day formally baptized into the Church of Rome! He was the son of a Baptist minister. I will add another example. A gentleman of some character and property has become so zealous a convert, that he is at this moment building a small but beautiful chapel, to be dedicated to the service of the Church of Rome. All these are instances that have come before me during the last few weeks; and I state them merely as illustrations of the system that is prevailing, to an awful extent, throughout the country. I hold in my hand a letter, stating the establishment of an infant school to teach the little children of our poor to lisp with their first accents the principles of Romanism. I hold likewise in my hand a letter, apprizing me of land having been obtained for the building a monastery to contain one hundred and forty monks of the order of La Trapp—*aye*, we are to see a mighty monastery of one hundred and forty Trappists in the very heart of England!

"But besides this class of evidence, there is another which deserves our notice, namely, the statements and views of the members of the Church of Rome. I say nothing of the statements lately made by one of no ordinary mould, that there was scarcely a Romish pulpit in Europe that did not ring with the expectancy of the fall of the Church of England; but I would remind you of their books circulated in this country; they go so far as to assure us, that the conversion of England in ancient times from heathenism to Christianity was not so rapid as her present conversion from Protestantism to Romanism!

"I will state a fact that will illustrate this better than a thousand arguments. A most pious and devoted clergyman in the south of England was some time since publicly attacked and challenged to a controversy by a Romish priest, who extensively circulated a pamphlet against this clergyman throughout his parish; an answer was written to that pamphlet, and printed, and sent to the spot; but what was my surprise when I received a letter from this very clergyman, stating, that owing to the number of Romanists in his parish—owing to the influence of a nunnery over a large portion of the population—and owing, further, to the fear of a Roman Catholic proprietor in the vicinity, no individual would dare to circulate the defence of Protestantism in reply to the priest! It actually became necessary to employ a total stranger from twelve miles distant to circulate it! This has actually occurred within a very few months, not in Ireland, but in England! Yet men talk as if Romanism was not increasing in this country. I have myself seen the proselytes she has made; I have had converse with some of them; I have argued with some of them; and, therefore, whatever be the experience of others, I do know of a surety that there are infinitely more proselytes than is generally believed.

"It would be impossible for me here to detail the means by which this process of proselytism is conducted. It would occupy too much time to enter on its development; I shall, therefore, only say thus much upon this point—the Church of Rome is publishing and circulating a vast body of controversial books and tracts—she is sparing no expense, and pausing at no sacrifice, to secure their circulation among Protestants. At the doors of our churches—at places of all public meetings, they circulate these tracts: even this day they are circulating at the door of Exeter Hall, and one of them is at this moment in my hands. Besides this circulation of tracts, they are publishing several magazines, with

the view of disseminating their peculiar religious opinions amidst the light and ephemeral writings of such periodicals ; and this very month they have commenced one on the largest scale that has been yet attempted. And in addition to all these means they have brought forward their ablest and best learned controversialists, who are delivering regular courses of lectures against Protestantism, not only through the country, but also in London. I will not trust myself with speaking of the results of all these efforts, nor of the peculiar machinery employed in connexion with their schools, with the view of proselytising the children of the peasantry ; but I will say, as a minister of the Established Church, that it is a sad and melancholy fact that nothing is doing to check this system of proselytism—that no effort whatever is made to stay the flood of Romanism, save what has been done by this very society for promoting the religious principles of the Reformation, and yet that this society is permitted to languish under difficulties, unprotected and unsupported—nay, looked coldly on by some, and frowned at by others.”

In a sermon preached for the Reformation Society, at St. John's Chapel, London, in 1834, by the Rev. Edward Tottenham, an able champion of Protestantism, the following statement occurs :—

“ Forty years ago it would have been difficult to observe a Roman Catholic place of worship in the kingdom. In Britain there are now upwards of 500. Since 1824 to 1834 there has been an increase of upwards of seventy chapels in England, and since 1829 there has been an increase of twenty-three in Scotland. And let it be remembered, from the peculiar mode of attendance at Roman Catholic worship much less accommodation is required for Romanists than for the same number of Protestants, for there is a constant succession of congregations in each chapel, who just come in for the purpose of hearing mass. In this way, for example, there is attached to Chelsea chapel alone, in this metropolis, a congregation of nearly 6000—to the chapel of Bermondsey one of upwards of 5000—and to the chapel in the London Road one of nearly 15,000. We also point to the instances of conversion that sometimes meet our view, thirty, forty, and even seventy, adult converts being sometimes publicly received by the vicars-apostolic into the bosom of the Roman Church. Did time permit, I would give you dates and places for what I have now asserted.”

The following extracts, which might be extended, are from provincial and other newspapers :—

“ There never was a time, since England became a Protestant country, when the proselyting system of the Roman Catholics was more strenuously acted on than at the present day. New chapels are built ; large and stately houses are bought, or erected, for Popish seminaries and colleges ; preaching in the open air is resorted to ; tracts are widely distributed. At length resistance has become, not a matter of choice, but of necessity.”—*Leicester Journal*, June 1836.

“ But we must not suppose that these varied efforts of the Christian Protestant Church, scattered up and down as it is in Europe, have passed unperceived by the Roman Catholic Church. All the publications and printed correspondences of Protestants are carefully examined by the Society for the Propagation of Romanism ; and it can be perceived most clearly from their articles, that every new fact recorded by Protestants, as occurring in any country, is examined by its emissaries. The society is at the present moment not only publishing the *Anti-Protestant*—originally a monthly, but now a weekly publication—but it has just put to press a new papal work in English, to be published, as well as printed, in Paris, for the purpose of circulation among the English, Irish, and Americans, on the continent.”—*Editor of L'Europe Protestant*, Sept. 1838.

“ It is very easy to see that Rome occupies a position from which she can extend her ravages into England with frightful rapidity. The Jesuits have drained Austria of much of her Protestant and best population. In Geneva, it has been discovered that there is an open and easy path from Neology to Romanism. The great proportion of the schools of France is under the yoke of the priests. In Belgium, the papal power is paramount. In Holland, one of the most Protestant parts of continental Europe, the priests are gaining ground, much in the same way as in England ; and whether the results shall be disastrous or otherwise, the untiring exertions of the Church of Rome, more especially in this country, are too obvious to be denied or regarded with indifference.”—*Ibid.*

“ The first stone of a new Popish chapel was laid, with great form and ceremony, at Uttoxeter, amid a vast concourse of people.”—*Chester Chronicle*, May 1838.

“ On Wednesday last, the new Popish church at Ipswich was consecrated with

great pomp. After the ceremony of consecration was over, a numerous choir, assisted by the band of the 4th Dragoon Guards, in full regimentals, who were sent by their colonel for this occasion, performed Mozart's mass in C."—*Suffolk Chronicle*, December 1839.

"The Bury town-council passed a resolution against two clergymen of that town, for continuing to preach against the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith. The Rev. Messrs. Hastid and Haggitt have written to the corporation, stating their sorrow at differing from the council in opinion; but as the funds were left distinctly for preaching sermons every quarter, demonstrating the errors of the Church of Rome, they, with every respect for the professors of Romanism, and forbearance toward their particular and conscientious belief, felt that they were bound to preach the sermons on the same subject as heretofore. Mr. Eagle, on the meeting of the council, expressed his disapproval of the interference of the reverend gentlemen upon the subject; declared their letter to be a *direct insult* to their Roman Catholic brethren; and said that, as the money payable by Lord Rivers came through the hands of the council, which had also the appointment of the preachers, he advised that body to prevent the offensive preaching."—*Ibid.*

The following remarkable testimony is from a well-known author, signalled, it is true, by liberal opinions, but of unquestionable industry in collecting facts—viz., Mr. Grant.

"The Roman Catholics are rapidly increasing in London, as well as in every other part of the country. A chapel was erected at St. John's Wood, two or three years ago, by two maiden ladies. They gave 10,000*l.* for this purpose. I was present at the opening, or, as it is called, consecration, of this chapel. The Roman Catholic bishop of London, assisted by another bishop, officiated on this occasion. There were no fewer than thirty-two priests present, all in full priestly dress. But my chief object, in referring thus particularly to the erection and opening of this new Roman Catholic chapel, is to mention that the unusual display made on this occasion—was in a great measure caused by the high spirits which the Romish priesthood are in at the rapid progress which their religion is making in England. Dr. Griffiths, who preached on the occasion, after having told the two ladies who built the chapel that they had thereby purchased a right to

heaven, proceeded to speak in exulting terms of the extent to which Catholicism prevailed on the Continent, and of the rapidity with which the people of England were returning to the religion of their forefathers. And this joy at the rapid strides which this country is again making towards Popery is universally shared by the priests and intelligent laity. There is not a Sunday in which it is not exultingly asserted, in hundreds of Catholic pulpits in Great Britain and Ireland, that the Church of Rome is destined to triumph over and trample in the dust the Protestantism of England. * * * What I complain of is, that Roman Catholics have, in almost every instance, received the lucrative and influential appointments which have been made in Ireland since the appointment of the present administration. To be a Protestant in Ireland is precisely the same thing as if one had an inscription written on his forehead, 'Ineligible to any government office under the Marquess of Normanby.'"—*Travels in Town by the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "Great Metropolis," &c. &c.*

It is right to add, to the above extract, that this writer's census of the Roman Catholics in London is utterly incorrect. He rates them at 26,000, which is at least 100,000 too few. There are 15,000 connected with the chapel in the London Road, 5000 with Lincoln's Inn Fields, and 6000 with Moorfields. These three chapels have congregations, equal at least to Mr. Grant's estimate of the whole Roman Catholics of London. There are at least 200,000 Irish in London. Ninety per cent of these are Papists. St. Giles's parish alone will furnish twice 26,000.

"*Progress of Popery.*—Nor would it be foreign to the purpose of our meetings, if I were to point out the progress of Rome, and to call upon you, as ordained defenders of the faith, to mark well the signs of the times in this respect. I am not prepared, indeed, to state that there has been any material increase in the members of this church within this diocese. It is true a few additional chapels have been built, if I am correctly informed, in both the counties; but this, in itself, is not a certain test of their success in proselytism, and of the augmentation of their numbers. It has ever been the policy of the Romanists to let the supply precede the demand; to let the chapel wait for the worshipper, not the worshipper for the chapel. Do I blame them in this matter? I blame them not. The children of this world are wiser in

their generation than the children of light. Would that our Protestant feelings could be roused into a burning jealousy in these things! But these chapels, if indicative of nothing more, are at least evidence of the resources at the command of the builders, and of their activity in employing them. We should be blind to passing events, if we did not see the danger which is menacing our church from this quarter; the cloud, already bigger than a man's hand, is even now above the horizon; and it becomes us to be upon our guard against the approaches of an enemy who will find, I fear, his vantage ground in our departure from primitive ecclesiastical discipline, and in the general vagueness of principle which prevails on the subject of church membership and church union."—*Bishop of Winchester's Charge* (Dr. R. C. Sumner), 1837.

"A new Roman Catholic college has lately been finished at Sutton Coldfield, at an expense of nearly 60,000*l*,"—*Wigan Gazette*, Aug. 1838.

"Three new Roman Catholic chapels have recently been opened: one dedicated to St. John, at Warwick; the second, at Banbury; and the third, in the neighbourhood of Wellington, Salop."—*Record*, Aug. 1838.

"Schools for the Sisters of Charity.—Weekly subscriptions are being made among the Roman Catholics of Preston towards the completion of the schools and house for the Sisters of Charity. The estimated expenses of the building are 2200*l*. It is expected that a further sum of 600*l*. will finish them; and that an additional 400*l*. to the endowment fund will secure the permanent establishment of five Sisters of Charity."—*Blackburn Standard*, June 1838.

"The Irish papers contain a long account of the admission, on Friday last, of two Scottish ladies of rank into a nunnery at Cork. One of the ladies is daughter of the late General Agnew, and cousin to Sir Andrew Agnew, the former member for Wigtonshire; and the other, who is named Taylor, is a friend of the former. Miss Agnew is the author of a controversial novel named *Geraldine*; and the heroine is understood to represent the authoress herself, while Miss Taylor is exhibited in the same work under the name of Catherine Graham. They were both dressed in full bridal costume, preparatory to their taking the veil and resigning the world for ever; and immediately after the ceremonial the two ladies retired to throw off their gay attire, and soon after returned with their hair cut off, and clothed in the full costume of the

Sisters of Mercy, which is the order they have adopted. They are stated to have formerly belonged to the Church of Scotland."—*Caledonian Mercury*, Jan. 1839.

In reference to the above statement, we may remark that Sir Andrew Agnew has publicly disclaimed all relationship to Miss Agnew. With the exception of this, the account is generally correct.

From a clergyman at Downing, near Holywell, Feb. 7, 1834:—

"You are well aware that a new and very handsome Roman Catholic chapel has been lately erected in Holywell, together with a school for boys and girls, the old chapel not being, I suppose, considered sufficiently capacious. There are certain estates in this county belonging to the Romish Church, so that funds were not wanting for the erection of this building; to which, however, several of those falsely called Protestants subscribed. It would seem singular, at first sight, that Popery should be on the increase in Wales; the language, it might be supposed, as well as the religious feelings of the people, being a barrier to any such advancement: but, on the other hand, I am almost daily a mournful witness to this truth, that the priest and his followers have a clear course, and that hardly any impediment is offered to the insidious progress of the most insidious of all religious systems. * * *

"The Dissenters are not yet prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship, though they have been not a little startled by the late proceedings of the Roman Catholics in their vicinity. And, besides all this, we are sadly in want of Welsh speakers, who have some knowledge of the controversy between the churches, and without whose assistance but comparatively little benefit would arise to the lower classes from a public meeting. The Roman Catholic priest opened his new chapel on the 13th of November, and in English, with a few prefatory false observations, which he terms 'The Mass of the Dedication of a Church, as celebrated at the opening of the new Catholic Chapel, in Holywell.' I have never seen the original service, and have no means of doing so; but every thing that would shock Protestants is kept out of sight as much as possible. I am happy to say, however, that though some members of our Church attended the consecration, they seem almost all to have returned home disgusted with the genuflexions, mummary, &c. &c. The priest has so far learned Welsh, that he gives a sermon once a-week, on a week-day, in that language. But his most formidable weapon is the day-school, to which great num-

bers of Protestant children are sent; and, I am told, clothed, receiving more than the Roman Catholic children do: and from the national school, since Christmas, six children have been withdrawn to swell the number of those who are imbibing the poison of Popish error and idolatry. The Protestant children, however, are not compelled to learn the Romish catechism; but they stand by while the others recite it. You may believe, from what I have thus briefly stated, that there is little here to strengthen the hand of the Protestant and the Christian."

From a clergyman in Lancashire, 1834:—

"You are aware there is a second Romish chapel building in Preston, called the 'Church of St. Ignatius,' and so styled in lithographic designs of the new building, to have a tower and peal of bells, and has been subscribed to by nominal Protestants. In this chapelry, it was quite customary for the Protestants to go to the charity sermon at the Roman Catholic chapel, there being one here, until I discouraged it more than once from the pulpit."

From a clergyman in Staffordshire, 19th September, 1835:—

"Within the last two months, the Roman Catholic chapel has been (I believe) finished, and I understand is to be opened with all the pomp of their awful superstition next week. I have been endeavouring to-day to ascertain the appointed day, but cannot succeed. I hear some houses are taken for the accommodation of families, who are to be present on the occasion. It is generally supposed the chapel will be crowded. There is so much to attract the outward senses, that many may be induced to go a second time, so that they may at length become, nominally at least, Roman Catholics. There are no resident families here who attend *publicly*, as far as I am aware, but I am informed there are many who have attended the priest in *his own house*. And I believe he is putting many Protestants to shame, by his active exertions every where."

From the Rev. Ed. Tottenham, of Kensington Chapel, Bath, Dec. 1835:—

"Returning on the morning of the 18th to Dover, I travelled the same day along the coast to Hastings. I had not much intention or expectation of doing any thing there openly at the time; but, in consequence of recent circumstances, I thought it well to remain there a day, and visit the clergy in reference to future operations. The circumstances to which I refer were contained in a newspaper

announcement, that I had seen just before, namely, that the Roman Catholics had purchased a spot of ground between Hastings and St. Leonard's, for the purpose of erecting a college and chapel. How remarkable it is, that the Romanists are settling down upon the fairest portions of our land, and in them so extensively uprearing their idolatrous temples! Ought we to behold these things unmoved, especially when those temples are oftentimes erected, in part at least, by what is called (but by a misnomer) Protestant liberality? Oh! that we felt more zeal for the honour of our God, and more devotedness to his cause; and then should we be found more constantly protesting, in his name, against the advance of a system which so grievously dishonours him. I visited the spot I have already referred to, and found that the announcement was perfectly true. It gives me pleasure to say that the clergy, upon whom I called, appeared to be alive to the importance of the subject: this incursion on the part of the Romanists told them it was necessary to prepare for the defence; and I trust that, when the trial comes more decidedly, they will be found steadfast in 'contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.'"

From a clergyman, and correspondent in the Extracts of the British Reformation Society:—

"*Burton-upon-Trent, April 22, 1835.*

"The Romish priest of the neighbouring village, a stirring, active, troublesome young man, is making incursions into this town. He has taken and fitted up a large room, in which he preaches every Sunday evening, and, I am sorry to say, to large and attentive auditories, during the time of divine service in the church."

From the *Protestant Journal*, 1835:

"Some time since the nuns from Mount Oriel, near Wigan, Lancashire, offered a large sum of money for a very extensive mansion, situate between Birmingham and Coventry; and, perhaps, would have succeeded, were it not for the timely intervention of an amiable and pious dignitary of the church, who effectually remonstrated with the disposing party. Finding this attempt fruitless, the nuns proceeded to Leamington in quest of a favourable possession. They succeeded in purchasing a piece of land of a gentleman, at a place called Prince Thorpe, within about six miles of Leamington. The nuns were their own architects: their beautifully executed plan was publicly exhibited in the windows."

The following advertisement was

inserted in the Leicester papers for June 1838.

"To the Christian public.—Next Thursday, the 25th instant, being the feast of *Corpus Christi*, on which the holy Catholic church commemorates the infinite love of God in the institution of the most holy sacrament of the altar, notice is hereby given, that at six o'clock in the evening of the above-named day, solemn vespers will be sung in the chapel of our Lady of Grace Dieu: after which the most holy sacrament will be solemnly carried in procession, and a sermon on the sublime mystery of the eucharist will be preached by the Rev. Benjamin Hulme, Catholic priest of Loughborough.

"Friends and neighbours, both Catholic and Protestant,—it is probable that none of you have ever yet witnessed the solemn ceremony of the procession of the adorable sacrament of the eucharist."

In the same paper, the following account of the superstitious and *illegal* mummary was given:—

"*The procession.*—1. One person, dressed out in white robes, bearing a cross and a banner.

"2. Two boys, clothed in white, one bearing a little silver dove, the other carrying a vessel of incense.

"3. Four priests, all dressed in white robes, splendidly adorned, carrying books, and chanting as they went.

"4. Two little girls, one of them with her head wreathed in flowers, and both carrying a basket of flowers, strewing them as they went.

"5. A canopy, supported by four boys, all clothed in black, but with white gloves. The wood-work or frame of this canopy was richly gilt, and the cover was crimson silk, with a satin fringe. Underneath was the Rev. O. Woolfrey (the priest who wrought the miracle last year, by the miraculous miracle of the Virgin Mary!) As father-prior of the monks of Mount St. Bernard, he carried a bundle in his arms, which we supposed contained the host.

"6. Six monks of Mount St. Bernard colour, dressed in long coats of a drab colour.

"7. A gentleman and lady, singing a hymn; he was dressed in military uniform.

"8. Two females.

"The whole party held books in their hands, and were singing some hymns, but it was not easy to ascertain whether in Latin or English. The procession went about two or three hundred yards, as far as the gate of the domain, but did not go outside the grounds; the whole party then defiled before the canopy, and as

each passed they knelt and worshipped the bundle, or what was in the bundle, in Mr. Woolfrey's hands; they then returned in the same order to the chapel, and concluded all by some singing, and some Latin prayers.

"There was, first, Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq., in the uniform of deputy-lieutenant of the county; then four ecclesiastics in cassocks and surplices, two and two; after whom Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., in a court dress, carried the banner of the blessed Virgin Mary, which in appearance resembled the other banner; after that the rest of the clergy in cassocks and surplices, two and two, to the number of above thirty; then the subdeacon, deacon, and priest, and the Rev. Edward Huddleston as archdeacon, in a splendid cope; and, finally, his lordship the bishop vested in full pontificals, with his mitre and crozier, and his train borne by an acolyte in a white surplice.

"Nothing could be more favourable than the day; the sun cast a dazzling brightness on the embroidered vestments of the clergy; and as the procession slowly and majestically ascended the hill, in the midst of numerous groups of people, who from all quarters had assembled to witness the impressive scene, I was carried back in imagination to the ages when all England was Catholic, and I was reminded of the sublime ceremonies I had formerly beheld in Catholic countries on the Continent."

From the correspondence of a clergyman at York, in the occasional papers of the Reformation Society:—

"York, Sept. 16th, 1838.—In my rambles through York last year, I discovered a Roman Catholic bookseller's shop, whose windows were filled with controversial works, with their title-pages exposed to view. On my return here, a few months ago, I found he had adopted an ingenious device for attracting the attention of passers-by to his publications. He had filled the upper panes of his window with caricatures, and I have never passed without seeing persons standing round gazing at his pictures. I went into his shop, and found him and his family very communicative on the topics respecting which I was most anxious to obtain information. They told me they had a ready sale for their controversial works, principally among Protestants; that they were sure that considerable success attended the efforts of their priests to make converts, for that three death-bed conversions had taken place, to their own knowledge, in the course of a week, within the precincts of York. They adduced, as ap-

other instance of success, the conversion of the late governess in — family, and informed me that there were at that time a family of eleven grown-up persons receiving instructions from —, the priest of the district, previous to their admission into the bosom of the *TRUE church*. A nunnery, just outside the walls of the city, consisted, they said, of twenty nuns, who had under their instructions between fifty and sixty female children. They have a service every Friday evening, to which many strangers, as they call the Protestants, are attracted by the excellence of the sacred music. I was also informed by them that Mr. — frequently preached controversial sermons, and that he was then delivering a course of them on the mass on the Sunday evenings, and that many Protestants attended. They denied that the priests made any direct efforts to procure their attendance, but imputed it to the solicitation of their Roman Catholic friends and neighbours. The committees of the Defence Society, they told me, met frequently, and had determined on lending their tracts gratuitously. Some of these are political, others religious; but the greater part are of a mixed character. Amongst the religious ones, the most popular are Bishop Baines' sermon on the opening of the Roman Catholic chapel at Bradford; and the reasons given by Mason, formerly a Methodist, for his renunciation of Protestantism, and adoption of the Romish faith.

"I subsequently called upon —; he confirmed all that had been told me by the bookseller and his family, and gave me the additional information that York was to be divided into districts; and that some of the boys of a school the Roman Catholics have in the town were to be paid a small sum for distributing in each district some of the best of their tracts. They were to be ordered to leave them at the house of *every Protestant*, with a request on the cover, that they should be read, in order to do away with unfounded prejudices, and expressing a wish that they might be taken care of, as they were desirous of having them back again, and intended to send for them at the expiration of a week. This plan has been put into execution. One of the boys put some of the tracts into the hands of one of the clergy who is most opposed to the Romish tenets; he offered him some in return. The boy, however, would have nothing to say to them, having been cautioned not to receive any thing of the kind from Protestants. It was evident that in my interview both with the bookseller and with —, I was taken for a Roman Catholic, or a wavering Protestant. The latter, after I had

been some time in conversation with him, asked me which religion I was of; I satisfied his curiosity, and had a long discussion with him."

From the correspondence of the secretary of the Reformation Society, January 1829:—

"At Newcastle, the Romanists have long had a mission, and are actively engaged in collecting a congregation; their service at present is held in a hired room; here also they will have to contend with a faithful ministry, and a well-instructed body of professing Christians.

"Cobridge is a stronghold, and notorious for proselyting. They have here a fine chapel, and very extensive school-house. I visited a Roman Catholic old man in this neighbourhood, who, though he did not know letters, yet could, with great and surprising facility, quote texts of Scripture which he is taught to believe suit the purposes of his creed. He also gave me a list of books to read for my conversion, and strongly solicited my calling upon his son, to receive instructions upon the doctrines of that church, out of which he declared no one could be saved.

"Among the converts made in this district is a young man of respectability, who, since he embraced Romanism, distinguishes himself conspicuously in promoting the cause of that system to which himself has become a proselyte. I conversed here with a gentleman, who informed me that a few days before a relative of his left the neighbourhood to proceed to Walsall, for the laudable purpose of making a formal renunciation of the *errors of Protestantism*.

"In Cheadle and its vicinity the Roman Catholics are numerous. The resident priest is well known in connexion with polemical disputation. The Nunnery of Caverswall is also in this neighbourhood. Books and tracts, abusing the Church of England, and, as they will have it, her first founders, are most vigorously distributed. Such as 'Martin Luther's Conversation with the Devil,' 'Fifty Reasons why a Roman Catholic cannot become a Protestant,' 'Grounds of the Catholic Doctrine,' together with the polemical tracts and books of the Rev. J. Mason, Roman Catholic priest, formerly a Methodist preacher. Many of these little books are published in the most attractive form, somewhat after the manner of the small gift-books published by the Tract Society, termed 'Daily Food for Christians,' and 'Texts for every Day in the Year.' These, I am informed, are the issues of a press in the Potteries. Many of the Protestant clergy

are actively engaged in the circulation of tracts, and visitation among the people : in these populous manufacturing districts their duties are exceedingly laborious.

"Wolverhampton is the residence of Dr. Walsh, the Roman Catholic bishop. You no doubt heard of the synodical meeting of R. C. bishops recently held here — it created considerable sensation. The chapel was crowded, and large collections made."

From the correspondence of a Welsh clergyman, in the Reformation Society's papers :—

"July 18, 1829.—You are aware that Holywell is Roman Catholicism's strongest hold in the Principality. The congregation averages about a hundred ; it consists chiefly of old established Catholic gentry, and a colony of Irish pedlars, whom market and chapel have induced to settle here : with barely half a dozen exceptions, the natives in the lower class of life are all Protestants. The Roman Catholic priest, as a private character, is humane and charitable. But from the following authentic historiette you will perceive that some proportion of superstition is still fostered among us, and that measures rather extraordinary are resorted to, for the purpose of drawing the ignorant into the Romish fold. A friend of mine in this town has an elderly Protestant female servant, who is occasionally afflicted with a pain in the head, and deafness. About a month ago, the Roman Catholic priest, meeting her in the street, requested her to call upon him ; that he would give her holy water, which would remove the complaint. The woman called at the priest's house on Monday last, and received the promised panacea. He directed her to wash her forehead with the water, morning and evening, and say the Lord's prayer. 'But,' added he, 'you must keep it a secret from your master ; for if you let him know, the water will do you no good.' However, the woman unwittingly told the whole circumstance to her master, and even delivered over to him her sacred bottle and its contents."

From a clergyman's correspondence, in the Reformation Society's papers :—

"Trinity College, Cambridge, 1829.—When I had the pleasure of seeing you, I promised to send you some account of the state of Popery in Cambridge, and the surrounding villages, with a view to induce the British Reformation Society to send a Scripture reader to the neighbourhood. I hear from a very zealous Christian lady, who has had much ex-

perience in visiting the poor here, that at a place seven miles from here, a Roman Catholic gentleman of good property has a private Roman Catholic chapel, to which is attached a priest of the same name, and probably one of the family. This priest is very active in visiting the neighbouring villages ; and I learned, upon inquiry, that he constantly visits Cambridge, sometimes two or three times a week, sometimes only two or three times in a fortnight. In consequence of his activity, there are a great many families become Roman Catholics, chiefly among the poor, at a neighbouring village, the population of which is between 4 and 5000. The head of the workhouse is a widow, and her family are avowedly Roman Catholic ; and being very active, and having many poor under their care, they may be, and doubtless are, doing all they can to spread their religion. In fact, having been left so long to delude the souls of men, they are sufficiently numerous to talk of building a chapel in this town. Of this you are probably aware."

From a clergyman at Worcester, to the secretary of the Reformation Society :—

"Worcester, 1830.—A short time ago, a large building in the immediate neighbourhood of the Roman Catholic chapel was let out in two divisions, for two schools. The Baptists engaged one, and the Papists the other. The Baptists, learning that the partition wall did not prevent their juvenile psalmody from disturbing their Papal neighbours, suppressed it, out of pure kindness. What was the return made by the Papists ? As they began to increase and multiply, they begged their neighbours, the Baptists, to move on, and to give room to the young scions of holy mother. The Baptists, unwilling to quit, offered more money to the landlord ; but the Papists doubled the "bid," and continued to do so till the Baptists gave up their hold, and left the Papists in possession, and the Baptist school is gone elsewhere."

"The Jesuits are about to build a magnificent church in Manchester, that will bear comparison with some of the oldest and finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. The site is fixed on, and it is expected the building will be commenced early in spring. Mr. Pugin, the Roman Catholic architect, has furnished the plan. The cost will be little short of 30,000*l*."—*Manchester and Salford Advertiser*, 1839.

In Scotland, there are upwards of 150,000 Roman Catholics.

In 1833,* there were 40 *perverts* to Romanism confirmed at Aberdeen. In the same year, there were 40 at Glasgow, and a number at Dundee.

Miss Traill, the abbess of the Edinburgh Nunnery, is the daughter of a living Scottish clergyman. Mrs. Robertson and Miss Chivas, both respectable persons in Aberdeen, became Roman Catholics. Mr. Macintosh, the priest at Tomintoul, was a Protestant. Mr. Gordon, the priest at Tombae, was also once a Protestant.

From a resident clergyman:—

*"Parish of Rathven, Banffshire,
Dec. 1837.*

"This parish, situated on the coast of the Moray Firth, in Banffshire, contains, within its ecclesiastical bounds, a population of 6300, scattered over a surface of about 40 square miles; of this number upwards of 4100 belong to the establishment, and nearly 1800 are members of the Church of Rome. The former possess two clergymen, and two places of worship—the parish church, capable of accommodating 1000; and the Enzie chapel of ease, only affording room for 400. Several adults in Buckie cannot read at all, and many have not been within the walls of a place of worship for years. Add to all this, that they are continually exposed to the inducements and influence of the Roman Catholics, whose unwearying activity in making converts, wherever they have obtained a footing, is too well known to be insisted upon. In the parish of Rathven, although not half so numerous as the Presbyterians, they have four priests (inclusive of a bishop), and three places of worship, capable of containing as many hearers as the parish church and chapel of ease together. It is to remedy this distressing state of things that it has been proposed to erect a church in the town of Buckie, and afterwards to procure the constant labours of a resident pastor."

In 1835, thirty-four perversions to Popery took place at Aberdeen, and a number also at Perth. In the same year, an unspecified number were confirmed at Edinburgh. Mrs. Col. Hutchinson; Mrs. Warden, of the Stockwell Popish school, Glasgow; and sister Mason, are all perversions.

Dr. Hay, the late Romish bishop of Edinburgh, was once a Protestant, and a physician. About a hundred years ago, Protestantism was the almost uni-

versal faith in Arran. In the present day, the island contains a great majority of Papists, amounting to nearly two thousand. To these facts, drawn chiefly from the personal researches of the Rev. R. Shanks, we would add the following extract from a report on the progress of Popery, submitted to the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, in 1836, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Inverness, the convener of the committee appointed for this purpose. It is to be hoped that its striking statements will not fail to leave a corresponding impression. It is strange, that in the most Protestant country of Europe, Papal superstition should have grown and shot up into a widespread and overshadowing hierarchy.

"The great increase of Popery in the towns of the Lowlands is mainly to be ascribed to the continual influx of Irish labourers, which has of late been so considerable, that the city of Glasgow may be said to contain more subjects of the church of Rome than in 1679 could be found by the pope in the whole extent of Scotland. And in Dundee, where the Popish congregation did not, twenty years ago, number more than fifty individuals, it contains now about five thousand souls, the annual number of baptisms being about two hundred and thirty. But we must not omit to notice, that in their official publications the office-bearers of the Church of Rome mention the number of their people in several of our towns as being in some degree increased by apostasy from the Protestant faith. Whether the number of those be considerable or not, who have become converts in this country to the Romish creed, the fact of the increasing numbers located in our towns, and inhabiting the rural districts of our country, professing what we fully believe to be a system of idolatry, is an evil to be deeply deplored. These numerous individuals are placed in a situation of imminent peril, while living in deep and fatal error; and great is the responsibility of a Christian church, intrusted with the superintendence of a country like this, if it leaves them to travel onwards to eternity, undisturbed and unwarned. But, besides the injury done to the victims of delusion, by thus disregarding their condition, manifold are the evils which may thence arise to our own people, who, by our indifference, will be insensibly led to regard that Popery, against which their fathers contended unto the death, as by

* For these, and many other important statements respecting Popery in Scotland, we are indebted to the Rev. R. Shanks of Buckie.

no means fraught with serious danger to the souls of men. This will be found to prove, in many cases, a fatal preparation for facilitating the proselytising exertions, in which the emissaries of Rome are putting forth unwearied energy in different parts of the country.

"The Popish hierarchy connected with Scotland became extinct in 1603, by the death of James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, who died in Paris in 1603. From that period until 1694 no Popish bishop had any connexion with this country. At the present moment, however, the Church of Rome has in Scotland four bishops, nominally connected with extinct bishoprics in other parts of the world, and to which the pope assumes the right of nominating, but officiating in this country, which their commission designates '*in partibus infidelium*,' as vicars-apostolic of the Roman see. Under them about seventy priests officiate, at least in sixty regular chapels, and supply at stated times with the rites of Romish worship twenty-five occasional stations. Besides all this, they have a considerable number of schools, several of which are taught on the Sabbath evenings, where their youth are carefully instructed in the doctrines of the Popish faith. They have also a well-endowed college, within six miles of Aberdeen, where young men judged suited for missionary labour are educated gratuitously. And, what would scarcely be credited some years ago, they have lately opened a convent in the city of Edinburgh, partly intended to be devoted to the purposes of education, and partly to those of charity,—in both views well adapted for the indirect propagation of Popery. While the machinery for the maintenance and propagation of their doctrines is becoming every year more extensive, the most strenuous efforts are made to disguise the real character and ultimate designs of the Romish Church. This will surprise none who remember the past history of the Jesuits; an order now restored, though formerly its abolition was accorded to the loud voice, not of Protestant, but of Popish Europe, disturbed in every quarter by their dark machinations, astonishing power, and ceaseless intrigues. The Church of Rome, in its directory for this year, has actually told the world the disgraceful fact, that Protestant gentlemen are among her supporters.

"But, for a specific evil, such as we have now brought before the Assembly, a specific remedy must be discovered. The increase of the number of our churches, desirable though this be, will not of itself recall those enslaved by the Church of Rome, who will enter none of

those churches, and hold no ministerial connexion with their pastors. Neither will the diffusion of education cure this evil, as many highly educated men are to be found among the most zealous abettors of the papacy, and not a few of considerable literary attainments have actually lapsed into Popery. *The first Popish bishop in Scotland, since the Revolution, had been a Protestant of respectable family and connexions; and of the fourteen others who held the episcopal rank in the same church in this country, two were apostate Protestants, of respectable talents and acquirements. Nothing can be more absurd than the frequent assertions we hear, that there is no danger of Popery being ever extended in this country by proselytism. But absurd though it be, it is extremely mischievous, as it leads to that utter neglect of this controversy, which, at convenient seasons, must make many the ready victims of Popish emissaries.*"

From the Rev. R. Shanks, in the Reformation Society's papers for 1836:

"I have, however, been informed, upon unquestionable authority, that some who were nominally Protestants have joined the Roman apostasy. Cases have been mentioned here, and in several other places, of mothers being secretly drawn over to Popery, and continuing to conceal their having changed, until they had succeeded effectually in poisoning the minds of their children. An instance of this has occurred in Dundee, where the father has to lament that his children have been deluded into a belief in the mystery of iniquity by their mother; and thoroughly to secure one of the recently converted daughters, she has been sent to be a servant in the nunnery in Edinburgh. A new chapel is about to be erected in Dundee, in a most eligible situation, and designed to accommodate 2000 persons. Lately, a company of strolling players gave a benefit in the Amphitheatre for the new mass house; and thus 46l. 12s. was added to the funds. This fact shows how gross and low modern Popery is, since it is thus intimately associated with the mountebank sports of the circus. Both, indeed, are heathen in their origin, profane in their character, and demoralizing in their effects. I delivered eight lectures and sermons in Dundee, which were well attended. The working classes of Protestants were represented as being most numerous at the benefit given at the Circus; but I deem that representation false, for, from the audiences I had, it was evident that the working classes do still take interest more generally, perhaps, than those who are placed above them in temporal rank.

"Whilst at Dundee, I received information that the Papists had lately opened a new place of worship at Blair-gourie. I felt it therefore to be my duty to visit that station, which has been notorious for Radicalism and Voluntaryism, now united with their natural ally, Popery."

Did our space permit, we would most gladly make some additional extracts from the late admirable report on the progress of Popery, drawn up by the Very Rev. Dr. Muir, the present moderator of the Scottish Church.

From the *Scottish Guardian*, February 1839:—

"It is with great pain, though not with much surprise, that we have learned, on credible authority, the Roman Catholic party have purchased ground in the eastern part of the city for the establishment of a school and a nunnery! The person who sold the ground is a respectable Christian man, who had no idea for what purpose it was purchased. This is another sign of the progress of Popery,—at least it is a proof of the extreme zeal of the party, and of their conviction that the present state of the political and religious world is favourable to their advancement. Men may say, 'the Roman Catholics of Glasgow are poor, and no respectable family will send their children to be educated by them, and there is no fear of any of the Protestant ladies of this city becoming nuns;' but there will be no want of money. Foreign resources can be called in if home ones fail; and whatever may be the present feeling of the great body of Scottish families in regard to Popery, such Popish establishments serve to familiarise men's minds with evil, and to take off its edge. From the experience which has been made of families in this country sending their children to the Continent for some misnamed accomplishments, though at the hazard of their Protestantism, it is plain that there are many who, for very trifling considerations, will run the risk of Popery—and the step from the school to the nunnery is not a very difficult one. In these circumstances, what is the duty of Protestants? Is it not to be alive to the dangers of Popery, and to be banded together as one man against them? And are they really thus alive and combined? Is it not a melancholy truth that large numbers of Protestants are utterly insensible to danger, and will not be aroused? Who of the Protestant communion could be trusted at the present hour? The Evangelical Dissenters, once the sworn foes of Rome, are now either neutral, or lending their influence

to her advancement. In the dread of displeasing her, and so injuring their own miserable party interests, they will neither petition against her public countenance, nor by lectures, and otherwise, expose her unscriptural pretensions.

From the *Scottish Guardian*, February 1839:—

"It is not without regret that we record the following, as affording one more proof that Popery is working its way to power with all the deceptableness of unrighteousness. It is well known that the established ministers in Airdrie, along with the minister of the Old Light there, have delivered a series of lectures against Popery. Mr. Sommerville, minister of the United Secession Chapel in Airdrie, appears to have taken great offence at this attack on the Papacy, and has, we believe, more than once, intimated how he feels on the subject. His last act, in reference to it, was to tell his people, in the afternoon of Sabbath the 13th, that, in order to give them a correct idea of what Popery is, he would read to them, in the evening, a sermon by a Roman Catholic minister. He did so, and added comments, in which he assured his hearers, it were easy to misrepresent any body, and to tell stories even against the Established Church; but that, from what they had heard, they might judge for themselves. Will the Secession Synod take up this case, and sift it to the bottom, and censure Mr. S. for his conduct? We shall see."

A deputation of English and Irish noblemen, headed by Lords Shrewsbury and Stafford, in December last, presented to his holiness the rules of an institution, established and endowed by the Roman Catholics of England, for the spread of the Romish faith and the extirpation of heresy. The pope received the deputation with great kindness, and paid them every mark of distinction.

At a dinner given at Newcastle lately by the Papists of that place to one of their number, the following toasts were prominent: "His holiness the pope, the father of the Christian world!!" "The people of England;" "Dr. PUSEY AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND REFORMERS AT OXFORD, AND THANKS TO THEM FOR THEIR EXCELLENT TRACTS."—*Newcastle Journal*, January 1839.

While on this point, we cannot help adding the following extract from the *Roman Catholic Magazine* for February 1839:—

"But most sincerely and unaffectedly do we tender our congratulations to our brethren of Oxford that their eyes have been opened to the evils of private judgment, and the consequent necessity of curbing its multiform extravagance. It has been given to them to see the dangers of the ever-shifting sands of the desert in which they were lately dwelling, and to strike their tents and flee the perils of the wilderness. They have already advanced a great way on their return towards that church within whose walls the wildest imagination is struck with awe, and sobered down to a holy calm, in the enjoyment of which it gladly folds its wearied wings; before whose God-inhabited altars the proudest intellect prostrates itself in adoration of its CREATOR; under whose immense expanse all its denizens are united in one faith; and no wrangling, no contention, breaks with unhallowed sound the soul-entrancing harmony. They have already found in the mine, whose recesses they have been exploring, gems of great price, more valuable than silver, and gold, and precious stones,—which shine as stars on the darkness of this life, but are accounted as mere glittering gewgaws by those who have not had the patience to make themselves aware of their worth. There are yet many more to be gathered and treasured up; but the success has been such as to encourage a prosecution of the search, which may God continue and direct to a happy conclusion! Again we congratulate them. They have found the clue which, if they have perseverance to follow it, will lead them safely through the labyrinth of error to the clear day of truth. We can, we do, forgive them that, urged by the clamour of their opponents, many of them exhibit towards us an extreme degree of intolerance, by way of proving their abhorrence of such of our tenets as they do not as yet hold, and exhibiting themselves as good and true men to the eyes of their brethren. All this we can readily excuse, because we know how natural is such misplaced zeal to our frail nature; but yet, even in this temper against us, such is the force with which the modicum of truth they have received has operated, that their voices have been raised to swell the shout with which we hailed the late great triumph of truth and humanity over error and persecution. For that shout we thank them; and for all wherein they have sinned against us we forgive them heartily, and wish them strength and grace to persevere in the path along which they are now journeying. They see the necessity of such an authority as they claim; they cannot fail soon to see that it rests upon other shoulders; and

then the spirit we respect in them will surely rise superior to all worldly considerations, and lead them to worship in that temple built under the shade of a goodly tree, bringing forth sweet fruit, whose noble and widely spread branches were once but buds on an insignificant sapling. Some of the brightest ornaments of their church have advocated a reunion with the church of all times and all lands; and the accomplishment of the design, if we have read aright the 'signs of the times,' is fast ripening. Her maternal arms are ever open to receive back repentant children; and, as when the prodigal son returned to his father's house, the fatted calf was killed and a great feast of joy made, even so will the whole of Christendom rejoice greatly when so bright a body of learned and pious men as the authors of the *Tracts for the Times* shall have made the one step necessary to place them again within that sanctuary where alone they can be safe from the moving sands, beneath which they dread being overwhelmed. The consideration of this step will soon inevitably come on; and it is with the utmost confidence that we predict the accession to our ranks of the entire mass."

From a clergyman at Chipping Sodbury, August 1838, in the *Reformation Society's papers*:—

"Out of a fund of 42,000*l.* left by a lady, the wife of a Protestant rector deceased, for propagating the Romish faith in this place, they are building here, in the middle of the town, a Popish chapel, a house for the priest, and a schoolroom; in which last they intend to educate, clothe, and feed the children."

The Romish bishop of London has at his disposal 70,000*l.*, with which it is said he intends to build a cathedral in London. This sum is part of the property of the late Mr. Blundell.

(From the *Hereford Times*.)

"LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE ON THE NEW CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN THIS CITY."

"This ceremony took place, according to advertisement, on Tuesday last, Sept. 19th, before a highly respectable assemblage of about 2000 persons. Among many other distinguished persons, we may notice Thomas Monington, Esq., of Sarnesfield Court, high sheriff of the county of Hereford, and his lady; Rev. Richard Norris, provincial of the Society of Jesus, in England; Rev. John Bird, *Socius* to the said provincial; Rev. F. Hendren, M.A., of Abergavenny; Rev. W. Barber, from Downside College; Rev. J. J. Reeve, from Courtfield; Rev.

J. Short, from Little Malvern; C. Bodenham, Esq., Rotherwas, and his lady; William Salvil, Esq., of Croxdale Hall, in the county of Durham, and his family; Dr. Cox and family; and many of the Protestant gentry of the city and county, among whom we noticed J. E. Gough, Esq., the worshipful the Mayor and his family, and several members of the town-council.

"At twelve o'clock, the Herefordshire militia band played the grand Hallelujah Chorus of Handel; after which the Catholic clergy and laity walked in solemn procession about the exterior walls of the chapel, conducted by the Rev. Richard Boyle, as master of ceremonies.

"While the line of procession was marching upon the walls, the band played, in excellent style, the Sicilian Hymn. The procession ascending to the site of the future altar, where a large temporary wooden cross was erected, the high-priest began to read prayers appointed to be recited by the Roman ritual. Having blessed the cross, the clergy proceeded to the north-east corner of the chapel, where the foundation-stone had been previously suspended. Reciting the litanies and other prayers, the architect presented the silver trowel to the officiating priest, who, marking the stone with three crosses, presented it to the high-sheriff. The high-sheriff spreading the mortar, both he and the officiating priest laid their hands upon the stone while it was being lowered to its proper destination, and performed the other ceremonies usual on these occasions. The clergy, unattended, then walked, in slow order, round the walls, repeating the beautiful 84th Psalm, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!'—the high-priest at the same time sprinkling with holy water the foundation of the whole building. This completing the ceremony, the band played the beautiful Portuguese air, *Adeste Fideles*, while preparations were being made for a discourse delivered by the Rev. Richard Boyle.

"After the completion of the ceremony, a square copper box was inserted in the stone, containing coins of the realm, and a parchment with the following inscription:—

"A. M. D. G.

"The first stone of this Catholic chapel, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, and erected at the expense of the members of the Society of Jesus, established at Stoneyburst, in Lancashire, was laid with due solemnity, and according to the rites of the holy Catholic Church, by Thomas Monington, Esquire, of Sarnesfield Court, high sheriff of the county of

Hereford, in the presence of a numerous and highly respectable body of the citizens of Hereford, and inhabitants of the county of Hereford, on Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1837, in the first year of the reign of her most gracious Majesty Victoria, queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

"We believe we may safely assert, that there is not on record a single instance of this ceremony, which so much gratified every individual present, having been performed in the city of Hereford during the last five centuries; and, we believe, that we may as safely state that this sacred ceremony has not been honoured by the instrumentality of a high sheriff, in any part of the united empire, since the days of the Reformation.

"At half-past two o'clock, the high sheriff, with the Catholic clergy and gentry, were hospitably entertained by H. A. Beaven, Esq., Widemarsh Street. After the removal of the dinner, a most valuable and highly illuminated manuscript, formerly belonging to Louis XI., king of France, was presented by Charles Bodenham, Esq., to the Rev. Richard Norris, as a token of gratitude from the Catholics of the city of Hereford. The following inscription was printed in the book and read:—

"Hereford, September 10, 1837.

"We, the undersigned Catholics of the city of Hereford, sensible of the many invaluable blessings received from the Society of Jesus, and desirous of testifying our most grateful acknowledgments for the same, beg the Rev. Richard Norris, as superior of the said Society, to accept this illuminated manuscript, as a small memorial of our respect and gratitude."

"It was a most pleasing sight to behold the workmen, to the number of about seventy, who are employed in the erection of this edifice, all taking an active part in the ceremony of the day, bearing on their left breast Maltese crosses. In the evening, they sat down to an excellent dinner, divided into two divisions, one under the presidency of Mr. Richard Pritchard, at the Sun Tavern, the other under that of Mr. William Heather, at the Nelson, and we are happy to know, that the rational and cheerful behaviour of the men in the evening was in perfect accordance with their good and respectful conduct in the morning."

The following is another part of the means at work for the perversion of this country. The secretary of this institution has just sent us the latest edition of a pamphlet issued by his

employers. Owing to its not having reached us till a few days ago, we could not give it, or the other document that follows it, earlier attention. This is our only apology for its appearance under this head. He is anxious to tempt us to subscribe, by the prospect of the following indulgences:—

" Propagation of the Faith.

Council of the Branch Society for Great Britain.

Patron.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury.

President.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, V.A.

Vice-Presidents.

The Right Hon. the Lord Stourton.

The Right Hon. the Lord Clifford.

The Hon. Sir. Edw. Vavasour, Bart.

The Very Rev. Monsigr. Acton.

The Very Rev. Monsigr. Wiseman.

The Rev. Randal Lythgoe.

A. H. Lynch, Esq. M.P.

Joseph Weld, Esq.

Philip Jones, Esq.

Kenelm H. Digby, Esq.

Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq.

C. J. Pagliano, Esq.

Joseph Bushel, Esq.

Henry Barnewall, Esq.

Treasurer.

Henry Robinson, Esq.

Secretaries in London.

J. C. Anstey, Esq.

H. R. Bagsbawe, Esq.

Charles Weld, Esq.

Secretary in Birmingham.

John Hardman, Esq.

Bankers.

Messrs. Wright and Co. London."

" LONDON MISSION FUND.

" This institution was established November 13th, 1815, with the approbation of the R. R. the vicar-apostolic of the district, for the purpose of providing funds for the education of pastors for the mission; and also to assist in the erection of chapels, or any work that might promote the interests of religion. It provides against the danger of leaving the flock without pastors—a circumstance that has already often occurred,—and secures to the present and rising generations all the invaluable blessings of religion in life, and the comforts of the minister of Christ at the hour of death. Each person becoming a member participates in the benefit of four masses, that are celebrated every week in the bishop's college for its members and benefactors. Such is the advantage, and such the objects that are aimed at by this institution,—objects

that should induce every Catholic who is sincerely attached to the faith of his ancestors, to seize with gladness this opportunity of propitiating the favour of the Almighty, and laying up for himself immortal treasures in heaven.

" CONVENT OF SISTERS OF MERCY.

" Little need be said in recommendation of such a convent in London. We have only to look to those places in which, under various denominations, they are already, and their advantages are every where evident to our view. In France and in Ireland, their happy effects are truly wonderful, and are admired and greatly praised by every denomination of Christians. The establishments in France of Sisters of Charity amount to more than four hundred; the number of their members is more than three thousand, and there are at this day thirty-four converts of that order in the city of Paris alone. In Dublin, and other parts of Ireland, convents of mercy and charity have been founded, some years since, to which are attached hospitals, infirmaries, and schools for the poor; but England still remains unaided by these pious sisterhoods.

" That their establishment in London would produce the most desirable consequences must be manifest to every one who reflects on the duties of these pious ladies, and their faithful discharge of them. They acknowledge as a first principle, that Almighty God has assembled them to honour our Blessed Saviour as a source of all charity, and to render unto him in the persons of the aged and infirm poor, of children, of prisoners, and all in distress, every service, whether corporal or spiritual, of which they are capable. They, from the most pure and holy motives, engage to teach female poor schools, to instruct the ignorant, to serve the poor in person, to perform the most revolting offices to the sick, to watch by them during whole nights without regarding the tainted and infected air of the hospital, the miserable garret, the damp cellar, or the awful presence of the dying and the dead. The abandoned orphan, the desolate widow, the wounded soldier, the timid poor, and the wretched of every class, are objects of their pious solicitude and their holy love. Oh! surely this is religion, pure and undefiled before God and man; and the practice of it must be of infinite advantage to society in general, and to religion in particular.

" Under the impression of this truth, the necessity of such a community in London was long deeply felt by the Right Rev. Dr. Poynter, and the Right Rev. Dr. Bramston; and it is now with the marked approbation and encouragement

of HIS LORDSHIP, our bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, your applicants appeal to your charity for assistance in the establishments of the Sisters of Mercy in Bermondsey. The difference between the Sister Orders of Mercy and Charity is principally in government,—the former being under the bishop, and not subject to removal from his diocese.

"Certainly no place in London could be better selected for these Sisters to commence in. They will have within the range of their charity, two hospitals, two prisons, and four very extensive workhouses, with a congregation of nearly ten thousand of the poorest of the poor.

"For the last two years ladies have been engaged at Bermondsey in the holy exercises of mercy and charity, with great edification both to Protestants and Catholics. They have shewn, by their universal charity, their zeal to do good to all persons, that the same spirit which animated the Sisters of Charity in France, and the Sisters of Mercy and Charity in Ireland, is not less vigorous in the English ladies, when called on to serve God in works of mercy and holy love. This being a fact beyond contradiction, the bishop has sent ladies to Ireland, who are now going through their novitiate, and will return to Bermondsey in twelve months, when others, now at Bermondsey, will be professed, and the community formed."

This document, too important to be omitted for the sake of a point of order, is one of those plans of proselytism pursued by the Romish Church, to which, from its merely eleemosynary character, many thoughtless Protestants give money. We do trust none will be so cajoled and deceived, that they will compromise their principles, the claims of God, and of souls, by contributing one penny to such abomination.

The following is a letter addressed, Sept. 23, 1838, to the editor of the *Sunderland Beacon* :—

"I allude to the establishment of the schools in connexion with the Roman Catholic chapel situated in Bridge Street, in this town, and the manner of conducting the same.

"Those schools, sir, as you will be aware, were instituted about five years ago, under the pretence of affording education to children of all sects and denominations, on the payment of one penny weekly; and two monks, or members of an order in the Church of Rome, entitled

Christian Brothers, were expressly sent for from Ireland by the resident Irish priest, for the purpose of conducting them; it appears there not being a single man to be found in England capable of filling that office; or, rather, perhaps, to speak plainer, not one sufficiently artful for the game. Let the people of Sunderland hear this astounding truth with surprise and astonishment. But how much greater will their astonishment be when they hear the following notorious fact, that out of about 250 children who are daily educated in those schools, upwards of 200 of that number are the offspring of Protestant parents! "

"Furthermore, sir, there are religious instructions, or lectures delivered occasionally by the Roman Catholic priest. Of what nature those lectures are can be better imagined than described. At the same time (as I understand) the scholars being at liberty to remain or retire during such instructions. True, they may be at liberty to retire, but not without the strongest solicitations to the contrary; and to disoblige one of those couple of worthies by the refusal of such an invitation would, no doubt, be followed by smart chastisement; but mark, in another shape, and under other pretences than that of a lecture lost."

From O'Connell's speech at Manchester, 1838 :—

"If the Catholic religion were not true, how came it to increase so mightily, to make such progress in the affections of the people? In the year 1702, the population of Ireland was two millions, of whom one million were Protestants and the other Catholics. (!) At the present moment Ireland contained nine millions of souls, of whom seven hundred thousand were Protestants, members of the established church, and seven hundred thousand Presbyterians, and all the remainder were Catholics! (Hear, hear.) In the year 1780, there were only sixty Catholic chapels in England; but at this day, by the confession of the Bishop of Exeter himself, there were no less than six hundred, either built or in course of erection (Continued cheers)."

We call special and serious attention to the following names, as proofs of the extent to which Popery has prevailed among the higher ranks of society. They are as follow :—

"THE PEERS ARE—the Duke of Norfolk; Earls of Shrewsbury,* Newburgh, Fingal, Traquair, and Kenmore; Lords

* The noble earl has just given 1000*l.* for the erection of a Popish chapel in St. George's Fields. Query, How much will his heir and successor give?

Arundel, Clifford, Dormer, Dunboyne, French, Lovat, Louth, Stourton, Stafford, Tremleston, Vaux.

"THE BARONETS ARE—Sir H. Bedingfield, Sir E. Blount, Sir Clifford Constable, Sir J. Gerard, Sir T. Gage, Sir T. Haggerston, Sir H. Hanlope, Sir J. Lawson, Sir E. Mortyn, Sir J. Smythe, Sir J. Swinburne, Sir H. Titchbourne, Sir F. Vincent, Sir E. Vavasour, Sir Chas. Wolseley, and Sir B. Wrey, &c. &c.

"THE ROMAN CATHOLIC GENTRY ARE—Aston, Best, Berkley, Blunt, Blundell, Bodenham, Cary, Charlton, Chichester, Canning, Clavering, Dalton, Digby, Doughty, Eyre, Eccleston, Eyton, Giffard, Howard, Hales, Jones, Langdale, Mornington, Maxwell, Mitford, Ambrose Phillips, Seudamore, Silvertop, Stonor, Talbot, Townley, Wheble, &c. &c. &c.

"THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT ARE—The Earl of Surrey, Lord Fitzalan; Messrs. P. Howard, Langdale, Stanley, Standish — English representatives; and Messrs. Archibald, Bryan, Bellow, Ball, Barron, Barry, J. Blake, R. D. Browne, Butler, Bodkin, Sir W. Brabazon Chester, D. Callaghan, Fitzsimon, Lynch, Maher, Sir R. Nagle, O'Connell, Morgan J. O'Connell, J. O'Connell, Morgan J. O'Connell, Maurice O'Connell, O'Connor Don, C. O'Brien, R. O'Ferral, J. Power, E. B. Roche, W. Roche, Reddington, Shiel, Somers, J. H. Talbot, Wyse.

"OFFICIAL PERSONAGES in Ireland being Roman Catholics are—the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Chief Remembrancer, the Clerk of the Hanaper Office, Judge Ball, and the Solicitor-General.

"THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS IN ENGLAND ARE—the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Walsh, Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs, Right Rev. Dr. Baines, —Those in Scotland are—the Right Rev. And. Carruthers, Right Rev. J. Gillis, Right Rev. Andrew Scott, Right Rev. John Murdoch, Right Rev. James Kyle.

—THOSE IN THE BRITISH COLONIES ARE—the Right Rev. J. Signay, bishop of Quebec; Turgon, bishop of Sidnei, coadjutor. Lartique, bishop of Montreal, Antony Tabean, coadjutor. J. N. Provencher, bishop of Hudson's Bay. Hon. A. Macdonald, bishop of Kingston; Remigius Gaulin, coadjutor. Fleming, bishop of Newfoundland, M'Eachern, New Brunswick. Frazer, Nova Scotia. Francesco Javeiro Carnana, bishop of Rhodes and Malta. Macdonnell, bishop of Olympus and Trinidad; R. P. Smith, coadjutor. Fernandez, Jamaica. Morris, Mauritius. Polding, Australasia. O'Connor, Madras. Carew, Philadelphia. St. Leger, Calcutta. Claney, Guiana. Griffith, Cape of Good Hope.

Lestana, Zante and Cephalonia; Hynes, coadjutor."

For the sake of completeness, we add the Popish hierarchy of Ireland:—

Most Rev. Dr. Wm. Crolly.

Right Rev. Dr. Pet. M'Laughlin.

_____ Jn. M'Laughlin.

_____ Edw. Kernan.

_____ Pat. M'Gettigan.

_____ James Browne.

_____ Wm. Higgins.

_____ John Cantwell.

_____ Michael Blake.

_____ Cornel. Denvir.

M. R. Dr. Daniel Murray.

Right Rev. Dr. James Keating.

_____ W. Kinsella.

Very Rev. Dr. F. Healy, V. C.

Most Rev. D. Michl. Slattery.

Right Rev. Dr. John Murphy.

_____ Cornelius Egan.

_____ John Ryan.

_____ Barth. Crotty.

_____ Patk. Kennedy.

_____ Nicholas Foran.

Most Rev. Dr. John MacHale.

Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Coen.

_____ Pat. M'Nicholas.

_____ Pat. Burke.

_____ Edmund French.

_____ George Browne.

_____ Fr. Jos. O. Finan.

In addition to these, it appears from the census of the Roman Catholic Directory, as well as Protestant estimates, that there are upwards of 1000 parishes, and considerably above 2000 priests, in Ireland.

The first remark worthy of notice, after this enumeration, is the graduated scale of assumptions from which the papal hierarchy shapes its public pretensions. Thus, in Ireland, the temporal titles of the sees are unblushingly appropriated. Dr. MacHale signs himself JOHN TUAM, and no voice is lifted up, "Stop thief!" The archbishop is addressed, "YOUR GRACE," and the bishop, "MY LORD." In England, the sees are not yet claimed as titles. Dr. Griffiths does not feel that the time has fully arrived when he can sign himself THOMAS LONDON. But every Popish bishop in England is addressed "MY LORD," and "HIS LORDSHIP," *usque ad nauseam*. In Scotland, where the "fisherman" feels he has a strong popular prejudice to grapple with, these lofty dignities are kept in abeyance, until such time as the slumber of Protestants has given security to Rome.

The following is the number of the

chief Roman Catholic persons of influence in the United Kingdom, some of whose names we have given :—

Roman Catholic peers and representative Peers	21
Roman Catholic baronets, at least ..	23
Roman Catholic country gentlemen of large property	50
Roman Catholic members of parliament	40
Roman Catholic bishops in England	4
Roman Catholic bishops and coadjutors in Scotland	5
Roman Catholic bishops in British colonies	23
Roman Catholic archbishops in Ireland	4
Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland..	23

To shew that, for the last hundred years, and not merely since the removal of civil disabilities, there has been a progressive increase of Romanism, we refer to the *British Review* for 1817, page 431 :—

"We have already intimated that a large Jesuit college at this moment exists in the very heart of the British dominions, at Stoneyhurst. The college has room for four or five hundred students, independent of the professors, messengers, and domestics. By their exertions, Popery has alarmingly increased in the duchy. It is certain that before their arrival, there were not half a score of Papists about Stoneyhurst. The greater part of the population in that vicinity, to the amount of thousands, are now Roman Catholics; and the present Jesuit priest of Preston is said to have made a boast that when he came to the place, a little more than twenty years since, a small room would have accommodated his whole congregation, whereas now two large chapels, which have been since erected, and are each capable of containing two thousand, are not sufficient for their converts. It is a fact that these Jesuits have regularly and systematically preached for years past in the populous town of Preston, against the English Church and faith; while it is said that even the booksellers of the town are afraid publicly to expose for sale any books against Popery, though there is a bookseller in the town, whose

windows and shop are covered with anti-Protestant publications.

"In the towns of Manchester, Preston, and Liverpool, there were confirmed by the Romish bishop, in 1813, no less than three thousand children."

James Wheble, Esq., late high-sheriff of Berkshire, in a letter to the editor of the *Reading Mercury*, in February last, estimates the annual transitions from Protestantism to Popery at 2000. He says 692 *perverts* to Popery were received by Bishop Walsh in 1838. A late Quaker, of the Middle Temple, named Lucas, has just abjured the Friends for the priests.

In the *Catholic Directory*, which is an *avant courier* of the establishment of Popery duly recognised, the provinces, dioceses, and parishes of Ireland are all parcelled out among the Romish clergy. For instance, the province of Ulster is spoken of in the following terms :—

"Archdiocese of Armagh,
Primate of Ireland :

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly,
Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate
of all Ireland, &c. &c."

The diocese of Down and Connor, it appears, has for its bishop the Right Rev. Dr. Cornelius Denvir.

The diocese of Ardagh has, it is announced, the Right Rev. Dr. William Higgins for its bishop; and the very rev. the dean is not that respected, pious, and able assertor of Protestant truth, Dr. Murray, but the Very Rev. Thomas Farely!

The following announcement must surely involve the postman in frequent mistakes :—

"Archdiocese of Tuam. 50 parishes.
His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. John
M'Hale, Archbishop. Consecrated,
12th June, 1825."

POWER TUAM, we presume, must hide his diminished head before JOHN TUAM!!

IN THE COLONIES, &c.

In *Upper Canada* there are, as declared in the parliamentary papers of 1836, which are our authorities in the following statements on the colonies, thirty Roman Catholic priests receiving from government 50*l.* each, and one bishop receiving 100*l.*

In *Lower Canada*, according to the same documents, the Roman Ca-

tholic Church has all the tithe, liable only to a few exceptions in favour of Protestants. A numerous priesthood swarms in that colonial epitome of Ireland. The Popish bishop receives from our government 1000*l.* (!) per annum.

In *Newfoundland*, the Romish Bishop has 75*l.* per annum, by parliamentary grant.

"A grant of eight acres of land," says Mr. Gladstone, in his work on Church and State, "has lately been made for the erection of a Roman Catholic cathedral. It is stated by parties connected with the colony, that the contributions of the Roman Catholics of Newfoundland to the support of their bishop and clergy, amount in value to not less than 6000*l.* or 7000*l.* annually."

Jamaica.—One Romish bishop, and two priests.

Trinidad.—Two Romish bishops, Drs. M'Donnell and Smith, and twenty-two priests; to whom it appears, by the parliamentary papers referred to, 2487*l.* was granted by government in 1835, whereas 860*l.* only was given to the clergy of the Protestant Church. This reminds one of the Irishman's idea of reciprocity, which was almost all on one side.

Granada.—Six priests, to whom are given certain lands as their support.

St. Vincent.—Two priests.

St. Lucia.—Six priests, to whom are granted 11,000 francs per annum. The *Catholic Directory* for 1839 adds, "Permanent salaries have been granted by the colonial government to these four, and a similar provision made for an additional one."

Dr. Smith, the coadjutor bishop, is now in England, begging from the West India merchants, under the plea that the priests alone are able to quiet

the emancipated negroes. Better that the children of Africa had remained in such slavery as they were born in, than come under the iron crosier and soul despotism of Rome.

Dominica.—Five priests, paid by the colonial government.

Mountserrat and Barbadoes.—Two priests, ditto.

Gibraltar.—Church of Rome receives from government 196*l.* per annum, of which the vicar-apostolic takes 100*l.*

Malta.—A Romish chaplain is supported by our government, and military salutes paid to Popish festivals.

Ionian Islands.—Thirteen popish chapels, with salaries amounting to 1010*l.* per annum.

Australasia.—One Romish bishop, and twenty-two priests; and these are endowed by our government on the same terms as the clergy of the English and Scottish churches. To the deep disgrace of the presbytery of New South Wales, a unanimous vote was passed approving of these "judicious and impartial regulations;" and Dr. Lang has lauded this sacrifice of principle in no measured terms. Dr. Polding, the Popish bishop, was sent out by our government. On the 27th of August, 1838, the following estimates were moved by the secretary, and agreed to by the Legislative Council:—

Roman Catholic Clergy.

The Right Rev. the Roman Catholic bishop	£ 500
The vicar-general	200
Fourteen Roman Catholic chaplains, at 150 <i>l.</i> each per annum	2100
To provide salaries for six additional chaplains, expected to arrive in the year 1839	900

£ 3700

Prospective Encouragement.

Allowance to chaplains for travelling expenses	200
Towards erecting chapels and dwellings for chaplains, ON CONDITION OF AN EQUAL SUM BEING RAISED BY PRIVATE CONTRIBUTIONS	1600

£ 1800

Roman Catholic Schools.

Towards the support of Roman Catholic schools at present established in the colony	800
In aid of additional schools, on condition of sums to an equal amount being raised by private contributions	300
Towards the support of destitute Roman Catholic children	1000

£ 2100

Madras Mission, or India.—Two bishops and ten priests; to whom are given, by the state, 16,697 sicca rupees, or 1669*l.* 1*s.*

If to these endowments of the Romish

Church be added the annual grant to Maynooth, it will be found that our government—Tory or Whig, for both are equally guilty—grants, for the dishonour of God, the ruin of souls, and

the extinction of truth, not less than 30,000*l.* per annum. If to all these the grants to the national schools of Ireland be added, the countenance shewn to the Papal Church by our country is most painful. Disastrous policy! Surely, individual Protestants will neutralise this pernicious conduct, by doing much more than they have done for the downfall of Babylon.

On reviewing the statistics of Popery, we must see that no increase of population will account for the increase of Papists. In 1792, there were not more than 35 Popish chapels in England; in 1839, there are, at least, 453. The population of England, in 1790, was 8,475,000. The fair ratio of increase may be reckoned at one and a half per cent per annum. This will give us, in 1839, about 15,000. The population has not doubled in these last fifty years; but suppose it had doubled itself, then the number of Roman Catholic chapels to provide for the increase of Romish population should be 70. Instead of this it is 453. The following statement on this point is from an admirable report, read at the Bath auxiliary to the Reformation Society, by the Rev. J. Lathbury, in January last:—

“The exact number of Roman Catholics in England and Wales cannot be ascertained. It may, however, be stated, that they are estimated at 2,000,000. In 1767, the House of Lords ordered a return of all Papists in England and Wales, when the numbers were 67,916. Another return was ordered in 1780, when the numbers were 69,876; shewing an increase, in thirteen years, of only 1460. It would be impossible exactly to ascertain the number of Roman Catholics, except under the authority of a parliamentary order; but if the number is about 2,000,000, then they are nearly twenty-nine times more numerous now than they were in 1780, while the population of the country is only double what it was in that year.”

The Rev. Haldane Stuart, in his annual address, on Prayer, for 1839, observes:—

“There is also that increase of power in the Church of Rome in this kingdom, the bulwark of Protestantism, that brings to mind her proud boast as given by St. John—‘I sit as a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow,’ forgetful that it is declared, ‘her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and

famine, and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.’ For whilst, in the year 1793, in the whole of Great Britain there were only thirty Roman Catholic chapels, now there are above five hundred. And, as if to prepare the way for her vainly expected triumphs, in this year her advocates in Ireland have formed, as it is termed, a ‘Precursor Society.’ Some of her most influential members have also commenced, in England, ‘the Catholic Institute;’ a society which has for its object, as its promoters declare, to defend the purity and truth of the Roman Catholic doctrines, and circulate useful information on those subjects, and for this purpose to organise local committees, and to solicit and avail themselves of individuals in different parts of Great Britain and the colonies, so that its influence may extend to every parish in the kingdom, as well as to every colony.

“Thus systematically is the cause of our Lord assailed, and thus systematically is preparation making for the advancement of that idolatrous church, of which the Lord has said, ‘Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.’”

Proselytism, influx of Irish, bribery, menaces, and other active measures, are the causes of the progress of Popery on the side of Rome; and indifference, false liberality, and political partisanship, are the causes on the side of Protestants. We close, as we began, by stating that we regard every Popish chapel as a *moral ulcer* on the surface of England. Most destructive will it be of our noblest interests if this process of ulceration is allowed to go on. Nor is it our modern balms that will remove them. They must be extirpated by the sword of the Spirit. What Neal (the Puritan historian) said in his day, may be echoed now—“Great industry is used by numbers of priests to undermine the Protestant religion. Shall Protestants then sleep, while the enemy is cutting away the ground under their feet?” We are sure they will not. We have presented these statistical researches, not, we repeat, as matter of alarm, but as a pressing and powerful demand on the energies and intercessions of all that hate “the abomination that maketh desolate,” and love the glorious truths embodied in the standards of the Protestant Church.

We have heard it rumoured, that the

Romish hierarchy are rejoiced that we acknowledge their progress and pretensions; and amid the incense of the adulation wherewith certain politico-religious *indifferents* becloud them, they see, in brilliant perspective, the returning days of a Hildebrand. We care nothing about their joy or their hatred, their smiles or their tears. This one pledge we will deliberately make them and their supporters, too, that we are prepared to furnish not merely rare and interesting illustrations of the peculiar plans, processes, and resources, where-

by the Jesuits of England urge on their abominable superstition, but also an *epitome* of the monstrous acts and deeds, the sanguinary and anti-social principles by which the footsteps of Romanism are now, as of old, indelibly stained. Let not the Popish priesthood begin too soon to rejoice. We mean not to rest till Protestantism rise to a sense of the virulence and assiduity of its assailants; and, like Samson of old, not only burst the withes that bind her limbs, but sweep the land of every vestige of Italian priestcraft.

HORÆ CATNACHIANÆ.

A DISSERTATION ON BALLADS, WITH A FEW UNNECESSARY REMARKS ON JONATHAN WILD, JOHN SHEPPARD, PAUL CLIFFORD, AND — Fagin, ESQRS.

WE had occasion, last year, to give an account of the cheap periodical press as it then existed in London; and have thought that, as a *pendant* to the article then published, which treated of the popular prose of the day, a few words regarding the popular poetry might not be unwelcome to the reader. A file of penny newspapers, or a bundle of ballads, are not, to be sure, amongst the most dignified parts of the historical collection, but, nevertheless, they form some part in it; and as it may be pretty confidently predicted that many of the newspapers will cease to appear, and most of the songs will be forgotten, while *Fraser's Magazine* is still, under the guidance of our successors, the great instructor and entertainer of the descendants of the present public, we feel, as it were, that we shall confer a benefit on posterity, in giving some brief account of the fugitive poetry of the year 1839; not to mention the actual good which the present subscriber to *REGINA* must derive from the perusal of the ensuing article.

We (that is, the middling classes) have been favoured of late with a great number of descriptions of our betters, and of the society which they keep; and have had also, from one or two popular authors, many facetious accounts of the ways of life of our inferiors. There is in some of these histories more fun—in all, more fancy and romance—than are ordinarily found in humble life; and we recommend the admirer of such scenes, if he would have an accurate notion of them,

to obtain his knowledge at the fountain-head, and trust more to the people's description of themselves, than to Bulwer's ingenious inconsistencies, and Dickens's startling, pleasing, unnatural caricatures.

For, without disparagement of their merits, it has always appeared to us, that when either of these writers has descended from his natural sphere to indulge the public with pictures of low life—of the ways of cut-throats, burglars, women of bad life, Jew old-clothesmen, and others, who are introduced as talking the most exquisite slang and bad grammar under circumstances the most profoundly tragic—it has always been our opinion that the scenes so sketched are perfectly absurd and unreal; and that the favourite, or Newgate parts, of *Paul Clifford* and *Oliver Twist* are calculated, however they may amuse, most eminently to mislead the public.

Depend upon it, that Shire Lane does not in the least degree resemble Mr. Dickens's description of that locality; that the robber's den in *Pelham*, or the Bath rendezvous of the thieves in *Paul Clifford*, are but creations of the fancy of the honourable baronet who wrote those popular novels, and who knows as much about low life as he does of German metaphysics. As, indeed, how should he know? He never had half an hour's conversation with the thieves, cut-throats, old-clothesmen, prostitutes, or pickpockets, described; nor can the admirable Boz be expected to have had any such experience.

Accordingly, the description which these authors give of the class in question, is just as accurate and like nature as one of the prints in *Beauty's Costume* is like a real woman in a real foreign dress; or as *Macbeth*, performed by Mr. Garrick in a full-bottomed wig and red velvet breeches, was like the real Thane of Cawdor; or as a speech by Mr. Daniel O'Connell, which is supposed to contain a real statement of facts, is a real statement of facts; or as a mixture of Roussillon wine, brandy, hermitage, and Bordeaux, which is called claret, is claret. There is no truth in any of these things; but we are willing to pass them off as truth, and have entered conventionally into an agreement that they shall be received among us in place of the real thing. Perhaps we prefer them—the loaded claret, and loaded speeches, and the absurd gimcrack pictures—as our ancestors did Mr. Garrick's wig and breeches, to mere nature. As these are shams, the present popular descriptions of low life are shams; of the vogue and construction of which we take the *cliquant* of the antithesis to be the secret. It is endlessly tickling the reader; and, while it does, the writer will not, of course, give up such a favourite mode of composition. Our public has grown to be tired of hearing great characters, or even ordinary ones, uttering virtuous sentiments; but put them in the mouth of a street-walker, and straightway they become agreeable to listen to. We are sick of heroic griefs, passions, tragedies; but take them out of the palace, and place them in the thief's boozing ken—be prodigal of irony, of slang, and bad grammar—sprinkle with cant phrases—leave out the h's, double the v's, divide the w's (as may be necessary), and tragedy becomes interesting once more. The reader is excited by the mixture of horror and fun which such works present, who would go to sleep over a tragedy of the regular sober old stamp, where there is none of the gross language, gross character, and outrageous contrasts of the present literary school. In old times, Tragedy used to walk about on a high-heeled cothurnus, pompous, stilted, and unnatural. He is unnatural now, too, but in the opposite extreme; for he appears without a shoe to his foot, in the likeness of a beggar or a thief.

All these opinions are, to be sure,

delivered *ex cathedra*, from the solemn critical chair; but when out of it, and in private, we humbly acknowledge that we have read every one of Mr. Dickens's tales with the most eager delight, that we watch for *Nicholas Nickleby* as the month comes round, and have the strongest curiosity and admiration for Mr. Ainsworth's new work, *Jack Sheppard*. Mr. Long Ned, Mr. Paul Clifford, Mr. William Sykes, Mr. Fagin, Mr. John Sheppard (just mentioned), and Mr. Richard Turpin, whose portraits are the most striking in the modern and fashionable Thief's Gallery, are gentlemen whom we must all admire. We could "hug the rogues and love them," and do—in private. In public it is, however, quite wrong to avow such likings, and to be seen in such company.

We have been led into the above train of reflections, and carried a little from the point we set out at, viz. the file of penny newspapers, and the bundle of popular ballads; being desirous, before we spoke of them, to warn the reader of the existence of counterfeits, and to enjoin him, if he is curious about matters of low life, to go to the real source, which is open to him, and not trust to the descriptions of poetical travellers, who talk wildly and cleverly, exaggerate much, and know very little of the scenes which they pretend to describe. Let him try, for instance, three numbers of the — twopenny newspaper: there is more information about thieves, ruffians, swindlers of both sexes, more real vulgarity, more tremendous slang, more unconscious, honest, blackguard NATURE, in fact, than Mr. Dickens will ever give to the public. There sits Blackguardism, calm, simple at ease, uttering her own thoughts in her own language; not having a gentleman for a mouthpiece, not decked out with any artificial flowers of wit, nor trammelled by any notions of politeness or decorum. She has her own jokes, words, ways, as different from those that our popular writers choose to give to her, as their habits are from hers: and when we say that neither Mr. Dickens, nor Mr. Ainsworth, nor Sir Lytton Bulwer, can write about what they know not, we presume that not one of those three gentlemen will be insulted at an imputation of ignorance on a subject where knowledge is not, after all, very desirable. Fielding, now, *had* some experience

about such characters; and oh! with what a difference of humour and perception did he view and write about them. Dickens's Jew, Fagin, is one of the cleverest actors that ever appeared on the stage; but, like a favourite actor, the Jew is always making points to tickle the ears of the audience. We laugh at his jokes, because we are a party to them, as it were, and receive at every fresh epigram a knowing wink from the old man's eye, which lets us into the whole secret. Look, now, at Jonathan Wild the Great—the great, indeed. See how gravely he goes to work, how simply, how unconsciously. There is no leering and bandying with the galleries, to tell you that he is not what he seems; no joking and epigrams about his profession: he is in earnest, as the author was when he described him; as earnest as a great man would be with a great purpose. Fagin is only a clever portrait, with some of the artist's mannerism—a mask, from behind which somebody is uttering bitterest epigrams,—not an immortal man, like the celebrated Jonathan Wild.

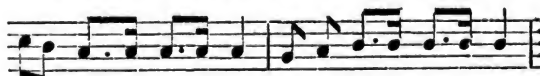
Except, then, by such a powerful hand as Fielding's, descriptions of the

low have seldom been successfully performed by amateurs; and the *Newgate Calendar* or the cheap papers (which, we take it, are written by authors of the class to whom they are addressed) are far better guides for the polite reader who wishes to cultivate this branch of knowledge. These papers relate, for the most part, to actual occurrences, characters, and modes of life. But we have read Miss Martineau, and know that, for one who seeks "how to observe," there is much curious and delightful information from the poetry of a nation, as well as from its prose, and come at last to our bundle of ballads that are to afford us these new lights; and that we purchased at the celebrated establishment of Mr. Catnach, who, like Wordsworth's Robin Hood, is "a famous man, the English ballad-singer's joy."

Mr. Catnach's emporium is situated in Monmouth Court, Seven Dials; and the curious will not be ill repaid by a visit to it. It may be said to be devoted to the lighter pleasures of the poor in London. Valentines, such as are hawked about at this season—



The baker's val-en-tine, and the butcher's val-en-tine,



the housemaid's val-en-tine, and the footman's val-en-tine.

children's toys, in the shape of little carts, tin-trumpets, drums, dolls, picture-books, lollipops, pin-cushions, laces, and such wares as are sold by the humble itinerant merchants that are to be found in our metropolis, are here to be purchased wholesale. The great trade, however, is in ballads. Here comes the wandering minstrel to purchase his stock in trade; the wares that are sold by him at a halfpenny the yard being bought, as may be supposed, at a much lower rate from Mr. Catnach. These songs, which it is our purpose to consider, might be divided into the sentimental and pathetic, the ludicrous and satirical, the political, the descriptive, and the fashionable. They come from all sources,—Tom Dibdin, Tom

Moore, Bailey (Tom and F. W. N.), Praed, F. Fitzgerald, Barry Cornwall, Horace Twiss, Ditto Smith, James Smith, James Crow, Hook, Hood, Reynolds, Hannah More, Coliseum Sloman, Lord Byron, and others, have all contributed to the collection now in our possession. The old ballad-writers have likewise been put in requisition; and along with them the actual nameless scribes of modern Grub Street, who furnish satires and ballads *de circonstance*, chastising the follies, or chronicling in playful verse the events of the day. A collection more curious cannot be easily imagined; and it is instructive too, for we may take the firm of Catnach (Catnach himself has, as we are informed, long since retired

with a fortune) as the representative of the popular poetical taste, and can trace no small number of the nation's habits, opinions, likings and dislikings, from the favourite songs in the collection.

And it is incredible to what an extent the sale of these little tracts extends. We saw, in the middle of the month of January, a man, who keeps a retail shop for cheap publications, employed in colouring valentines for the ensuing month. He said that he could colour six hundred of these in a day (a blotch of flesh or salmon colour, a dab of red, and a smear of blue, forming the colour); and being employed for a full month in the occupation, must have prepared himself no less than eighteen thousand of such pictures. Fancy the other people engaged in the same trade, and we may calculate that near a million copies of these works are published, purchased, and admired—of works about which the reader of this Magazine most likely knows nothing, and can form no idea of the people who purchase them, of their tastes, or of their manner of life. All these people have their own society, manners, amusements, intrigues, crimes, follies, and fashions, just as well as the twelve thousand families whose names are registered in the *Court Guide*. Fraser sells to his thousands, but Catnach to his hundreds of thousands; who have this advantage over us, that while by cheap printing, and the progress of the art of reading, the manners and amusements of the *Court Guide* world are well known to them, we have, on the contrary, no idea of their manners, no relish for their amusements, except as we see them in Boz's witty puppet-show: an entertaining exhibition, all must allow, but not a faithful one.

The world, the honest working world, is not idle enough to have reached such a high point in the art of joking as Boz would assign it. A great deal of ease, and leisure of mind and body, are required for persons, before they can make much proficiency in that science; and our labouring men have not, as we scarcely need say, much time for this, the study of idleness. In the *original* ballads before us, the humour is very simple indeed. It is Punch's humour, that lies not so much in the point of his replies as of his stick. The jokes are of the simplest formation; and much more droll than they, are the notions of

the sublime and pathetic, of all of which we shall try and give some instances.

We have songs in praise of poachers, smugglers, and other evaders of the law. These characters have long been popular, from the daring which forms a part of their profession, and from their tricks upon landlords, excisemen, soldiers, policemen, who are the natural tyrants of the poor, and whom they lampoon as boys do the school-master who flogs them. Against policemen, especially, the London ballad-writers (and, indeed, the graver political organs of the working men in general) direct a world of satire. We have several instances of this popular feeling regarding the policemen in the songs before us. Thus, for instance, in a general satire, entitled, "Wonderful Times, and Things very extraordinary," after alluding to the "sailor dwelling in Windsor, 'tis true upon my life, who never would be satisfied till he had a German wife," the poet attacks Sir John Key, the Duke of Wellington, as "a soldier who at Waterloo run mad," and Dom Miguel and Don Pedro, "who has had a glorious row." Having thus disposed of political matters, the bard turns to private satire, and the first object of his malice is a policeman:

"A policeman, L——, letter K, 249,
In the Mile-end Road, good lack-a-day,
has play'd some tricks so fine;
While the butcher for a moment from his
window turn'd his back,
The policeman collard a piece of beef, like
tit fal la ra whack.

The butcher saw him take the beef, which
griev'd him full sore,
So without any more to do he kick'd him
from the door;
They took his trousers, coat, and boots,
and order'd him the sack,
So the commissioners depriv'd him of his
tit fal la ra whack."

Of the words, "Tit fal la ra whack," which form the burden of this song, the meaning is somewhat dubious. They are applied indiscriminately to a piece of beef, to a policeman's commission, to the cry which his grace the Duke of Wellington uttered on being deprived of twelve inches of his nose, and constitute, indeed, the chief point of the song. Another adventure of a policeman follows; and afterwards we come to the following smart satire upon the consumers of gin:

"An old woman lived in Greenwich town,
that wore a soldier's coat,
And to swallow gin she long'd to have the
railroads in her throat :
As she was coming from Horn Fair she
thought to have a lark—
She swallow'd twenty wooden legs, and
bolted Greenwich Park.

So to conclude my ditty, and for to make
an end,
They say we shall no taxes pay, then off
we'll quickly send
The rogues that did for taxes call to the
d— in a pack ;
They may take their books and toddle off,
like tit fa la ra whack."

Another ballad is entitled "A Conversation between the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle." Again the present state of the nation is satirised ; and the poor policemen are made the subjects of the poet's scorn.

"Down by a chrystal fountain,
As I alone one morn did stray,
The Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose,
Unto each other they did say,
'Alterations must take place,
For Britons seem in grief and wo ;
Such times was never seen before
In the land called bonny England O.

In former days our fathers says
The times were different far from now,
The taxes were not half so high,
The poor man kept a pig and cow :
His family was neat and clean,
And cheerful they along did go ;
Distress by few was seldom felt
In the land of bonny England O.

When Queen Elizabeth ruled the land,
She passed a law to feed the poor,
And people no occasion had
To beg their bread from door to door.
Employment every one could find,
And cheerful to his labour go ;
But now they've passed a poor-law bill
To starve the poor of England O.

That time they no policeman had
By day and night the streets to roam ;
The station houses were not built,
And men in liquor then went home.
But now the laws are altered much ;
If peaceable you do not go,
A broken head you may expect,
So much for bonny England O.

The farmer's wife to market rode
Upon a horse and pannel neat ;
She wore a linsey wolsey gown,
Her clothing wholesome, clean, and
neat.

Silk gowns with parasols and veils,
Scented with musk is now the go,
A fine blood horse to ride—oh,
What a chance in bonny England O.'

Come, Britons, cheer your spirits up,
And let us hope the times will mend ;
We are well aware 'tis almost time
Oppression should be at an end.
When men were for their labour paid,
And rates and taxes both were low,
That was the time to live and see
The land o' bonny England O."

The cause of the dissatisfaction with Sir Robert Peel's force is here very naïvely explained by the writer ; whose idea of the public happiness in the reign of Queen Elizabeth is built on his assertion, that there were in those days no policemen, no station-house, and no punishment for an honest Briton when drunk. The assertion that "alterations must take place," and that "such times was never seen before," are founded on fact, and pretty severe hits upon the government of Lord Melbourne.

Our next ballad treats on the same subject ; and is, from the coincidence of the railroad for gin, probably from the pen of the facetious author of "Tit fal la ra whack !"

"A Touch at the Times.

Attend you gallant heroes, of high and
low degree,
You shall hear the subject of the times,
so listen unto me :
The present topics of the day I will give
you in rhymes,
All the nation is conversing about the
present times.

Chorus—And they are all conversing, &c.

Pray what may you think about the
Tories and the Whigs ?
Why I think through the country they
have played some pretty rigs ;
For like a set of rogues and fools, John
Bull they have been puffing,
And after all their promises, they are
daily doing nothing.

What is your opinion of Sir Andrew
Ague-cheek ?
They say he is a curious chap, he sits
but once a week,
For since he lost his Sunday-bill, he is
deprived of riches,
And for to get himself some brass, he
pawned his shirt and breeches.

Pray what is your opinion of the Cal-
thorpe jury bold ?
Why I think that all the seventeen is
worth their weight in gold ;
They done their duty manfully, in spite
of all their rigs,
And they would not be frightened by a
set of foolish Whigs.

Pray what do you think about the slave-trade, alas ?

Why Blackey say, he do not care, he wish de bill may pass,

For massa get twenty million, dat be a pretty haul,

And Johnny Bull be one fool, dey make him pay for all.

What is your opinion of the roguish Paganini ?

I think no more in this country he will ever get a guinea ;

For the Poles, at Vauxhall Gardens, he would play not a tittle,

So they pelted him with cabbage stumps, crack'd his nose, and broke his fiddle.

Pray what do you think about the rail-roads ? Oh, fegs !

Why, from Greenwich up to London they may slide on wooden legs ;

And in parliament, next sessions, a bill they will bring in,

To have railroads in women's throats, to gulph down the gin.

Do you think if it was such a thing, that thousands wouldn't flock,

To see the tyrant Miguel hung at Execution Dock ?

But I was told a week ago, the tyrant was come here,

And he was seen at Wandsworth, riding on a dancing bear.

Do you think that the policemen they ever will discharge ?

Why, in Chatham our government is building of a barge ;

So they will ship themselves at London Bridge, or at the Isle of Dogs,

And from thence they'll sail to Ireland to cultivate the bogs.

Pray do you think in government there will shortly be a change ?

Oh, yes ! I do ; and something there will happen very strange,

For Attwood will be chancellor ; Cobbett, secretary of state ;

O'Connell will be made premier, and Hunt will be his mate.

Don't you think that Colonel Evans, he has done a pretty job ?

Oh, yes ! but I should like to know what is become of Hob ;

Some say he is wandering thro' the streets, his clothes are naught but patches ;

And O'Connell says he's gone to France, selling needles, pins, and matches.

What is your opinion of the gallant Joe Hume ?

Why they tell me near the river he does mean to take a room ;

There, with Cobbett, O'Connell, and Atwood — it's no stories, —

They'll Burke and Bishop all the Whigs, and massacre the Tories.

Pray don't you think in England the times are very queer ?

Oh, yes ! for if through London streets at night you chance to steer,

Perhaps you'll meet the devils blue, with horror and with dread,

With a stick made like a rolling-pin, you may get a broken head.

So now my song is ended, if you are fond of chaff,

Come buy my song and read it, and you cannot fail to laugh ;

It is a cure for all disorders, and a balsam for the head ;

And them that do not like it, may go home and go to bed."

The next ballad, regarding the state of the nation, contains some home truths upon the subject of the Reform-bill, which appears by no means to have satisfied the author of the poem : —

" You Britons all, where'er you be,
I pray you listen unto me,
And then you will with me agree,
What makes us all contented.

The rates and rents are now so high,
That trade is ruined now or nigh,
And the working classes so fast do die,
So we must be contented.

This is the truth, I mean to say,
That England once looked fresh and gay,
But now is mouldering to decay,
But we must be contented.

The poor man he holds down his head,
The children often wanting bread,
There's thousands wand'ring still with dread,
And forced to be contented.

But it is no use to talk at all,
The weakest must go to the wall,
And every day we lower fall,
But we must be contented.

They said reform would do us good,
It has not yet, I wish it would,
For thousands who are wanting food,
Must starve, and wait contented.

Children oft to their fathers cry,
As they for work do often try,
My belly is not full, no nigh,
So wander on contented.

The farmer cannot sell his wheat,
The poor have not enough to eat,
The world is ruined now complete,
And forced to be contented.

The work is nearly standing still,
The next that stands may be the mill,
We hope it may not be so ill,
But wait and be contented."

Having given these specimens of the satirical and humorous, we must produce a couple of selections from the sublime; they are both parodies of a song that was once roared through the streets of this metropolis, to the music of the Chevalier Neukomm:—

"The land, the land, the rich and solid land,

The hills, and dales, and fields so grand,
All fill'd with flowers, and fruits, and trees,

And back'd by rocks, and surrounded by seas,

It cheers the heart, and gladdens the eyes,
And like a sleeping babe it lies.

I'm on the land, I'm on the land,
I am where I would ever stand,

With the heavens above, and the sward below,

And romantic charms where'er I go;
If the wind should arise, and shake the trees,

What matter? what matter? I should sleep at ease.

I love, oh! how I love to roam,
Amid the shades of my native home,

Where every breeze re-echoes the tale
Of the joys I've found in my native vale,

And tells of the charms I've found below,
The joys that the sea can never know.

I never was on the open sea,
But the land appeared more dear to me;

And back I flew to its shades for rest,
Like a babe that seeketh its mother's breast;

As a mother she dealt with a lib'ral hand,
For I was born on the rich and solid land.

The fields were green, and ripe the corn,
On the summer's day when I was born;

The reapers reap'd, and the gleaners gleaned;
The harvest was rich, and no one complain'd,

And never was seen a day so mild,
As welcom'd to life the land-born child.

I've liv'd since then in domestic life,
Full fifty summers without care or strife,

With money to spend, and a power to roam,

But never would stray from my kindred home;

And Death, *whenever he comes to hand,*
Shall come, shall come on the rich and fertile land."

—
"The fight, the fight, the bold, the battle fight,

In which the warrior takes delight;
No fear, no terror, will he own,

He aimeth at glory's pride alone!
'Midst cannon's roar, 'midst dying cries,

He nobly still the foe defies!
I'm in the fight! I'm in the fight!

I'm where I would be day and night,

With the heavens above, and the earth below,

And the clash of arms wheresoe'er I go;
If the coward should shrink in dread affright,

What matter? what matter? my glory's in the fight.

I love, oh! how I love the tent,
When the toils of the field awhile are spent;

Where every soldier's bosom glows,
With the glory achieved against his foes!

He talks of the deeds he's done before,
Which still inspires his heart the more!

I never was far from the battle plain,
But with joy I flew to arms again,

And back to the battle-field would hie,
Like one whose parents dwelt hard by;

I still in the tumult of war delight,
For I was born in the midst of the battle fight!

The artillery rattled in thunder loud,
When I was born amidst the crowd;

And the life-guards shew'd their courage true

On the sanguine plains of Waterloo!
And never was heard such a cry of strife,

As welcomed the warrior-child to life!
I've lived since then in fearless truth,

Full seventeen years a soldier youth!
And will e'er remain while life doth last,

To glory call—the trumpet's blast!
And when Death shall come, be it in day

or night,
I'll meet him, I'll meet him in the battle fight!"

Which is preferable, the rich and solid land, or the bold, the battle fight?

Both in reality, and in verse, we prefer the land decidedly. The concluding lines, "Death, whenever he comes to hand," and the unique description of the reapers and gleaners, exceeds any thing in the bold, the battle fight.

But we must not forget to laud the ingenuity of the latter song, describing a young gentleman born at Waterloo, and *fighting ever since!* Such a "child in arms" never was known before.

We now come to ditties in compliment to gentlemen of the road, poachers, smugglers, &c. A very tolerable song is that in praise of the gallant poachers, who "pull the lofty pheasant down;" and there is a dash of real poetry in *Young Morgan*:—

"Young Morgan was a lusty blade,
A blade of noble courage;

Much gold he got on the highway,
That made him daily flourish.

In Wentworth Street, his lodgings were,
Among those flashy lasses,
Until he came a gentleman,
And left off driving asses.

Through Hounslow Heath, and Putney
too,

*Me and my noble poachers,
Me and my prads like lightning flew,
When we heard the sound of coaches ;*
Stand and deliver, was my word,
To me make no denial.

Now young Morgan is caught at last,
At the start to take his trial.

I thought I heard some people say,
As I rode through the city,
That such a clever youth should die,
They thought it was a pity.
I thought I heard such human calls,
That set my tears a flowing,
Oh ! now young Morgan he is tried and
cast,
Out of this world is going.

I was the captain of a gang,
But now in a law condition,
Without the judge or magistrates,
They shew on me compassion.
Oh, why should I refuse to die,
For now or ever after,
For now the captain he is gone,
His men must follow after."

There is much gallantry and spirit in the lines, "Me and my noble poachers, me and my prads like lightning flew, when we heard the sound of coaches," and a kind of tenderness in the willingness to die, "now the captain he is gone," that will, we think, strike the reader. Perhaps the verses are better for the rudeness of the grammar; and the little ballad has the best qualities of the ballad—earnestness and feeling. It is most likely of a much older date than the former songs we have quoted, and a favourite, doubtless, among the gentlemen of the rookery, recalling the deeds of a hero of their profession.

Many ballads follow; some supposed to be written from prison, others from Botany Bay; one from the gallows foot, too, entitled *The Cruel Miller*. He seduced a fair maid, and having "courted her for six long months, a little now and then, unwilling was to marry her, being so young a man." Things arrived, however, at such a pass, that marriage, or else shame, became inevitable, whereupon the cruel miller determined to make away with his mistress. There is some poetry in the manner in which the murder is described:—

"I went unto her sister's house, at ten
o'clock at night,
And little did this fair maid think I owed
her such a spite ;
I ask'd her to take a walk all in those
meadows gray,
And there to sit and talk awhile, and fix
our wedding day.

I took a stick out of the hedge, and struck
her to the ground,
And soon the blood of innocence came
trick'ling from the wound.
She fell upon her bended knees, and did
aloud for mercy cry,
Saying, 'John, my dear, don't murder
me, for I'm not fit to die.'

I took her by her curly locks, and dragg'd
her through the glen,
Until I came to a river's side, and then I
threw her in.
Now with the blood of innocence, my
hands and clothes were dy'd :
Instead of being a breathless corpse, she
might have been my bride.

Arriving at my master's house at twelve
o'clock at night,
My master rose and let me in, by strik-
ing of a light.
He asked me, and questioned me, what
stained my hands and clothes ?
I made him an answer as I thought fit—
by the bleeding of my nose.

I asked for a candle, to light myself to
bed,
And all that long night my true love she
lay dead ;
And all that long night no comfort could
I find,
For the burning flames of torments before
my eyes did shine.

All in a few hours after my true love she
was miss'd,
They took me on suspicion, and I to jail
was sent ;
Her sister persecuted was, for reason and
for doubt,
Because that very evening we were a
walking out.

All in a few days after, my true love she
was found,
A floating by her brother's door, who
lives in — town ;
Where the judges and the juries they did
so both agree,
For murdering of my own love, that I
must hanged be."

A very sad account of Van Dieman's
Land is given by a lady residing in
that country, Sarah Collins by name.
She says:—

"They chain us two by two, and whip
and lash along,

They cut off our provisions if we do the
least thing wrong.

They march us in the burning sun, until
our feet are sore,

So hard's our lot now we are got upon
Van Dieman's shore.

We labour hard from morn to night,
until our bones do ache,

Then every one they must obey, their
mouldy beds must make;

We often wish, when we lay down, we
ne'er may rise no more,

To meet our savage governors upon Van
Dieman's shore.

Every night when I lay down, I wash
my straw with tears,

While wind upon that horrid shore do
whistle in our ears;

Those dreadful beasts upon that land
around our cots do roar;

Most dismal is our doom upon Van Die-
man's shore.

Come all young men and maidens, do
bad company forsake,

If tongue can tell our overthrow, it
would make your heart to ache;

You girls, I pray, be ruled by me, your
wicked ways give o'er,

For fear, like us, you spend your days
upon Van Dieman's shore."

Miss Collins states that highway robbery was the cause of her visit to Van Dieman's Land; where she was less lucky than the "London 'Prentice-Boy," who appears, from his own account, to be not uncomfortably established in that colony. "Sin," he says, "did him decoy," as it had done George Barnwell, in the shape of a lady, who persuaded him to rob his master. The 'prentice-boy gives the following account of the transaction, which, while it shews much culpable weakness on his part, proves, at least, that the poor fellow was not totally hardened, and is now strongly sensible of his error:—

"It was the hour of twelve at night, I to
my master went,
And for to rob and murder him it was
my full intent.

I took one hundred sovereigns, the knife
I threw away:

He was a master good and kind to the
London 'prentice-boy.

Then I return'd with utmost speed, unto
my flashy dame,

And when the money I did shew, she
soon received the same.

Then I was took to prison; it did my
hopes destroy,

And barr'd in a lathsome cell was the
London 'prentice-boy.

And when my trial it came on, my heart
was filled with woe:

The girl that long I did maintain she
proved my bitter foe.

She was dress'd in silks and satins then,
and sore did me annoy,

She tried to swear away the life of the
London 'prentice-boy.

My sister came to speak to me, the only
friend I have;

My parents they are dead and gone, and
laid low in the grave.

My sentence it was passed for life—I
caused the court to cry:

A scornful dame had caused the same to
the London 'prentice boy.

Then I was sent across the sea, likewise
three hundred more,

Some did sing and some did cry, their
heart's were griev'd full sore;

Our governor he noticed me, and gave
me slight employ,

But still I think on happy days, when a
London 'prentice-boy.

Come all you wild young people, and
take advice by me,

If you did know, what I do know, you'd
shun bad company:

I have a situation, which few that here
enjoy,

But ne'er again can free remain, like a
London 'prentice-boy."

One or more Newgate songs are to be found in our collection, but we shall not trouble the reader with any further extracts from them, for they are very similar in style to those from which we have quoted. And having disposed of the humble satirical and political, we come to the humble sentimental—not the Byron or Bayly sentimental, and which are popular among a higher class, but such simple love-ballads as are approved, we presume, by the lowest.

These tales run generally in one way: it is, for the most part, a poor ploughboy that falls in love with a rich farmer's daughter, or a footman, who makes an impression upon the young lady of the house, as follows:—

"It's of a damsel both fair and handsome,
Those lines are true, as I have been
told,

Near the banks of Shannon in a lofty
mansion,

Her parents claimed great stores of
gold.

Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and features describe who
can?

But still 'tis folly belongs to nature,
She fell in love with a servant-man.

Sweet Mary-Ann with her love was walking

Her father heard them and nearer drew,

And as those true lovers were fondly talking

In anger home then her father flew.

To build a dungeon was his intention,
To part true love he contrived a plan,
He swore an oath *that's too vile to mention,*

He'd part that fair one from her servant-man.

He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,
With a flight of steps, for 'twas under ground,

The food he gave her was bread and water,

The only cheer that for her was found.
Three times a day he did cruel beat her,
Unto her father she thus began,
If I've transgress'd now my own dear father,

I'll lay and die for my servant-man.

Young Edwin found out her habitation,

'Twas well secured by an iron door,

He vowed in spite of all this nation,

To gain her freedom or rest no more.

'Twas at his leisure, he toiled with pleasure,

To gain releasement for Mary-Ann,

He gain'd his object and found his treasure,

She cried my faithful young servant-man.

A suit of clothing he bought his lover,

'Twas man's apparel her to disguise,

Saying for your sake I'll face your father,

To see me here it will him surprise.

When her cruel father brought bread and water,

To call his daughter he then began.

Said Edwin enter, I've clear'd your daughter,

And I will suffer,—your servant-man.

Her father found 'twas his daughter vanish'd

Then like a lion he did roar,

He said from Ireland you shall be banish'd,

Or with my broadsword I'll spill your gore.

Agreed said Edwin, so at your leisure,

Since her I've free'd now do all you can,

Forgive your daughter, I'll die with pleasure,

The one in fault is your servant-man.

When her father found him so tender-hearted,

Then down he fell on the dungeon floor,

He said true lovers should not be parted,
Since love can enter an iron door.

Then soon they joined to be parted never,
To roll in riches this young couple can,
This fair young lady, midst rural pleasure,
Lives blest for ever with her servant-man."

Our friend Mr. Yellowplush, who has read the lines, expresses himself perfectly disgusted with the remark in the first stanza,—

"But still 'tis folly belongs to nature,
So she fell in love with a servant-man."

That gentleman asserts that nothing is more common in high life than an event of this nature; and that in Ireland, especially, a gentleman holding such a situation finds the greatest difficulty in repelling the advances of the ladies. This ballad, and a number more of the same kind, are clearly from Irish pens; for such rich expressions as

"At his leisure he toiled with pleasure
To gain releasement for Mary-Ann,"

and

"He swore an oath that's too vile to mention,"

could never have originated with an English poet. The song of the *Shannon-side* displays an Irish hero, whose powers of pleasing are as great as those of the servant-man above commemorated. The hero of the *Shannon-side* meets a lady, for the first time, in that neighbourhood. The particulars of the interview may be guessed from the result.

"He said my pretty fair maid from mourning now refrain

And we will talk of marriage when I return again,

But do not let your spirit fail whatever you betide,

Until I see your face again down by the Shannon-side.

We kissed shook hands and parted and from her I did steer

We had not passed that way again for more than half a year

In crossing o'er the flowery path my love by chance I spy'd,

She was scarcely able to walk down by the Shannon-side.

I seemed to take no notice but steered on my way,

My love turned her head aside and desired me to stay.

The tears like chrystal fountains round her cheeks did glide

O don't forget the fall you gave down by the Shannon-side,

To me it was a woeful fall for I'm with
child by thee
And you'll be satisfied kind sir for to
marry me,
Here's fifty guineas in bright gold my
father will provide,
And sixty acres of good land down by
the Shannon-side.

I said my pretty fair maid I like your
offer well,
But I'm engaged already the truth to
you I tell,
Unto another fair maid who is to be my
bride,
A wealthier grazier's daughter down by
the Shannon-side.

Since you will not marry me pray tell me
your name,
That when my babe is born I may call it
the same,
My name is Captain Thunderbolt the
same I'll not deny,
I have got men to guard me on yonder
mountains high.

We kissed shook hands and parted from
her I took my way
Turning her head aside these words I
heard her say,
I hope it will be a warning to all young
maids beside,
And never trust a young man down by
the Shannon-side."

Away rides Captain Thunderbolt.
What is there in the midst of the non-
sense in which his adventures are writ-
ten,—what lurking spark is there of
true poetry? One puzzles how to de-
fine it, and only contraries with it: it
is a kind of queer, fantastical tender-
ness, melancholy comicality, and touch-
ing nonsense. Every one will under-
stand us who has heard Power sing
the *Groves of Blarney*; and, better
even than Power, the song beginning,
"O Judy, dear, and did ye hear," as
carolled by the exquisite voice of
Michael —, Gore we shall call the
gentleman. He is the best private
singer of ballads in Europe, or even
Asia; and his real name is —; but,
being in high practice as a surgeon, we
dare not, of course, mention it, except
in the strictest confidence.

The *Shamrock-shore* has a little of
this quality of the ridiculous sublime:
it begins,—

"You curious searchers of every nation,
Who can contentment and mirth afford,
Pray give attention to my relation,
Which I sincerely as truth lay down.
When I first passed that pleasant garden,
Where I the remnant of youth first wore,

I mean the valley free from contagion,
Like blessed Eden the Shamrock-shore.

My golden days I have surely wasted
In drinking, gaming, and such pastime,
And other joys which I have tasted,
Which send me ranging a foreign clime.

Still embracing each fugient function,
At length to fair London town I came,
Where I beheld Venus in conjunction,
With blundering Bacchus did seem to
reign."

Still more in *Betsy of Dundee*.

"You sailors of this nation I pray you
give attention
It is no false invention as plainly you
may see
My parents situation is to live by culti-
vation,
In a rural habitation near the banks of
sweet Dundee.

When young I took the ocean for riches
and promotion
With an inclination strange countries
to see,
But the wars being all over I was dis-
charged at Dover,
And now I am returned a rover on the
banks of sweet Dundee.

To rambling I inclined my parents sel-
dom minded
For they by love was blinded and par-
tial unto me,
Fair maidens always courted from nymph
to nymph escorted,
My time I spent a sporting on the
banks of sweet Dundee,

Till at length a lovely maid my youthful
heart invaded,
Beneath a fragrant shade I espied this
lovely she,
Without deliberation I ask'd her habita-
tion,
In accent sweet she answered me I am
Betsy of Dundee.

In secret long we courted while the small
birds around are sporting,
The valleys were so charming we found
them most secure.
Her parents did divide me and oftentimes
did chide me
And never could abide me because I
was poor.

Whilst this our case lamented a scheme
she soon invented,
And harmlessly consented with me to
run away,
Her father coming by us beneath the
shade he spied us,
And sternly drew nigh us on the sweet
banks of the Tay,

He caught this lovely fair by the ringlets
of her hair."

Another ditty relates to another
beauty of the same town, fair Phæbe
by name.

"There was a young doctor who gained
Phæbe's love,"

says the ballad ;

"But Phæbe's kind parents did not of
him approve.

It's forsake your kind parents and come
along with me,
Said William to the beauty of the town
of Dundee."

Phæbe refused this unhandsome pro-
position ; whereupon William leagued
himself with a band of gipsies, whom
he bribed to inveigle away his fair
Phæbe ; and the consequence was, that

"That evening as Phæbe in the green
grove did stray,
The gypsies did surround her and bore
her away,
Then the false-hearted villain did pretend
to set her free,
Then he hurried lovely Phæbe from the
banks of Dundee.

Now a twelvemonth pass'd over when
Phæbe so fair,
She brought forth a baby—such a sweet
little dear,
In the midst of her troubles cruel William
did flee,
And forsook lovely Phæbe from the town
of Dundee.

Poor Phæbe soon after was turned out to
room,
With her baby at her bosom, how she
sigh'd for happy home,
The sloes and wild berry her only food
to be,
Ah, sad the fate of Phæbe, from the
town of Dundee.

Then weak and exhausted, fatigued, and
worn low,
She fell with her baby and expired in the
snow,
Then death stopped the sorrow of the
baby and she,
Once called the lovely beauty of the
town of Dundee.

Then Phæbe and her baby in the dust
was laid low,
And a lovely green willow over them do
grow,
To all you true lovers where'er you may
be,
Think of once the lovely Phæbe from the
town of Dundee."

Amongst the heroines there is the
Nut-girl, who falls in love with "dear
Johnny," the "brisk young farmer."

"He set himself down on his plough,
A song for to begin,
His voice was so melodious,
He made the vallies ring.
Then was this brisk young damsel,
A nutting in the wood
His voice was so melodious
It charm'd her as she stood,
She had no longer power
In that lonely wood to stray,
But what few nuts she got poor girl,
She threw them all away
She went unto her Johnny,
As he set on his plough,
Says she young man I find myself
I'm sure I can't tell how."

We have not space for the rest of
the song ; but the moral is,

"Come all you brisk young maidens,
This warning take of mine,
If you should go a nutting,
I pray be home in time,
For if you should stay too long,
To hear the ploughboy sing,
Perhaps a young farmer you may have
To nurse all in the spring."

Another pretty ploughboy, who at-
tracts the attention of a young lady (it
is remarkable how in these ballads the
ladies always take the initiative), is im-
pressed, by the artifices of the young
lady's relations, and sent to sea. Im-
mediately the faithful girl set off in
quest of him.

"Then herself she dressed all in her
best
And her pockets were well lined with
gold.
And she trudged the streets with tears in
her eyes
In search of her jolly sailor bold."

She trudged the streets until she
came to the ship, where, sure enough,
her pretty ploughboy was ; when she
complained to the captain, for whose
benefit

"A hundred bright guineas she freely
pull'd out,
And gently she told them all o'er,
And when she'd got her pretty plough-
boy in her arms
She hugg'd him till she got him safe
on shore.
And when she'd got her pretty plough-
boy in her arms
Where oftentimes he had been before,

She set the bells to ring, and sweetly she
did sing,
Because she met with the lad she did
adore."

Whatever may be said of the poetry
of the Irish songs, there is not much
poetry about *this*. It is English,
stupid, clumsy, and good-hearted as
ever an English song can be. Our
last of the sentimental cast shall be,

"The Orphan Drummer-Boy."

"It was in a country village, by a neat
little cottage,
It was down in a village on Albion's
green shores,
I heard a voice so pretty cry in a mourn-
ful ditty,
I'm a poor little drummer-boy return-
ing from the wars.

Oh, why did my father enter in the regi-
ment?

Oh, why did my father fight for Old
England's cause?
In it his blood was shed, and since my
mother's dead,
I'm left an orphan drummer-boy re-
turning from the wars.

I've been in the battle amidst the smoke
and fire,
Fighting for the king and protecting of
these shores,

In torment and in pain my brother he was
slain,

And I'm a little drummer-boy return-
ing from the wars.

So cold is the morning—oh, grant me a
shelter,

Both tired and weary I'm passing by
your doors,

By many he was pitied, and some kindly
admitted,

The poor orphan drummer-boy who'd
come from the wars.

He told them how he'd lost all his friends
in the battle,

For charity he craves, and for relief
implores:

By all he was directed—by many was re-
spected,

The poor little drummer-boy returning
from the wars.

They sent unto his majesty, a humble pe-
tition:

They told his artless story, and the
hardships he endures,

The king read it with attention, and
granted a pension,

To the poor little drummer-boy just
come from the wars.

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He now lives in a mansion in his own
native village,
Beloved by those who defend their
country's cause;
And now 'tis his intention—since he has
got a pension,
To relieve all orphan drummer-boys
who come from the wars."

Nothing can be more magnanimous
than the determination of the drummer-
boy, or, indeed, more creditable to all
parties, the crown included, than the
whole transaction. Does the pension
stand good, or has it been swindled off
in the late revision of the list,—the
dastardly, niggardly, sneaking, cow-
ardly, shirking, sham revision? We
ask again, Is this gallant little drum-
mer-boy on the list? or is his name
Elliott or Russell, and so entitled to
remain there? But a truce to politics.
Let us listen to the strain of

"The Pleasing Wife and Satisfied Husband."

"You married people high and low come
listen to my song,
I'll shew to you economy, and not detain
you long,
In — lived a tradesman who wished to
see things right,
And to account last Monday morn he
called his lovely wife.

Chorus.

Who quickly told him in a crack which
way the money goes.

When to his wife he called account, as
you may well suppose,
My dear, says he, come tell me how and
where my money goes?
Every week I give you one pound one,
we have but children three,
And for my wages every week I very
little see.

Well, now says she, if you must know,
you shall with good intent,
Now first we pay a half-a-crown, every
week for rent,
Three and sixpence every week for bread,
and for butter, sugar, and tea,
Two and twopence I lay out as you may
plainly see.

There is tenpence every week for coals,
and sixpence wood and coke,
Threepence needles, pins, and thread, and
sixpence-halfpenny soap,
Three and sixpence every week for meat,
three shillings potatoes and greens,
And then here's threepence-halfpenny,
every week for milk or cream.

F F

Well, now says he, we'll reckon up which way the money is gone,
Seventeen and just three-halfpence,
where's the rest of one pound one,
There's three and ninepence-halfpenny left
as you perhaps well knows,
So pray inform me where the rest of my week's wages goes?

Every morning for your breakfast I for you must something make,
And once or twice a week you know you have pound of steak,
That will average one and sixpence more,
but that is not enough,
You have ninepence for tobacco, and threepence-halfpenny snuff.

Well, that's just two and eightpence more, and if you do your best,
It will puzzle you to tell me how and where goes all the rest,
Nineteen and fivepence-halfpenny I just reckon up that's gone,
Then there's one and sixpence-halfpenny remains of one pound one.

Says she you take me very close, you must confess you do,
There's threepence-halfpenny every week for soda, starch and blue,
A pint of beer I fetch you every day you see which way its gone,
Now reckon up and see what's left out of your one pound one.

Twenty shillings and elevenpence is the exact amount,
Well now says she, since you have called me to a strict account,

"There exist but few authentic documents to illustrate the state of English manners in the reign of Victoria; but, luckily, the name of *Fraser's Magazine* is still well known to us,—a kind of literary pyramid, more happy than those masses said to have been erected by the Egyptian kings, of which now no vestige remains.

"We have searched in vain through the whole Australian government for a copy of the writings of one Bulwer, frequently mentioned in *Fraser*; but have procured the works of one or two other humorists of those days, when it appears that humorous fictions were received by the public with an avidity as great as it is at present unaccountable.

"We have glanced over the pages of

There's just one single penny left out of your one pound one,
So where does matches, candles, and all other things come from?

Well, now says he, I'm satisfied, you're right and I'm content,
But I could not imagine how and where the money went,
Scarcely one man out of fifty the house expenses knows,
But I at last am satisfied which way the money goes."

Now, O ye great, who have such a wondrous curiosity concerning the manners of low life, was there ever a better description of a humble *ménage* than that contained in the above poem? Do you suppose that Bulwer's thieves' den, Ainsworth's account of the dwelling-place of Mr. Sheppard, Dickens's terrific portrait of the abode of Mr. Kenwigs, can by any means make you so completely acquainted with the thoughts, jokes, habits, expenses, and feelings of poverty, as you can be by perusing the simple ballad of the *Pleasing Wife and satisfied Husband*?

We can fancy, that after an interval of a couple of thousand years, or so, when some future historian shall describe the politics and the manners of this time,—we can fancy, we say, that he would put pen to paper in the following way:—

the once celebrated 'Boz,' the learned author of the *Ellipses*, and of some facetious tales in German. They were also translated, and appear to have attained extraordinary popularity, in English. We have examined both original and translation; but the latter has been so clumsily rendered, that, for pages on pages, we confess we are unable to understand the meaning of phrases that never could have been English, we are sure.

"We have taken the pains to translate a page from the original German, and, side by side, give the contemporaneous English version. The reader will see how execrably the English writer has traduced his original, and grossly parodied the elegant language of the learned Bos."

THE QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION BETWEEN MR. LILYVICK AND MR. KENWIGS.

"Meanwhile the company below stairs, after listening attentively, and not

KENWIGGISCHE LILYVICKIANISCHER ZWISPELT UND VERSÖHNUNG VON BOS.

Braunschweig. Westermann, 1838.

Meanwhile the society below had returned to the apartment of the Kenwigs,

hearing any noise which would justify them in interfering for the gratification of their curiosity, returned to the chamber of the Kenwigs, and employed themselves in hazarding a great variety of conjectures relative to the cause of Mr. Noggs's sudden disappearance and detention.

" 'Lor, I'll tell you what,' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Suppose it should be an express sent up to say that his property has all come back again!'

" 'Dear me!' said Mr. Kenwigs; 'it's not impossible. Perhaps, in that case, we'd better send up and ask if he won't take a little more punch.'

" 'Kenwigs!' said Mr. Lillywick, in a loud voice, 'I'm surprised at you.'

" 'What's the matter, sir?' asked Mr. Kenwigs, with becoming submission to the collector of water-rates.

" 'Making such a remark as that, sir,' replied Mr. Lillywick, angrily. 'He has had punch already, has he not, sir? I consider the way in which that punch was cut off, if I may use the expression, highly disrespectful to this company,—scandalous, perfectly scandalous. It may be the custom to allow such things in this house, but it's not the kind of behaviour that I've been used to see displayed, and so I don't mind telling you, Kenwigs. A gentleman has a glass of punch before him to which he is just about to set his lips, when another gentleman comes and collars that glass of punch, without a 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave,' and carries that glass of punch away. This may be good manners—I dare say it is; but I don't understand it, that's all; and, what's more, I don't care if I never do. It's my way to speak my mind, Kenwigs, and that is my mind; and if you don't like it, it's past my regular time for going to bed, and I can find my way home without making it later.'

" 'Here was an untoward event. The collector had sat swelling and fuming in offended dignity for some minutes, and had now fairly burst out. The great man—the rich relation—the unmarried uncle—who had it in his power to make Morleena an heiress, and the very baby a legatee—was offended. Gracious powers, where was this to end!

" 'I am very sorry, sir,' said Mr. Kenwigs, humbly.

" 'Don't tell me you're sorry,' re-

—for, by the most watchful listening, they could catch no sound that could warrant them to satisfy their curiosity by stepping in (to Noggs's room); and a number of conjectures were raised as to the cause of Mr. Noggs's sudden disappearance and continued absence.

" 'My honour! I will tell you something,' remarked Mrs. Kenwigs. 'What do you think of its being an express messenger despatched to Mr. Noggs, to inform him that all his property was come back again?'

" 'Dear Heaven!' said Mr. Kenwigs, 'that is not impossible. In this case, perhaps, we should do better, to send up and ask whether a little more punch would be agreeable to him.'

" 'Kenwigs,' said the tax-collector, with a loud voice, 'I am astonished at you.'

" 'Why so, Mr. Collector!' asked Kenwigs, with all dutiful submission to his influential relation.

" 'That you should make such a remark,' said Mr. Lillywick, angrily. 'I believe that he has already taken punch; and I consider the manner in which this punch was stolen, if I may use such an expression, as highly uncomplimentary to the society: yes, as scandalous, as perfectly scandalous. It may be the custom in this house to admit such things; but it is not the manner of life to which I have been accustomed, and I have no scruple in telling you so. A guest has before him a glass of punch, which he is about just to carry to his lips; another guest comes and seizes this glass of punch, without such a word as 'Give me permission,' or 'With your permission,' and carries this glass of punch away. These may be good manners—I believe quite that they are—but I do not understand them; that I must tell you; and I must add, I am not at all sorry that I do not understand them. It is my custom always to speak out my meaning, Kenwigs; and this is my meaning; and if it does not please you, why it is my usual time to go to bed, and I can find my way home before it grows later.'

This was an unexpected misfortune. The collector had, in offended dignity, sat for several minutes, blowing and fuming, and now at last broke loose. The great man—the rich relation—the unmarried uncle, who had it in his power to make Mortine an heiress, and to leave a legacy to the child in the cradle—was angry! Gracious Heaven! how was this to end?

" 'I am very sorry, Mr. Collector,' said Kenwigs, humbly.

" 'Do not speak to me of your sorrow,'"

torted Mr. Lillywick, with much sharpness. 'You should have prevented it, then.'

"The company were quite paralysed by this domestic crash. The back parlour sat with her mouth wide open, staring vacantly at the collector in a stupor of dismay; and the other guests were scarcely less overpowered by the great man's irritation. Mr. Kenwigs, not being skilful in such matters, only fanned the flame in attempting to extinguish it.

" 'I didn't think of it, I am sure, sir,' said that gentleman. 'I didn't suppose that such a little thing as a glass of whiskey would have put you out of temper.'

" 'Out of temper! What the devil do you mean by that piece of impertinence, Mr. Kenwigs?' said the collector. 'Morleena, child—give me my hat.'

" 'Oh, you're not going, Mr. Lillywick, sir?' interposed Miss Petowker, with her most bewitching smile.

"But still Mr. Lillywick, regardless of the syren, cried obdurately, 'Morleena, my hat!' upon the fourth repetition of which demand Mrs. Kenwigs sunk back in her chair, with a cry that might have softened a water-butt, not to say a water-collector; while the four little girls (privately instructed to that effect) clasped their uncle's corduroy shorts in their arms, and prayed him in imperfect English to remain.

" 'Why should I stop here, my dears?' said Mr. Lillywick; 'I'm not wanted here.'

" 'Oh, do not speak so cruelly, uncle,' sobbed Mrs. Kenwigs, 'unless you wish to kill me.'

" 'I shouldn't wonder if some people were to say I did,' replied Mr. Lillywick, glancing angrily at Kenwigs. 'Out of temper!'

" 'Oh! I cannot bear to see him look so at my husband,' cried Mrs. Kenwigs. 'It's so dreadful in families. Oh!'

" 'Mr. Lillywick,' said Kenwigs, 'I hope, for the sake of your niece, that you won't object to be reconciled.'

"The collector's features relaxed, as the company added their entreaties to those of his nephew-in-law. He gave up his hat, and held out his hand.

" 'There, Kenwigs,' said Mr. Lillywick; 'and let me tell you, at the same time, to show you how much out of temper I was, that if I had gone away without another word, it would have made no difference respecting that pound or two which I shall leave among your children when I die.'

replied Mr. Lillywick, with much bitterness; 'you should have prevented it.'

The company was quite paralysed by this domestic discussion. The lady on the ground floor sat with her mouth wide open, and in the stupor of her amazement, gazed vacantly at the collector; and the remaining guests, through the anger of the great man, were scarcely less perplexed. Mr. Kenwigs, who in these matters was not too skilful, only fanned the flame higher, while endeavouring to extinguish it.

" 'I did not think,' said the good man, 'I did not think that you could have been made angry by any thing so unimportant as a glass of punch.'

" 'Angry! What do you mean by this impertinent remark, Mr. Kenwigs?' said the provoked collector. 'Morleena, child, give me my hat.'

" 'You will not go yet, Mr. Collector?' interposed Miss Petowker, with the most fascinating smile.

But Mr. Lillywick, without attending to the syren, cried, stubbornly, 'Morleena, my hat!'

At the fourth repetition of this demand, Mrs. Kenwigs sunk back in her chair, with a scream that must have affected a corsair, much more a tax-gatherer; whilst the four little girls, who had been privately counselled to this step, hung upon the coat-tails of their uncle, and with childish flattering besought him to remain.

" 'Why should I remain here, my dears?' said Mr. Lillywick. 'I am not wanted here.'

" 'Oh, uncle!' sobbed Mrs. Kenwigs, 'do not speak so cruelly, if you would not bring me to my grave.'

" 'I should not be surprised,' answered Mr. Lillywick, looking scornfully at Kenwigs, 'that there were some people who asserted this. Out of temper, indeed!'

" 'Ah!' said Mrs. Kenwigs, 'I cannot bear to see you look so at my husband: it is so frightful in families. Ah!'

" 'Mr. Collector,' said Kenwigs, 'I hope that, for the sake of your niece, you will not object to be reconciled to me.'

The features of the collector relaxed, for the company united their prayers with those of his nephew. He gave back his hat, and stretched forth his hand.

" 'There, Kenwigs,' said Mr. Lillywick, 'and to prove to you how much out of temper I was, let me tell you, that if I had gone home without another word, it would have made no difference in the couple of dollars, which I think of leaving your children, when I die.'

" ' Morleena Kenwigs,' cried her mother, in a torrent of affection. ' Go down upon your knees to your dear uncle, and beg him to love you all his life through, —for he's more an angel than a man, and I've always said so!'"

" We ask any man—any man of common intelligence, in the forty-second century—to examine these two passages, and *then* decide upon the absurd dispute, whether the Picwickier and the Nicolaus Nickleby were written in English or in German? The English translator did not know the German language, or his own. Examine *our* version (we, who know both languages, or the deuce is in it, to be sure)—examine, we say, *our* version of the Nicolaus, and the point is as clear as the sun at noonday.

" Lilywick, a gentleman of wealth and character—*steuereinnahmer*, tax-gatherer, in the aristocratic realm of England—a humorist, it is true (the wealthy often are so)—is made, by the English *traducer* (as we call him), a low buffoon, of coarse habits, ignorant of the very principles of grammar. The Kenwigs' family are likewise described expressly as living elegantly; they occupy a floor in an hotel, as was the common fashion in London and Paris in those days. Their supper is accurately described, '*ein paar abgekochte Hühner, ein grosses stück Schweinefleisch, eine Apfelpastete, Kartoffeln, und Gemüse*'—a pair of boiled fowls, a great piece of pork, an apple-pasty, potatoes, and greens. Was *this* the supper of the lower classes? A lordly Wellington, an apician Melbourne, an aristocratic Holland, could ask no more. We are told particularly that the '*Tischtuch mit VIELER ELEGANZ ausgebreitet war*'—the table-cloth was laid out *with much elegance*. Does *this* warrant the vulgarities of language which Bos's translator puts into the mouth of all his characters? Is bad grammar *elegant*? Is slang *elegant*? Is it likely that the learned author of the *Ellipses* would have used one or other? We know the reader's reply—an honest head and heart could find no other—the reader says, No!

" In the very last passage quoted by us, the translator shews his miserable ignorance of the language in which he professes to write. '*Er ist mehr ein Engel als ein Mensch*,' says Bos: *Bos*, the English *traducer*, translates this,

" *Morlina*," cried the mother, in the outgush of her feelings, " fall on your knees before your dear uncle, and pray him to love you all his life long, for he is more of an angel than a man, and I have always said so."

' He is more an angel than a man.' A!! Angel! As if the commonest principles of grammar would not have taught this *traducer* that before words commencing with a vowel, the indefinite article assumes an *n*! 'A angel,' forsooth!

" In the previous sentence, how does the reader think the *traducer* renders the words '*ein paar thaler*,' a couple of dollars? The English version is, 'A pound or two; a pound being a *weight*, a dollar (*thaler*) a coin! A little way further, the words, '*der einen corsaren hätte erweichen können*,' are rendered, 'might have softened a *water-butt*.' Corsaren—a corsair—a water-butt! One thing is certain, that, from this day forth, we shall never see a *water-butt* without thinking of the *traducer*. Shall we expose further ignorance?—the calling the collector's 'coat-tails,' for instance, '*corduroy shorts*' (exquisite taste!). The collector is made to talk about punch being *cut off*; as if a liquid could be *cut off*. He then talks of 'collaring that punch.' But, psha! why continue the absurd controversy? If any thing should be '*cut off*,' it should be the stupid head of the *traducer*. And though punch has no 'collar,' we feel some *choler* at reading such *trading trash*; and will shew it too.

" Enough, however, of this dull pretender. We have finished *him*. Turn we to documents regarding English life, still more authentic than any which the foreigner *Bos* can have left behind him.

" We find, in the remarkable volumes of *Fraser*, a ballad, entitled 'The Pleasing Wife and the Satisfied Husband.' Let us give a brief description of the stanzas:

" 1. 'A tradesman is desirous to know what are the usual expenses of his establishment, and to that end interrogates his wife.

" 2. 'Madame, he says, I give you weekly one pound one (a pound avoirdupois was equal to twenty shillings sterling). I have three children only; and I complain that my money disap-

pears with a celerity that at once excites my curiosity and raises my alarm. May I beg for a satisfactory account of the sums that you hebdomadally disburse?

"Chorus.—'She gives him a satisfactory account of the sums that she hebdomadally, &c.

"3. 'She begins. The most necessary article of comfort is *shelter*; and two and sixpence, an eighth of the whole sum, is appropriated to that purpose. *Bread*, surely, is the next requisite: no less than three shillings and sixpence are spent in its purchase. Sugar, butter, tea (articles about which see the controversies in the 'Philosoph. Transactions'), cost no less than two and twopence weekly. And the chorus recommences:

"'She gives him a satisfactory account of the sums that she hebdomadally, &c.

"4. 'Coals, wood, needles, thread, amount in all to nineteenpence. And we find a curious entry for soap, 6½d; surely, a large sum at a period when it was the pride of the people to be called the Great Unwashed. Potatoes and

greens, three shillings; meat, three and sixpence.

"Chorus.—'She gives him, &c.

"5, 6, 7. 'The rest of the sum is punctually accounted for, down to a single penny, ½ of the pound avoirdupois. And without this the wife says, 'Where does matches, candles, and other things come from?' It is evident that so small a sum can, at the very utmost, be sufficient for purchases so numerous. The song ends, as before, with the

"Chorus.—'She gives him, &c.

"Now, there is bad grammar in the simple ditty on which we have been commenting—we confess it: an educated bard had doubtless written a smoother, loftier song. But we have *nature* here, at least; and the public of the forty-second century may judge whether the artificial descriptions of the foreigner Bos are at all to be compared to the real, though humble events, narrated by the London poet? The march of centuries——"

Here we drop the Australian critic: his dissertation has precluded from our columns several more efforts of the humble Muse of London. In returning to her, and bidding her farewell, let us make one more protest against the prevailing fashions of "the low,"—the sham low, that is, which amateurs delight to write and read, and which is altogether different from the honest, hearty vulgarity, which it pretends to represent. There is no harm in hearing of the manners and conversation of dustmen, chimneysweeps, thieves, and their like: they are men, and *nil humanum* is alien to honest readers and critics. But we may hear too much of them. We may find them, on examination, even to be sham thieves and dustmen; and the profit to be derived from the study of such characters ceases straightway. Here is Mr. Dickens about to blaze upon the world with a new novel: may we hear no more of thieves and slang. Here is Mr. Ainsworth gathering up the ribands of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and driving a triumphant journey with "Jack Shep-

pard:" we wish it were Jack Anybody else. Gentlemen and men of genius may amuse themselves with such rascals, but not live with them altogether. The public taste, to be sure, lies that way; but these men should teach the public. At one time the literary fashion run entirely on Grosvenor Square: at present it has taken up its abode in St. Giles's. Both fashions are equally strained and unnatural. A novelist may occasionally go both to Almack's and Newgate, but such visits should be exceptions; and Sir Lytton Bulwer, of whose descriptions both of low life and high life scenes, with the fopperies and pleasantries of each, we may question the authenticity, but cannot deny the merit, has in this instance shewn a very wise example to his younger brethren. He uses both materials, but only occasionally; the staple is human nature, which does, to be sure, sometimes form monsters, but the world is not peopled with such: nor should the world of fiction produce them, except in a very small proportion, if it would aim at copying nature.

ROUGH SKETCHES AFLOAT.

No. IV.

THE POST-CAPTAIN. PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Is short and unsatisfactory.

"VERY well, sir—very well—there's an end of it—that's sufficient," impatiently returned Ardley to the marine officer, who still lingered at the captain's elbow, after concluding his report of the issue of the expedition. Ardley seldom gave a hint; but there was no mistaking this broad one for the soldier to remove himself. The latter, however, had yet the admiral's message to deliver; or rather his mind to make up whether he should risk doing so in his commander's present mood.

"Will you allow me to speak to you below, sir?" he said at last.

"Certainly," said Ardley; "my cabin's at your service," motioning with an air of mock politeness for the marine to lead the way.

"I give you this message as a matter of duty," continued —; and the captain bowed stiffly. But on hearing from whom it came, and what it was, the harsh commander's measured sarcasm entirely forsook him. He rose fiercely up.

"Will he?" he exclaimed, with a mixture of wrath and scorn, too deeply seated for restraint by any barrier of etiquette—"will he?" and dashing his clenched knotty fist upon the table, with a blow that shivered the leaf of polished mahogany like a plate of glass, he swore by an oath too tremendous for insertion here, that, in common parlance, he would be even with the other. As if suddenly ashamed, however, of exposing the working of his feelings in the presence of another man, and that man an inferior officer, he controlled his passions by a violent and choking effort. The life-blood flew, with a sudden revulsion that was at once dangerous and fearful, from the swollen veins of his forehead to its source. He panted thickly, like a hunted animal distressed; and wishing to be left alone, he mutely directed the marine's attention to the door.

All that night the ship remained at anchor; and at six bells in the forenoon watch her captain came on deck.

All traces of the storm had vanished from his deep-lined countenance. His brow was calm; his eye was clear and steady. There was no quiver on his lip; but his hand still shook, and his usually sonorous voice was husky yet.

"Turn the hands up," he said. And in obedience to the shrill summons of the boatswain and his mates, the larboard side of the frigate's quarterdeck was soon densely crowded, from the fore-brace bits and gangway, aft to where the marines were drawn out across the deck in double line.

"Let the prisoners be brought here," continued Ardley.

"Bring the prisoners," echoed Ripley; and, escorted by a guard, the merchant seamen, with the master-at-arms in attendance, were conducted into the presence of this second Daniel. All hats were off—all eyes were centred on him; and the dropping of a pin might have been heard during the suspense awaiting the promulgation of his judgment.

"Are these all?" he inquired of the marine officer who had made the capture.

"All, sir," replied the latter, with his left hand arched upon his shining capshade.

"Which is the master?" again continued the commander of the Vampire, rather puzzled to find out. "Is he here?" added Ardley, receiving no answer to his former question.

"No," sullenly replied a weather-beaten, black-whiskered, sailordike-looking fellow, with a frame as square as that of a Dutch sloop.

"Where is he, then?"

"Drowned."

"How? when?"

"Gettin' ashore;—Sunday night."

"Which is the mate?"

"Me," doggedly answered the spokesman of the party.

"Then," continued Ardley, "you and the rest of you may thank your stars that his majesty wants men, or else you should meet with hanging at my hands. You'll do your duty wherever you are stationed, and the other

night's affair will be in all probability passed over. But, *harkye*,"—his favourite expression when even more than usually in earnest—"but, *harkye*," he emphatically repeated, "*my eye* is on you all. Pipe down." And these men, thus under surveillance on board the Vampire, subsequently proved some of the best seamen in her.

Many and manifold were the speculations amongst the frigate's officers as to what, in the first place, Mill's message could have borne relation, and why it should have so roused (though much was not required to do that) the ire of their captain; in the second, it being evident that Ardley looked upon it in far beyond the light of an ordinary, though premeditated insult: for, to borrow the marine's expression, had any body got him down, and kicked his teeth out, he couldn't have been more savage. But all these conjectures were, of course, only wild, vague, and unsatisfactory; while something else, newer or of more importance, added to the frigate's being ordered round to Portsmouth, served to curtail this nine days' wonder of its average natural duration of existence.

In the meantime Donald was slowly, and but slowly, recovering; the excessive bleeding the young lieutenant had undergone, while it saved his life, having weakened him so considerably that it was long ere he became thoroughly conscious of the presence of those around; though, in his fever dreams, the features of his lovely nurse appeared constantly hanging over him, fearfully distorted, and associated with the most terrific and indefinable ideas. This might have been, and most likely was, the effect of physical debility and disordered imagination; but yet, on coming round, with the renewal of his strength, the impression, instead of wearing off, grew deeper every day and every hour, until the conviction, like a species of monomania, clung in the most extraordinary manner to his mind; though when or where it was that he had seen the being, or whether it were man or woman she brought to his recollection, he in vain strove to remember.

Notwithstanding all this, however, he was desperately smitten; but the course of true love never does run smooth; and his case, poor fellow, was destined to be no exception to the general rule.

"Donald," said the admiral to him rather gravely one day, during his guest's convalescence, "a word with you;" and, followed by the lieutenant,—who, whether owing to Sir William's manner, or the readiness of conscience, looked uncomfortable and bit his lip, while Eva, struck as if by sympathy with a presentiment of evil, turned extremely pale,—he proceeded to his library.

Some government franks were strewed about upon the table, as though the baronet had been in recent communication with some person connected with the administration, which circumstance did not escape the observation of Donald, and he brightened up as visions of command floated instantly before him; for he knew the admiral had been in London, and, when there, to the place he threatened in the previous Number. Mills carefully closed the door, bolted it to prevent intrusion, motioned his companion to a chair; and then, tossing the envelopes into the fire, commenced upon a subject to which, as far as the disappointed lieutenant could discern, they bore no reference.

"Angus," said the old man, calling the other by his Christian name, "I knew your parents both, and remember ye a child. Your father was a brave man. I believe his son to be the same; and I would wish to add, as honourable; not likely to league himself in any plot with one of the blackest scoundrels—ay, sir, one of the blackest scoundrels that ever saw blue water or escaped unchanged."

"No, sir," said Donald; "I——"

"No, sir, no," interrupted Mills; "I trust not. But youth is inexperienced, apt to be led astray; and I must own your shifting out of the Thunder, and your present conduct towards my niece (because when a man has nothing to marry on, he cannot be thinking about marriage), have tended to raise suspicions. Well, well, perhaps they are unfounded. But now that you're getting stout, the sooner, under all circumstances, you join your ship, the better; and by the time you come again, Eva will be comfortably married, I hope, to Howard; who is a worthy, fine fellow, able to make a settlement, let me tell you, of fifty thousand pounds:" which was a pleasant hearing for a rival, who, besides his pay, had not half as many pence.

The lieutenant took the hint and his departure—what else could he do?—in silent grief: and inwardly cursing the old admiral, and resolving to shoot Howard the first convenient opportunity, he set out to resume his duties, disgusted with his profession, and weary of the world; which is but synonymous with saying he was further gone in love than ever.

CHAP. II.

Donald falls in with a "post-chaise companion," more good-natured than agreeable. Great changes take place afloat; and noses are put out of joint ashore.

"You're too late for the morning coach, sir; and the places in the mail's all took."

"What! inside and out?"

"Inside *and* out, sir," replied the clerk at the booking-office, in answer to Donald's inquiry, on his arrival in London, concerning the Portsmouth stages.

"These your traps?" bluntly asked a middle-aged gentleman, with whom occupation appeared scarce and time abundant; deliberately turning up the cards attached to the lieutenant's luggage, and reading the full-length directions on them. "Because, if so," he added, affording satisfactory explanation of his otherwise apparent rudeness, "I'm travelling the same road—going, in fact, to see your captain; and I can give you a lift, if you'll meet me at the Tavistock an hour hence."

Donald bowed to the man, rather puzzled as to whom it could be that he stood indebted for such disinterested civility. But they were half-way to Guildford before he was any wiser; when the stranger, suddenly thinking fit to introduce himself, with the same abruptness as he had commenced the acquaintance, exclaimed, "My name's Talbot; I suppose you've heard of me before?"

"No, I have not," said the lieutenant.

"Who did you see at Mills'?" continued his companion.

"Oh, a great many people;" and the young officer ran over a whole string of names.

"No ladies?" carelessly asked the other.

"There was the admiral's niece," replied Donald, the colour rising.

"What! is she out of the nursery yet?"

"She's as old as I am nearly."

"Well!" said Talbot, as if there was nothing in that circumstance to render a nurse a superfluity. "I used always to think that child would grow up crooked—is she?"

"I—I—I——"

"Wouldn't know if she was, I suppose. I used to think any thing pretty at your age. There was one girl I nearly married—did Ardley ever tell you? Never *did* marry, though, luckily for me. A sailor has no business with a wife—no use to him when he's got her, if he can't take her to sea. Talking of that, they say Bill Howard's to have Eva when she's old enough." Donald looked cold, if a blue complexion is symptomatic of that state, but the perspiration rolled down his face. "He's a big scamp; but it will be a good match for her in point of money. Sir William looks to that, you see, for the title runs in the female line, and her eld—God bless me, are you ill? Shall I let the window down? Here, will you have some brandy? I always take my own when I travel; what you get upon the roads is never drinkable." And keeping pace in this manner with the vehicle, the lieutenant's companion continued to rattle on until the lines were passed.

Late that same evening, two gentlemen were sitting at table, after dinner, in a private room in the George Inn. One wore the uniform of a captain in the navy (though that was not a mark of much distinction, either at that place or period), and was to be recognised as the commander of the Vampire; but the other was dressed in plain clothes, and presented altogether, in manner and appearance, a striking contrast to his friend.

"I'm not in the habit of coming out of my stern-windows," said the latter, "in that style; but when I do come, I come for something. How he came by it is another question, but there was no mistake about that miniature."

"No, you're right, Ardley—you're right, you're right: he wasn't sick. But—but——"

"What?" inquired the other, his gray eye flashing.

"Take care the youngster don't make a mess of it. Sir William will never give *his* consent."

"Who wants it?" struck in Ardley.

"Let Donald do as I did—walk her off—eh, Talbot?" He spoke this with

outward gaiety; but his mirth was the mirth of misery in disguise, and the deadly hue upon his countenance told that a worm was gnawing at his heart.

"That would pretty well kill the old man."

"Marry and amen to that, say I, for all the love I bear him!" was Ardley's answer, spoken in a way that left little doubt as to his sincerity.

Talbot shook his head, spilt some madeira, drew a map with his finger, and, pushing his chair back from the table, ejaculated his opinion that married people could not live on air—or the pay of a lieutenant either.

"He'll be a commander soon," said Ardley.

"Who's to make him one?"

"Gobinnall. Donald's to have the next brig that's put in commission; Severn, the Vampire; and I shall supersede Hawkins on board the Snarler."

"Humph! that's the ship that's been so slack, isn't it?"

"Yes; but wait till I get on board," replied the post-captain, significantly.

"Then Severn gets made."

"Time he did. Ripley and Bell will go with me most likely. They're neither of them bright; but they know their duty well enough, and understand my moves."

Talbot might have been attending to all this; but it did not seem like it; for he leaned forward and reclined back by alternate movements, exclaiming, in evident allusion to what had passed before, "Bad, bad!—misery! utter misery!—madness! perfect!" adding, after Goldsmith's Vicar, "Pray God that good may come of it!" for his mind reverted to days that were passed and deeds that were done, when Ardley was somewhere about Donald's age.

"Don't creak," said Ardley, sharply, in a tone that was hoarser than a raven's; for he had no need of Wakefield aid to read the sentence in its double sense: and, if intended as a prediction of ill, or a petition for good, according as events turned up, no evil prophecy was ever ventured with more safety.

Passing over a lapse of better than two years, the time now drew near when Eva Mills was to be led to the altar, to swear vows of love to one she hated, half broken-hearted, and, what, perhaps, was nearly quite as bad, *unpitted*. There was nothing wonderful in that, because Howard had youth, good looks, and money. On the first,

a London life had drawn large bills; for the second, he stood indebted, in all probability, to others; and how he came by the third was a mystery which, together with his origin, remained unfathomed. Mills always said he knew; and, in obedience to the arbitrary mandates of her wretchedly mistaken relative, Eva at last consented to bestow her hand, though her heart was far away, and all the happiness she once enjoyed was with it. She did, what we hear in novels of girls doing with the greatest libertines successfully,—threw herself upon his honour. But Howard had none. He listened coldly, paid her some unmeaning compliment, and took the first opportunity of privately persuading the admiral to urge an acceleration of the wedding-day. It came; and, adorned for the sacrifice, the envied victim was conveyed in grand procession from Sir William's town house to St. James's church, to be married by special license and a bishop.

It is now essential, however, that we turn from a picture of sorrow, on which it can do no good to dwell, to track the movements of Talbot, Ardley, and his *ci-devant* lieutenant. The first was a retired captain of East India service, and established in one of those "detached villa residences," with double gates and a drive, a lock-up coach-house and two-stall stable, that abound in the vicinity of Clapham. The second had sailed from Portsmouth, in the Snarler, for the American station; and, together with his majesty's ship, officers, and crew, was *non est inventus*. Severn had still got the Vampire; and poor Donald, having lost the lady of his affections, his brig, and his health, was, after an acquittal by court-martial, endeavouring to recruit his constitution at old Talbot's house. If hospitality and kindness could have effected this, it would have been soon done. But the habits of Donald's host savoured strongly of the passenger-captain, and were not the best adapted for an invalid. Dyspepsia was not in fashion then, though suppers were; and as in stewed duck and mulled claret, and mulled claret and stewed duck, might be comprised the principal variations of their evening's employment, it was hardly a matter for surprise that, in a few weeks, one should find himself rather worse than better, or the other enter the room one morning, after a

more than ordinary consumption overnight of each, looking nearly as pale and nervous as his friend. His eyes were tearful and suffused with blood; the scanty fringe of hair around the old seaman's head was rough and staring; and in the broken sentences he muttered to himself, as he walked about, were heard mingled the names of his Maker, of Ardley, and of Howard. At last he sat down, feigned to eat some breakfast; and then, getting up again directly, rang the bell. "Stop the stage," he said, on its being answered by the servant. "Come, Donald; we've no time to lose," he added, as the distant sound of wheels was heard along the road.

"Come?" repeated Donald; "where to? what for?"

"To put a spoke in Howard's wheel," would have been the captain's probable characteristic answer, in his ordinary spirits. But he was clearly not himself; and as the top of a Clapham coach was no place to explain the reason why, the vehicle had arrived at Hatchett's before he opened his lips again.

"Coach, sir, coach!" exclaimed the driver of an empty jarvey.

"Coach; Hamilton Place, No. —," said Talbot, jumping in to enjoy a short shilling's worth of rumble: at the same time hurriedly requesting Donald to remain in the coffee-room till his return.

Widely different as is generally the rank, and multifarious as are the occupations, of the individuals a crowded coffee-room contains, none was ever entered by any being in a more uneasy state of mind than Donald suffered under, when, with ruffled feelings and a fluttering heart, he awaited Talbot's meeting him at the appointed place. Impatient of the waiter's continued kind inquiries as to what he would most particularly prefer, he called angrily for biseuits and brandy. The latter he drank mechanically, though he found it impossible to eat. He looked at the *Times*; but the letters swam, till, mingling in a mist, they melted from his sight, and he dashed the paper down.

"Quite 'orrible, isn't it?" exclaimed a little man, in a brown great-coat, who, having met with repeated rebuffs from various people in the room, was now making use of his most insinuating endeavours to inveigle Donald into a conversation — "Quite 'orrible, isn't it?" he repeated.

Donald made no answer, but his look would have annihilated any ordinary Cockney.

"He's conficted, I see."

Donald drew himself up, and concentrated all his ire into one silencing, contemptuous scowl, but the little man in a brown coat persevered.

"He's conficted, sir, I say: 'orrible murder!"

"You will!" exclaimed the sailor, astonished at his audacity; and, drawing on his glove, he pulled the nose of the little man in the brown coat, till he nearly twisted it off his face; and then, turning him round by it, like the handle of a coffee-pot, assisted him with a kick towards the door, amid the laughter of the assembled bystanders.

But though the 'orrible little man in the brown great-coat went out of the room certainly, he only went to procure a warrant for assault and the assistance of an officer. While, however, he was sputtering away his complaint before a magistrate, Donald, feeling considerably more comfortable, took up the unfortunate newspaper again, and at one corner, headed in large attractive capitals, "Second Day of the Trial," was a whole account of the convicted felon. It was Sweeny, who had wound up a long and successful course of piracy afloat, with one of the most cold-blooded murders ashore, that ever supplied a theatre with horrors, a "man of wax" with a "good hit," or a penny hawker with the last dying speech and confession of an eight-and-forty hours' penitent. He read and read, and his blood froze at the recital; for he perfectly remembered the deceased as having been in charge of one of the prizes the Vampire had previously picked up off Amabona. But when he came to the prisoner's laconic defence, and justification of the crime he had committed against the laws of God and man, "*He peached!*" a thrilling conviction shot through him that, could he obtain an interview, much might be gathered from the murderer in explanation of Ardley's mysterious conduct, which had never been made the subject of investigation at the fountain-head, and likewise of the night engagement, off the coast of Scotland, with the ship of unknown nation — all which had never been thoroughly cleared up: not to mention the present uncertainty prevailing about the

Snarler, generally supposed either to have foundered or been burnt at sea.

"That's 'im!" exclaimed the little man in the brown great-coat, entering with a beak—his own nose being still deadened from the effects of manipular compression; and pointing Donald out.

"I must trouble you to come with us, sir," said the officer, civilly.

"You'll have some trouble to get that," was the commander's answer.

"Come, sir; no nonsense."

"None whatever."

"If you won't accompany us quietly, I must use force, sir."

"You had better. Lay a finger on me, and by ——" But as he spoke this, a sight passed before his eyes that checked the rising threat, and drove him tottering up against the wall. The last of a line of carriages dashed past. It was the wedding cavalcade, returning from St. James's to the grand *déjeuner* in Hamilton Place: and if Talbot had come to London with any view of interfering with the marriage, he had come too late; for the merry chime, sadly jarring upon the chords of the young bride's aching heart, announced that the ceremony was over, and that already had been spoken the awful words: "Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!"

Talbot, on returning to Hatchett's for his friend, and being informed what had taken place, immediately hurried down to the police-office, where he arrived just in the nick of time to hear the magistrate's decision.

"Upon my word, upon my word, sir," said the worthy gentleman to Donald, "this appears to have been one of the most outrageous, unprovoked assaults, that ever came before me, and I shall certainly inflict the highest penalty the law awards. You're fined *5*l.** and costs, sir—and costs, sir, do you hear? Is he deaf?" continued the magistrate, dropping his voice.

"I doesn't think he's *compos*, sir," remarked the officer who had served the summons; "for quite sudden, from being ra-ather difficult to handle, he came over all of a tremble, and walked down here quiet as a lamb."

Talbot, who was standing close behind, protruded his lips, put his finger to his forehead, and looking as knowing as a cat about to steal cream, shook his head like a Chinese mandarin.

"Are you a friend of his? who are you?" inquired the magistrate. Talbot replied in the affirmative, and passed his card. "Because, if so, and the defendant is really not accountable for his actions ——"

"Disappointments, sir; serious disappointments," interrupted Talbot, shaking his head more than ever.

"I shall reverse my former decision, and allow the matter to be compromised."

"My nose is 'orrid sore," struck in the complainant, carefully wiping it with his pocket-handkerchief. It *did* look swollen and crooked; but the payment of costs and some golden ointment soon set things straight again: and Donald passively suffered himself to be led out of the office by his friend, and safely deposited in a coach.

"Oh, Talbot," exclaimed the young man, as if awaking from his trance, "I knew I was poor, and therefore had no right to Eva, and I had schooled myself uncomplainingly to resign her ——"

"Oh, you're a perfect pattern of resignation, every body knows. But now, if you have done fighting for to-day, and will return with me to Clapham, after dinner I'll tell you something you may find worth hearing."

CHAP. III.

The East India captain fulfils his promise.

Talbot was a plain, matter-of-fact man, blessed with a good heart and a clear head, and, usually speaking, with a capacious appetite. Perplexity of mind had deprived him of his breakfast; the business which brought him to London, of his lunch; but out of his dinner he was determined not to be done: and it was not until after he had made amends for previous abstinence that he commenced a long story, through which it is necessary to accompany him.

"It is now full twenty years and more," he said, "since I was chief mate of the ——y Castle, Indianman. At the period I am speaking of, she was laying at single anchor in Funchal Roads. It was Saturday night; the harbour work of the day was over; the hatches had been laid on, and reported 'locked'; the cutters hoisted up, the hammocks piped down, awnings furled, the extra grog served out, and all was silent on the upper deck;

while from the messes of the foremast-men, as well as aft, proceeded most uproarious sounds of revelry, as 'Sweethearts and wives' were drank, and the glass and song passed quickly round. The eight o'clock gun had not as yet been fired, and we had no look-outs at gangway, poop, or forecastle; only the midshipman on duty slowly sauntering about, weary of his day deck, and earnestly longing for the arrival of the moment when he might summon the ship's drummer to beat off. Presently was heard the splash of oars upon the starboard bow: 'Boat ahoy!' sung out the reefer.

"Ay, ay!" was the answer.

"Coming here?"

"Yes."

"Gundeck there!" hailed the midshipman again.

"Sir!" replied a dozen gruff voices from the messes abreast the sailroom.

"On deck here a boatswain's mate: and starboard gangway sideboys, 'tend the side."

"Who's commanding officer? Talbot or Rees?" (he was second,) inquired a young man, in the undress of a lieutenant in the navy, as he crossed the planeshear.

"Mr. Talbot, sir," replied the reefer.

"Talbot, eh?—that's all right. Is he in the cuddy?"

"No; he's down in the third mate's berth."

"Oh, ah! I forgot—there's a spread there to-night. Just run down with my compliments, and say I want to speak to him particularly."

"Why, Ardley," I said, coming up directly, 'I began to think you had cut us clean, it's such a time since we have seen your face.'

"Not a bit of it, my dear fellow," interrupted he. 'The skipper's not on board, of course?'

"No; nor won't be either, till you see blue peter at the fore."

"Come along into the cuddy, then," continued he, 'for I want to have a word with you in private.'

"Here, younker," I said to the midshipman, as we walked aft, 'desire my servant to let us have a bottle of claret, and a couple of clean glasses;—help yourself,' I continued, on the wine's being placed upon the table.

"Ardley shook his head. 'Not a drop of any thing do I touch to-night,' he said. I stared. 'Talbot,' he con-

tinued, pulling a face as long and as sanctified as the countenance of a Toophenam pig, 'I have knocked off drinking'—(have you? thinks I; we shall see how long that'll last)—'now and for ever—made a vow against gambling'—(he had won a couple of hundred dollars from me not six nights back)—'nearly broken myself of swearing'—(he used to let out shocking bad sometimes, poor fellow)—'and am —'

"Going to bear up for a parson after all this, of course," I interrupted, for I had a spice of the devil in me then.

"He shook his head again; but this time it was just such another shake, for all the world over, as he gave the last time I ever dined with him ashore, when we spoke about his sailing in the Snarler; and, catching me by the arm, exclaimed, 'A quarter of an hour before your morning gun to-morrow—the convent of Santa Clara is minus an inmate, left *en pension* there, and —'

"The deuce!"

"Will you lend me a hand?" continued he, 'and, what is more, a boat, to take the girl out, for all on board the corvette there'—(a king's ship had come in the day before)—'are such a set of slow-going, deadly-lively fellows, I don't fancy asking them.'

"Well, we'll do it," I replied; 'you shall have the skipper's gig, and we'll man her amongst ourselves.'

"Ay, but can you muster a boat's crew of *sober* men?" inquired he; 'for, if not, I'd rather do the thing single-handed.'

"Humph! sober men," I said.

"Yes, sober men," repeated he.

"Let me see—we want what are rather hard to be found just now, I fear; but I'll take care not to get in the wind;" (and indeed I seldom exceeded my second bottle, or ninth glass.)

"That's one," said Ardley, counting on his fingers.

"The doctor's mate never soaks, and pulls a good oar."

"That's two."

"The officer and midshipman of the morning watch are sure to be sober."

"Four."

"Yourself."

"Five; and I can put in the other oar, and a man who'll steer besides."

"What do you purpose doing with the young lady when you've got her?"

I inquired; 'not bringing her on board here, I hope; for the news would fly like wildfire, and we should have the batteries opening on the old tub, to say nothing of the skipper flying off in a squall, and smashing the whole gang of us outright.'

"The batteries and skipper —," an oath was coming, I suppose, but he remembered his promise, and swore not. 'Follow me, Talbot, follow me,' he continued, leading the way into the after-cabins. 'Do you see that rakish-looking brig laying there, astern?' pointing to a small vessel which had been ready for sea at least eight-and-forty hours, and which Report—the lying jade, in this instance speaking truth—said was delayed, waiting for a passenger. 'Well, she's only anchored with a kedge and hawser, which the master has agreed to expend for a 'consideration.'

"Humph! take care you don't get sold a bargain; has the skipper of that brig been paid yet?"

"No, no," he replied, 'we know each other better, as the saying is. He's touched money of mine ere now.'

"When?" I inquired, somewhat gravely; but Ardley made no answer, and a sudden change came over him. 'Now, old boy,' I continued, 'you saved my life on one occasion, and I don't forget it; but unless you give me your hand, and swear—solemnly swear—that you mean this young creature honest, the devil an inch do I stir over the gangway this night, or to-morrow morning either. Old Mildmay's daughter's story is no secret, you'll remember.'

"He winced pretty severely under this—(you'll understand what it alludes to all in due time, so fill your glass, and don't be quite so fidgety, for I shan't come to what concerns you this side of midnight),—but grasping my hand firmly, he gave the required pledge, with at least every appearance of sincerity.

"And you have secured separate cabins on board that craft?"

"By heavens, Talbot!" he exclaimed, 'I have put a bullet through a man for half of this.'

"Very likely," I remarked, coolly, 'but you'll not put any thing of the kind through me; so don't flatter yourself.'

"Then hear me, Talbot," he replied; 'deeply as I love the girl—and

I never knew what it was to love before—I would not wrong a hair of her darling head to save my soul!'

"Well, I believed him; and promising to lend him all the assistance in my power, inquired who she was.

"That's more than I can tell you," was his answer, 'for I don't know myself, except that her name's Eva, and she's English.'

"Ardley was a bold fellow for undertaking what he was about—I do not mean for carrying off a timid girl (who was, perhaps, only too ready to go) from amid a set of defenceless, creaking, old women—but for committing matrimony with a young lady, of whose name and connexions he was ignorant, on the strength of his extensive pay, which had hitherto been always found inadequate to square his own yearly accounts—whenever he was sufficiently lucky in finding fools enough to let him run them. But it wasn't his fault, poor fellow, for his education would have ruined the constitution of a horse. Shortly after Ardley's having been rated as a mid, his father died, leaving him a large inheritance in the way of debts, which certainly, on coming to the years of discretion, he seemed dutifully bent upon increasing to the utmost extent of his ability. Relations he had none, rich or poor: and but for the kindness of Captain, now Lord, Gobinall, who commanded the frigate he belonged to, young Ardley would have been a beggar and an outcast. Having no children, however, of his own, Gobinall generously adopted him, and made an allowance until he obtained a commission for him on board his own ship.

"Unfortunately for the youngster, Gobinall was not only a great spendthrift, and very slack in his morals, but likewise one of the hardest drinkers afloat; though, to do him justice, he always preached sobriety, and gave his men a smart polishing at the gangway for a breach of it; but example is better than precept, and before the captain's protégé was twenty, he seemed in a fair way of excelling his commander in doing, as the Prayer-book has it, that which we should not do, and leaving undone all that we ought to do—ruining himself and filling an untimely grave.

"In most other ships, and under most other men, his wildness and extravagance conjoined would, in all probability, have proved his ruin; but with

Gobinañ, so long as he kept clear from being arrested when he was particularly wanted aboard, and could take his watch without measuring his length upon the deck, all his mad freaks were merely hailed, either as additional proofs of the boy's spirit, or as youthful follies he would soon outgrow. To return, however: One day whilst he was upon the island, he fell in love—(pretty much as you might, up in the north there)—found that his love was returned, and from that hour stood an altered man. For six successive nights—it's a fact this, I can assure ye—he turned in sober, on the seventh he resolved to cut and run, and never went to bed at all, while the evening of the eighth found him on board of us holding a council of war with me. Well, about an hour before gunfire (it wasn't light and it wasn't dark then), I gave the quartermaster on the look-out a glass of 'hot with,' stiff enough for a spoon to have stood upright in, and he soon topped off to sleep. We then mustered our crew, tried whether they were sober enough by making them walk from the poop-ladder to the gangway, between the seams of the fifth plank from the waterway—swore them over the green man, with a holy-stone for a bible, to an oath of secrecy—and then dropping alongside the brig, took in the mate and master, and shoved off.

"As we sneaked under the stern of the king's ship, we lay on our oars for a few moments, in expectation of a hail, and ready with a lie; but we were either unheard or unseen: and the inmates of the convent were so preciously dumbfounded, that long ere any active steps were taken to trace the fugitives, Ardley and his fair one were safe from all pursuit; while, though suspicion might have been, and I dare say was, attached to us, we were all in the same story;—there was nobody could contradict us, and we escaped all serious consequences likely to ensue.

"In the middle watch the topsails-yards of the brig had been hoisted, with the sails in furl. The gaskets had been all cast off from the yard-arm inwards, and the bunt of the sails triced up and stopped to the cross-trees with split rope-yarns. Directly Ardley landed with his companion on the small craft's deck, down went the axe. 'Sweet home!' was the word. Three or four slight cracks were followed by a gentle falling rustle; and without a single

hand aloft to loose sails, or overhaul the gear, canvass was got upon the brig, and she was drifting out to sea, favoured by light airs, that grew with daylight into a steady breeze.

"'Good-bye, gentlemen, and thank you!—Good-bye, Talbot, and God bless you!' said Ardley, in a low tone, over the vessel's quarter, as the last strand of the hawser went, and we cheered him under our breath.

"There was another form beside him; but that, together with the brig, soon faded in the darkness from our view: while, as the last glimpse of land was lost to them in a thick curtain of mist a brilliant sunrise had not sufficient power to dispel, Ardley led his half-terrified and trembling partner in this piece of wild romance, to her cabin, for the sea was beginning to get up. 'I am afraid the motion of the ship affects you, Eva,' he said, 'but you will soon get used to it, and ——'

"'Oh, no, Ardley!' she interrupted, clinging still closer to his arm, 'it is not *that*. I am a weak confiding girl, ignorant of the world's ways—but I feel I have done a rash and very wicked thing. You will not despise me, Ardley!' she added, half hesitatingly. 'Despise you!' he repeated, impetuously, imprinting a burning kiss upon her marble forehead,—'hear me, Eva!—listen to me, love! I have made a fool—a villain—of myself with fifty women!—I never loved but one, and you are her! The sight of you awakened me, like a blast of thunder, from my folly—dashed the cup of the drunkard from my lips—drove my feet from haunts of dissipation, infamy, and vice—saved—Eva, Eva, my violence has frightened you; but I can be calm, quiet, and I will:—kiss me, love, and dry those tears;' and controlling his vehemence, he sat down alongside of her, and entered into a tolerably fair and candid statement of their future prospects, which were bad enough, God knows! But what of that? Though poor in pocket, they were rich in love, and the world was all before them.

"Amongst other matters, Ardley remembered he had never heard the surname Eva bore. He asked her. It was *Mills*, and no less a personage than the present admiral (the nominal *uncle*, but genuine grandfather, of your flame in Hamilton-place) was her father!

"'Humph!' exclaimed Ardley, looking as much astonished as you do now,

—‘what! did the dam—the—the admiral, I mean, wish you to take the veil, that he shut you up?’

“‘Oh, no,’ she interrupted softly, ‘he did not ever intend her to do that. He did not like her being educated in a convent at all, but it was her poor dying mother’s last request’—(and here a tear stole down her cheek),—‘as her aunt was a nun there, and she had long been dead: but the admiral being on a foreign station, he wished her to remain there till his return to England.’

“‘Then you are a Catholic, Eva?’ inquired Ardley, for want of something else better to say, the discovery of his approaching relationship to the admiral, who was associated in his mind with some rather disagreeable recollections, somewhat conglomerating his ideas.

“‘Yes, Ardley; what are you?’

“‘I told you, love—a lieutenant in the navy—in the same service as your father,’ replied he, musing.

“‘Then you know my father!’ she exclaimed, earnestly; ‘have you ever sailed with him?’

“‘Not sailed with him exactly; but I have good reason to *know* him, on account of the wiggling he gave me on the quarterdeck of the flag-ship upon one occasion.’

“‘A wiggling, Ardley—what is that?’ do tell me.

“‘Only a slight token of regard, or reward of merit, very common in the navy, love.’

“‘Is it a medal?—have you got it? Why don’t you wear it round your neck?’ a slight and almost imperceptible smile at this lit up his pallid features, and, bowing his head, his lips once more pressed her brow. ‘Didn’t you feel very much gratified when you received it?’ continued she.

“‘Particularly pleased, for it was in the presence of at least ten puppyish soldier officers, and thirty ladies!’

“‘How I should like to have been by!—what was it for?’

“‘For—for—oh—why—I have forgotten now,’ replied Ardley, colouring, and the young lady, seeing the hesitation and embarrassment of her lover, with a degree of self-denial, wise as rare, forbore questioning him further.

“‘On the arrival of the brig in Ireland—(Ardley had sound reasons of his own for giving *England* a wide berth)—they were married according to the rites of both churches; and Eva wrote to her father, then on the Mediterranean

station, soliciting forgiveness. Sir William’s answer to his daughter was, as might have been expected from him, short, sweet, and decisive, sharply awakening the poor girl to a full sense of what an awful enormity, in the charitable eyes of this pure, unspotted world, she had been guilty. But she did not repent the step, or reproach her husband as the cause of the harsh admiral’s bitter scorn, which cut her to the heart. She idolised the very ground he trod on, and Ardley returned her affection with an intensity of love inherent in his nature; and, in strength of passion, only to be equalled by his fiercest hate.

“‘At the expiration of something better than a year, Gobinall came into the title and estates, together with all the interest attached to his proxy in the House of Lords, which, as numbers were pretty evenly balanced, happened to be rather valuable then; and Ardley—now a father, and a heavily embarrassed man—found himself appointed to the command of a 28-gun sloop of war. On quitting Dublin to join his ship—(the *Lion*—she’s not within your recollection, I dare say)—the parting from his wife was, in sooth, a painful one; but there was no help for it. Go, he must; and leaving Eva under the hospitable roof of Lady Tooley, who, having been a schoolfellow of her mother’s, had insisted that, during Captain Ardley’s absence, she should take up her abode with her in Merion Square, he screwed himself up to enact the last scene like a man.

“‘On going out, a shift of wind obliged him to bring up in the Downs, where, finding the ship bearing the flag of his father-in-law had likewise just arrived, he resolved to risk an interview with Sir William, and endeavour to obtain forgiveness for his wife. For himself, he well knew, from the opinion Mills entertained of him, the case was hopeless.

“‘Your business, sir, with me?’ he sternly demanded, on Ardley’s entering his cabin; ‘and what brings you here?’

“‘To ask forgiveness for your daughter and my wife.’

“‘On what account?’ again inquired Sir William, in a cold, forced manner, while not a single muscle moved.

“‘Marrying a *poor* man!’ was the laconic and somewhat injudicious answer; for Mills bore the character of

being avaricious ; and, what was more, he knew it, and therefore felt the other's implication.

"The eyes of the admiral and Ardley met. The latter seemed endeavouring to overcome some uneasy sensations of embarrassment, which, despite his natural hardihood, he could not altogether banish, while the studied expression of the former gradually gave way to lowering resentment, and he at last broke out with—

" 'Had Mrs. Ardley (for I trust for your child's name that you are married) simply chosen a *poor* but honourable man, she would have done no more than her mother did before her'—(for Mills wasn't always as rich as he is now)—'and I might have forgiven her for the sake of one over whom the grave hath closed—in mercy—ay, sir, in mercy, I say it, for the shame of her daughter would have broke her bleeding heart. But after your wife has indelibly disgraced her own sex as a female, and the station of her father, by linking herself to one whose duelling, drunkenness, gambling, profligacy, and neglect of duty, have been so notorious in the service, that I pray God my days are nigh their close, lest I should live to see the time when the British flag will be a bye-word on the seas—feared by none, despised by all—which it inevitably will be if officers like my Lord Gobinall and Captain Ardley not only escape punishment, but are actually promoted and employed: I call it unparalleled presumption in ye both to ask it at my hands!'

"Ardley smarted under this exordium, which, opprobriously worded as it was, had, in some points, no slight degree of truth for its foundation ; and resolving to carry it with as high a hand as the admiral himself, he haughtily returned for answer—

" 'I did not come to you, sir, to hear the professional merits of either Lord Gobinall or myself canvassed and discussed ; I believe we are both amenable to court-martials pretty much the same as other men. Neither did I come to solicit favours for myself, but I came to ask a father's forgiveness for his child—his only child—who, angel as she is—'

" 'Spare your heroics, sir !' struck in the admiral fiercely, while his awful manner was absolutely petrifying ;— 'spare your heroics !' he repeated, 'I am a plain-sailing man, and I tell you, once for all, that, could my pardon

make my daughter Queen of England—save her brat from starving, and her husband's body from the gallows!—before she should have it, I would—but, pshaw! your gig's alongside waiting ; and, unless we meet on duty, never let me see your face again : else, old man as I am—'

"Ardley trusted himself not to hear the remainder, but, quitting the flagship, returned on board his own, having but small reason to feel gratified with his morning's work : and at two P.M. the admiral weighed, made sail, and, proceeding up the river to be paid off, left the Lion and a frigate still laying in the Downs.

"Till past two bells in the middle watch that night, Ardley was up in his cabin, writing letters to his wife, which he tore up as fast as written ; and at last, regularly harassed and tired out, he fell asleep, with his pen still pointing to the paper. Not long after he had sank into this happy state of oblivion, the handle of his cabin door was turned, and a figure, muffled up in a camlet boat-cloak, wearing likewise a round glazed hat, with a flash of lightning up and down the larboard side, entered, and sat down right opposite the sleeping beauty.

" 'Ardley!—Ardley!' but like all true sailors, he was not to be awakened quite so easily by word of mouth. 'How sound he sleeps ; what would I not give for one hour's such repose !' Uttering this, the strange visitor stretched forth a hand and touched, lightly touched, the captain's arm. Ardley started up, and his frown—but you must have often seen it.

" 'What the devil, sir—'

"The unclasped cloak was suffered to drop off the shoulders, the hat removed—and Lucy Mildmay, once the belle of Gravesend, the toast of Kent, the darling pride of an aged parent, stood before him, haggard, pale, and wan, but still retaining traces of that exquisite beauty, which, in her class of life, is frequently the most fatal gift which nature can bestow. Ardley's tongue faltered, his knees tottered. Conscience makes cowards of us all ; and the man who would have fought the ship to her last shot, and unhesitatingly thrown away his own life to save another's, quailed like a craven when, with no other witness but his God above, he found himself, face to face, in the presence of the woman he had injured and neglected. Overcome,

he staggered to a couch, and sinking on it, buried his face amid the yielding cushions.

"'Lucy! Lucy!' he gasped out, 'in mercy I trusted to have been spared this! What want you with me?'

"'Oh, Ardley, can you ask? To tell you all is forgiven, and to share the perils and the dangers of the sea with Ardley—my own Ardley!' and she knelt beside him, vainly essaying to remove his hands, which were shading now his face.

"'It cannot be—it cannot be!—I am—married!' and this last word almost choked him.

"'Married!' repeated his companion, to whom this piece of information conveyed no news, while a hollow, coughing laugh issued from her lungs; 'and is the saintlike Ardley,' she ironically continued, 'turned all at once so scrupulous and godly, that, like a second Joseph—'

"'But, breaking off, she rose suddenly up—her face assumed an expression terrific to behold—her sunken eyes glistened with a supernatural brilliancy—the hectic flush forsook her cheek for a deathlike whiter hue, and, stepping backwards, she stretched forth her wasted arms towards her seducer, exclaiming,

"'Allan Fitzroy Ardley, I loved you *once* as woman only can! But *now*, by that heaven of which I have been robbed by you, I *hate* ye as fiend never hated yet: and as for her who calls herself your wife, I would that my tongue were rolling in vitriol, so that I might spit upon—'

"'Silence!' thundered Ardley, starting to his feet; 'heap your reproaches, shower your woman's threats, on *me*!—I deserve them all, and more than all: but, harkye, spare my wife! As long as the boy wanted, and I had it, I gave freely; and then, when all was gone, I sold every thing, save the very epaulette upon my shoulder, to find you luxuries, while I myself was skulking from a prison. Can gold assist you?—take all I have; strip the cabin; overhaul these lockers and my desk, and spare me nothing but my papers and that sword!'

"'Oh, Ardley, Ardley!' sobbed out the heart-stricken child of misery, 'gold I have in plenty; for when my father cursed you with his dying breath, he left me all his hard-earned gains. But can wealth heal a heart broken, as mine is, with base neglect—can wealth free

a blackened soul like mine, from what in woman is the foulest stain—in man a theme for glory? May your heart only ache one day as mine does now; and then may I sink into the grave, where alone I shall ever be at rest!'

"Once more Ardley hid his head, and tried to cheat his senses, but in vain. Presently he heard a rustling, the sound of retiring footsteps, the jarring of the door as it banged to, the clang of the sentry's arms, and the piping of the side, as if an officer of rank were leaving the ship. He listened attentively, and the long drawn-out whistle responding to the fall of oars, explained clearly enough the deception which had been practised—the answer to the hail from another ship, the name that had been used. As the sounds died away, he breathed more freely—looked up. His unhappy victim had indeed departed." But the remainder must be reserved for the commencement of another chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Begins where Chapter III. left off.

"'And this is all my handiwork!' was Ardley's exclamation, as he hastily paced the narrow confines of his cabin, his very soul writhing under remorse too tardily awakened. 'The father's death is on my head, and the daughter's soon will follow. *He cursed me!* *he cursed me!*' he repeated; and his conscience whispered to him that he was accursed; and he rushed on deck to cool his fevered, frenzied spirit in the chill night air, and flee from himself and the malison of a dying man, which seemed to cleave to him from that hour evermore.

"Two short years from this saw Ardley reduced to a dejected mourning prisoner in the debtors' ward; for, broken in health, and stunned by grief at the death of his young wife, who had been mercifully spared a long and wretched course of misery, the oft baffled bailiffs had experienced no difficulty in pouncing on their victim; and the first news of his capture was the signal for detainers to be lodged against him to the amount of some odd thousands. He wrote to Gobinall to bail him; but the bail of the peer was refused,—the creditors alleging, that a man never known to have discharged his own debts was not a fit person to stand security for the payment of another's. It was tried before a judge; but Gobinall

failed in shewing cause, and he being Ardley's last reliance, the latter had the pleasing prospect before his eyes of rotting away the remainder of his days in gaol. It was not in my power to assist him, for he owed full thrice as much as I was worth; but I went to see him in the Fleet, and oh! how altered, how fearfully altered, was he then from what he once had been! Pale, meagre, and debilitated; his hair was turning gray; and his deep sunken eye, in lieu of the laughing fire with which it formerly had gleamed, exhibited a settled expression of sullen, deep despair. A few months had wrought an almost incredible change in his appearance; and if he were altered in body, so was he likewise cankered in his mind, which never recovered its healthful tone, being, I thoroughly believe, ever after tinged with what, to say the least of it, strongly bordered on insanity.

"His child—his first-born—the darling image of its lovely mother—his only child, was lying huddled in one corner like a heap of clothes,—its little form dwindling rapidly away from want of proper nourishment, whilst its lungs were affected—slightly it is true, but still affected—by long confinement in the damp and noxious air. I took it in my arms, and the father's heart melted as he kissed his daughter's pallid cheek, and listened to my offer of carrying her home. I saw I had made some impression, and I earnestly followed it up, in the hopes that I should prevail upon him to accede; but ere I had gained my point his misanthropic bitterness was once more ascendant, scorching up with its blighting breath his scanty tears, and he obstinately refused.

"I went to Lord Gobinall. He could, and would, he said, get Ardley a ship directly he was clear of prison; but as for getting him out of that, it was plainly neither in his power nor mine, and he strenuously urged my trying what could be done with Mills, who had just then succeeded to a large fortune, and was living (where he does now) in Hamilton Place.

"The admiral received me pleasantly enough, mingling in his manner the polish of a gentleman with the freedom of a sailor; but on hearing my errand his lips became compressed, his brow

contracted; and when I added that I was one of Ardley's oldest friends, he replied, sarcastically, that that would always be a special recommendation, if people were to be judged of by the company they kept. Nothing dismayed, I resolved to try him on the other tack, and see whether his feelings were to be worked on by the most pathetic picture I could draw of the miserable fate of his daughter's child. He still continued obdurate, however; and my indignation getting the better of all cold calculation, I plainly and bluntly told him, that though unpunished in this world, he might hoard his wealth, and lavish on himself the gold which God had given him, while the seed of his seed starved; yet that on the last day, when guilty and innocent alike shall face their Maker, it should surely be held in remembrance against him, and he would then discover, when too late, that his rank and riches both had proved a curse, in as far that 'where much is given, much will be required.'

"To be thus taken to task by a man over whom he enjoyed so enviable a superiority in honour, rank, and years, was something new, certainly; but variety is not unfrequently as salutary as it is charming; and whether he was most astonished at or affected by my audacity I neither know nor care, but it had at least the effect of reminding him what his duty as a Christian was, though how far he performed it, and what he did, or what he left undone, will be hereafter seen.

"Just previous to Ardley's imprisonment, I had mounted the gold laurel-leaf;* and two days subsequent to my interview with Sir William, I took leave at the India House, preparatory to my sailing on a double voyage. At Canton, I got a sight of a file of English papers, and the first thing that attracted my attention was seeing, among the naval promotions and appointments, the name of Captain Ardley down, as having commissioned some ship or other—not the Vampire, for she wasn't built till long afterwards. Well, neither having a navy-list on board or at my fingers' ends, I shouldn't have known whether the person mentioned was *himself*, as the Irishman would say, or no, had it not been for some scurrilous attack on Gobinall, in

* Officers in the late maritime service of the Company, on being promoted to the rank of commanders, had the above-named insignia embroidered on their velvet facings.

which the other came in for a tolerable sprinkling of abuse ; but as soon as I came home I called upon his lordship for an explanation of all particulars, which he freely gave.

"If I remember rightly, Donald, the first day you and I ever met, I told you that the title ran in the female line, and Sir William was always deucedly fussy about family distinctions, and all the rest of it, though, as I believe, most of us sprung from Adam ; but that's neither here nor there,—so the devil put it into his head to strike a compact with Ardley, as follows : that the admiral on his part would pay the debts of his son-in-law, and thus procure his liberation, on condition of Ardley's giving him his bond,—so that the old fox might always have a hold on him, you see,—for the cash advanced, and relinquishing his child, to be brought up by Sir William as his niece, and eventually married to whomsoever Mills might please to pick out for a husband for her,—while her own parent, according to the agreement, was never to interfere with or attempt to see her till after she was of age by law. They both thought they had made a capital bargain ; but, somehow or other, trading in our fellow-creatures,—by the way, that puts me in mind of that chap Sweeny ; he's to be hanged next Monday morning, at eight o'clock ; but I've something to say to him before he swings,—is not like trading in any other kind of article. Human flesh is human flesh, all the world over, be it black or be it white ; and the bartering of this poor child, too young to know whether she ever had a father, was always a bother to them both. One was for ever reproaching himself with having done it, and the other was always afraid of little Eva's being stolen from him ; and I believe Ardley tried it once, though the admiral never knew it ; and getting done out of his money and the child too, which may in some measure account for his being in such a confounded hurry to have her married to that scamp Howard, and suspecting you, or any body else that ever came to the house, and had known Ardley, of conspiring against him.

"Directly Ardley saw you had got his daughter's miniature, he twigged how matters stood between you and her ; and as you were poor as a rat—I beg your pardon, Donald, but you said so yourself this afternoon—he thought it would be a devilish good

way of spiting the old admiral to let you marry Eva (she might have picked up a *worser*, that I will say), and wanted me to egg you on not for him to appear at all in the affair ; but I told him, he mustn't ask me to meddle in love plots, 'specially when they weren't open, and aboveboard, at which he was rather huffed ; though I'm sure I never intended to hurt his feelings, poor fellow, for they had been trifled with enough already ; and may any little bitterness be buried deep, as I fear he —"

Talbot stuck hard and fast, and a falling tear mingled in the wine he hastily swallowed ; but, recovering himself, he again proceeded,—

"Well, he sailed, and you sailed, and the man that was first-lieutenant with you on board the Vampire—I forget his name —"

"Severn," said Donald.

"Severn—ay, Severn sailed ; and then you came back, you know ; and as soon as you got over the court-martial, I asked you to come and stay with me, partly because I liked you, and wanted a companion, and partly because I thought it would do you good, and set you up again, which I am sorry to see it hasn't. Well, the admiral always said so positively that he knew all about Howard, and where he got his money, that I never troubled myself so much about it as I should have done. But the likeness to his mother always stuck in my throat ; and last night, if ever I saw Ardley, I saw him in my sleep, and we sat together, and drank together, and talked things over as of old ; and he told me how Howard was his son by that poor Gravesend girl, who never let him rest ; and he was making me promise to be at the marriage, because he could not come himself, when I awoke, and remembered how far he was away.

"I don't like Howard—I don't like him, for the d—d unfeeling manner in which he forced himself upon the girl ; and the admiral's forcing her to have him was as bad. But I'll not do either the injustice to suppose they were aware of the half-brotherhood in blood. Howard never knew but that Eva, going as she did by the name of Mills, was Sir William's niece ; and though at first, when I taxed him with his birth, he faced it out, yet directly I said who Eva's father was, he was off for the Continent, leaving Sir William to chew the quid—cud I believe it is,

though — of disappointment, and the field all open to yourself."

The field was certainly open for Donald, — the ceremony being, of course, null and void, as was subsequently decided upon by the strenuous endeavours of the admiral and Howard to secure some property which was consumed in the struggles against each other. But the principal faults of Sir William were avarice and obstinacy, neither of which were likely to decrease with coming years; and however much averse he might have felt to a match with a man like Donald before, he doubly set his face against it now. Marrying, therefore, was out of the question for the present, the young commander having nothing but his half-pay, and Eva as little beyond what was entirely dependant upon the will of her perverse old relative.

If any young lady of seventeen, or any young gentleman of even twenty, should express astonishment at their not running off on an income of almost a hundred a-year, when people not more attached than they were have been known to consider fifty as sufficient, we beg most earnestly to counsel them against adopting such a plan, and also to remind them of a proverb, not the less true for its antiquity, that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window. Donald had had a hard fight of it through life, and knew too well what pinching was to wish to give a young wife reared in the lap of luxury a taste of it. They lived in hopes, and for some time, the consciousness that she was performing a sacred duty, in not deserting one in his old age who had cherished her in childhood, supported Eva through the task; but at length her broken spirits sank beneath the struggle; and from the bed on which a brain-fever laid her for some time she finally arose without a ray of sense.

CHAP. V.

Execution Eve.

"It has been my misfortune, Capt. Talbot," said the reverend ordinary of Newgate, — "it has been my misfortune to witness the last fleeting hours of many condemned criminals previous to their expiating their crimes upon the scaffold; but in none have I ever seen such a total, such a fearful insensibility of their danger as is exhibited by this unhappy man, Sweeny. Con-

stantly blaspheming the name of HIM in whose presence he will shortly stand, and utterly indifferent to the terrors of a painful and ignominious death, I have alternately in vain essayed to rouse him from his infatuation by threats of eternal punishment, and to draw him to his God by those blessed hopes of mercy held out to the worst of sinners, through means of our Saviour. But all my most zealous efforts have been fruitless, and he will die, I fear, as impious and unbelieving as he lived."

"Illoa! vy Capt'n Tolbutt," exclaimed the subject of the worthy clergyman's regrets, as they were introduced into the condemned cell; "you comin' to 'ave a sky at the gallows-bird afore he gets tuckd up? Never see so much good company in my life as sin' the word's been passed for me to dance a Newgat' 'ornpipe —"

"My good man —" interrupted the ordinary.

"You lie — I isn't a good man," replied the wretch.

"Well —"

"Vell. Don't preach now; I s'pose I shall hear enough o' that in 'eaven."

"Do you expect to go there?" inquired Talbot, gravely.

"Vy not? Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and I s'cribed five pounds to a bible society last year, — so that ought to clear me."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the clergyman to Talbot and Donald, "you may stay here if you will, but I cannot;" and, shuddering with horror, he left the two friends to deal with Sweeny how they might.

I will neither tire my readers with detailing the numerous cross-examination questions that were put, nor shock them by a repetition of the language in which the answers were couched, but content myself with simply giving a brief sketch of what was extorted from him, adding such explanations as may be needful for its elucidation.

It was Sweeny who had pandered to the lust of the post-captain, in the case of the unhappy Mildmay. It was Sweeny who had aided him in carrying off the admiral's daughter from Madeira; and it was Sweeny again who, after volunteering to steal away the child, had, as soon as Ardley was fool enough to commit himself in black and white, turned treacherous; and, retaining the proofs in his own possession, held the threat of betrayal to Sir William over the other's head, as

a safe protection for himself. When the Vampire fell in with him, as related at the commencement of this tale, he was standing across with his two prizes for the island of Tristan d'Acunha: but some information which the commander of the king's ship obtained from the unfortunate man this cut-throat pirate had subsequently murdered, in cold blood, from the purest motives of revenge, induced him to suppose that the slaver would alter his intention; and Ardley resolved, at all risks, to return home immediately, trusting to his own address, and the powerful interest of his friend Gobinall—at that time a member of the board—to bear him through, in case of blame. As it so happened, however, a frigate *had* been sent out to relieve the Vampire; and the peer giving Ardley a slight inkling of this, the latter took his cue accordingly; and stating to their lordships, upon the most "unquestionable authority," that the master of a slave-ship, who had formerly been a pilot, had traitorously entered into agreement with an American cruiser to rendezvous, during the last week in December, off the Bell Rock, for the purpose of picking up all and any merchantmen they might find at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, he humbly requested the honour—perilous as it might be rendered by the present prevailing winds and advanced season—of carrying his majesty's ship round north-about, in the zealous hopes of capturing these enemies of his most gracious king and country. It was granted (orders being likewise forwarded overland for the men-of-war in Leith Roads, &c., to be on the alert)—the consequences have been seen; and now let us take a glance at the occurrences on board the missing Snarler.

Mills did his son-in-law scant justice when he cast reflections to the marine officer on his capabilities in action; for, cracked or sane, hazardous or prudent, he had done a good deal to sustain the character of our arms on foreign service; besides which, his ship was always in a splendid state of discipline, for which reason, perhaps, the Admiralty had selected him as fittest to supersede the easy-going commander of the Snarler, for whom an unruly ship's company had proved too much. But slackness and *over-severity* have alike a tendency to undermine subordination; and notwithstanding nearly every man in the ship had received three flog-

gings before their new captain had been as many weeks on board, the spirit of mutiny was yet unbroken; though, thanks to the steadiness and loyalty of the marines—a body of men whose worth can be duly appreciated by those only who have felt their value in the time of need—all outbursts were quelled without any very considerable difficulty.

All at once, after they had been about a couple of months at sea, the efforts of the men to gain the upper hand appeared so completely crushed, that an almost unnatural calm succeeded their late fierce struggles; and, falsely flattering himself the spark was quenched, Ardley's iron vigilance was lulled to slumber in security; but, like a *battered* furnace, the smouldering fire spread unseen, till the arrival of the moment when, fanned into a blaze, it should at last flame forth with overwhelming fury.

The brush with the Yankee off the coast of Scotland, and the loss it had occasioned him, rankled in the breast of Ardley like a festering sore, and he thirsted for an opportunity of vengeance, when he might wipe away the stain with gory hands. The chance was afforded him; two United States' ships hove in sight. He trembled in stern, impatient anticipation of success; and, turning the hands up, briefly told the seamen, in soul-stirring language, that he would lay his ship between both enemies, and leave the rest to them. No responding cheers succeeded this address, and gloomy, dull despondency was depicted in the countenance of many; but in some were visible signs of triumph that fell little short of that exhibited by their commander; and on the first patter of the drum-sticks the crews of the respective guns crowded to their stations with even more than usual promptness. Desiring them to reserve their fire until he gave the order, the brave but misjudging captain of the Snarler kept his word. "Fire!" he shouted then, but not a shot answered to the enflaming broadsides of the enemy's. "Fire!!" he repeated, but not the laniard of a single lock was pulled. "Fire!!!" for the third time, he exclaimed, and Ripley sprang below himself; but a blow from a handspike felled the first lieutenant lifeless as a slaughtered ox, while a fiendish laugh rang round the riven, splintered decks; and, clustering about the guns, the mutineers—reckless

of their own destruction, provided that of Ardley were involved—kept their officers at bay, choosing rather to be bayoneted by the marines, who to the last continued true, than lift a hand in obedience to one of whom their hatred was so deep and galling as utterly to drown all sense of duty, and in the face of the enemy render them deaf to honour and their country's call. Not an officer survived, and few indeed remained to tell the tale,—which had been gleaned by Sweeny from the Americans, in whose pay he was retained.

"Where were you," inquired Donald of the criminal, "when that craft ran foul of the one we engaged and foun-dered?"

"Board the 'Meriken" (American), he replied.

Talbot, with inherent and characteristic humanity, now asked Sweeny if there were any thing could be done for him; or whether any relations of his had been dependent upon him, and might henceforward stand in need of pecuniary assistance. He shook his head in silence.

"There is nothing more we can do, then?" repeated Talbot.

Sweeny appeared to think for a moment. "Lend me that bandanny," he said, pointing to a coloured handkerchief in Talbot's hands. The latter did so, though not without some slight hesitation; and the slaver, grinning a ghastly grimace which made the crown of Donald's scalp creep chilly, threw it lightly over his head, and knelt back against the wall. "I'll shew ye a wrinkle," he added, "them bilking niggers larnt me." The two friends gazed at each other in mute astonishment, and presently a *gurring* sound was heard, and Talbot snatched away the silken veil—a sensation of the most indefinable horror pervading him throughout, as the form of the murderer fell forward without life. His broad, flat face was bloated to a degree of hideous distortion, and there was a fulness in the eye which told of strong internal strain; for, following a now well-known practice of the suffering denizens of the slave-deck, he had rolled his tongue round into a ball, and thrusting it down into the gullet caused almost instantaneous suffocation, thus cheating the gallows of their due.

The melancholy event connected with poor Eva's illness, alluded to in the foregoing chapter, did not, of course,

occur till after the period of the murderer's confessions; but when her loss of reason was hopelessly confirmed, and the medical men—one and all, without a dissentient voice—attributed the mental wreck to "*preying disappointment*," no pen can describe the state—far too awful for insanity—the admiral was in. He sent for Donald. "Curse me, Angus—curse me!" he exclaimed; "Let not man forgive me, for God never can," he continued, wildly; and, dashing himself down on the marble pavement of the hall, he prayed for Almighty vengeance to descend upon his head. All comfort he refused. He *never forgave*, and how could he look to be forgiven? She was mad—she was mad, and jeered in her madness at his misery. On his death-bed he grew calmer, seeking for consolation where alone it can be found; and a few hours before the last mortal struggle he received the sacrament, and summoned his grandchild and Donald, that, dying, he might bless them both; but with that fearful attribute of maniacs—a keen perception of how the feelings of those they best have loved may be the sorest wounded, the once meek and gentle Eva now refused to come; which so affected Mills, that, uttering a cry of anguish, he dropped back in a lethargic stupor, from which he never rallied. Time wore away, but not poor Donald's grief; for his subdued spirits and settled gloom no change of scene or circumstances could heighten or dispel. The world was a dreary blank—life itself a load—the sight of his beloved, distraction; and when again laid low with illness, he prayed for her release. But it was otherwise ordained; and though it took years of watchfulness and quiet for the comparative re-establishment of her precarious health, the light of reason dawned again brightly as before, far beyond what the most sanguine and skilful physician of the day had dared to hope; and the care, solicitude, and sufferings of Angus were finally rewarded in a way which I sincerely trust my readers will approve of; for in an old paper of 181* may be found,—"*Married, on the — instant, Angus Donald, Esq., commander R.N., to Eva —, only daughter of the late Captain Ardley, R.N., and granddaughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir William Mills, Bart., of Hamilton Place, London, and — Park, Scotland.*"

THE GAMESTER'S WORD OF HONOUR.

IN what small German state young Ludwig first
 Beheld the light of day, and learned to walk,
 But little boots, since he was born and nurst,
 Caressed, and, in due time, began to talk.
 And then his parents, like some parents still,
 Decided that their boy was vastly clever;
 And so allowed him much to have his will:
 A way that seldom endeth well—if ever.
 For, strange it is, though creatures void of reason,
 However young, by instinct's clear behest,
 Are guided to select whatever's best
 For nutriment in every place and season,
 And from unwholesome things to turn aside—
 'Tis very strange, and much should lower our pride,
 To think that we, "the unfeathered biped race,"
 Self-styled "creation's lords," are ever erring,
 Shunning the good for vice or pleasure's chase,
 Unwholesome things and evil ways preferring.

'Twas thus with Ludwig Rench at school and college.
 He studied hard, and gained amazing knowledge
 Of billiards, dominos, dice, *écarté*,
 And various other games of chance and skill,
 At which, despite experience, people will
 Throw both their money and their time away.
 Learning, of course, he utterly forsook,
 Though he might pore o'er Hoyle, or some such book.

"The boy," we're told, "is father of the man;"
 So he grew up a gamester—that's to say,
 An animal whose sole delight is play
 And winning money—fairly if he can;
 If not, to win by cheating, shuffling, lying,
 And with each dupe's propensities complying.

His parents then procured him a commission
 In some bewhiskered regiment of hussars,
 With chosen officers, in high condition:
 And Ludwig rubbed his hands and blessed his stars,
 Not by wild dreams of glory borne away,
 But that he'd gained a wider field for play.

A soldier's life is one in which temptation
 Comes in a vast variety of forms;
 For though, when he's engaged in sieges, storms,
 Marching and skirmishing, his occupation
 Is one that finds him very full employment
 For all his time, with scarcely time for rest,
 Then followeth the period for enjoyment,
 To which past dangers give peculiar zest.
 And, of all scenes in which temptation's rife,
 Not one will bear comparison
 With that when, in a city full of life,
 His regiment's placed in garrison.

'Twas ever thus. The sunburnt sons of Carthage,
 Who slew the pride of Rome in Cannæ's carnage,
 Quartered in Capua's fascinating town,
 Became unmindful of their past renown,

And quaffed the nectared cup by Pleasure held,
Living luxuriantly, till, day by day,
The high aspirings of the soul were quelled,
While discipline and courage died away :
And since 'twas thus with men of long-tried bravery,
What chance have young hussars inclined to knavery ?

Indeed, if moralists have judged aright,
Want of employ alone's a serious evil ;
Since, when his time hangs tardily in flight,
" An idle man's playfellow with the devil."
Not that the tempter comes with sable terrors —
Oh, no ! he lies concealed, and slyly throws
Some lure most suited to his victim's errors
Of head or heart, and well his weakness knows.
And though of baits he sports a great variety,
Not one succeeds so oft as bad society.

And it was Ludwig's lot to be the lure
The gambling demon to his comrades threw :
Old soldiers some, who felt themselves secure
With such a young antagonist. But few
Found cause for boasting ; for 'twas still the same,
His luck prevailed whate'er might be the game.
And since 'twas thus with old, experienced sinners,
Of course his younger messmates were not winners.

But gaming, like all other sorts of roguery,
With very, very few is doomed to thrive,
As all may note, though luckless gamesters strive,
By dint of swaggering, impudence, and broguery,
" To seem the thing they are not," while too clear
The state of their finances will appear.
Yet still they deem their secret dark as night.
We'll not pursue the theme, but merely quote
A single line that Dr. Franklin wrote—
" An empty bag can hardly stand upright."

At length young Ludwig's luck began to turn ;
And, having turned, like snow before the sun
His dollars melted : he lost all he'd won,
And something more ; nor could he well discern
How to escape
From such an awkward scrape.
Since debts of honour, as they're oddly called,
May not, like tradesmen's bills, unpaid remain
From month to month. His means were all forestalled,
And borrowing he tried, alas ! in vain.

Then came the dreary game of wild despair—
The master-stroke in Satan's wily play,
When he, triumphant, bids his victims dare
Rashly their last poor chance to throw away :
So Ludwig, smarting in his fallen pride,
Talked of that greatest folly, suicide.

But while he weighed each fashion of self-slaughter—
Knife, poison, rope, ball, precipice, and water,—
His comrades met,
An open-hearted set
Of bold hussars, who felt extremely sore
That our young gamester's plight should bring disgrace

On their high-standing, well-appointed corps.
 Therefore they held a council on his case,
 And the result was, that they should advance
 The amount of all his losses, on condition
 That he, thenceforth, should play no game of chance,
 Or else, instantler, throw up his commission.

Ludwig, of course, consented, and his word
 Of honour pledged that he no more would play
 At any game of chance; though, sooth to say,
 He deemed the stipulation quite absurd.
 Yet, when in debt, with no resource to flee to,
 What are the terms a man will not agree to?

But promises, in tribulation made,
 To brighter days will often bring regret;
 The danger past still sinking in the shade,
 While vows become as wearisome as debt.
 And, more particularly, such
 As cross our inclinations much,
 Curbing our wonted pleasures day by day.
 And, free from debt, it seemed to Ludwig hard
 That he from play should *always* be debarred,
 Because he *once* owed sums he could not pay.

Then he, as ruined gamesters ever will,
 Began a most elaborate calculation
 Of "odds and chances," and with painful skill,
 Worked a result he deemed a demonstration:
 A rule so mathematically plain,
 That he who played thereby was sure to gain.

'Tis most provoking that such ingenuity
 So oft becomes the sport of ruthless fate.
 Thousands yet plan like plans, while some fatuity
 Dooms the discovery aye to come too late.
 And Ludwig, with his plan, felt mortified
 Beyond endurance that his hands were tied.
 'Twas most provoking!
 He fretted, fumed, grew slovenly in dress,
 Shunned his young friends, was often missed at mess,
 And took to cogitation, beer, and smoking.

The change awhile was deemed a freak of humour,—
 A sort of "letting off the steam" of spleen;
 Till to his comrades' ears there came a rumour
 That he in some low beer-house had been seen,
 Particularly on a market-day,
 With country market-folks engaged in play.

The bold dragoons at once declared the thing
 Was quite improbable, though all agreed
 The fact, if true, a sore disgrace would bring
 On their unsullied fame; and so decreed
 That a strict watch o'er Ludwig should be kept,
 Where'er he breakfasted, dined, smoked, or slept.

And it requires no small degree of tact
 To elude a watch kept "*à la militaire*."
 Our hero's steps were tracked, till in his lair
 He sate, detected in the very act

Of playing with some country market-folks,
Of uncouth mien, 'mid fumes of smoke and beer,
Winning their cash, and cracking vulgar jokes
With familiarity that made it clear
'Twas not the first nor second time they'd met
In that low place to smoke, drink, play, and bet.

Two of his comrades first looked on unseen ;
Then caught his eye. But, though a sudden flush
Passed o'er his cheek, he strove to look serene,
And mind his cards, affecting not a rush
To care who witnessed at what game he played,
Or what he betted, staked, or did, or said.

Such cool effrontery the bold dragoons
Had never seen, though much they'd seen, before.
So, stalking grimly through the gaping loons,
They took their station at the beer-house door,
To wait our hero's exit ; and ere long
He joined them, humming some fag-end of song.
Then said, " How are you ? " with that flaunty air
Our English idiom styles, the " devil may care."

The whiskered twain could scarce their ears believe,
And, frowning, looked immensely scandalised
That the convicted gambler should conceive
It possible that they, who honour prized,
Would be familiar with a man whose word
Of honour had been pledged and proved a lie.
'Twas equally annoying as absurd !
Yet there stood Ludwig firmly ; and his eye
Glistened, as though expecting approbation,
While thus he entered into explanation.

" Comrades ! I see you're under a mistake,
Imagining that I my word would break,
While really I have kept it to the letter.
I promised at no games of chance to play,
Nor were those such you've witnessed here to-day,
But simple pastimes which my vow can't fetter.
You look surprised ; but, listen ! and as clear
I'll make it as that we are standing here.

A game of *chance*, you'll grant, and bear in mind,
Is one when *either* side, *per-chance*, may win.
No thing by logic can be more defined ;
And if I played such game 'twould be a sin.
But, mark the postulate I now advance !
A game that's *certain* can't be one of *chance*.
And, if you'll watch our play, you'll shortly see
These bumpkins have *no sort of chance* with me."

ALCHEMY.

BY AN ALCHEMIST.

PERHAPS there is no chapter in the whole history of philosophy more curious, more astonishing, or more amusing, than that which treats of the rise and progress of alchemy. There is none which so strikingly evinces the strength, and at the same time the weakness, of the human understanding—none which so graphically illustrates the grandiloquent speech of Dr. Johnson's ghost in the *Rejected Addresses*, when he exclaims, "A swelling opening hath ere now preceded an insignificant conclusion, and parturient mountains have sometimes produced muscicular abortions. Like the solemn hawkers that perambulate the streets of Constantinople, crying, 'In the name of the Prophet, figs!'"

It may not be uninteresting, therefore, or unimproving, if we endeavour to collect and bring together a few of the scattered notices which literature affords us of the history of alchemy. Most of them lie so far apart from each other, in such confused and encumbered masses, that even the scientific world is not familiar with them. And as to the alchemical initiations, which form one considerable branch of the initiations of the ancient and modern esoterics, they are not even mentioned by Warburton, Maurice, Taylor, Oliver, or any English writer that has discussed these matters.

In this inquiry we shall have mainly to treat of the doctrine of the cabalists, or those who have principally investigated the *traditional philosophy*, in the schools of initiation. This name of cabalists, originally applied to the Jewish doctors who stood up for the authority of tradition, has been extended to all the Asiatic and European theosophists who have at different times maintained the same doctrines, and pursued the same system of what are called the occult sciences. Such are the mystic and transcendental doctrines which pass under the names of mythology, astrology, magic, geomancy, *et id genus omne*, so elaborately eulogised by Cornelius Agrippa and his followers.

We will confine ourselves, for the present, to that great branch of cabalistic lore properly and exclusively called

alchemy;—that is, the science which treats "*of the secretest laws of chemistry, the essences of material natures, and the composition or decomposition of physical substances.*"

Such is the wide and sweeping definition which the Jewish cabalists give us of their favourite science; and, whether right or wrong, we have every reason to think that this kind of alchemy, or transcendental chemistry, was cultivated and practised in the Jewish state from time immemorial.

The best proof that alchemy was in vogue from time immemorial among the Jewish cabalists, is not their own declaration as to this point, and their alchemical interpretation of many passages in the Pentateuch and the writings of the Old Testament; but the best proof of it is found in the fact that the most ancient Oriental and classical writers, who have expressly noticed the science of alchemy, say that it began among the Hebrews or Syrians, and from them extended itself to all the nations of antiquity.

And whether we give any credence to alchemy or not, whether we believe that it has a truly philosophical principle as its basis, however disguised and disfigured by the blunders of its professors, or whether we suppose it is literally "all humbug," we must in either case equally suppose that the record of the cabalists is nearly true, so far as it affirms that Syria and Chaldea were its original cradles; and that in ages of the remotest antiquity it spread among the surrounding nations.

"Thus," says Parnety, "we must suppose that alchemy had a common centre, and that from this centre it spread through all the most ancient kingdoms. What likelihood is there that nations, who lived in ages so remote, and in countries so diversified in language and in style of thought, should so exactly accord in their alchemical creed, unless that creed was a matter of universal initiation? What! The Egyptians, Arabians, Chinese, Greeks, Jews, Italians, Germans, Americans, French, and English, could they so exactly agree by accident, without understanding or communicating each other's ideas, and write in confirmation of a mere chimera, a mere phantasy of imagination? Without un-

dertaking to calculate all the works composed on this subject, which history assures us were burnt by the order of Diocletian, who thus attempted to deprive the Egyptians of their art of making gold, and supporting hostilities against him, there remain a sufficient number in all languages, and all libraries, to justify us in this conclusion."

Now, these Jewish and Syrian theosophists, among whom we find the first dawning of alchemy and alchemical initiations, as practised among the Essenes, were all *fire philosophers*, properly so called. They considered fire as the first great physical emblem of the Deity, and the first great element in universal nature, and the first great agent in universal motion. In fact, they regarded it as the "soul of the world;" and, like all the Oriental sects of Sabians, Persians, Indians, Arabs, and Phœnicians, they paid the element of fire the most unbounded reverence. Traces of this are found in all the mythology and poetry of Asia and Europe.

It becomes, therefore, extremely important, in a sketch of the history of the alchemists, to inquire into the nature of *that fire*—that hermetic and philosophical fire they so continually and so universally extolled as the invisible thaumaturgist and wonder-worker of all the complicated metamorphoses of the physical universe—that fire which was so eminently secret, and so difficult to procure; and yet was the sole essential power which could produce the transmutation of metals.

Now, the Jewish cabalists declare that the fire of which they write—the *hermetic* or *philosophical fire*, which they say is the great *primum mobile* of the universe, and which informs and animates all physical bodies—this fire, say they, is a perfectly *invisible* and *universal essence*, which only became visible in its second development, *light*, and sensible in its third development, *heat*. This philosophical fire, so universally present, and yet so undiscernible, so latent in all bodies, and so difficult to evoke, was a kind of Proteus, or first cause, among the ancient theosophists, which all were desirous of grasping, but none were capable of retaining. It was (as they continually assert) by no means to be confounded with light or flame, which are but its sensible developments: it

is rather the parent of the common fire cognisable by the senses, than common fire itself, which was merely an external manifestation of an internal and mysterious principle.

If, then, we are allowed to hazard a conjecture respecting the philosophic fire of the cabalistic alchemists, we should say it was neither more nor less than *electricity*. We think we can bring sufficient proofs that, under the name of *fire*, the most ancient philosophers of Asia and Europe described the element of electricity. And we think that this fire was *expressly called electricity*, in the most venerable schools of initiation, for centuries before the Christian era.

We are aware that this assertion will appear paradoxical to those that imagine the name and nature of electricity to be mere modern discoveries. We shall, therefore, hasten to cite the authorities that induce us to believe that electricity was as well known to the ancients as to ourselves; and that it was the hermetic fire of the alchemists from time immemorial, whereby they attempted to produce the elixir, and the philosopher's stone, and the transmutation of metals.

If we can succeed in doing this, we shall at least be able to shew the *rationale* of alchemy, and evince that the alchemists were *bonâ fide* conversant with that principle which is almost boundless in its capability of producing physical metamorphoses. If this can be made out, it will induce us to treat the alchemists with rather more respect than is usually accorded them. It will place them on the vantage-ground of those elevated researches into the mysteries of nature which our modern chemists are aspiring after—researches in which the hermetic philosophers perhaps anticipated the greatest discoveries of our own age, and made pretty close approximation to the very experiments by which Faraday, Cross, and Fox, have been so recently delighting the public.

To make out our case, we shall quote a few passages from Dutens, and other authors who have discussed the question.

"The ancients," says Dutens, "were accustomed to invoke Belus, Osiris, and the great deities of fire and light, under epithets that confirm our opinion. Thus they entitled the sun *Ἡλιουργος*, Elector, or the fiery principle which puts all things in motion. Thus, too, they cele-

brated Jupiter as Jupiter Elicius—Jove, the electric principle, or *primum mobile*, which elicits and draws forth all things. Jupiter Elicius, says Varro, is so named, *ab eliciendo sive extrahendo*. And thus Ovid applies the term :

‘Eliciant cœlo te, Jupiter; unde minores
Nunc quoque te celebrant, Eliciumque
vocat.’

Empedocles appears to have acknowledged the same universal principle of electricity, under the title of ‘*essentia ignis*,’ or essence of fire; no bad definition. This elementary fire, says he, is divided into four elements, among which there subsists a harmony that unites, and a discord which separates them. All their particles mutually attract or repel each other, so that nothing perishes, but all things are in perpetual vicissitude throughout nature.”

To this electricity the ancients imputed thunder and lightning. Numa, who was instructed in all the science of the Pythagoreans, and who was a good naturalist and physician, knew the method of drawing lightning from heaven, by a bar of electric iron. This prince profited by his superior illumination, and more easily governed a rude people, by applying his knowledge of the forces of nature to a system of religious ceremonies, which seemed to give him a correspondence with the gods. Pliny tells us that, by means of certain sacrifices and certain formularies, he could force the thunderbolt to descend; and says that a tradition subsisted that the same experiment had been practised in Hetruria, among the Volscinians. He cites Lucius Piso, a writer of great weight, as relating that Tullus Hostilius, having erred in the rite prescribed in imitation of this mysterious practice, was himself smitten by the thunderbolt. Livy gives us a fuller description of this remarkable accident. His words are these :

“King Tullus having found, in the Commentaries of Numa, mention made of certain solemn sacrifices, exceedingly occult, made by Numa to Jupiter Elicius, secluded himself secretly to try this religious experiment. But not having observed the exact rite, either in the commencement or in the course of the ceremony, himself and his whole house were consumed by lightning.”—[Sed non rite initum aut curatum hoc sacrum esse, et fulmine ipsum cum domo conflagrasse.]

To the presence of the same electric power, Plato imputes the name and

property of *electrum*, succinum, or amber. Wishing to give a reason for the property of amber in attracting bodies, “It is because,” says he, “there proceeds from the *electrum*, or amber, a certain subtle matter or spirit (*πνεῦμα*), by which it draws other bodies to itself.” To the same cause Plutarch imputes the action of the torpedo.

To identically the same electricity did the ancients impute the property of the magnet. As they called amber *electrum*, because it was informed by the electricity of Elector, or the Sun, so they entitled the magnet “*lapis Hercæus*,” because it was supposed to be endowed with the energy of Hercules; which is another name for the sun and solar agencies. “As the amber,” says Plutarch, “attracts all bodies to itself, so also does the magnet, or stone of Hercules.” He imputes the cause of this to a certain “effluxion of atoms,” pretty nearly in the same words as those employed by Des Cartes.

In relation to this subject, we would quote a passage from Maurice’s *Indian Antiquities* (vol. vi. 197):

“The Indian Hercules,” says he, “this enterprising god-king, Belus, is the true prototype of him who was worshipped at Tyre, and was the great promoter of commerce and navigation—of him who was adored as the vanquisher of Busiris in Egypt, and whose twelve labours are the symbols of the sun toiling through the twelve signs of the zodiac—of him, in short, whose complicated history was, in after ages, with all its extravagances, adopted by the fabulous Greeks. One of the most curious and remarkable of the mythologic feats of Hercules, was his sailing in a *golden cup*, which Apollo, or the Sun, had given him, to the coast of Spain, where he set up the pillars that bear his name. On this passage Macrobius remarks: ‘Ego autem arbitror non poculo Herculem maria transvectum sed navigio cui scypho nomen fuit.’ [I don’t believe that Hercules went a voyage in a cup, but in a ship that was called ‘The Cup.’] It ought not to be concealed, however, that, by some mythologists, this mysterious vase is contended to have been the *mariner’s compass-box*, by which, and not in which, he sailed over the vast ocean. The Phœaciens, a people renowned by Homer for their nautical science, had most likely some knowledge of the magnet; for their vessels are described in the *Odyssey* as instinct with soul, and gliding without a pilot through the path-

less ocean to their place of destination. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, it is evident, from the extensive intercourse anciently carried on between nations inhabiting opposite parts of the globe, where the stars peculiar to their own regions could no longer afford them the means of a safe navigation, that this important discovery must be of far more ancient date than the year of our Lord 1260, to which it is generally assigned, and by means of Marco Polo, a man famous for his travels into the East."

This knowledge of the electrical action of the magnet is imputed to all the most ancient nations, by scholars no less distinguished than Kircher, Hyde, Herward, Van Dale, Sir William Jones, and other authors, cited by Duten and Maurice; and their idea has now gained a very general reception among the learned.

Having thus endeavoured to prove that the "*ignis electricus*"—the electric fire, properly so called—was known to the ancient theosophists, in all its most important relations, we have now to shew that this *electric fire* was in all ages the hermetic or philosophical fire of the alchemists, which they ever recognised as the grand agent in all the operations of their mysterious arts, and, in consequence, kept it as secret as possible, speaking of it in very ambiguous terms, and confining the knowledge of it to the esoterics and adepts in their initiations, who would be least likely to abuse their confidence. This idea is confirmed by Pernety, the high priest of alchemical mysteries.

"Our *philosophic fire*," says he, "is a labyrinth from which the most sagacious can scarcely extricate himself: for it is altogether occult and secret. The fire of the sun cannot be this secret fire; it is interrupted and unequal: it cannot furnish a heat exact in every degree, measure, and duration. Its fervour cannot penetrate the depth of mountains; not kindle the coldness of rocks and marbles, which receive the mineral vapours of which gold and silver are formed.

"The vulgar fire of our kitchens hinders the amalgamation of miscibles, and consumes or evaporates the delicate ties of constituent particles. It is, in fact, a tyrant.

"The central and innate fire in matter has the property of mingling substances, and propagating new forms. But it cannot be this philosophic heat, so much renowned, which produces the decomposition of metallic seeds. For that which is

in itself a principle of corruption, cannot be a principle of restoration, but by accident.

"Artephius has treated at large of the *philosophic fire*; and Pontanus became his illustrious convert and expositor. This is what he says on the subject:—'Our fire is mineral, it is equable, it is continual; it does not evaporate, if it be not too strongly excited; it participates of sulphur; it is not taken from matter; it destroys all, it dissolves, it congeals, it calcines, all. Artifice is required both in discovering and preparing it; it costs nothing, or almost nothing. Moreover, it is humid, vaporous, analysing, metamorphosing, penetrating, subtle, ethereal, gentle, unconsuming, uninflaming, surrounding all, containing all, and absolutely unique. It is also the fountain of living water, in which the king and queen of nature continually bathe themselves. This humid fire is essential in every work of alchemic art—in the beginning, middle, and end; for the whole art consists in this fire. It is both a natural fire, an unnatural fire, and an anti-natural fire. It is a fire at once hot, dry, moist, and cold, which neither burns nor inflames. Think of what I tell you, and labour diligently, and do not avail yourself of any foreign material.'"

Now what can this strange jargon of the ancient alchemists respecting the hermetic or *philosophic fire* mean, if it does not mean *electricity*? Surely, this is the only element which at all answers to these descriptions. And why should we feel any repugnance to conceding this probability, when we recollect the series of testimonies to the existence and efficacy of electricity as one of the *occult properties of nature*, not only in the ancient world, but through the whole course of the middle ages, as appears by the testimony of Aben Ezra, Scotus, Erigena, Alcuin, Rabanus Maurus, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon? Electricity is so easily and readily procured, that we might argue *à priori*, that it would always be an acknowledged agent in alchemy, as in chemistry; and, in fact, no grave writer has yet maintained that the knowledge of electricity was confined to the modern chemists, who have so nobly investigated its mysterious laws of action.

Taking it, therefore, as an acknowledged probability, that the *philosophic fire* of the alchemists was neither more nor less than electricity, let us advance to the consideration of the other elements which entered into the compo-

sition of their *elixir of life*, and their *philosopher's stone*. These elements are *nitre*, *sulphur*, and *mercury*,—three of the most universal and active elements that have ever been discovered in the physical world, and which enter largely into the composition of a great variety of bodies. Let us inquire a little into the nature of these three elements, so hugely extolled by the alchemists as the grand instruments of their art.

Nitre, or azote, is known to be a universal constituent of atmospheric air; and, in consequence, of most natural bodies; combining with the alkaline principle, it produces the *natrum* of the ancients, and the *nitre* or *salt-petre* of the moderns. This, both in the scriptures and the classics, is lauded as a kind of universal solvent. The Jews used it in baths; and hence Jeremiah says, "If the sinner wash himself with nitre, his sin is not cleansed off."

From this salt the alchemists procured their *aqua fortis* and *aqua regia*—menstruums that dissolve all metals. These are still the chief agents used in metallurgy; and their exact modes of action are explained by Brande, Turner, Murray, Thompson, Faraday, and the chemists; but this is not the place to discuss them.

The next great element of alchemy is sulphur—a simple and universal substance, continually mentioned in sacred and classical tradition. It has a most subtle and singular effect on the action of nitre, *aqua fortis*, and *aqua regia*; and enables them to act on mercury in producing metallic amalgamations.

The third alchemic element is mercury itself, which the alchemists supposed to be the basis of all the metals.

Now, the *elixir of life* and the *philosopher's stone* were no more or less than combinations of these three elements—the *elixir* being liquid, and the *stone* solid or pulverous.

The *elixir vitæ*, or essence of life, was considered equally efficacious in medicine and metallurgy. The alchemical physicians knew the strong therapeutic properties of nitre, sulphur, and mercury, which enter into the composition of Plummer's alchemical pill, and several modern panaceas; that are, doubtless, very much to the taste of Roger Bacon's ghost, as they

are made in accordance with his own infallible recipes.

Now, this *elixir*—this draught of life, this cup of immortality, this glorious restorer and preserver of youth and beauty—superior even to Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and Rowland's incomparable and superlatively excellent Macassar—this *elixir* was still more exalted in its saving properties when it had dissolved some gold, and held the glittering ore in solution.

The *elixir* being composed of the nitric property of *aqua regia*, assisted by the presence of sulphur and mercury, was in certain combinations very capable of thus dissolving gold, more especially when electricity, or the *philosophic fire*, as well as the common culinary fire, was brought to bear on the retort, or alembic.

The *elixir* thus holding gold in solution became the famous *aurum potable*, or *potable gold*—that nectar and ambrosia of the gods on earth, which the poets have at all times extolled to the very top of their bent. Then, indeed, was the *auri sacra fames*, the devoted thirst of gold, at all times prevalent enough, doubly intensified; for when men believed that gold would not only fill their pockets, but grant them a perpetual regeneration,—that, like the food of angels, it would procure them the life of angels,—the immortality of health, and strength, and beauty, which our great grandfather in Eden enjoyed before his lady's peccadillos,—can we wonder at their most enthusiastic reverence of the "yellow mischief?"

We have no doubt in our mind that this notable *elixir* of the alchemists, this inestimable *aurum potable*, was *bonâ fide* a very potent and exhilarating medicine. No doubt, medicinal ingredients, so notoriously energetic in their action, might be so apportioned and mixed as to procure a very sensible invigoration and purgation of the whole system and constitution. And, in faith, we have sometimes thought of applying to Faraday to prepare us a dose of this identical *elixir*, under some fortunate conjuncture of the planets Mercury and Venus. We are willing to have our youth restored like Godwyn's St. Leon and Maturin's Melmouth, by this ever-to-be-commended potation; but we are not willing to pay so smart a price for it as going to the devil.

Now, the very same materials as those which composed the liquid elixir vitæ in one state of apportionment and combination, in another and very different one produced the *philosopher's stone*, either in a mass or in powder. In this philosopher's stone, or powder, the nitre, sulphur, and mercury, were mingled in very various proportions, according to the nature of the metal to be transmuted.

But in doing this, *electricity*, or the philosophic fire, was in immense requisition,—indeed, nothing was to be done without it. Hence the philosophic fire became a subject of the most intense research among the alchemists. The perfect adepts and esoterics appear to have procured it with considerable ease; but the exoterics in the subordinate grades of initiation could seldom achieve this admirable and thaumaturgic fire, and they were obliged to confine themselves to the common culinary fire, which, though useful as respected the fusion of the metals, was wholly unable to effect their decomposition and amalgamation. To the want of the philosophic fire, therefore, were imputed the innumerable blunders and failures of the common herd of alchemists.

The adepts, however, pursued a different course. They appear to have surrounded the mystic vase, retort, or alembic, or, in their own jargon, "the womb of metallic seeds," with incessant streams of their hermetic or electrical fire. When the metals were in a state of fusion, they threw into the alembic a piece of the philosopher's stone, in which the *nitre*, *sulphur*, and *mercury*, were so apportioned as to produce the change they contemplated. In fact, if we except their great agent of electricity applied to metals in a state of fusion, they proceeded just as our modern metallurgists do at the present day.

The philosopher's stone, then, was a composition which contained such proportions of nitre, sulphur, and mercury, as were necessary to produce any given transmutation in any given metals under the action of electricity, when in a state of fusion. For want of knowing this plain and universal definition, a thousand crude and absurd remarks have been made on the subject of alchemy, by people who, in fact, did not know what they were talking about.

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This being premised as the essential key to the whole art and mystery, as the plain rationale of that alchemic metallurgy which for so many ages taxed the highest faculties of physical philosophers, we shall better understand the descriptions of the philosopher's stone which have been left us by learned writers. The remarks of one of these we shall quote in illustration of our argument.

"The philosopher's stone, the great object of alchemy, is, therefore, that specific preparation of chemical powers which, when found, is to convert all the true *mercurial part* of metal into pure gold, better than any which is dug out of the mines; and this only by casting a little quantity thereof upon metals in fusion, while that part of the metal which was not mercury is immediately burnt or blown away. This stone is said to be equal in weight to gold, brittle like glass, of a deep red colour, and melting like wax by the fire. Alchemists have not only promised this, but promised, also, to make the like stone for silver, which shall convert all metals except gold and silver into the finest silver. They have further (says Boerhaave) promised to perfect the philosopher's stone to such a degree, that being projected in any quantity of gold melted by the fire, it may convert the whole substance into the philosopher's stone; and to exalt the same still further, that being projected upon pure quicksilver, it shall convert the whole into the philosopher's stone.

"All that is required (say the alchemists) is to do that by art which nature does in many years and ages; for as gold and lead do but differ little in weight, therefore there is not much in lead beside mercury and gold. Now, if any body could be found who could so agitate all the parts of lead as to burn all that is not mercury therein, having also sulphur to fix the mercury, would not the mass remaining be converted into gold? Such is the foundation for the opinion of the philosopher's stone, which alchemists contend to be a most fixed, concentrated essence; which, as soon as it melts with any metal, does, by a *magnetic virtue*, immediately unite itself to the mercurial body of the metal, volatilises and cleanses off all that is impure therein, and leaves nothing but a mass of pure gold.

"There are two other ways whereby the alchemists have attempted to arrive at the making of gold: the first is by separation; for it is affirmed, that every metal yet known contains some quantity of gold, only in most the quantity is so

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small, that it will not defray the expense of getting it out.

"The second is by maturation; for the alchemists hold mercury to be the basis and matter of all metals; and that by subtilising, purifying, and digesting it, with much labour and long operations, it may be converted into fine gold."

We have the strongest proof that history can afford us that alchemy was in all ages considered to appertain to the initiations of the cabalists, theosophists, or ancient freemasons. Like mythology, theurgy, magic, and astrology, it formed one constitutional branch of the transcendental and occult sciences of initiation; and in this great circle of the abstract and mystic sciences, properly included under the name of *theosophy*, we find, from time immemorial, that alchemy held a very distinguished place.

It was not, however, till the sixth century of the Christian era that the theosophists, who, coming in great multitudes from the East, pervaded all Europe under a great variety of names, began to institute the hermetic, or alchemical, initiations, properly so called, as distinguishable from theosophic initiations in general. It was not till then that the theosophists, who were known under the title of cabalists, albigenses, manicheans, freemasons, astrologers, diviners, gipsies,—it was not till then that these multinominal and universal initiates that filled medieval Europe with her best philosophy, science, and architecture, took upon them to institute a separate class of initiations, for the express cultivation of hermetic and alchemical researches.

This great revival of alchemy as a separate and independent science was in a great measure owing to the writings of the cabalistic Jews, and Geber, an Arabian philosopher in the seventh century. He has been called the father of modern alchemy; whence Dr. Johnson concludes that the word gibberish comes from the cant of Geber, and his followers. The Arabic doctors then brought the supposititious books of Hermes Trismegistus into extensive circulation. Scotus, Erigena, Alcuin, Rabanus Maurus, soon acquired the alchemical enthusiasm; and hermetic initiations were practised, concerning which Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon have left us their testimony.

"Among these early alchemists (says an ingenious French writer) we find the name of Christian Rosencreuz, who was born in 1378; and to him the Rosicrucians, according to their own account, owe their origin. Rosencreuz, not unlike his predecessor Apollonius, is said to have been a thorough-going cosmopolite, and to have travelled all over the world. He became acquainted with the most celebrated philosophers, and conversed with them on all kinds of sciences; especially in Arabia, in a city unknown both to ancient and modern geographers, which they call Damcar. At length, after having visited the sages, or cabalists, of Fez, he returned to Germany, died, and most miraculously laid his own body in the most miraculous of grottos, where 120 years after his disciples found the depository of all transcendental and occult sciences. Such is the fable invented by the Rosicrucians concerning their founder,—a fable very ingeniously constructed to deceive all honest-hearted people, and to inspire them with a very amusing sort of alarm."

To this initiated society of Rosicrucians all the alchemists, theosophists, and cabalists of the time, professed themselves to belong. But there is still a doubt respecting the real history of this famous association. Some suppose it owed its immediate origin to an unknown writer desirous of amusing himself with the superstition of his age: others believe that John Valentine Andrea, a theologian of Wirtemberg, was its first author; and that he laid at hazard the foundations of this curious story, which the ignorant and credulous were so eager to seize. The first trumpets of their fame were two works, entitled *Fama Fraternitatis*, and the *Confessio Fratrurn Roseæ Crucis*. The last was published in Latin, and in German. In the year 1615, John Brigern republished both these treatises, at Frankfort. They soon acquired very general attention, and many philosophers by turns attacked and defended the principles propagated by this mysterious sect.

But whatever the real origin of the Rosicrucians might be; whether they received their name from Rosencreuz, or from the bleeding cross of the Templars, or from *ros coctus* of the physicians—it being pretended that the matter of the philosopher's stone was *deco cocted*, or compounded—the real existence of this alchemical association is not to be disputed.

We conceive this existence is proved by the fact of half the learned men in Europe distinctly calling themselves Rosicrusians,—meeting each other under that name, and writing books under that name. If this does not prove the reality of an association of men, we know not what does. We cannot, therefore, at all agree with those who suppose the Rosicrusian society a mere imaginary fiction. They have left us the same proofs of their existence as we have of the existence of any sect, religious, philosophical, and political. At the same time, we deny not that many false reports were circulated respecting their principles and their practices.

The Rosicrusians soon acquired immense power and influence, for they had with them almost all the physical and medical savans of their day. They had Cornelius Agrippa, and Reuchlin, and Paracelsus, and Fludd, and Helmont, and Dee, Drexelius, Lullius, Riply, Ashmole Boehmen, Poirel Campanella, Digby, and Vaughan, not to speak of the whole tribe of alchemists of the operative order. It is no wonder, therefore, that for many years they carried all before them, and made proselytes in all directions.

The Rosicrusian mythology, alchemy, and initiations, were most amusingly exposed in 1670, by Montfaucon de Villars, a French abbé, in his famous book, entitled the *Comte de Gabalis*, for which he was silenced. He especially laid open their theory, that the whole material universe teemed with metaphysical and psychological beings; that every element swarmed with presiding genii, the fire with salamanders, the air with sylphs, the water with undines, and the earth with gnomes; that thus each fragment of matter had its own sentient spirit, and that it was necessary to enter into strict alliances with this spirit before you could understand the nature of the body it inhabited. To this work we owe much of the mythological machinery of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

The Rosicrusians were hardly less distinguished than the ancient theosophists, and the initiates in general, for their transcendental spiritualism. Manes himself might have been charmed to hear their high panegyrics on celibacy and virginity, and their invectives against all the sensuous gratifications of materialism. They, in

consequence, stirred up the bitter animosity of the whole female sex against them; and to the machinations of the women we are rather inclined to impute the overthrow of the Rosicrusians. Poor dear innocent metaphysical gold-seekers, they forgot to consult the interests of that "*parliamentarium muliebree*," which Erasmus, Postellus, and Cornelius Agrippa have declared at once unappealable and unappeasable!

Since those days, both Rosicrusians and alchemists exist, as their present system of initiation proves; but their glory has departed, and they make little show in the world. Yet these alchemical initiates still hold themselves singularly high and choice, and they look down on the rest of men with the most superb contempt. We met an ancient alchemist of this description not long ago, a very remarkable old gentleman indeed, who prided himself on being a lineal representative of the Rosicrusian race, and a faithful epitome of the whole art and craft of Hermes. Like Milton, he bated no jot of heart or hope, on evil tongues though fallen, and evil times; he still regarded himself as a sort of prophet among his contemporaries, and looked down on the modern chemists as mere exoteric smatterers, men who never penetrated the secret soul of nature, and dealt only in the gross contaminations of materialism. Peace to thy path, most antiquated of alchemists! May thy end be happy, and thy shadow never be less! Whether thy favourite science will ever revive again, according to thy reiterated prognostications, we know not. They may be as veritable as those in Mr. Murphy's almanac.

But whether it revives or not, the great simple question in alchemy remains exactly where it did—*Have the metals a common basis, a common metallic principle, which gives them the name and nature of metals? and can they be transmuted by electrical action when in a state of fusion, by the addition of certain proportions of nitre, sulphur, and mercury—id est, the philosopher's stone?*

This grand problem of the alchemists remains exactly where it did, nor have any of the modern chemists been able to solve or refute it. So far from having done this, the question is as much at issue as ever—the *crux chemicorum*; and still it occupies the

attention of many analytical investigators, who are perpetually endeavouring to prove it either true or false, by exact and critical experiments.

Sir Humphry Davy did much to put the question to the test by his galvanic experiments, in which he so amazingly reduced the number of accredited simple substances, by decomposing many that had been falsely supposed simple. But Davy only went half-way in his analytical processes, and Brand and Faraday have proved that some of his supposed simples are, in fact, compounds. Now, how much further will this analytical process be carried? Will it ever go far enough to decompose the metals? This is the exact question at issue between the alchemists and the chemists; for both acknowledge that if we can decompose the metals, we can recompose them, and transmute them in what way we will.

The two principal classes of chemists that are now trying this *vxata questio* are the electricians and the metallurgists. The alchemists united the powers of electricity and common fire, and applied galvanic forces to metals in a state of fusion. The electricians, on the contrary, have confined themselves to electricity, and the metallurgists to common fire.

If, then, the assertion of the alchemists is to be fairly tested and tried, if their doctrine is to be fully proved either correct or incorrect, this can only be done by trying the experiment in their own prescribed method. This is but doing the alchemists common justice; for if they tell us that they succeeded by certain specific processes, the only way to bring them to the test is by those specific processes, and no others.

It is a very remarkable fact in the history of chemistry, during the last five years, that the electricians have actually made a considerable approximation to that identical transmutation of metals, for which the alchemists have been so mercilessly ridiculed. Messrs. Cross, Fox, and others, have, by the long-continued action of galvanic streams of electricity, actually effected that in a short period by art, which nature requires ages to achieve. They have thus transmuted and changed the character and form of metals, as well as produced a multitude of beautiful crystallisations in other mineral

substances. But so far as we can understand, they have never yet applied their electricity to metals in a state of fusion, with the aid of those chemical ingredients, familiar alike to alchemists and metallurgists.

Yet the trial might be fairly made by any studious and profound chemist without very much expense. He requires only sufficiently powerful electrical machinery to send constant and equable electric, or galvanic streams, through a vase, or alembic, in which the metals under the empirical ordeal are kept melted, and modified by such chemical ingredients as the experience of the analyst might find subservient to his purposes.

If the electricians of our time have only adopted the electrical powers of galvanism, the metallurgists, on the contrary, have only adopted the calorific powers of flame: and thus poor alchemy has had the misfortune to fall between two stools, and has been placed in the most painful position in which a theory can be placed by its antagonists—that is, between the horns of a dilemma. If the metallurgists are at all inclined to give their alchemical ancestors fair play, and are not indisposed to fill their pockets,—which are, doubtless, deep enough,—let them avail themselves of more powerful agencies than those supplied by the furnace.

One thing I would, however, advertise them of—viz. that if, by the aid of these articles on alchemical initiations, I shall introduce them into the craft and mystery of making gold, I shall expect a very handsome fee, if not a regular per centage, on their fortunate discovery. And, by the bye, I would also warn them of offences against the coin-laws, so that, if they happen to get their necks twisted, or suffer transportation for life, their blood may be on their own heads.

I cannot better conclude this introductory sketch of alchemy than in the words of a very ingenious French writer, who thus discusses the question of the transmutation of metals:—

“This (says he) is a question for truly philosophic chemists, not for the empirical smelters who pronounce on every thing with that assurance so peculiarly their own; an assurance which nothing can abash. The metals, say they, are simple bodies; it is absurd to think of changing one simple body into an-

other. But who shall prove that the metals are simple bodies? It is so, reply they, because it is impossible to change them. That is to say, they are simple because you cannot transmute them, and you cannot transmute them because they are simple. Is it not too bad thus to beg the very question at issue? Is it not a grievous sin against logic to explain an effect by itself, which, in fact, is to explain nothing at all.

"When we consider that the other classes of the mineral kingdom exhibit such a considerable quantity of objects very different in appearance and in nature, and that the chemists, notwithstanding their decided desire to see, in all these objects, simple substances, have not been able to discover in these same classes but *nine primitive earths*, whose properties they still furiously dispute;—when I say we have made this sober reflection, what man of sense does not naturally think that it is impossible that metals can be bodies perfectly simple and homogeneous? And yet—*O tempora! O mores!*—these empirical gentlemen reckon no less than thirty-eight simple metallic substances! They have seen more elements in metals than the metals themselves, and, thanks to their creative art, the science of simple principles is become more complicated than that of their compounds. Such an extravagance needs no commentary. But let us hear Linneus:—'The metamorphosis of metals,' says the illustrious Swede, 'is vainly concealed from us in the temple of Vulcan, and it is in the greatest depths of nature that we must seek for it. Few parents suddenly produce many bastards: Mars was most decidedly a polygamist.'

"I was not present, in the year 1667, when Helvetius transmuted lead; nor when Berigardus and Van Helmont transmuted mercury; nor even at the projection which the Emperor Ferdinand in the year 1648, and the Elector of Mayence in 1658, made to the satisfaction of the public. 'These facts,' says Bergmann, 'we cannot call in question, without refusing all confidence in history. One must confess that one knows so many examples of impudence and trickery in the crowd of those who represent themselves as alchemists, that their bad name might injure that of the genuine adepts, if there were any. A base cupidity being the motive of their useless labours, they richly deserved to be disappointed. But there are in the arts such a multitude of inventions, that

all persons agree were practised in former times, and which are at the present day entire secrets, that we cannot, without temerity, deny the existence of the *philosopher's stone*, because the impossibility of it cannot be demonstrated. Without turning over the annals of alchemy, it is sufficient to mention the Damascus sabres, formerly so renowned, of which the method of fabrication is lost. They were composed of a steel so hard, and at the same time so flexible, that they cut through the very hardest bodies, and bent back to the very hilt. They were a half-transmutation of iron, a metallic substance between iron and mercury, or cinnabar.

"The metals in our system are earthy substances, mineralised by fire. They, therefore, all contain essentially fire and earth, and their variety only arises from the varied proportion of the aerial element which enters into their composition; and as earth and air, in combining, form salts, I define all metal to be a certain salt, charged with as much fire as its nature will bear. By this definition, it may be understood that a mineral reduced to its metallic state, is incapable of receiving a greater quantity of the matter of fire. The superabundance of this element would only serve to volatilise the metal. Thus, when once the thick earth, loaded with fire, is become liquid mercury, it cannot absorb more of it, but an increased fire would sublimate it.

"It follows from thence that if the transmutation of metals be possible, it can only take place by the addition of a salt, which changes the secret nature of lead or mercury into that of gold and silver, as the philosopher's stone is represented as doing. This opinion may appear strange and ridiculous to those who never penetrate the causes and essences of things, but both Bergmann and Scheel are authorities for such a supposition."

We have, hitherto, little studied the secret essence and nature of metals; but we trust the results recently obtained may give us some right to hope that the epoch is not far distant, in which we shall arrive at the original foundations of metallic elements. If this can once be discovered, we shall be in a better position for proving whether the alchemists were the greatest philosophers or the greatest visionaries on earth.

AN DEN FRÜHLING.

Willkommen schöner Jüngling!

Du Wonne der Natur!

Mit deinem Blumentörbchen

Willkommen auf der Flur.

Ey! ey! Da bist ja wieder!

Und bist so lieb und schön!

Und freu'n wir uns so herzlich,

Entgegen dir zu gehn.

Denk' auch noch an mein Mädchen!

Ey! lieber denke doch,

Dort liebte mich das Mädchen,

Und's Mädchen liebt mich noch!

Für's Mädchen manches Blümchen

Erbat ich mir von dir —

Ich komm 'und bitte wieder,

Und du?—du giebst es mir?

Willkommen schöner Jüngling!

Du Wonne der Natur!

Mit deinem Blumentörbchen

Willkommen auf der Flur!

Schiller, 1782.

TO THE SPRING.

Welcome, thou laughing baby-god!

Thou Darling of the year!

With thy *tiny* flower-basket,

Welcome, welcome here!

Ha! ha! and art thou here again?

And art so fair and sweet!

With joy our hearts are bounding,

To trace thy rosy feet.

Dost thou my love remember?

Nay, how couldst thou forget?

She loved me then, that maiden —

That maiden loves me yet.

For that maiden, many a flowret

I prayed thee, Spring, to pour;

And again, behold, I pray thee —

Spring! wilt thou give me more?

Welcome, thou laughing baby-god!

Thou Darling of the year!

With thy *tiny* flower-basket,

Welcome, welcome here!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND OTHER PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCHES OF
A POOR SCHOLAR.

" Cantab-it vacuus coram latrone viator."

" The coinless Cantab laughs the pad to scorn."

Gradus ad Cantabrigiam.

CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING the old saw, that "it is a wise father that knows his own son," I do not recollect a single instance, from the time of Adam the First to that of William the Fourth, wherein any sceptical doubts have been raised on the important and interesting fact of every son having a father. The case of Joshua the son of Nun (none) I pre-termit as *non ad rem*, and shall at once declare myself the descendant of an honest Suffolk yeoman, scions of whose family-tree for full two centuries and a half had figured at one or other of the universities, and had their share of the patronage of the church.

Under these circumstances, with the additional fact of my mother's father and brother having, to use a northern phrase, "wagged a pow in the pulpit," it is not surprising that I, her only son, should be destined to uphold the family dignity. Indeed, some faint traces of a predicted bishopric, if not visions of Lambeth itself, appear to have influenced the decision of my respected parents; and accordingly, in my fifth year, I was placed under the tuition of a village pedagogue, who was thought to be eminently qualified, as a preparatory tutor to an embryo Cantab, having been assistant cook at one of the minor colleges at Cambridge.

Of this period of my life it cannot, however, be supposed that I have retained any very vivid impression. The outline of a man in a greasy shooting-jacket, with an awful hazel-twig, sometimes, it is true, crosses my vision, when inclined to be very sentimental; and a kind old woman, with primitive gaberline and placid smile, occupies some portion of the picture; but further my memory serves me not. I am, however, fully sensible that the period of five years, which I passed, I will not say how advantageously, under the roof of these simple, good-hearted people, was one of almost unmixed happiness.

A disciple of Wordsworth, in all probability, would here indulge in a

lachrymose apostrophe upon youth and innocence, the anxious mother watching the dawn of her son's intellect, and a hundred other little manœuvres to swell a volume. But, I candidly confess, I have no recollection of any thing of the sort, except my father once foretelling that, if I continued improving as I had hitherto done, he had little doubt there would not be a bird's-nest left in the neighbourhood in the course of a year or two, and he much feared the race of small-birds would become extinct. At this time, however, a new scene opened upon me; and to the learned curate of a country town the further progress of my education was entrusted. With him—and he made a great impression upon me upon more than one occasion—I passed through all the gradations, from *hic, hac, hoc*, to *h, h, ho*, with the usual number of beatings. Horace and Homer, Virgil and Theocritus, nonsense verses and unintelligible themes, were severally attempted. And, after another five years' probation, I was pronounced "a clever idle dog, who could do any thing he pleased."

This encomium might be, and I doubt not was, highly agreeable in the proper quarter, and procured for the learned pundit many a head of game. The consequences were, however, individually fatal to me, and, joined to the flattery of well-meaning, but ill-judging friends, tended to render me one of the most incorrigibly idle fellows that ever managed to get through the routine of school business. It is useless to dilate upon this important period of my life, as doubtless the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* have been—many, if not all of them—in somewhat similar circumstances, and could have portrayed their lives with much more eloquence, and with far greater advantage to the rising generation. I must, therefore, now come to the philosophy of my autobiography, and vindicate the title which has been prefixed to these lucubrations.

If any unphilosophical person should

be so truly dull as to inquire the use of detailing the commonplace existence of a commonplace individual, I answer,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And there is some philosophy in preparing for those scenes in which, in all probability, many of my readers are destined to act a part, if they have not already done so; and it will be seen that prolixity is not one of my errors. Besides, no one ought to despise a fact, merely because it is of everyday occurrence; or sneer at the mention of a man having a father and mother, and being sent to school; for at present,

"The very head and front of my offence
Hath this extent, no more!"

But why should I apologise? A life of the hangman, Cheshire, has been announced; Moore has murdered Sheridan; fiddlers scrape pens as well as catgut; and players not only "fret their hour upon the stage," but inflict octavos on the public: which public read and approve, or, what is more to the purpose, buy. The biography of such personages is interesting, if at all, from sheer want of philosophy—mine from philosophy alone; and this will be the opinion of the reader, provided his patience be not exhausted in the search after the promised charm.

I have brought you to my fifteenth year; spoken of my birth and education, merely with a view to point out the errors of the system pursued towards me, and the remedies I would propound, after the manner of the illustrious John Dunton, whose "life and errors" he that hath not read has great pleasure in store.

There is no mistake more fatal than that of supposing it possible to procure learning and accomplishments at a cheap school. The broad Suffolk language (I might call it lingo), acquired in the first five years of my pupilage, has adhered to me in some respects through life; and although few, perhaps, have seen more changes and chances, few wandered further, or mixed more with foreigners, I am detected by my dialect for a genuine Suffolkian where-soever I go. This may not be considered an evil of very great importance; but I put it to any man acquainted with the *bien-sances* of life, whether more trifling matters have not been serious obstacles to preferment in a variety of instances? Indeed, to the

pulpit and bar, nothing is of such paramount importance as "delivery;" which Demosthenes of old declared to be the beginning, middle, and end of oratory.

And what did that illustrious man intend by "delivery?" Clearly, purity and elegance of diction, with accuracy and fidelity of pronunciation, and graceful action. And how can this be expected, when the blemishes of provincialism are apparent; when the Doric of Yorkshire or Bœotic of Cornwall continually remind the hearers of the *locale* of your education, and impress upon their minds a conviction of your being an illiterate clown? Avoid, then, on all occasions, cheap tutors and village seminaries. That this advice is by no means superfluous, a reference to the advertising columns of the public journals about the termination of the Christmas and Midsummer vacations, will readily prove. Therein we find young gentlemen (?) *finished* (?) for the small sum of from twelve to eighteen pounds per annum; and in some instances clothing is included! Is a word more necessary?

Another most pernicious and dangerous method, too frequently adopted, is indiscriminate, or at all events ill-judged, praise. If a boy be once persuaded that his talents are superior to those of his schoolfellows, he invariably becomes idle and indifferent; and it is an extraordinary fact, that few, very few of your precocious and remarkably clever boys, ever turn out shining characters in after-life.

It is, moreover, no unusual practice, both with parents and masters, to draw invidious comparisons between boys, and to point out one boy as a model for the school. What is the consequence? A feeling of hatred, instead of ambition, is engendered; and, in nine cases out of ten, this paragon of youths becomes an object of petty spite and malevolence, and his playmates are confirmed in their contrary course. But, if this be the case in large schools, the evil is tenfold increased in families; and I have known brother divided against brother, and sister against sister, from this simple circumstance, and the domestic happiness of a family embroiled, merely from lavishing praise upon one member at the expense of the rest. That this is no exaggerated statement, too many proofs are, it is to be feared, at hand; for in most cases,

where very serious family jars have arisen, their origin may be traced to this or similar unfortunate *contretemps*.

The course of scholastic discipline may without impropriety be here introduced, and dismissed in a few words. Latin, Greek, and French, form the staple; *religion, morality, and English*, the casual parts of modern education. In the grammar schools, indeed, the former, with a book or two of Euclid, and a little algebra, are the sole studies attended to. I am not, however, writing letters on education; and would only throw out a hint, *en passant*, of such improvements as might be most readily introduced, and from the want of which, in my intercourse with the world, I have been no inconsiderable sufferer.

CHAP. II.

I now approach the most important æra in the life of man,—the period comprised between his entry into a public school and departure for the university. In my own case, fortunately, I was too far advanced in classic lore to be reduced to the degraded state of a “fag,” which has been so faithfully depicted by Sir A. Malet, and found myself at once in the fifth form. Of the battles I fought, the defeats I sustained, and “all the thousand ills that boys are heirs to” in public schools, it is needless to speak. Like most others, I never preferred study to play, and always exerted myself as little as possible; or, I would rather say, as little as my pride would allow, for no person of generous mind can tamely sit still, and behold his juniors preceding him in the “march of intellect.”

In the course of my progress to qualify for “Alma Mater,” many circumstances occurred, which I am not altogether satisfied would look well in print; nor do I believe that many of the exploits, in which I was engaged, would afford so much amusement to the reader as they did to the actor. Miss Edgeworth has immortalised “barring out;” the Eton Montem, too, has opened the arcana of holiday sports; and, in several other works, the “perils by flood and field” of boys *out of bounds* have been detailed in a style that I cannot hope to equal. Neither, possibly, would individual sketches of character be altogether relished. One circumstance, however, of the most heart-rending description, which occurred

during my noviciate, I cannot pass by. On the election of the chief magistrate of the city, it was the custom for the head boy, who generally was on the eve of departure for college, to address his worship in a Latin oration, in the composition of which both master and pupil exerted their utmost ability. Stuteville, the captain, was in ecstasies. His friends, from a far-distant part of the country, had all assembled to witness his triumph. Nor were they disappointed. The young Cicero surpassed the fondest expectations of those who so anxiously watched him. The delivery was admirable, the composition unrivalled. His talents had already acquired him an exhibition; and little doubt was entertained that he would vindicate his claim to the character of a first-rate scholar amongst the “men of his year.”

Alas! on what a foundation of sand are our best hopes founded! One short hour dashed the delightful anticipations of affectionate parents and admiring schoolfellows to the ground; and the fine, manly youth, who, a few minutes before, had attracted every eye, and been the theme of praise of every tongue, was brought into the same room, the scene of his triumph, a mutilated corpse. A chaise and four had been procured, to add *éclat* to his departure; from the window of which he was leaning out, and waving his handkerchief as a farewell, when a carriage, coming at a rapid pace, in an opposite direction, caught his head, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his mother. Here let me draw a curtain over the distressing picture: he was my friend, and his memory has been, and ever will be, treasured in my heart of hearts.

* * * *

Reader, canst thou, if, perchance, a perpetrator of papers in periodicals, remember the anxiety with which you watched the appearance of the paper or magazine, in which you anticipated the pleasure of beholding yourself in print? I was early in the literary field; and on the day when my first offering to the Muses was expected to astonish an admiring world, took my post at the door of the *Mercury* office full two hours before that news-sheet issued from the press. I had no doubt of its reception; no doubt of beholding, in the Notices to Correspondents, “We shall be happy to hear further from

Tyro." At length, the wished-for moment arrived; sevenpence was deposited on the counter, the paper grasped; I ran, rather than walked, through the street, rushed into my study, locked the door, and in vain sought the wished object. The Notice to Correspondents was my last resource. I trembled to peruse it; but, at length, grown desperate, cast my troubled vision in the direction of the leader, and then—but my feelings, after the lapse of many years, will not allow me to dwell upon the subject—I was rejected!!!

Conceive, if you can, the horrors of that hour. One good effect, notwithstanding, resulted. The Coryphæus of this paper was a notorious Whig, or, rather, a Liberal: from reading the histories of Greece and Rome, the glories of the republics of antiquity, I was in danger of becoming a member of that faction; but from the hour of my being the author of "rejected addresses," I forswore Whiggery, convinced that no one professing such principles could either be a man of sound judgment or a gentleman. Behold me, then, a Tory; a name which, I confess, I assumed from pique, but one of which I have since had reason to be proud; and which, from the observations of many years, I am convinced embraces all that is great, glorious, and patriotic.

The subject of authorship, however, must not be thus slightly dismissed. When my wounded feelings had in some measure recovered their wonted serenity, Horace, who had always been a favourite of mine, seemed to invite me to a second attempt; and, accordingly, an imitation of

"Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis," &c.,

in the shape of an invitational ode, was transmitted to *Sylvanus Urban*, of whose being a perfect *Gentleman* there could be no doubt. On the first of the following month the magazine reached me in course; the quarter assigned to original poetry was quickly cut, and there—"Oh! fortunate nimium!"—the ode, the identical production of my identical brain, shone amid the galaxy of poetry,

"Velut inter ignes luna minores."

At least, such was my impression.

Visions of poetic glory now took possession of my soul; I resolved to adopt the advice of Homer—

"Αὖν ἀριστῦναι καὶ ὑπὲρ ἄνθρωπον ἰμῶναι ἄλλων,
and to take Parnassus by storm. Cricket and football, *rowing* in a boat, or in the street, had no longer any charms for the rival of Apollo's self; and

"Ode, didactic, epic, sonnet,"

were, if not commenced, at least, thought upon.

It now became a matter of speculation to discover from what source the poetic fervour, the "divinus afflatus," was to be obtained; and at the susceptible age of seventeen it requires no conjuration to discover, that if a man devote himself to the *spiritual* ideality of the Muses, he will soon meet with a *corporeal* reality, to invest with all the charms and graces of a divinity. In plain language, I found it necessary to be in love.

It is not my intention to indulge the public with abstract theories of "la belle passion," or to restore little Tommy Moore's love-lines to intelligible prose, but merely to relate the impressions my mind received upon the subject in the course of my short career of devotion to the fair sex. The human heart has been pronounced, either by Sanchoniathon, or some other *modern* writer, a paradox. Another pleasant hypochondriac, vulgarly known as *Lilly's Grammar*, says

"Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus;"

and some maudlin, lovesick idiot, draws out, *apud Ovidium*—to cite classically,

"Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis."

But, after all, Anacreon was the only real lover of antiquity; he had a capacious heart, one adapted for the contingencies of life, and if thwarted by his mistress, why, philosopher like, he took to Glenlivet.

Φίλε' ὕδωρ, φίλε' οἶνον, ὦ πᾶσι,
Φίλε' ἃ' ἀνθιμῶντας ἡμῖν
Σταφάνους! ἔνικεν!

The difficulty to me was the selection of an appropriate object. I had read much, and thought more; but in all my intercourse with the country-city fashionables, nothing had I ever discovered in either their daughters or nieces at all likely to make me "melancholy and gentlemanlike." It at length occurred to me, that I had

commenced at the wrong end, and that solitude was the *sine quâ non* to form and mould the heart, for wearing, with becoming grace, the fetters of

“Eros, the classical god of soft glances.”

For months after this behold me, like a *goule*, haunting the cloisters of the cathedral; not, however, like my type, in search of the dead, but of the living; inasmuch as the choir sometimes possessed sufficient attraction, from the exquisite melody of the deep-toned organ, aided by the human voice divine, to induce the young and lovely to suffer their thoughts to be wafted heavenward during the performance of the anthem; and through the cloister I had either seen, or a dis-tempered imagination had pictured to me, the forms of beautiful nymphs, rendered more beautiful from the contrast of the gloomy colonnade, and whom fancy associated in my mind with all the Utopian happiness—that is not to be. The circumstance of frequenting the house of prayer, too, added a further charm to the illusion; for what on earth, I then thought, was so beautiful as the face of an innocent and intelligent girl, kneeling, in humble confidence, at the altar of mercy, and craving pardon for the little peccadilloes, which her own pure spirit leads her to fear she may inadvertently have committed against the immaculate Deity?

The privacies of the domestic circle have latterly been so much intrenched upon by the Pelhams, Maxwells, Tremaines, and others of the same grade, that a writer, in delineating the abstract occurrences of life, if he attempt to describe first impressions, is in danger of incurring a charge of embellishing or romancing. But what are the first dawns of manhood—the hopes and fears of an ardent and ambitious youth—but a romance of the highest order? For even when surrounded by the dull realities of existence, how much importance does the buoyancy of that age attach to matters in themselves of every-day occurrence, and to events which, beyond the narrow circle of a limited acquaintance, are unheard of, or unnoticed.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of no small difficulty, in a case of autobiography, to adhere so correctly to facts, as to defy the searching ill-nature of criticism, and still to offer sufficient attraction and amusement to fix the

attention of the reader. With regard to critics, who, in Dryden's time, were looked upon as mere literary hangmen, I would say, with Aristophanes—

Βάλλ' ἰς κίρανας.

“Go hang yourselves, and give the crows a dinner.”

I write not for such cories.

To the “gentle reader” this is mere prefatory matter, necessary, however, to the development of the great drama of life. And with these observations I close “*fytte seconde*.”

CHAP. III.

It is much to be regretted that, from the days of Homer to those of Southey, no author has described the peculiar sensations of inspiration, in other words, the nature of his feelings, when about to commence a work on which he felt his hopes of immortality were to rest. Left in the dark upon a subject of such engrossing interest, I dare not venture on the untrodden and virgin path, and must, therefore, leave the world in ignorance of what it might possibly import them so much to know. The laureate ought to have no such delicacy; in fact, he is in duty bound to enlighten posterity upon this point. For, if we look around us, and in one comprehensive view embrace the entire literary world, domestic and foreign, where shall we find a more distinguished writer? As a poet, an historian, a biographer, an essayist, Robert Southey has obtained (and long may he live to enjoy his well-earned fame) the unqualified meed of applause from persons of all parties, both at home and abroad; and, if he adopt the hint here thrown out, he will be entitled to the gratitude of all future aspirants.

Deprived of this advantage, I must depend upon my own unassisted efforts, and endeavour to embody, in as few words as practicable, the sum of all my woes; for, from personal knowledge, I can vouch for the fact,

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

It was during one of my solitary rambles in the cloisters, listening to the chimes of the cathedral calling the devout and curious to evening prayer, that my heart was first interested. I had for some time, in listless idleness, been watching the various hues reflected through the painted window of the

chancel, and thought of the numberless eyes who, in the early ages of the venerable church, might have watched and felt like me. Visions of the pomp of the ancient monastic institutions—the warrior-priest returning from the Holy Land, the lowly palmer, the bigoted devotee, all treading the very ground on which I stood, and all hastening with the same outward purpose, however inwardly their hearts might differ, to the shrine of a merciful Redeemer, with thanksgivings for past, and prayers for future blessings.

The lady-abbess, also, of the neighbouring convent, the ruins of which still exist, attended by the pious sisterhood, and a train of young noviciates and boarders, whose eyes proclaimed how gladly they would exchange the gloom of the cloister for the revelry of the court, and how fearlessly they would encounter the cares and troubles of life, provided they might also participate in its sweets, filled up the imaginary picture, and attuned the heart to dreams of earthly happiness. Indulging in such reveries, can it for a moment be matter of astonishment, that a light foot-fall and dulcet voice should rouse my bewildered spirits to the realities of life, or that I should invest the beautiful creature, who was revealed to my eyes, with the attributes of an angel, and consider her as the realisation of all the poetic delineations I had perused—the *τὸ κάλον* that was to inspire me with a sublimated passion, and transform me at once from a mawkish schoolboy into a poet and philosopher?

The manner of my introduction, the sighs and protestations I uttered, the progress I conceived I had made in the affections of the fair vision, and the rapture with which I gazed upon a lock of her hair, procured through the intervention of her tirewoman and the bribe of my last two shillings and sixpence, would furnish Sir Lytton Bulwer with *matériel* for six mortal chapters. But the readers of REGINA have no taste for such twaddle. And I shall put a seal upon curiosity, by announcing that, after seven and thirty days of mingled hopes and fears, I was annihilated, one black Monday morning, by the intelligence that, an hour before I was up, a soap-boiler had carried off my Sappho, and left me to curse an ungrateful world, and turn misogynist.

I cannot tell how long this determined

hatred to the sex would have endured under different circumstances; but I do not think nature intended me for a woman-hater, since, in the space of something less than half a moon, I was again a lunatic, and, if possible, more desperate than before. Misfortune, however, still followed in my track, which was, indeed, the case in some dozen more *affaires de cœur*, during the six months previous to my donning the "toga," and becoming "a man of our college;" a sudden light at this period seemed to illumine my brain, and a vague suspicion darted into my mind, that all the seeming attention of the fifteen demoiselles! to whom I had been severally and successively devoted, was a mere quiz: in a word, as Master Slender says, that I had been looked upon as a "lubberly boy."

Perhaps there is not in the wide world a mortification so keenly felt as that of being thought a child by the senior portion of your acquaintance, when you are a man in your own conceit. So painful, indeed, was this conviction to me, that I had no sooner ascended the sky-parlour in the first court of our college, than my gyp was despatched in all due haste for a tonsor; not, however, to eradicate, but to create, a beard; and, as desperate cases require desperate remedies, I ordered a dozen bottles of genuine Macassar oil.

Of Cambridge men and manners, as little is known in London as of the etiquette observed at the reception of foreign ambassadors at the court of Timbuctoo; or as the actual condition of the African in our colonies by the wiseacres of the Antislavery Society. It must be admitted, it is true, that, from collateral evidence, and the appearance of the outward Cantab, when mixing in general society, there is no reason for the supposition that he eats, drinks, or sleeps differently from other men; but still it is important to collect all possible data on this interesting topic, for the purpose of disabusing the public mind, which, it can be proved, has, in more than one instance, formed an erroneous opinion upon this point. Allow me, then, to give an abstract of a diary, conveying the week's routine of a reading and a non-reading man's existence,—for into these two generic classes is the Cambridge world divided.

In conformity, then, with established custom, I make Monday the commencement of the week; at seven o'clock on

which day, the non-reading man, if a freshman, is seen hastening to morning prayers in the college chapel, devoutly cursing both bell and dean for rousing him from his half-finished slumbers, and fully resolved to brave the collected fury of tutor, dean, and master,—

“The head severe, and wig of formal cut,”

rather than again obey the call to matins. About ten, breakfast appears,—no solitary meal; for some dozen *confrères* deposit their caps and gowns in sublime confusion in one corner of the room, and a simultaneous attack is made upon the solids and fluids, which are soon reduced to a vanishing fraction. Of all the meals in the universe, give me a college-breakfast. Apicius himself, if extant, would be in ecstasies.

First, of fluids—claret, ale, porter, tea, coffee, cocoa, tears of the morning, genuine Glenlivet, with hock and soda, for those who may on the previous night have forgotten the “*modus in rebus*,” for which, however, the dean is sure to remember the “*denique fines*,” will be found in profusion; whilst, fowls, ham, tongues, beefsteaks, snipes, and woodcocks, when in season; rolls, toast, muffins, &c., &c., make up the goodly prospect. Let the fare be ever so sumptuous, and the hospitality ever so unbounded, still, however, the puny calibre of man cannot go on eating for the entire day; and, consequently, due justice having been done to the prepared banquet, the artillery of conversation is opened, and the adventures of the preceding day, or projects for the ensuing, are severally discussed, with a variety of gesticulation and ejaculation that would astonish one of the uninitiated. After which, some take to riding, some to boating, some to lounging; and the day is thus

consumed till dinner. If this takes place in — Hall, a sufficiency of good substantial joints will satisfy a not fastidious appetite; after which, an adjournment to a friend's room for wine and walnuts brings the student to the hour of vespers, which, not interfering with his bibulous propensities for above half an hour, he, perhaps, condescends to attend, in order to escape a jobation. On his return, the circulation of the bottle becomes brisk, and by supper-time, no unsubstantial meal, the boys become rather uproarious. Feeding, however, is a sedative, and prepares the inner man for the reception of punch and bishop, as a nightcap. But, if the party are card-players, the evening terminates about four A.M., previous to which sundry large sums have changed hands, and preparations have been entered into for the next day's campaign. Such, with some slight variation, is the life of a non-reading man, which the Roman epigrammatist has well described, with pithy brevity,—

“Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco.”

And it would therefore be “stale and unprofitable” to proceed further.

The reading man, who is devoted to his book, and thinks with Milton,

“How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns,”

pursues a directly contrary course. The Monday morning beholds him regularly at chapel,* from which he retires to his roll and inch of butter, with a cup of weak tea, fearful of affecting his nerves. The next five or six hours are devoted to study, either in the lecture-room, or privately. About an hour previous to dinner, he strides to

* “I have known,” says Gilbert Wakefield, “a sleep devotee delayed so long by the drowsy god, as to make it requisite to come at last without his clothes; and he has stood shivering with the flimsy fig-leaf of a surplice to veil his outward fellow.”

Memoirs, p. 147.

“Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, ‘Each morn, unchilled by frosts, he ran,
With hose ungartered, o’er yon turfy bed,
To reach the chapel ere the psalms began.”

DUNCOMB'S * *Imitation of Gray's Elegy*.

* A Cantab, by the way, though smuggled into the *olla Podrida* of the “Oxford Sausage.”

Trumpington, or the "hills," for health's and appetite's sake; enjoys the plain fare provided in hall; relaxes, possibly, with a quiet friend, till evening prayers, from which he is seldom or never absent; takes his tea, prepares for the lecture of the following morning, and retires to his pallet, to dream of wranglers, optimes, medals, and prizes. The contrast is striking; possibly the career in after-life of the twain is equally so. One day may be deemed a type of the rest, in both instances.

For persons desirous of more intimate acquaintance with the minutæ of university life, there are many works which might be recommended. Amongst the novelists of the day, both Oxford and Cambridge have been caricatured; and letters from the University and articles in periodicals have abounded upon the same prolific subject. But of all the books for fun and frolic, and one best calculated to give an insight into the arcana of the "gownsmen's" manners and customs, commend me to the *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*. A little pruning of some rather prurient sallies of wit, and an enlargement of the ever-changing vocabulary, are still wanted even here: there is, however, no perfection in this mundane state of existence. But the reader will, I fear, or rather hope, begin to think I have lost sight of that most importunate personage—self; as I have not declared to which of the "genus and species" I belong. This digression, nevertheless, it can be shewn, was necessary, and according to the most approved rules of art. First, it gave me an opportunity of dilating on a subject familiar and dear to me; and, next, delayed for a few brief moments the disagreeable necessity of confessing myself an idle man. Such is still the fact. I delighted to saunter about the town in listless indolence, and could say, as Horace said before:—

"Quocunque libido est
Incedo solus: percontor quanti olus ac
far:

Tallacem circum, respertinumque perino
Sæpe forum, &c.

Perditur hæc inter lux."

For the first few days of my sojourn
"Near Cam's smooth margin and the
tuneful choir,"

it is true, the influence of the atmosphere seemed to affect me; but I soon thought, ay, and exclaimed, too, with honest Geoffrey Chaucer,—

"Where to should I study, and make
myself wood,
Upon a booke always in cloister to pore?"
Prologue to the Monke.

And this feeling was strengthened by the contagion of neighbourhood. The man who *kept* below me was music-mad, with about as much taste as a polar bear for asparagus; and

"From morn to noon, from noon to
dewy night,"

with occasional inroads into the latter, tortured my ears and the catgut of an unfortunate violoncello with his attempts at harmony. The gutter serenades of cats in March; the gruntings of a herd of swine, afflicted with quinzey, at the approach of a storm; the death-chorus of a flock of wolves when *waking*, after the Irish fashion, one of their slain comrades; the cackling of the Capitoline or any other geese; a speech from Dan O'Connell; in short, the most horrible combination and concatenation of most horrible sounds, never inflicted on the delicate ear of a Mozart or Handel greater torment than I endured.

And, as if this were not sufficient, the *gentleman* opposite was a modern Pythagorean, or dog-fancier; and every time I ascended or descended, I dreaded meeting some ferocious bulldog, or rough Scotch terrier, an unwary tread upon whose tail might have had consequences of the most fatal nature. How was it possible for a man to read in such an extremity? Your auricular and olfactory nerves in a perpetual state of excitement, and the fear of hydrophobia involuntarily taking possession of your mind! How I survived the first term I cannot, at this distance of time, imagine. Every night I dreamed of Cerberus, the three-headed janitor of Hades, and thought him triply mad; every night I awoke in profuse dread, unsatisfied of my existence till the dawn of day, and then scarcely convinced of being unbiten by the yawning mouths which had bayed at me through night. How, then, I repeat, was it possible for me to read? Euclid, consequently, was soon laid aside; algebra suffered equal neglect at my hands; and I, as seldom as possible, saw the inside of my room, or books; and, at the commencement of the Christmas vacation, had come to the wise resolution of leaving to the dull and plodding the chance of gathering the mathematical laurels of "Granta."

PART II.

CHAP. IV.

To pursue the history of a Cantab's life, in *statu pupillari*, would be useless. Folios have been written upon it; and the whole may be summed up in a sentence: Non-reading men take as much pleasure, and as little literary labour, as may be; reading men, *vice versâ*. After the usual period of residence, then, I was ushered into the Senate House, asked a problem or two of Euclid, a few algebraic equations, and a question or so from one Paley, &c. &c.; and, half-frozen to death, at the end of a week's attendance on the learned examiners, proceeded B.A., and, with Horace, exclaimed:

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius."

'Tis done—I tower to that degree,
And catch such heavenly fire,
That Horace ne'er could rant like me;
Nor is King's Chapel higher.

Of course, this important era in the life of a philosopher was not suffered to pass without a libation; and, believe me, both the poor scholar and his rich compeers proved, by their sacrifice to Dan Bacchus, that they were in no humour to merit the fate of Pentheus. Ill-natured people have attributed this to the love of the "regal purple stream." The thinking portion of the community do us, however, justice. They remember the fate of the Theban monarch:

"Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps
retire
From Cam's smooth margin and the
tuneful choir,"

it becomes you to—what?—This vapourising will never do. * * *

At the Eagle and Child, *vulgò* the Bird and Baby, was celebrated the "*Bachelor's Feast*," by some twenty as tolerable specimens of the genus Cantabrigiense as a naturalist could desire. And whither are those joyous spirits fled? Not a few, alas, are dead—a few married; but not even a few are in possession of the honour and wealth their youthful fancy pictured. Our Alma Mater,

"Who holds the candle and the sacred
cup,
And as one wasteth, cries 'Drink t'other
up,'"

(at least, such is the reading of the University arms by the late Garter);

is not famous for her maternal care of her offspring, when once out of leading-strings; and many a time and oft, in after-life, the buoyant heart and elastic spirit, so conspicuous in the undergraduates, is chilled by the frown, not of the world at large alone, but of men of the same standing—of men with whom we perhaps once took sweet counsel together, and, maybe, went on our way peaceful and rejoicing.

The ordeal past, the Cantab finds, unless a man of independent property, that even although his parents may not object to his remaining at home till of age for the church, there may be brothers or sisters, or relations of some kind or another, who charitably hint that enough has been expended upon his education, and that he must now exert himself or starve. If this much be not expressly stated, it is unequivocally implied; and the poor scholar, no longer an object of envy, but pity, begins to think the honour of writing B.A. after his name is rather dearly purchased, by the alienation of that portion of his natural relations who have not enjoyed similar advantages to his own. For my part, I candidly confess that, at this particular period, I wished myself as ignorant as a flunky, and that the "yellow gold," which had been expended to make me a scholar and gentleman, had been safely in my pocket. Little time, however, was left for thought. One of two things was absolutely necessary: either "to teach the young idea how to shoot," or cultivate an acquaintance with the Nine. As a man of gallantry, a devoted admirer of the dear creatures, from Esquimaux to the Sandwich Islands, can it be doubted which I preferred? The choice, however, was not mutual. I wooed the Muses, it is true; but devil a rhyme—not even with Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary*—could I elicit. Pupils were now my only resource. But pass we this passage. Jedediah Cleishbotham has pathetically and truly characterised the sufferings of this ill-fated class. His description will suffice for each individual, from Adam the first to this day.

But Jedediah was as old as ancient Pistol, and never, in the character of a *pedagogus*, felt the pangs of unrequited love; whilst I, ill-fated wretch that I was, in the shortest month of the year, met with seven refusals. All my cares,

troubles, and anxieties had, notwithstanding, no effect upon Father Time; he continued his course, and I grew older: indeed, it would have been rather astonishing if it had been otherwise at that period, when reform and the march of intellect were not even dreamt of. Accordingly, the clerical age arrived; and, with a heart palpitating between hope and fear, I volunteered my services for the West Indies, was accepted, ordained, and appointed to a foreign station. I did not, however, immediately quit England; and thinking that the few months of my sojourn in my native land would be well employed in establishing my character as a literary man, and finding a partner to share my toils, I spent my days in the British Museum, and my evenings in the company of one of the fairest of Eve's daughters. My book issued from the press, and gave me wonderful satisfaction. What the world thought of it I knew not, and as little cared; for, before it was well published, I was on the "wide, wide sea," consoling myself by inditing "Rejected Addresses," rather more lachrymose than those of my amusing prototype, Horace Smith; but highly consolatory to a man who, in the true spirit of a philosopher, would have wept *salt* tears, had he not been surrounded by an ocean of that commodity.

Any member of the Funny Club, who may think that, because he has shot the centre arch of old London Bridge at high water, he is a naval tactician, is an ass, and I wish him well in the hands of Father Neptune on the line. Why, Neddy Bray Bulwer, the "Long Tom Coffin" of Thames sailors, I would wager a page of *Fraser* to all his scribbling, does not know a capstan-bar from a studding-sail-boom. But what has this murderer of a felon to do with biography or philosophy? "*Absit infamia!*"

To proceed. Despite a squall or two that would have astonished the tars of Chelsea Reach, and a shoal or more of flying fish, that would have made my grandmother dream of fairy land—not to mention a sufficient quantity of sharks and grampuses to have rendered Leigh Hunt, had our yellow-breeched friend been aboard, unable to produce the aforesaid, *in statu quo*, in due course, and, what in these *choleric* times must not be passed *sub silentio*, with a *clean* bill of health, most royal Cockney!—I landed safely in

the destined haven, and, in the next chapter, will tell you of the "Anthrophagi, &c."

CHAP. V.

There are persons so sceptical as to affirm that it is utterly impossible for a flat country to exhibit any features of attraction; but I very much query whether any man, though unbelieving as "a Hebrew Jew," after a three weeks' tumbling and tossing, like Diogenes in *dolio*, in the Bay of Biscay, and a six weeks' foul wind up Channel, would not discover beauties in *Friesland*, even in the month of November. Bear with me, then, when I confess that the beautiful green forests of Guiana, when seen at sunrise, scarcely six leagues from the ship, were an object to me not only of beauty, but absolute admiration. As we neared the river, and each tree became more distinctly visible, nothing could surpass the magnificence of the towering cabbage-trees, which busy fancy pictured as the appropriate plumes of a giant's hearse; whilst the *corrida* and mangrove, flourishing to some distance in the water, presented to the eye of an unpractised European a sight at once novel and attractive.

Nor were the works of art, so to speak, less worthy attention. The fair white dwellings—whiter from the contrast of the deep green foliage of the orange and lime-tree; the distant spires of the churches, stealing among the palm and other trees, all of a nature strange and new; the fort and residence of the governor; the formalities to be observed before proceeding up the river: all were of engrossing interest; and this interest was heightened by our detention on board during the period that the captain was procuring a domicile. Since that day, I have travelled many a weary mile, seen various countries, and experienced the changes and chances of this mortal life; but the impression made upon my mind by the appearance of George Town, after a long and tedious voyage, never has, and never can be effaced.

If, however, the face of the country, and the style of the habitations, were sources of marvel, the inhabitants themselves, when landed, presented an equally strange aspect. Every shade, between the fair European and the jet black Congo negro, might be seen. Nor were the costumes less striking,

varying from the fashions of Paradise to those of Paris.

The place selected for my abode, by my kind nautical friend, was not far from the landing point, and I was soon ushered into an apartment, so utterly different from any I had hitherto seen, that I might, without any great stretch of imagination, have fancied myself in fairy land. The hostess was a portly, smiling dame, of a deep copper colour; and the Hebes and Ganymedes, who were ready to anticipate my wishes, were of different shades; all, however, smiling and happy. Madeira, mixed with water, sugar, nutmegs, and lime-juice, termed sangaree, with a variety of beautiful fruits, were produced; after paying my *devoirs* to which, I requested to be shewn my apartment; and here new wonders, but of a less pleasing description, awaited me. Musquitos and sandflies, cockroaches, and hardbacks innumerable, annoyed me throughout the night. With the former two, indeed, I never, during a residence of some years, became thoroughly reconciled; the latter, one soon ceases to care about. Early the following morning, I was awakened by a beating of drums, and a concourse of strange sounds, to which I had never been accustomed, and was soon informed that the slaves were celebrating one of their periodical holidays.

CHAP. VI.

Of all parts of the habitable globe, give me the West Indies for hospitality. The grand object of every resident is to impart pleasure: parties upon parties follow each other in endless succession; and although there may be a sameness in the routine of these affairs, still the invariable smile, the cordial shake of the hand,—in a word, what is expressively, if not elegantly, termed a hearty welcome, will not permit you to be hypercritical; and I much question whether a residence in the tropics of a few years does not obliterate, in a great measure, the homesick feeling to which Englishmen are particularly subject: one thing is certain, the freezing and phlegmatic portion of their system undergoes a complete change, and you may witness as much *gaieté de cœur* in one of our own proverbially dull islanders, as in a mercurial Frenchman in the *salons* of Paris.

A chapter might be written upon the effects of climate, upon mental organisation, illustrated by anecdotes of real life; but such is not my purpose. I merely state the fact, that Dutch and English, Scotch and French, German and Irish, although, on their arrival beneath the influence of a vertical sun, their tastes, habits, and views, may be as widely different as the four cardinal points, soon amalgamate, take the schnaps and cigars at the matutinal hour, usher in the meridian with sangaree or sangarorum, imbibe wine and bitters, as a stimulant, previous to the dinner, do justice to the vinous fluids subsequently, and conclude the evening in as much smoke and harmony as if they had not been cradled together. This is true philosophy; for what has a Transatlantician to do with European squabbles? *Tros Tyriusve* is no point of discussion for men located in a new world. In fact, the only subject of contention is, and ought to be, the

“Quod magis ad nos

Pertinet et nescire malum est :”—

to wit, Who makes the best sugars, rum, molasses, cotton, and coffee? This is honourable rivalry; and when combined, as it always is, with a desire to be surrounded by happy faces, who dares say that the life of a West India planter is not at once honourable and useful?

Solomon “spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes:” on all these subjects might I imitate the royal sage, for certainly the forests and rivers of Guiana abound in matter meet for the contemplation of the botanist, zoologist, entomologist, and ichthyologist; but in an autobiography, about nobody but myself, it would not be quite *à propos*; *ergo*, as Sir Hudibras observes, notwithstanding the profundity of my natural and acquired knowledge, “*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*,” the world cannot, at present, be illuminated by my brilliancy. Believe me, however, gentle reader, that I saw what you cannot see, because, as Puff judiciously observes, “they are not in sight;” but if your curiosity is excited, adjourn forthwith to the Zoological Gardens and Museum, and if you have any, the

least acumen, you may discover some things I met with in my travels; nay, some that I did not.

I was then a bachelor.

Somehow or other, I was always addicted to metaphysics and philosophy. I read, and hoped to understand—ever preferred experience to mere assertion—and, consequently, stumbling on a passage which declared “that it was not good for man to be alone,” I sought, and found a partner, —“*felix ter et amplius!*” Of course, it cannot be expected, even from a philosopher, to disclose the maximum of good or evil found in the marriage state. A wise man only remembers the former; but a few words how to

“Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry,”

will not, it is hoped, be thrown away. There are, then, five *sine quâ nons*; that is, if you are ambitious of happiness; *videlicet*, temper, common sense, accomplishments, taste, and some of the good things of this world.

I recommend, therefore, all worshippers of Hymen to study, with the utmost diligence, the temper of his idol. In the days of courtship the sun never sets—it is a hyperborean summer; beware lest, through the defects of temper, a hyperborean winter succeeds.

Common sense, *secundo*, must not be overlooked: it is a near ally of temper; is preferable to every other sense; will make a dinner of herbs better than a stalled ox; convert apparent troubles into real blessings; look to the fair side of every thing; dispose the possessor not only to share your joys, but alleviate your sorrows; will make her blind to your faults, and keenly sensible of your good qualities; in a word, make matrimony what the beneficent Creator intended it to be, a real blessing.

Nor must accomplishments be overlooked. By this term I do not mean the mere capability of moving through a quadrille, thumping an unfortunate pianoforte, or spoiling folios of Bristol paper by unintelligible daubs; nor do I allude to the miserable *patois* of bad French, and worse Italian, in which some of our *well-educated* young ladies indulge: no, the accomplishments I desire are solid and useful,—a proper knowledge of religion,—of the plain why and because,—a sufficient acquaintance with history not to con-

found Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, nor George of Cappadocia with George the Fourth, —and all those employments, at once useful and ornamental, which have been the peculiar province of the sex from the time when “Eve span,” to the days of the great and good Queen Adelaide!

Taste requires no definition,—it is the peculiar bearing and high feeling of a lady.

The good things of this world, also, every one understands. The proverb says, “When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window.” May none of the married readers of *REGINA* ever experience the proof; may the single weigh well the consequences, ere they plunge both themselves and the object of their regards into hopeless misery, by blinding their eyes to the wretchedness which inevitably accompanies the “*res angusta domi*” of a sanguine Benedict.

The common annoyances produced by jealousy, extravagance, fondness for dress, selfishness, &c., &c., need not now be discussed. If the above rules are observed, these evils can never happen; and I shall not have written the *Philosophy of Matrimony* in vain.

After what I have stated, it will, I doubt not, surprise my readers, that I should ever wish to leave such a terrestrial paradise; but the truth must be told. I could not endure the thought of an eternal separation from the land of my fathers, and began to apprehend the yellow fever, or some peculiar tropical calamity, might intercept my return: so, one fine morning in September, I embarked, bag and baggage, in the good ship Elizabeth, bound for Liverpool, with the intention, however, of revisiting the West Indies, after a short sojourn in England; but fate had willed it otherwise. Our passage was a remarkably good one. Holyhead was descried one fine evening early in November, in all the beauties of a setting sun; the long-wished-for port was reached the following day; and beef-steaks and potatoes soon obliterated the forgotten relish of salt fish and plantains, whilst the memory of sangaree and sangarorum was drank in potatoes pottle-deep of home-brewed ale.

My sojourn at Liverpool was brief, —more so, probably, than it would have been, had not a desire to break a lance upon the Popish question irresistibly urged me to the metropolis.

My adventures there shall be detailed in my next and concluding chapter.

CHAP. VII.

On reaching London in a dense November fog, I found that the partisans of Popery had already drawn their steel—pens, and the Protestants were slowly rousing themselves from their lethargy. My first step was to enrol myself a member of a Conservative club, where I indulged my *confrères* with various specimens of oratory, and convinced—myself at least—that Popery was an abomination, and I a Demosthenes. The cause was betrayed, as every one knows; the bill passed. My part, however, was rather more conspicuous than I anticipated or intended; for, like other illustrious men, I had greatness thrust upon me, and found my name subscribed, as chairman, to a string of resolutions agreed upon at a meeting at which I was not even present. It was useless to be angry; besides, as Hotspur observes, it was a good cause; so chairman I became *de facto*, and exerted myself with all the energies of my soul to excite such a spirit throughout the country as would control the progress of the Popish agitator. Alas, for poor human nature!—men who had been cradled in Protestantism, who owed their little modicum of reputation to a supposed determined consistency, deserted their post; and in the celebrated expedition to Windsor, which so alarmed the government, that the park gates were closed, and military posted throughout the route to the castle, the procession, which was to have reached as far as Kew Bridge, mustered only some three or four glass coaches from Newman's. For particulars of this heart-rending failure, the memory of which, even at this distance, brings tears into mine eyes, I must refer to the newspapers of the period.

It will be readily believed, that, having once put my hand to the plough, I did not draw back. No; although both lords and commons had failed in their duty,—although the accursed superstition of Rome had become part and parcel of the law of the land, I, in conjunction with a dear and valued friend, continued, through the medium of the press, to hold up to public scorn and derision the entire squad of apostates. My heroic fortitude under persecution, the inveterate hostility of the hired tools of despotism, and all

the thousand subsequent ills I suffered, are now matter of history, and will form an interesting episode in the work of some future Holingshed.

By this time I was completely ruined; my leave of absence having expired, my appointment abroad was lost; agents neglected the interest they were sworn to watch over; and I was left alone—with my philosophy. After all, misfortunes *per se* are not so very disagreeable; nay more, if viewed in a proper light, and turned to their legitimate purpose, are well enough in their way: they are the touchstones by which friendship is tried. I had always been an anti-contagionist; but my intellectual ideas were as obtuse as my visual organs; in other words, my near-sightedness was visibly contagious. None of my acquaintance could now see better than myself; the devourers of my mutton and my wine no longer knew me. I might even say,—

“ Good, den, Sir Richard,”

and hear,

“ Gad-a-mercy, fellow !”

in reply. My philosophy, however, soon reconciled me to this, and I passed the “ *servum pecus* ” with as much supercilious contempt as I do Don-Key or Lord John Russell. The truth was, that the value of such friendships, if I may so profane the word, was equal to Lord Althorp's financial ability; not to mention Powlett Thomson's honesty. Shall I complete the cabinet picture? No. But,

“ Ne me Crispini Serinia Lippi
Compilasse putes,”

I will wind up this history. After all my troubles, cares, anxieties, perplexities—matutinal, meridional, and vespertinal; after pondering, like Wouter van Twiller, whether, in imitation of Diogenes of old, I should beg an empty sugar hogshead, for a local habitation for my sweet self, from some of my ancient West India friends, or domicile in Grub Street; after sundry and diverse meditations, and the erection of various *châteaux en Espagne*, one sweet evening, when the moon had scarcely filled her orb, a vision bright and heavenly met my contemplative eye,—it was the embodied ideality of REGINA. She smiled,—my fears were dissipated; and since that time happiness has once more shaken hands with

PEREGRINE SOUTH.

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN.

No. III.

TIMON; OR, THE MISANTHROPE.

(Continued from p. 221.)

ACT III.

SCENE II.—*The Desert.*

TIMON.

DEMEAS.

GNATHONIDES.

THRASYCLES.

PHILIADES.

BLEPSIAS, &c.

Tim. Come, spade, put forth thy strength, and shew no sign 651
Of weariness, in calling from the depths
Of earth this lurking treasure into light.

[*Digs, and discovers gold.*]

O, wonder-working Jove! dear Corybautes!
O, Hermes, god of gain! Whence are these heaps, 655
Those boundless heaps, of gold?—Perhaps I dream;
I fear that, on awaking, they may prove
To be no more than cinders. Nay, 'tis gold!
Stamped gold—true gleaming colour, heavy weight,
Of aspect most delicious to the eye. 660

O gold!

*What fairer sight can man behold?
Still beaming forth in beauty bright,
Like blazing fire by day and night.*

O gold!

Come, dearest, most beloved! Shew me the maid 665
Who would not, with wide-opening arms, embrace
So sweet a lover, showering through the tiles?
Midas, and Cræsus, and thou Delphic fane,
Loaded with offerings, how you seem as naught 670
Compared to Timon, and the wealth of Timon,
With whom not Persia's monarch can compare!
Good spade, dear jerkin, it is meet that I
Should hang you here as votive gifts to Pan.
I'll purchase all this desert, and erect 675
A turret o'er the treasure, just enough
For me to spend my days in, and to serve
As tomb, my bones to shelter when I am dead.
BE THIS DECREED,^b and laid down as a law,
For my remaining life, never to mix 680
With mankind; none to know, and all to scorn.
Be friend, companion, guest, appeals to the altar
Of pity, idle trash. Sorrow for tears,
Or help to him who needs it, flat subversion
Of ordinance, and upsetting of all morals. 685
Lonely as lives the wolf, so shall I live.
One friend, no more, I'll have, and he is—Timon.
All other men are enemies and traitors.
If I should meet a man, it is a case
Demanding purification; and the day 690
On which I barely see one is accursed.
Be they to me no more than merely statues
Of brass or stone. No herald I'll receive,
And make no treaty. Let the desert wild
Serve as a boundary betwixt me and man. 695

The names of fellow-tribesman, fellow-wardsman,
 Or fellow-citizen, the name itself
 Of country, are but cold and barren words,
 The objects of vain glory to an idiot.
 Be Timon, and he only rich, and hold 700
 All others in contempt, and by himself
 Indulge in joy free from the flattering crowd,
 And their o'erburthening praise. His sacrifice
 To the great gods will he perform alone,
 And at the board feasting alone will sit, 705
 Himself his only neighbour, all the rest
 Shaken away. And further be it decreed
 That when the hour of death draws near, he only
 Shall clasp his dying hand, and on his head
 Place the last chaplet. He assumes the title 710
 Most grateful to his ears—of Misanthrope !
 The manners suitable to such a name,—
 Harshness, and fierceness, incivility,
 Anger, and hate of mankind, shall be his.
 If I behold one perishing in the fire, 715
 And praying me to quench it, be it quenched
 With pitch and oil : or if the winter flood
 Hurries a drowning wretch along its current,
 And with uplifted hand he cries for aid,
 Headlong I'll plunge him, so that by no chance 720
 He may escape ! Thus shall I fitly pay them.
 Timon, the son of Echekratides,
 A burgher of Colyttos, introduced
 This law to the assembly. The same Timon
 Put it to vote, and passed it, and he will 725
 Right manfully and well carry out th' enactment ;
 Yet would I give a handsome price that all
 Should know my wealth enormous. It would be
 As bad as choking to them. Why ! what's this ?
 Heavens ! what a bustle ; from all sides they run, 730
 Covered with dust, and panting in the course,
 Having, I know not how, smelt out the gold.
 Shall I, then, mount this rock, and drive them off,—
 Pelted away with stones ? or for this once
 Do violence to my law, and meet them, that 735
 They may feel keener insult from my scorn.
 Ay ! that is better. Let me therefore stay
 To greet them. Who comes first ? Gnathonides,
 My flatterer, who, when late I asked a dole,
 Handed me forth a halter. At my house 740
 Oft had his stomach heaved beneath the load
 Of gallons of my wine. But he is right
 To come ; for he shall be the first to howl.

Enter GNATHONIDES.

Gnathonides. Did I not say the gods would ne'er forget
 So good a man as Timon ? Timon, hail ! 745
 All hail ! thou handsomest, and pleasantest man,
 And most convivial fellow.

Tim. Hail thou, too,
 Gnathonides, most ravenous of vultures,
 And most confounded scoundrel of mankind ! 750

Gnath. Fond of a joke as ever. Where's the feast ?
 To cheer the cup, I bring with me a song
 From the new dithyrambs I late was taught.

Tim. Taught by this spade thou'lt sing forth doleful ditties
 In elegiac ! [Beats him.] 755

Gnath. Ha ! what's this ? Dost strike me ?
 Bear witness, Hercules. Oh ! oh ! I cite thee
 Before the Areopagus, on a charge
 Of battery and bloodshed.

Tim. Wait much longer, 760
 And I shall give thee cause for a charge of murder.

Gnath. No, not at all ; thou hast it in thy power
 Wholly to cure the wound, by laying on
 An ointment of thy gold. There's no such styptic.

Tim. What, loitering still ?

Gnath. Nay, I depart, but thou 765
 Shalt have no cause of joy for this thy change
 From kindness to barbarity. [Exit.

Tim. Who is this ?
 This bald head fellow ? Oh ! Philiaides,
 Most flatulent of flatterers. From my hands 770
 He got a freehold farm, and for his daughter
 Two talents as her dowry,—a reward
 Bestowed him for his lavish compliments
 Upon my singing ; for when all the rest
 Held silence, he alone, with many an oath, 775
 Swore that I sang more sweetly than the swans ;
 And, but the other day, when I in sickness
 Came to him begging succour, the good fellow
 Threatened me with the whip.

Enter PHILIADES.

Philiaides. O ! impudence ! 780
 Now, do you know who Timon is,—is now
 Gnathonides, his friend and fellow reveller,
 The ungrateful knave, by all whom former favours
 Were unremembered, meets his due deserts.
 But I, his ancient friend, who with him shared 785
 The days of youth, a fellow of his tribe,
 And brother citizen, approach discreetly,
 Not wishing to intrude. All hail, my patron !
 And still keep off these rascal parasites,—
 Mere trencher friends, no better than the crows. 790
 We can trust no one now,—for all are base
 And thankless. As for me, I hither came
 To offer thee a talent to supply
 Thy present needs ; when on the road I learnt
 That an o'erflowing mint of wealth was thine. 795
 I now have come to counsel thee, although
 Thou art too wise to lack advice of mine,
 Who might at need be counsellor to Nestor.

Tim. So be't, Philiaides. Come hither, then,
 And take this cheery welcome from my spade. [Strikes him.]

Phil. Good people, see, the ungrateful man has broken
 My head because I wished to teach him prudence. [Exit.]

Tim. Here comes a third. 'Tis orator Demeas,
 With his decree in hand, and laying claim
 To be my cousin. In one day for him 805
 I paid up sixteen talents to the city
 (He had been cast, and lay in a prison for it,
 Having no means to pay the sum, till I,
 From pity, freed him) ; and when, not long since,
 It was his lot to share some public money 810
 For the Ægeid tribe,^c and I applied,
 Asking my portion of't, he told me plump,
 He did not know me as a citizen.

Enter DEMEAS.

Demeas. Hail, Timon, glory of thy race,—thou prop
Of Athens, and thou bulwark of all Greece, 815
Long since the assembled people, and both councils —
Senate and Areopagus—await thee.
But listen, first, to the decree which I
Have for thine honour thus drawn up. “WHEREAS,
Timon, the son of Echecratides, 820
A burgher of Colyttos, much renowned
For goodness and for virtue, and in wisdom
Surpassing all the other men of Greece,
Has many a noble benefit conferred
Upon the city throughout all his life,— 825
Has, in one day, in boxing, wrestling, running,
In two-horse driving, and in four-in-hand,
Been proclaimed victor at the Olympic games.”

Tim. I never even visited the games.

Dem. What then? some other time thou wilt be there; 830
(’Tis best to put in such like things as these).

“And last year bravely, by Achurnæ, two
Spartan battalions into pieces cut.”

Tim. Why, how is this? I never carried arms,
Nor was included in the muster-roll. 835

Dem. This is mere modesty. But we should be
Ungrateful, did we not remember it.

“By drawing up decrees, by giving counsel,
By leading armies, hath he to the city
In no small wise contributed. For these reasons, 840
BE IT DECREED by senate, and by people,
By the high court justiciary,^a by the tribes,
And by the wards, severally and generally,
There be erected in the citadel,

And nigh Minerva placed, a golden Timon, 845
With lightnings in his right hand, and with rays
Beaming about his head; that he be crowned
With seven gold crowns, and that they be proclaimed
When at the Dionysia the new tragedies
Shall be to-day performed (to do him honour, 850
The Dionysia must be held to-day).

DEMEAS THE ORATOR proposed this bill,
Nearest to him of kin, and his disciple;
For Timon is a famous orator.

And all things else whatever he desires.” 855
Such, then, is the decree. I had intended
To bring with me my son, whom, after thee,
I gave the name of Timon.

Tim. How is this?
As far as I know, thou wert never married.

Dem. Next year I will, if God may so permit, 860
And shall have offspring; and the child so born
(’Twill be a son, of course), I call him Timon.

Tim. I doubt if thou wilt marry, my good fellow,
After so stiff a blow as this from me. [*Strikes him.*]

Dem. Oh, oh! What mean’st thou? At the tyranny 865
Art aiming, Timon, thus to strike the free?
Thou, not a freeman pure—no, not a citizen!
But thou shalt suffer for thy various crimes;
Among the rest, for burning of the citadel.

Tim. It is not burnt, thou scoundrel; which will prove thee
A perjured common informer.

- Dem.* And thy riches
Are made by undermining the Exchequer.
- Tim.* It is not undermined—that lie won't serve.
- Dem.* It will be undermined some other day ;
But thou hast now all that it once contained. 875
- Tim.* Take then another. [*Strikes him.*]
- Dem.* Wo is me, my back !
- Tim.* Make no more noise, or I shall give a third.
- It would be most ridiculous withal
If I, who two battalions of Laconia,
Unarméd, cut to pieces, could not crush 880
One wretched mannikin : it, indeed, were vain
That at the Olympic games I had been victor
In boxing and in wrestling ! [*Erit Demeas.*]
- Who is next ?
- Philosopher Thrasycles !—ay, no one else—
With beard let loose, and eyebrows all upturned,
His hair set back upon his forehead,—waddling 885
And grunting, here he comes, a very Borcas,
Or Triton, such as Zeuxis used to paint.
Smooth of attire, demure in his deportment,
And modest in his gait, in morning hours 890
He preaches upon virtue, and inveighs
'Gainst pleasure's votaries, and with much laud
Extols frugality ; but when the bath
Is over, and to supper he proceeds,
And from the boy takes a prodigious cup 895
(No watered wine for him, but the neat fluid),
Then, as if Lethe's waters he had swallowed,
He shews in practice the flat contrary
To all the morning theories,—like a kite,
Pouncing upon the dishes, elbowing 900
His neighbour guests, filling his beard with sauce,
Snapping his food like a dog, close bending over
The plates, as if to find in them that virtue
He so much talked of ; and with careful finger
Wiping each platter, so as not to leave 905
One toothful of the garlic sauce behind.
Then loud are his complaints, if not to him
Exclusively is given the pie entire,
The pig, or whatsoever else may be
The tit-bit chosen for gourmand or for glutton. 910
Tipsy at last, or drunken, he proceeds,
Not merely to the pitch of song and dance,
But of abuse and riot. Many a discourse
Over the cup he holds ; and his chief themes
Are order and sobriety, which he treats 915
With tongue absurdly stammering, quite knocked up
By the strong wine he swallowed ; till no more
His stomach will retain the dose, and then
Away they carry him staggering from the chamber,
Clasping a singing-girl in both his arms. 920
But even in sober hours, he need not yield
To any man precedence in the arts
Of impudence, rapacity, or lying.
'Mong flatterers, too, he holds distinguished place,
And scruples not at perjury. Before him 925
Marches Imposture ; Impudence attends him ;
In short, the thing's most feelosophical,
Complete in every part, and wholly accomplished
In manifold perfections. Ere long, therefore,
So fine a fellow well deserves to howl. 930

Enter THRASYCLES.

What's this? Good Heavens! Why loitered Thrasycles?

Thra. I come not hither, Timon, with the motive
That sways the multitude, who, all agape,
Run in a crowd after thy wealth, thy plate,
Thy gold, thy costly banquets, holding forth 935
In many a glozing flattery to a man
Simple as thou, and liberal of hand.
Thou know'st for me a biscuit is enough,
Seasoned, as sweetest luxury, with a cress,
An onion, or, perchance should I indulge, 940
A little salt. The well supplies my drink.
This tattered cloak I deem of higher worth
Than finest purple. As for gold, to me
It seems no better than the sea-side shells.
'Tis on thine own account I come, through fear, 945
Lest that most pestilent and treacherous thing,
Wealth, which to many a man, at many a time,
Has been the cause of woes incurable,
Should spoil thy better nature. Wouldst thou take
The advice I proffer, thou wouldst cast it all 950
Into the sea, as something quite unneeded,
By a good man, whose eyes have power to see
The riches of philosophy. But, my friend,
Don't fling it in the deep sea altogether.
If as thou wadest on the shelving shore, 955
The water reach thy hips, 'twill be sufficient;
I should alone be witness. But if this
Appear not suitable, another mode
Perhaps is better to get rid of it
Out of thine house at once, not leaving there 960
A single obolus; give it all away
To those who are in want—to one, five drachms;
Elsewhere, a mina; elsewhere, half a talent;
If a philosopher apply, 'tis just
That his should be a double or treble portion. 965
As for my part, I ask not for myself;
But that I might assist my friends in want,
I shall be satisfied if thou shouldst fill
The wallet which I carry; it contains
Not quite two bushels of our Attic measure; 970
For a philosopher should be content
And moderate, and never let his thoughts
Wander beyond his wallet.

Tim. Thrasycles,
I much commend thee; but, with thy good leave,
I shall not fill thy wallet, but thy head, 975
And that with bumps, measured out with my spade. [*Strikes him.*]

Thra. O, commonwealth! O, laws! See how we are beaten,
In our free state, by this accursed fellow.

Tim. Do not be angry, worthy Thrasycles.
Have I defrauded thee? Nay, I am ready 980
To throw in four additional pints beside,
Beyond the measure. [*Erit THRASYCLES.*]

What is here? A crowd
Comes up together: Blepsias, Laches, Gniphio,
A whole battalion, destined for the howling.

Enter BLEPSIAS, &c.

I must ascend the rock, and give a respite 985
To my well-laboured spade, and gathering up
A store of stones, hurl them like hail upon them.

Blepsias. Timon, don't throw ; we are departing.

Tim.

You part not from me bloodless and unwounded.

But

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[Notes.] * The first part of this passage is, in the original, a line from a lost play of Euripides, *Bellerophon*, quoted by Stobæus :—

Ἦ χρυσὸν διζέωμα κάλλιστον ἑρτοῖς.

The whole extract may be thus translated :—

O, gold ! the fairest gift to human kind,
Compared with thee the joys that mothers feel,
Or fathers, in their offspring, can't compare
With those which they experience in whose houses
Thou art the guest. If to admiring eyes
Venus displays as brilliant charms as thine,
It is no wonder that so many lovers
Should follow in her train.

A preceding line of this passage, also preserved by Stobæus :—

Ἐὰ μὲν πικραίνονται πεκαῖσθαι κακόν—

Let me be rich, and men may call me scoundrel,—

exposed the tragedy to no small peril. The audience, as Seneca informs us, rose *en masse* to drive the actor and the play off the stage. Euripides was obliged to come forward and request that they would wait until the end, when it would be seen what was the sad fate of the speaker of such sentiments, in the end of the play. This is something like Lord Byron's apology for *Don Juan*.

The latter part is adapted from Pindar, *Ol. i.*

ὁ δὲ
χρυσὸς αἰδοῖται πῦρ
ἅτι διαπρέπει νύ—
στι—

Lucian adds, καὶ μὲν ἡμεῖς. Cary's translation is brief enough :—

"Gold like fire at midnight blazing,
Glittering heaps outshineth far."

^b How feeble is the Misanthrope of Lucian to the same man in Shakspeare ! The prayers of the Greek are humanity itself to what we find in the English tragedy :—

"Son of sixteen,

Pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire ;
With it beat out his brains. Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live !" &c.

The views of Lucian were far more limited than those of Shakspeare. The misanthrope of him who grasped the universe of nature in his vision imprecated curses on all mankind. The clever wit and rhetorician of Athens could not resist the opportunity of making his Timon a vehicle for jest and satire against the orators and philosophers of the coteries in which he mingled, and whose sayings and doings seemed to him of such infinite importance.

^c Τῇ Ἐρεχθίδι φυλῇ in the original ; but as Harpocration and Suidas assign Collytos to the *Ægeid* tribe, we follow the suggestion of Tanaquil Faber.

^d Καὶ τῇ Ἠλιαία κατὰ φυλᾶς. The *Helima* was the μίγα δικαστήριον Ἀθηναίων. It consisted of a thousand members. We have translated, after a reading in a Dublin edition, not κατὰ φυλᾶς, but καὶ ταῖς φυλαῖς.

^e Πάντεςφον τὸ χρέμα.

HOPE.

HOPE is a citizen of life ; she sits
 Not upon throne, but in the human breast,
 Yet brings not peace, but a most sweet unrest,
 An undulating pleasure,
 A gently laved tranquillity,
 That falls and rises like the wave o' th' sea,
 Most musical, and yet by fits
 Mingling sharp discord with the soothing measure.

She is a queen, with subjects of her own,—
 The charities of life, affections kind,
 The innocent pleasures, and the peaceful mind,
 “ With no unworthy aim,”

Doing, like sovereign, all she can
 To soothe the restless soul of thankless man,
 Who rails with most rebellious tone,
 Forgetting who she is, and whence she came.

From the celestial sphere she drew her birth ;
 Faith nursed her, and the lips of God alone
 Breathed o'er her, from His unrevealed throne :

 She left her glorious home,
 And multitudinous bliss,
 And love divine, and quick-winged ecstasies ;
 Forth like timorous Spring to Earth,
 Timid she went, with erring man to roam.

Thus is she a bright messenger of Heaven,
 The spirit of all felicity, the breath
 Of tranquil Faith, and conqueror of Death—
 The universal Pan

Of holier hours and purer feelings,
 The parent of far loftier revealings,
 The heart's evangelist, and given
 E'en from the very Spirit of God to man.

O ever sought and much abused bliss,
 Immortal exile, oft with weary wing,
 Combating anguish and despair, that bring
 Ingratitude, fierce foe,

That striketh with blind rage at thee,
 And calls thee false and fickle deity.
 With how much love, despite of this,
 O dost not thou towards him still overflow !

Thou ever bringest rare annealing blessings,
 And delicate fantasies, aye inwove
 With the half-murmured mysteries of Love ;
 And ever art thou rife

With ostents from a far land brought,
 Yet shadowed by the yearning soul's dull thought,
 That wooeth much thy feminine caressings,
 As flowers the sun, which is their light and life.

Fine, fairy spirit of the anxious bosom,
 Weaving thy spells of witchery around us,
 When the earth's discords hatefully surround us,
 Be thou still like a prayer,

Which is its own divinity,
 Going to whence we came, and still must be :
 Be as the perfume in the am'ranth's blossom,
 Which is God's flower, and, like us, is His care.

THE PASHA'S VOW.

THE inviolability with which a Turk keeps his vow, forms one of the distinguishing traits of the national character; and although (as must be the case with every rule subject to human direction) exceptions are occasionally to be found, they are of such rare occurrence, that the good faith and loyalty of a Turk, even to an enemy, have become proverbial. Where he has undertaken to protect, he *will* protect at all risks; and where he has resolved to avenge, he *will* avenge, even though his dearest affections are to be crushed by the blow. The following tragical circumstance, which occurred during my residence in the East, will serve as a forcible illustration to my preceding remark.

I had occasion to go from Constantinople to Salonica, and I performed my journey in the Turkish fashion, on horseback, and under the guidance of a Tartar. I was furnished with credentials to Mustapha, pasha of Salonica, a man high in repute at the Sublime Porte, and a personal favourite of the sultan; and I had also a letter from an Armenian banker at Constantinople, for a wealthy countryman of his residing at Mielnik, a small town on the road to Salonica: for in Turkey, where banking and mercantile business are monopolised by the Armenians, they are the most useful class of men to whom a stranger can be recommended.

On my arrival at Mielnik, I immediately repaired to the house of Pascal, the Armenian; and on inquiring for him, I was at first refused admittance, but after sending in the letter, of which I was the bearer, I was ushered into his presence. I found an aged man, of most prepossessing appearance, but bearing the marks of such deep grief and, I may even add, consternation, imprinted on his countenance, that I felt convinced some domestic calamity must have recently befallen him; and under that idea, I apologised for the pertinacity with which I had sought my ill-timed interview.

"You are wrong, and you are right, in your conjecture," he answered, with Eastern brevity: "my family is unharmed, God be praised! but tomorrow, my friend is to die."

This answer was calculated to awaken all my curiosity, and I contrived to throw into it such an appearance of sympathy, that, before we parted, Pascal communicated to me, without reserve, all the particulars of the event that was weighing upon his mind. They are as follow:—

In the preceding month of January, some travelling merchants, who were journeying from Mielnik to Salonica, discovered, at a short distance from the former place, the bodies of two murdered men; one of whom was evidently a person of superior rank, and the other his Tartar. The former had been killed by a pistol-shot, which had passed through his heart; while the faithful Tartar, who had apparently thrown himself before his master to shield him from his death-blow, had been pierced through the body by a yataghan. Their persons had been rifled of every thing, except their fez caps and their under-clothing; and their horses, which were found loose upon the plain, had also been stripped of their baggage. One of the merchants, addressing his companions, said, "If we pursue our journey, we may, perhaps, be suspected of being the murderers of these men; let us return with the bodies to Mielnik, and denounce the crime, so that we may escape suspicion."

The horses were caught, and being charged with the bodies of their late riders, the mournful procession returned to Mielnik, where depositions were made before the aga, and the corpses were exposed in the principal mosque, to be recognised and claimed.

It so happened that Mustapha Pasha was on that day expected from Salonica, and the aga awaited his arrival before any active steps were taken to discover the murderers. Upon entering the gates of Mielnik, rumours of the frightful event reached the pasha's ears; but the persons who communicated it to him were, of course, unable to tell him the names of the victims, or give him any details beyond the fact of the bodies being then lying in the mosque. Mustapha directed his horse thither, and, dismounting at the gate, entered the holy edifice, followed by all his retinue.

In the centre of the building, stretch-

ed upon a praying carpet, their faces uncovered, and their feet turned towards the east, the two murdered men lay side by side. Mustapha approached, and kneeling down to examine them, uttered a cry of horror; then, tearing his beard, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and remained with his forehead in the dust for some time, in speechless grief. After a pause, which his attendants did not dare to interrupt, he arose; his countenance was pale, but stern and composed, as though that brief paroxysm of despair had been succeeded by the concentrated calm of some irrevocable determination, and again turning to the lifeless bodies, he took the hand of the one nearest to him, and raising it to heaven, exclaimed,

"Oh, Seid Mohamet! when in the passes of the Balkan thou didst shield me with thy body from the fury of the accursed Russian, I swore that from thenceforward thou shouldst be unto me as a brother; and now I swear, by Allah and his Holy Prophet, that I will not rest until I avenge thy death upon thy murderer! I will hunt him down to the furthest corners of the earth, that his blood may atone for thine: his eyes shall be torn out by vultures, his scattered limbs be devoured by chacals, his unburied bones bleach under the winds of heaven! And may my soul descend, like his, to Eblis—may the grave of my father be defiled—if I keep not my vow, oh, Seid, my brother! I have said."

Then, taking a last look of all that remained of the man he had loved so well, he left the mosque, followed by his attendants.

His first care was, that every means should immediately be employed for the discovery of the murderers, and he promised a reward of twenty purses to the person who should first bring him intelligence of them; and, that duty fulfilled, he retired to the house of Sereski, a rich Armenian, where he had always been accustomed to sojourn during his visits to Mielnik, and shutting himself up alone in the interior apartments, he gave way, during three days and nights, to unrestrained grief.

It soon became generally known at Mielnik that the murdered man was Seid Mohamet, the dearest friend of Mustapha Pasha, and that he had been the bearer of despatches from the Porte

to Salonica, and had with him a treasure of 400,000 piastres, destined for public purposes. He had arrived at Mielnik on the afternoon preceding his murder, and had been seen by some of the inhabitants at the public bath, from whence he had gone to the mosque, and performed his devotions; and it was conjectured that he had fallen a victim to the daring rapacity of some Albanian robbers, whose predatory habits had recently brought them to the vicinity of the high-road to Salonica, where they had committed so many outrages, that, contrary to the belief in fatalism, and the apathy consequent upon it, which is the directing (perhaps I ought, rather, to say, passive) principle of a Moslem's actions, few Turkish travellers would venture to pass that road without an armed escort. It was even supposed that the Albanians had emissaries in the town, who secretly apprized them of the arrival of any wealthy traveller.

Sereski, the Armenian, when admitted into Mustapha's presence, was consulted by him upon the steps most advisable to be taken, in order to detect the offenders, and bring them to justice; and he zealously entered into all his views, and joined in execrating the ruthless hand that had dared to raise itself against the life of the brave and virtuous Seid Mohamet.

"But hast thou not another friend, oh, pasha?" said he; "and is not that friend, thy servant, Sereski? Weep not, therefore, like one who is desolate."

"True, Sereski," replied the pasha; I know that thou art my friend, and that, like Seid Mohamet, thou wouldst spill thy blood to save mine; but until I have avenged his murder, I cannot enjoy even thy friendship. If thou hadst died his death, so would I mourn for thee, and so would I wish to avenge thee; therefore, reproach me not, Sereski, but aid me with thy counsels, that the murderers may not escape the doom I have pronounced upon them."

"So be it," replied the Armenian. And, inclining himself before the pasha, he withdrew, and left him absorbed in grief.

While thus lost to all recollections, save those of his friend's tragical fate, Mustapha, reclined upon his cushions, unconscious of all outward objects, the curtain that veiled the entrance of the

apartment occupied by him, was gently drawn aside, and a fairy form entered noiselessly, bearing in her hands a large basket of flowers, covered with an embroidered handkerchief. It was Irene, the only child of Sereski, whose infant graces had long since captivated the pasha's good will. He had been the guest of the Armenian when, seven years before, his wife, Esene, had died in giving birth to this little girl; and from that period, his affection for the father and daughter had progressively acquired such strength, that he had frequently declared to Sereski that should fate deprive Irene of her father, he would supply his place to her, and adopt her for his own.

The little maiden seated herself silently at the pasha's feet, and began to arrange her flowers; but after a time, perceiving that he did not notice her, she took both of his hands in hers, and looking up into his face with fond earnestness, said,

"Pasha, if you will smile upon me as you used to do, I will give you my best roses."

"I want not thy roses, child," he answered; "my heart is full of thorns!"

"Then I will give you a charm to cure the wound," she resumed, producing an amulet.

"Keep thy roses and thy amulets, Irene," said the pasha, "and leave me, for my soul is heavy, and I cannot listen to thee."

"Nay," persisted the child, "my father sent me hither, and I will not go. I will not leave you, pasha, until I have seen you smile; look upon me as you are wont to do, and I will give you my treasure." And loosening the shawl that bound her waist, she took from its folds a gold ring, encrusted with a sapphire of immense value, and holding it up to Mustapha, exclaimed, "This is my treasure; smile, and it shall be yours!"

The wish was scarcely uttered before it was fulfilled. The pasha seized the ring, while a smile of exultation lighted up his dark countenance with the portentous brightness of lightning flashing from a thunder-cloud; the child clapped her hands in rapture; while Mustapha, drawing her towards him, said, in a low voice, "Irene, who gave thee this ring?"

She remained silent.

"Speak, I command thee," he continued.

She clasped her little hands in supplication. "I have done wrong," she said; "but if I confess my fault to you, will you save me from my father's anger?"

"I will," he replied. "Speak, and speak truly."

"Three days ago," she resumed, "early in the morning, when I went into my father's room, where he keeps his money and jewels, I found him busied in filling a casket, and, in his haste to close it before I approached, some of the jewels fell upon the carpet. I stooped to pick them up; and this ring having rolled to the further end of the room unperceived by him, I put it into my bosom, and carried it away. And now I dare not restore it, for my father has never yet been known to pardon theft."

"Fear not, Irene, my soul!" said Mustapha; "thy father's anger shall not fall upon thee, if thou art silent to all upon the subject. Leave me the ring, and here is a jewel in exchange;" and he gave her the diamond agraffe that fastened his vest. "Thou hast charmed away my grief, Irene; thou hast brought hope to my bosom. Leave me, child: I am happy."

She obeyed, and disappeared through the doorway as noiselessly as she had entered.

No sooner was Irene gone than Mustapha, drawing the ring from his bosom, where he had concealed it, ejaculated, "Allah kierim! God is great! Behold, he has chosen this young infidel as the instrument by which the death of his faithful believer shall be discovered and avenged! This is the very ring which I gave to Seid Mohamet, after he had saved my life in the Balkan, and from which he swore never to part while he lived. The stone is beyond price; and here are the characters which I caused to be engraven on it: '*Eternal gratitude, friendship, and attachment, even unto death.*' There can be no mistake; this is Seid Mohamet's ring. But how came it here?"

Then approaching the curtain that veiled the entrance of the apartment, he clapped his hands thrice; and a servant appearing, he directed that Sereski should be summoned to his presence.

"Dog of an infidel!" exclaimed Mustapha, as soon as he perceived him, "how camest thou by this ring?"

The Armenian appeared thunder-struck at beholding the jewel in Mustapha's hands. A deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and his features worked convulsively, as, endeavouring to surmount his emotion, he replied that he had purchased it from an Albanian some time back.

"Who is this Albanian? Give me his name, then," resumed the pasha, "that he may be sought for, and brought before me forthwith."

"I may not do so, O Mustapha!" replied Sereski: "when I purchased that ring, I made a solemn promise that I would never divulge the name of him who sold it to me."

"Thou liest, dog!" exclaimed the pasha, his eyes flashing fire; "this ring belonged to Seid Mohamet, who would only have sold it with his life. Thou art in league with his murderers; but deliver them up to me, and I will forgive thee even this treachery."

"What can I say?" replied Sereski, doggedly; "I have spoken nothing but the truth, and I have nothing more to reveal."

Mustapha then commanded that Sereski and all his servants should appear with him before the *cadi*; and when they were in the presence of that functionary, the pasha repeated the whole transaction that had brought the ring of Seid Mohamet into his possession. Sereski persisted in his denegations, and the *cadi* ordered him to be bastinadoed upon the soles of his feet; which sentence was immediately executed in the presence of Mustapha Pasha, and by his own *ghavasses* (guards). But the torture it inflicted wrested no admission of guilt from the Armenian. He writhed in agony, and bit the ground, until nature was exhausted by the fierce struggle, and he became insensible. The punishment was then suspended.

Sereski's servants were also ordered to be bastinadoed, and several of them underwent the ordeal without making any revelation; but when it came to the turn of a Jew, who had long been a confidential servant of Sereski's, and as such had enjoyed the pasha's esteem, his terror at the torture he was about to undergo was so overwhelming, that no sooner had the *ghavasses* laid their hands upon him to bind him, than, prostrating himself at Mustapha's feet, he exclaimed, "Have mercy on me, O pasha! and I will reveal all."

The pasha commanded his *ghavasses* to suspend their operations, and the Jew then made a full confession of his master being the murderer of Seid Mohamet. The means he had taken to effect the crime were as follows:—Sereski had a garden and kiosk at a short distance from Mielnik, on the Constantinople side of the town, which he was in the habit of visiting almost daily, and occasionally passing the night there. Having been apprized of Seid Mohamet's arrival at Mielnik, and of the treasure he carried with him, he promptly took his measures to secure it to himself without attracting suspicion, and went, as was his custom, to his kiosk, where he passed the night. But just before daylight he and the Jew arose, and disguising themselves in Albanian dresses, armed with pistols and yataghans, they proceeded to the plain leading from Mielnik to Salonica, and took up their position under cover of a ruined mosque, close to which is a fountain where travellers are in the habit of refreshing their horses. They had not long been in ambush when Seid Mohamet and his guide appeared in sight; and, approaching the mosque, dismounted. Seid Mohamet spread his praying carpet on the ground, and disposing himself for his devotions, soon became absorbed in them; while the Tartar proceeded to water the horses at the fountain. At that instant Sereski, taking a sure and deadly aim at the good Mussulman, shot him through the heart. The Tartar, alarmed by the report of the pistol, rushed towards him, and received the dying man in his arms as he bounded convulsively from the earth; while Sereski, quitting his concealment, threw himself upon the faithful Tartar, and passing his yataghan through his body, laid him dead by the side of Seid Mohamet. Meanwhile the Jew was busied in rifling the baggage-horses; and having collected the treasure, and stripped the bodies of their victims of every article of value about them, they turned the horses loose upon the plain, and returned with their booty before sunrise to the kiosk, where they deposited it in a subterranean chamber; and departing for Mielnik at the hour they were accustomed to do, made their entrance publicly some hours before the murder was discovered. He also stated that this was not the first robbery and assassination in which the Armenian had been involved, al-

though the apparent sanctity and austerity of his character, and his habits of charity, had hitherto placed him beyond the reach of suspicion.

The pasha listened with amazement; and ordering the Jew to shew him the place of concealment, he proceeded thither with the *cadi*, and found, as the delinquent had most truly stated, a subterranean chamber under the kiosk, in which was concealed a quantity of money; and among the rest the treasure of Seid Mohamet untouched, and rolled up in the Albanian dresses that had been worn by Sereski and his servant when they committed the murder.

These proofs of Sereski's guilt were convincing to Mustapha Pasha. "Detested hypocrite!" he exclaimed, "how have I been deceived in him! This is the man whom I loved, and in whose virtue I confided above all others, except Seid Mohamet! This is the man who wept with me over his murder, and called for vengeance upon his assassins! The call shall be answered: he shall die the death, even though he has been the friend of my bosom; for I will break my heart ere I break my vow."

It was nightfall before they returned to Mielnik, but Mustapha Pasha stopped not until steps had been taken to bring Sereski and his accomplice speedily to justice. One of the recent reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, which reflects the most honour upon him, has been to abrogate the power of the pashas to inflict capital punishment; a power which formerly led to dreadful abuses, not only of life, but property, and exposed the mass of the people to the caprice, cupidity, or corruption of a handful of men, "drest in a little brief authority." Courts of justice have now been established in Turkey; and when a judicial sentence has been obtained and signed by the *cadi*, time is allowed for appeal. Sereski and his accomplice were tried according to the new laws; and their guilt being fully established, their doom was sealed. The Jew was sentenced to be hanged at his master's door at daybreak, while the Armenian was reserved for the more dreadful punishment of impalement alive. His property was to be divided into five parts, four of which were to be given to the family of Seid Mohamet, and the fifth to be reserved for his own child.

As soon as the trial was over, Sereski demanded an audience of the pasha,

in order, as he said, to make a further revelation to him; but the motive he assigned was merely a pretext to obtain an interview, which he knew would otherwise be refused to him. When admitted into Mustapha's presence, he cast himself at his feet, and in the most abject terms supplicated for life under any conditions. "Let me but live, O pasha!" said he, "and all that I possess shall be thine. I have wealth that is unknown to all, even to Ishmael the Jew, who has betrayed me. But what is wealth compared to life? Behold, for this boon I will beggar my child; and maimed, impoverished, and disgraced, as I am, I will return with her to the land of my fathers, even into Armenia, and repent me of my sins during a life of labour and privation. Hear my prayer, O Mustapha! Thou art all-powerful with the sultan: ask for mercy, and it shall be granted. Behold, have I not already suffered enough in the body?" and he pointed to his mutilated feet—"and is not my spirit crushed into the very dust? Sereski, the rich, the honoured, and, above all, the friend of Mustapha, whither has he fallen?"

The pasha listened without once interrupting him; and when Sereski paused, and raised his eyes and hands in agony towards Mustapha, he spurned him with his foot, and answered, "Thou hast fallen beneath my contempt—nay, beneath my pity. Cruelty and cowardice were ever twin-brothers. Dost thou believe the soul of Mustapha to be so base that, like thine own, it could barter all for gold? The wealth of Stamboul should not tempt me to spare one drop of thy blood!"

"Nay, but," persisted the unhappy Sereski, "wilt thou render Irene, the child thou lovest, fatherless? Who will protect her when I am gone?"

"Hast thou the bowels of a father," replied the pasha, "that even but this moment thou didst offer to make her a beggar, if I would give thee thy wretched life? Dog! thou art not worthy of the name of father! But the innocent shall not suffer for the guilty; Irene shall not be fatherless: henceforth she shall be unto me as a daughter."

"Thou wert ever great and noble," resumed Sereski; "be merciful as thou art generous, and so shalt thou surpass all other men."

"Base wretch!" answered Mustapha, trembling with passion; "nor

bribes, nor flattery shall serve thee. Away with him!" he continued, summoning his guards; "I spit upon and defy him!"

The agony of mind, and the bodily torture which Sereski had undergone, had thrown him into a violent fever, which caused the execution of his sentence to be delayed; for the Turkish law forbids that criminals should undergo its last extreme penalty while suffering from bodily illness. Sereski was conveyed to prison, where he was carefully guarded, and attended by a physician of his own country, who was ordered, on pain of death, to restore him to health. Every means that a barbarous humanity could devise were employed to heal his lacerated body, and with such success, that health had become quite re-established; and the day following the one on which I had arrived at Mielnik had been fixed upon for his execution.

During the period of his convalescence, Sereski had made a full admission of his guilt, and confessed that he had had recourse to those cruel and unlawful means of enriching himself, that he might leave great wealth to his daughter; for which Heaven had punished him, by making that very child the instrument of bringing him to justice.

Such was the substance of Pascal's relation, and the cause of the sadness in which I had found him. The execution was to take place on the spot where the murder had been committed; the pasha was to be present at it, and I immediately decided upon remaining another day at Mielnik, that I might witness the tragedy.

On the morrow, at noon, the whole population of the town was to be seen thronging through the Salonica gate, towards the plain, on which stood the ruined mosque, near to which was to be seen a tall stake firmly planted in the ground, and tapering towards the summit, until it terminated in a steel point, which gleamed like a lance in the sunbeams. Opposite to it a temporary platform had been erected, upon which carpets and cushions were spread for the pasha and his suite. I placed myself as near to that spot as the guards would permit me; and shortly after I had stationed myself there Mustapha and his retinue arrived on horseback. He dismounted at the foot of the platform, and, ascending the steps,

seated himself upon his cushions; his master of the ceremonies stood at his right hand, while his standard-bearer, cup-bearer, pipe-bearer, secretaries, and the numerous other attendants inseparable from Turkish authorities, ranged themselves in a semicircle behind him, his guards surrounding the foot of the scaffolding.

Mustapha cast his eyes upon the ruined mosque and the fountain, on which some pious hand had engraven the words of Saadi, the Eastern poet:—*"Many, like me, have beheld this fountain, but their eyes are closed in death"* (as though to remind the way-faring traveller of the transitoriness of every thing upon earth, and that in the midst of life we should think upon death); and a shade of stern sorrow passed over his countenance. He then turned his eyes to the fatal stake, and a sombre fire flashed from them as they measured it from the sharp point to the widening base, and appeared to calculate the mortal agonies which that brief space would soon exhibit. Then, concentrating his emotions, he remained in silence and apparent indifference, awaiting the opening of the bloody scene.

A rumour in the crowd soon announced the approach of the criminal, who, clothed in his richest vestments, his hands bound behind his back, his tottering steps supported on each side by the executioner's assistants, drew near to the fatal spot. The wretched man cast one shuddering glance at the instrument of death, and sunk motionless to the earth. At that moment two ladders were placed against the stake, and the executioner and his assistants surrounding the culprit quickly stripped him of his clothing; an awful and almost breathless stillness pervaded the crowd; every voice was hushed; every eye was turned towards the group at the foot of the ladders,—and soon we beheld the executioner lightly ascend one of them, and await at the summit, while his assistants guided, or rather forced upwards, the unhappy Sereski. At last the topmost step was attained,—the officials closed around him,—for a moment they raised him above their heads,—the next instant a scream of agony resounded through the air,—and the men, displacing the ladders, clung to the shaft of the stake, and, sliding down with the velocity of thought, left to the thou-

sands assembled an unobstructed view of the wretched Armenian's horrible convulsions.

My heart sickened at the spectacle, and turning my eyes from it, I bent them upon the countenance of Mustapha. He had drawn his fez cap over his eyes,—was it to shade them from the sun, or to hide some trace of human emotion lurking there? his lips were closely compressed, his countenance pale but composed, and with unshaken firmness he listened to the horrible execrations and blasphemies which the fierce torments of Sereski wrung from him. In his mortal agony, he had burst the cords that bound his hands, and with desperate struggles he menaced the pasha.

"Accursed be the day I saw thee, O pasha of evil!" he cried; "accursed be the hour that thou didst enter my house! accursed be the child that has betrayed me! accursed be God for permitting it! accursed —;" but a death-rattle checked his utterance.

"Water—water!" he gasped at last, in a fainting tone.

The pasha, motioning to his cup-bearer, said, "Let the wretch drink and die!"*

The cup-bearer immediately approaching the writhing sufferer, presented a goblet of iced water to his lips; but Sereski, collecting all his energies at that moment, snatched the goblet from the slave's hand, hurled it at the pasha's head, and yelling out,— "Not from thee, accursed one!" his arms fell powerless by his side, his head sunk upon his bosom, and with that last malediction the soul of the murderer passed into eternity!

The pasha's guard then clearing a passage through the crowd, Mustapha descended from the platform with a firm step, and, mounting his horse, returned with his whole retinue to Mielnik. The multitude dispersed, and I followed with them into the town, and repaired to the house of Pascal, at the door of which was a covered araba drawn by oxen, and a few people assembled to witness its departure.

When ushered into the presence of Pascal, and after I had given him a sketch of the horrid scene I had just

witnessed, I inquired the meaning of the equipage at his door.

"It is Mustapha Pasha's araba," he replied, "come to bear away Irene, the child of Sereski, whom, in remembrance of his ancient promise to her father, he has adopted as his own daughter. He has given the fifth share of Sereski's possessions (which had devolved to her) to be distributed among the poor, and will endow the maiden with a noble portion from his own wealth. Irene was brought to my house last evening, her father's habitation having been rased to the ground during the night by the pasha's order. Thus, you see, Mustapha has kept his vow of benevolence as well as his vow of vengeance; and although the one might have served as a pretext for the non-performance of the other, he has observed them both with Turkish scrupulousness."

At that moment the shuffling of footsteps, and the sound of women's voices in the inner court, diverted his attention from me.

"It is Irene who departs," said Pascal; "I must bid her farewell." I followed him, and we reached the door just as the young Armenian, wrapped in a dark *ferigee*, and closely veiled, appeared, followed by several Turkish women. Pascal raised her in his arms, kissed her eyes, and placed her in the araba; the women took their seats beside her, the lattices were closed, and the cumbrous vehicle drove away.

"Poor child!" said Pascal; "to the last her father refused to see her. She is ignorant of his fate, and of the share she had in bringing it to pass; the pasha has commanded that it should never be made known to her. She believes that Sereski had gone to Constantinople upon business, and that he died there unexpectedly; and she is now going cheerfully to place herself under the protection of her new father."

"Will he fulfil the trust with kindness?" I inquired.

"I would stake my life upon his doing so," answered Pascal; "and it will be the maiden's own fault if Mustapha Pasha does not remain her firm friend for life."

* A single drop of water administered to an impaled criminal produces instantaneous death; and, therefore, in cases of such executions in Turkey, guards are placed round the stake to prevent such a *coup de grace* being afforded to the sufferer, who sometimes lingers in torments for two days, if a vital part has not been pierced.

The next morning, as I departed from Mielnik, I passed through the street where Sereski had resided, and found that a heap of ruins alone marked the spot where his house had stood. An hour's ride brought me from the Salonica gate to the theatre of the preceding day's tragedy. The stake was still there, covered with blood; the head of Sereski, severed from his body, had been placed upon its summit, and the vulture that was wheeling in the air above it had evidently made his meal from its eyeless sockets. A little

further on, the dismembered limbs, scattered on the plain, had already become the prey of numerous chacals, who, scared by the approach of our horses, for a moment quitted their repast to return to it with renewed voracity.

Three weeks afterwards, when returning from Salonica, I passed by the same spot, the unburied bones of Sereski were bleaching in the wind! and thus to its fullest extent—nay, to the very letter—was fulfilled the Pasha's Vow.

THE SONG OF HROLF KRAKA, THE SEA-KING.

(From the Scandinavian.)

I.

HARK! the Storm-Fiend of the deep
Wakes on old Heimdallar's steep,
Yelling out his mountain glee,
Like a soul in agony.
Rouse thee, then, my bark, to go
Through the night, and the billowy ocean-snow;
Strong thy bones, and huge thy form,
Trampler of the howling storm—
Horse of Ocean!

II.

Glorious is the eagle's eye!
He gazes afar o'er earth and sky!
He screams from the storm-cloud's misty womb!
He swells his pride in the ocean-gloom!
Thine, my bark, is keener sight,
Broader wing, and longer flight;
Freer thou, my bark, to roam—
Ocean's thine, thy boundless home,
Tempest Eagle!

III.

As a warrior in his might
Bears him in the wave of fight,
Quell the waves that round thee dash,
Round thy breast, with thundering crash:
Though their frown be black as night,
Though their foamy plume be bright,
Quell them—though their stroke be strong,
Though their shout be loud and long,
Warrior of Storms!

SPECIMENS OF PERSIAN POETRY.

THIRD SERIES.

ATTAR.

FÉRID-ED-DIN ATTAR, or Mohammed (son of Ibrahim, surnamed Nischabouri), was called "the Scourge of Spiritual Men;" he was born at Kerken, a village in the territory of Nichabour, in A.D. 1119, in the reign of Sanjah, and died at the age of 114. He lived in the society of learned and contemplative persons, devoting himself to the philosophy of the Sufis;* and occupied not only in his own works, but in collecting those of the great masters of spiritual life, of which he is said to have possessed no less than fourteen thousand volumes. At the end of his life, he arrived at that perfection in spirituality, as to be totally absorbed in holy contemplation, to the exclusion of all worldly recollections or interests. Sadée, in his *Bostan*, and Mohsani Fani in his *Dabistan*, have set forth the tenets of the Sufis, which are of the most mystical character; and from that very cause, perhaps, peculiarly adapted to the imaginative mind of a poet: scarcely any of the great masters of the art in Persia have not been followers, more or less devoted, as their works testify. Their fundamental tenets are, that nothing exists absolutely but God; that the human soul is an emanation from his essence, and will finally be restored to him; that the great object in this transitory state should be a constant approach to the Eternal Spirit, and as perfect a union to the divine nature as possible, for which reason all worldly attachments should be avoided, and in all we do a spiritual object should be kept in view, "as a swimmer, without the impediment of clothes, cleaves the waters with greater ease;" that if earthly charms have influence on the soul, how much more should the *idea* of heavenly beauty excite ecstasy and enjoyment; that in speak-

ing of love and beauty, a *divine* sentiment is always to be understood; and that the whole of man's existence must be given up to a continued longing, and endeavour to attain the reunion with the Creator of all things.

Hafiz has so well expressed the sentiments of a Sufi, in the following lines, which will at once convey the substance of this mystical belief, frequently and necessarily alluded to in speaking of the Oriental poets, that we venture to introduce them in this place:—

A being, form'd like thee, of clay,
Destroys thy peace from day to day.
Excites thy waking hours with pain,
Consumes thy sleep with visions vain.
Thy mind is rapt, thy sense betray'd;
Thy head upon her foot is laid.
The teeming earth, the glowing sky,
Is nothing to her faintest sigh.

Thy eye sees only her; thy heart
Feels only her in every part;
Careless of censure, restless, lost,
By ceaseless, wild emotions toss'd,
If she demand thy soul, 'tis given:
She is thy life, thy death, thy heaven.

Since a vain passion, based on air,
Subdues thee with a power so rare,
How canst thou marvel those who stray
Tow'rd's the true path, are led away,
Till scarce the goal they can descry,
Whelm'd in adoring mystery?

Life they regard not, for they live
In Him whose hands all being give;
The world they quit, for Him who made
Its wondrous light, its wondrous shade:
For Him all pleasures they resign,
And love Him with a love divine!

On the cup-bearer gazing still,
The cup they break, the wine they spill.
From endless time their ears have rung †
With words, by angel voices sung:
"Art thou not bound to God?" they cry;
And the bless'd "Yes!" whole hosts
reply!

* This sect derive their name either from the Greek word, signifying a *sage*, or from the woollen garment in which they are arrayed.

† The modern Sufis, who possess a belief in the Koran, suppose an *express contract on the day of eternity, without beginning*, between the assemblage of created spirits, and the supreme Soul from which they were detached, when a celestial voice pronounced these words, addressed to each spirit separately, "Art thou not with thy Lord?" i.e. "Art thou not bound by solemn contract with him?" and all the spirits answered with one voice, "Yes." Hence it is that *Alisr*, or "Art thou not?" and *Beli*, or "Yes," incessantly occur in the mystical verses of the Persians, and of the Turkish poets, who imitated them, as the Romans imitated the Greeks.

They seem unmoved, but ceaseless
thought

Works in their minds, with wisdom
fraught.

Their feet are earth, but souls of flame
Dwell in each unregarded frame.
Such power by steady faith they gain,
One yell would rend the rocks in twain;
One word the cities could o'erthrow,
And spread abroad despair and wo.
Like winds, unseen, they roam all ways;
Silent, like stone, they echo praise.
So rapt, so bless'd, so fill'd are they,
They know not night, they see not day.

So fair he seems, all things who made
The forms he makes, to them are shade.
And if a beauteous shape they view,
'Tis his reflection, shining through.
The wise cast not the pearl away,
Charm'd with the shell, whose hues are
gay :

To him, pure love is only known,
Who leaves both worlds* for God alone !

It is extremely difficult to reconcile the expressions of the Sufi poets with the meanings intended to be conveyed by them; for instance, where one of them exclaims, "Sell this world and the next for a cup of pure wine," we are startled at the advice, and it requires some study before we become aware that by a cup of pure wine is meant *faith*; and it must be confessed that the following ode, of a great Sufi poet,† must be read with more than ordinary attention, in order that the full meaning of its *devotional* fervour may be comprehended. It would rather appear to the general reader a mere bacchanalian effusion.

Grapes of pure and glowing lustre—
May the hand that pluck'd each cluster
Never shake with age !
May the feet ne'er slip that press them !
Oh ! 'tis rapture to possess them,
Spite the chiding sage.

Call, call for wine, the goblet drain,
And scatter round Spring's fairest
flowers ;
What would'st thou more of Fate obtain ?
Where canst thou seek for brighter
hours ?

This was the wakeful nightingale's first
lay,

What say'st thou to his precepts, Rose of
Day ?

Oh ! bring thy couch, where countless
roses
The garden's gay retreat discloses ;
There in the shade of waving boughs
recline,
Breathing rich odours, quaffing ruby
wine.

Thou fairest rose of all, oh ! say,
For whom thy hundred leaves dost thou
display ?

To what bless'd mortal wilt thou own,
Such buds have sprung for him alone !

* * * *

What have I now to ask ? Here all
Life's choicest gifts to me belong ;
Prudence and wisdom are but thrall,
The only friends are wine and song.

The great work of Attar is the *Perid
Nameh*, a moral poem, containing useful
maxims, of which the following
may serve as specimens :—

Wouldst thou inherit Paradise ?
These maxims keep before thine eyes ;
So thy heart's mirror shall appear
For ever shining bright and clear :
Give thanks, when Fortune smiles serene,
Be patient, when her frown is seen.
If thou hast sinn'd, for pardon plead,
And help shall follow at thy need.
But shall he hope the prize to hold,
Who with new sins conceals the old ?
Be penitent, be watchful still,
And fly the votaries of ill :
Avoid the paths that lead to vice,
And win thy way to Paradise.

The Praise of the Almighty.

Unbounded praise to God be given,
Who from his throne, the height of hea-
ven,
Look'd on this handful of frail earth,‡
Unnoticed man, and gave him birth :
On Adam breathed, and bade the wave
Pause, and his servant Noah save ;
The tempest with his terrors clad,
And swept from earth the tribe of Ad ;§
And for his "friend"||— Oh ! blissful
name !—
To roses changed a bed of flame.

* The material and the intellectual world are understood.

† Hafiz.

‡ Man was first formed of seven handfuls of different coloured clay, whence the variety of complexion. The clay of which Adam was formed, is said to have been reddish.—*Koran*.

§ The tribe of Ad was destroyed by a powerful wind, which blew for seven days and nights. From Wednesday to Wednesday.—*Ibid*.

|| Abraham is emphatically called "the Friend of God." Having been thrown, by order of Nimrod, into an immense fire, the cords only were consumed with which he was bound, and the pile became a delightful garden.—*Ibid*.

The smallest insect, at his will,
Becomes an instrument of ill ; *
He spoke—the sea o'erwhelms his foes,
And the hard rock a camel grows. †
The iron turns, at his command,
To pliant wax, in David's hand. ‡

To Solomon he gave his sway,
And bade the Deeves his sign obey : §
To one a diadem is given,
Another's head *the saw* || has riv'n.

Impartial in his goodness still,
Equal to all is or good ill.
One lies, on Persian silk reclined ;
One naked, in the frozen wind ;
One scarce can count his heaps of ore ;
One faints with hunger at the door.

He bade a virgin's child appear, ¶
And made an infant's witness clear. **

The Deeves before his vengeance fly,
By hosts of stars expell'd the sky ; ††
And kings, who hold the world in thrall,
At his imperial word to ruin fall.

URFI.

Urfi, or Oorfi, is, perhaps, one of the most mystical of the mystical poets ; and from the character of his compositions, he may be called the Orpheus of the Sufis : his *gazels* are numerous and very obscure. The following partakes of the ambiguous nature of the works of all the poets of his sect, and is equally puzzling, if intended to convey any notion of *divine* love :—

Ode.

One glance betray'd my heart—but one,
And all my happiness was gone !
Yet she shall meet no blame from me—
Such should the charm of beauty be. ‡ ‡

One draught was in the golden cup,
I drank the liquid magic up ;
Nor do I at its power repine,
For such *should* be a draught divine.

Within my breast, before my eyes,
Her image ever seems to rise ;
Even thus, a lofty temple tells
Where, throned within, an idol dwells.
At once my soul her beauty won ;
Unfelt, unmark'd, my love begun :
So in the secret earth, unsown,
The seed springs up, the flow'r is shewn.

My tears, my smiles, no reasons guide—
A thousand things the wise might chide
I do each hour ; but wherefore blame ?
Do not all lovers act the same ?

Now faint with care, now wild with joy,
Hope, dread, distrust, my hours employ,
My heart is toss'd from grave to gay,
Even as new planets rule each day.

I lose *both worlds* when I recall
Her words, looks, sighs—that charm me
all !

So the rapt spirit seeks its star
And leaves th' unfeeling crowd afar !

If Urfi's life-blood ebbs and flows,
And in thy presence pines and glows :
Seeks not yon moth the fire ?—the same
As thus I perish in thy flame ?

HILALI.

Hilali, or Hêlaly, was originally of a Turkish family, from Djagatay, but received his education at Astrabad. In his youth, he went to Khorassan, where he established himself at Hérat. As a learned man, he yields to none of his contemporaries ; as a poet, he is equal to any. He composed a volume

* Nimrod having attempted to ascend to heaven, to make war upon God, was punished by a swarm of gnats, which destroyed his impious subjects. One of the insects entered the ear or nostril of Nimrod, and penetrated his brain.—*Koran*.

† By the power of the prophet Saleh, the rock opened, and a she-camel issued forth, to the confusion of the Thamudites.—*Ibid*.

‡ The iron which David used in making coats of mail, became, in his hands, as soft as wax.—*Ibid*.

§ All the deeves and evil spirits were subject to Solomon.—*Ibid*.

|| Gensheid is said, by some Persian writers, to have been cut in two by a saw applied to the crown of his head.

¶ The immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary is implicitly believed by the Mohammedans.—*Koran*.

** An infant in the cradle is said to have borne witness to Potiphar of the innocence of Joseph.—*Ibid*.

†† The devils who endeavour to climb up into the twelve signs of the zodiac are driven away with stars, as with stones. The Mohammedans suppose those stars which sometimes appear falling, or shooting along the sky, are darted by the angels at these inquisitive demons, who would pry into the secrets of the heavenly sphere.—*Ibid*.

‡‡ A repetition of the same idea occurs in the original, at the close of every stanza : it is not easy to convey, in another language, this peculiarity, so usual in Persian verses.

of Mesnevy, in which is contained a poem, entitled, *The Shah and the Derwish*, which would have done honour to Sadee himself. It is related of him, that the first time he presented himself before Mir Alischer, the vizir and keeper of the great seal of the Sultan Hossein, and a poet also, he addressed him in verse, in the following manner: "The majesty of thy countenance has stricken me to the earth; I shall never rise again till the last judgment." Mir Alischer, charmed with the compliment, or, apparently, the poet's ready versification, demanded his surname; to which he replied that it was Hilali (Hilal signifies the new moon); when the vizir, determined not to be outdone in flattery, answered that he ought rather to have been called Bedri (Bedr is the full moon).

A less agreeable story is told of him in a poem, by Mir Mohammed Taki,* a celebrated Indian poet, who lived under the Mogul emperor Schah-alem, son of Aurengzebe. Perhaps his account is a mere poetical fiction, in which case Taki was wrong to have chosen a poet like Hilali for the hero. However that may be, the anecdote stands thus in his *Advice to Bad Poets*:

"Hilali one day presented himself before the governor of Ispahan, who was an amateur of poetry. The prince gave orders that he should be received, and welcomed him with great demonstrations of reverence, placing him near him, and conversing with much kindness. Hilali, pleased with his reception, continued to pour forth praises of the prince. The vizir introduced the subject of poetry, in order to try the poet's powers. Hilali did not require much entreaty; he recited his verses, but unhappily made many gross errors in measure, which shocked the prince, who was an excellent judge; till, at each new mistake, growing more annoyed, he at length ordered a whip to be brought, and applied it unmercifully to the shoulders of the unlucky poet, who fell, without signs of life. He was thought dead, and carried home. Nothing was talked of but this event. Hilali recovered; and seeing himself surrounded by pitying friends, exclaimed, 'Cease to blame the prince, and to call him the poet's foe; on the contrary, he loves and understands poetry, and rewards those who excel

in it: probably, he found defects in mine, and has, consequently, treated me thus rigorously. It is quite true that the poetry of the present day is execrable, and I have fallen into the bad taste which is so prevalent; but I am awakened to my defects. I will seek some great master, and form myself by his rules, and perhaps I may retrieve my lost fame.'"

It is impossible not to admire the patience with which the poet endured this severe criticism, which was carried to a greater length than any we know of in modern times, though souls have been "extinguished by an article" even in our days. Instead of giving way to despondency or resentment, Hilali immediately set out in search of the great master of his art, the celebrated Djami, with whom he passed some time, and whom he did not quit till he had attained a degree of perfection which made him worthy to appear again before the prince whose indignation he had excited. He presented himself, therefore, once more, greatly to the astonishment of the chamberlain; who, nevertheless, reported to the emir his request to be admitted. He was immediately summoned to the presence. When he entered, he was seized with timidity, and dared not advance, but remained with his head cast down, in the same attitude, exposed to the rays of the sun. At length, a sign was made for him to approach, and after an interview of some duration, the prince dismissed him, highly satisfied, with a rich present. A friend of the vizir asked the reason of the difference of the two receptions? "In the former," said he, "you received him with honour, and dismissed him with ignominy; now you give him a present, and send him away happy." "The cause," said the emir, "is this: poetry had fallen into contempt, in consequence of the conceit and ignorance of bad versifiers; the lesson Hilali received was salutary, or he would have been no better than the rest. The report of his former adventure was spread abroad, and gave a check to the audacity and impertinence of bad authors, who would else have inundated us with their worthless productions, until poetry would have become another word for infamy, and the name

* Translated from Hindostani, by M. Garcia de Tassy.

of poet a disgrace. Hilali I now find a different man, and worthy of my rewards."

"It is thus," continues the author of the *Advice to Bad Poets*, "that in former times, merit was distinguished; now, every crawling reptile pretends to soar. It is the want of discernment in the public which is the true cause of the badness of modern compositions. Mediocrity has worked itself a way unknown to the great authors of past times, and receives the applause due to genius only. Enthusiasm in truth, purity of composition, and correctness, blended with beauty of thought, are now held as nothing: each scribbler thinks himself the Sahban* of eloquence, and his pretensions are allowed!"

The fate of Hilali was a singular and a sad one. Though a Shi-ite and follower of Ali, he was suspected of favouring the creed of the Sunnites, and was, on that account, put to death by Abid Khan, prince of the Usbec Tartars (A.H. 936, A.D. 1529-30). Hilali prayed, as a last act of grace, that he might be put to death by the hand of a young man named Seifallah—"the sword of God," who happened to be at the place of execution. His request was granted. The young man, who probably had never before filled the post of an executioner, failed in the first blow, which merely wounded him on the head, and covered his countenance with blood. Hilali immediately improvised these lines:—

It is not blood, Hilali, that appears,
And gives thy fading cheek a ruddy glow;
It is thy broken heart, whose sanguine tears,
For man's injustice, and thy fate,
O'erflow!

Autumn.

As day and night each other chase,
And bring new changes ever,
So autumn comes in summer's place,
For Nature pauses never.

The dancing boughs of green, that threw
Their young and sportive arms to heaven,
Are tinted now with golden hue,
And leaves shake in the sigh of even;
Till, drooping, fading, dropping one by one,
The leafy army of the woods is gone!

The birds sit mute on ev'ry bough,
No roses blush within their bower;
Why should they tune their voices now,
When perished is each list'ning flower?
Well may their concert sadly close,
The last red leaf has left the rose!

The bul-bul wanders to and fro,
His wing is weak, his note is low;
In vain he wakes his song,
Since she he woo'd so long
No more sheds perfume on the air
around:
Her† hundred leaves lie scattered on the ground;
Or if one solitary bud remain,
The bloom is past, and only left the stain.

* A famous poet, who is recorded to have spoken half a day, to conclude a peace, without once repeating the same word.

† The extreme fondness of the Persians for the rose is remarkable. To express any thing peculiarly beautiful and delightful, they make use of the word

گل گل. The hundred-leaved rose, گل سدبرك گل-sad-berk, is that alluded to by Hilali; but the gul-i-suri, the gul-rahna, and many others, express different degrees of beauty and fragrance in the rose. The gul-i-susan is the lily; the gul-nar is the pomegranate flower; the gul-na-farman is the violet; the gul-a-mush, a kind of willow. The sky is gulgun-i-charkh; the Prophet is called gul-guna; a sigh is expressed by the word gulichah, which has several other meanings, as the disk of the sun and moon; gul-fishan is used to convey the idea of pleasure; and gul-u-dan, the filling a cup of wine. Dancing and gaiety are presented to the mind by the word gulshan-kardan; the world itself, and man, its denizen, is understood by gul-murrah. The medjnoon of the rose,* the enamoured nightingale is called, amongst many equally significant appellations, gul-dum. Grace, delicacy, and elegance are to be recognised in the term gul-andam; glad tidings, as well as one of the notes of the nightingale, is expressed by gul-hang. In fact, the expressiveness of the word is the cause of its frequent repetition, which, in the original Persian, is very far from fatiguing the ear, as it does in translation. It must be confessed that this great

* The nightingale is sometimes called the bird of a thousand songs—Hazard-asitawn. So great is his passion for the rose, that when he sees any person pull one of the flowers he utters loud cries and lamentations.

Where once amidst the blossoms was
his nest,
Thorns raise their daggers at his bleed-
ing breast.

Bright saffron tints the orange wears,
The vine deep purple clusters bears ;
The time is come her gems to shower,
And make the teeming press run o'er.

With broken hearts, and robes of san-
guine dye,
Pomegranates, ripe and rich, fall heavily ;
From ev'ry tree drop bursting fruit and
leaves ;
And the hard ground the gushing stream
receives.

The ring-doves mourn, the bees neglect
their store,
The ten-tongued lily welcomes them no
more ;
The coy moon veils in mist her yellow
brow,
Summer's last hour is passed — Autumn
is monarch now !

The princes of the East appear to have carried their attachment to men of genius to a singular excess. In all ages accounts are given of imprisonments, punishments, and rewards distributed in a somewhat capricious manner. Poor Hilali suffered a "variety of pain" during his career ; and most of the great poets of Persia experienced "how hard it is in suing long to bide." Khakani was not permitted to forget his cares in retirement ; and Firdousi was the victim of persecution. Learned men of all kinds, though they could not complain of want of patronage in general, were seldom allowed to take their own way, or choose their own place of abode. The famous physician Avicenna, when at the court of the king of Kharezmé, was invited by the great Mahmoud, sultan of Gheshna, to repair to his dominions, and illumine them by the light of his knowledge. The physician declined going, and was consequently obliged to fly from the abode he preferred. Mahmoud, enraged at his independence, immediately

caused a number of portraits of Avicenna to be executed from one in his possession, and had them sent to the different sovereigns round. The physician, meantime, had secretly withdrawn to the capital of the sultan of Jorjan, where he practised his art unsuspected. The fame of his cures, however, reached the ears of the sultan, who sent for him to visit a favourite nephew, whose illness had perplexed the faculty. The result of his observations and skill is told in the following lines :

The sage sat by the couch of gold
Where lay the hope of Persia's throne,
And held the hand so pale and cold
Which shivered in his own.

Long had he watch'd with anxious care,
And solemn night had seen his eyes
Bent on the aspect of each star
That moves in mysteries.

Nor yet had taught his wondrous art
The fatal secret, dark and ill,
Which rank'd in that youthful heart,
And spurn'd at human skill.

He spoke of all that Yemen yields,
Throughout her regions bright and
fair ;
The roses of her fragrant fields,
Her soft and balmy air.

Of the jewell'd halls of Chelminar,*
Of pearls that in the Green Seat dwell,
Of Gemsheid and his deeds of war,
And how that monarch fell.

Of virtuous Feridoun he told,
Who prized beyond his kingly store
The standard, rich with gems and gold,
That gallant Gáo † bore.

How bright-hair'd Zálzer fought ; how he
His mighty son, of old renown,
Bold Rostam, set his country free,
And Khosru won his crown.

In vain—the prince, as is in a dream,
Heeds not. He changes then the scene.
Of gentle Leila is his theme,
Of Gulendám and fair Shireen.

beauty of the Persian language, which is apparent in so very many of its terms, renders it peculiarly difficult to transfer into another, without either curtailing it of its excellence, or departing from the idiom of the language into which it is translated. This similarity of sounds and variety of meanings make the merit of many poems consist in skilful *punning*, which could not be endured in English at the present day, however much addicted to the same practice our earlier poets may have been, whose conceits bear a close resemblance to those of Eastern authors in general.

* Persepolis, built by Gemsheid, B.C. 800.

† Persian Gulf.

‡ Gáo was the general who defeated the usurper Zohac, and placed Feridoun on the throne. The standard called Gaváni, borne in the decisive battle, was kept by the monarch with religious care in his treasury, richly adorned with precious stones.

He told of fair Zuleikha's fate,
The Asis' envied, wretched bride ;
Condemn'd to writhe in chains of state,
And sigh for Yussuf's smile denied.

A flush his patient's brow betray'd,
As gleams on palest roses play,
That to the watchful sage convey'd
A clue to work his mazy way.
Those sighs, those changing colours, prove
The sick youth's malady is love.

He paused : " Tell, chamberlain," he
cried,

" Some tale the tedious time to cheat ;
Describe me all the pomp and pride
That on thy monarch's splendour wait,
For I am weary — tell me straight
What beauties in his court abide."

A tremor shook the sick youth's frame :
" Are there not some whose dazzling
eyes

Might win them well a houri's name,
And gain a place in Paradise ?"

" Yes, some like Cashmeer's fruits there
he,

Like Khoten's musk or Cazvin's
flowers ;

But far above the rest is she
For whom yon rich pavilion towers :

Even as the moon is brighter far

Than all the shining host beside,

Zittara is the fairest star,

She—destined for our sultan's bride."

A start, a thrill, a murmur'd tone,

Speaks all the sage so long had sought.

Straight to the monarch is he gone,

And thus he probes his secret thought :

" What wouldst thou give to see the
bloom

Of health on Ali's cheek once more ;

To see his eye its fire resume,

And hear his voice as oft of yore ?"

" Ask all ! — there's not a treasure lies

In the rich cavern of the mine

I would not give, to see his eyes

Once more with health and pleasure
shine."

" Thou hast a treasure, richer still

Than turkis stones or pearls of price,

More pure than is the crystal rill

That laves the meads of Paradise.

There is a voice whose faintest sigh

More charms the dying Ali's ear,

Than those white birds whose melody

Is warbled for the blest to hear.

Wouldst thou not have thy throne a void,

Dost thou e'en yet his safety seek,

Although his bliss thy own destroy'd,

Let me the fatal secret speak."

A light flash'd from the monarch's eyes :
" Speak out ! — I grant him all !" he
cried.

" 'Tis for thy favourite slave he dies."

" No more ! — Zittara * is his bride !"

The sultan of Jorjan recognised in Avicenna the original of one of the portraits which had been sent to him, but no menaces could induce him to deliver him up ; and he remained a considerable time as the guest of the generous monarch, rewarded with honours and riches.

At the same time that the princes of the East are accused of persecuting men of letters, the protection they afforded them is equally conspicuous ; and the effects related of the influence of poetry on the minds of persons in power is peculiarly striking in Eastern records. The poet Birni was consulted by the Emperor Mahommed III., when marching against the rebellious Moghuls to the Deccan, and when in the height of his irritation could bear to listen to his advice. Tamasp, the emperor of Persia, was softened by the elegant poetry of his favourite sultana to espouse the cause of the fugitive Humaion ; and it is related of a certain sheikh, who had long lingered in captivity in Yemen, that, by the melody of his verses, composed during his imprisonment, and overheard by his gaoler, he softened the heart, not only of that functionary, but, on repeating the poem to the imaum, by whose orders he had been confined, effectually subdued his anger, and was set at liberty. His lines were suggested by seeing a bird through the bars of his prison.

The Captive Sheikh.

River ! whose waters murmuring stray,

Oh, could I by thy side

Mark how, like joys that steal away,

Thy waves in music glide —

Oh ! might I watch thee, glitt'ring by,

Without these bars that mock my eye,

As welcome and as blest to me

Thy cool and sparkling waves would be

As those that lead to Aden's shore,

Where he who drinks shall thirst no more.

Thy course is onward, wide and free ;

When will such course return to me ?

At liberty ! How blest art thou !

Whilst I, in fetters bound,

Press 'gainst these bars my fever'd brow,

And listen for a sound,

To still one moment's space the sigh

Of hopeless, sad captivity.

* Zittara, in Persian, means a star.

And thou, fair bird, whose notes arise
Sweet as the bells of paradise,
That chase the slumbers of the blest,
And soothe his soul to dreams of rest—
What art thou? from what pleasant home
Of ceaseless music dost thou come?
Say, if amidst the Sudrû's shade
Thy nest of perfumed leaves is made?
Art thou of those of spotless wing
That round the throne of glory sing?
Or dost thou come, a messenger,
To bear me tender news of her,
Whose truth can time and absence dare,
Who loves—like me—amidst despair?

The dew* of pearl on Yemen's waves
That sparkle pure and bright,
Ere yet in foaming ocean's caves
Its gems are formed of light,
Is not so pure, so fair as she,
So precious as her heart to me!

But what am I? My mem'ry now
Would cloud the sunshine of her brow.
My fame is past, my glory fled,
My name enroll'd amongst the dead:
Forgot by all I ever knew,
Why should not she forget me too?

Go, soaring bird! thy lays are vain—
They add new torture to my pain;
Attendant on thy notes appear
The shades of many a buried year,
Whose glitt'ring colours charm my sight,
Then fade and leave me deeper night.
They shew when from my desert home,
Free as my steed, 'twas mine to roam.
How, even then, the future's dream
Made present good of no esteem:
By custom too familiar grown,
I slighted joys that were my own.
Alas! since then, long years of pain
Have proved their worth—but proved in vain!

Oh! that I could recal the past
Hours, days, and years, I dared to waste.
But vain repentance—vain regret!
My only task is to forget.

No more I'll seek my prison-grate,
With straining eye and heart elate,
To welcome stream, and wood, and plain,
That never may be mine again.
I turn from scenes so bright, so dear,
And find my only world is—here!

ANWAREE.

At the opening of the twelfth century lived Anwaree—i. e. Illustrious—a native of Khorassan. So excellent are his verses considered, that he has been styled the Sultan of Khorassan. He studied at Tus, where it is recorded of him that, as he was sitting at the gate

of his college, when yet a youth, a man richly dressed rode by on a fine Arabian horse, with a numerous train of attendants. On inquiry, he found this to be a poet belonging to the court, and was much impressed on reflecting to what honours and dignities a genius for poetry might lead. Encouraged by this idea, he applied himself diligently to study; and having finished a poem, presented it to the Sultan Sanjar, a great admirer of the fine arts. He was pleased with the work of Anwaree, and invited him to his palace, where he was afterwards raised to the first honours of the state. He found many other poets at court; among whom were Selman, Zehir, and Reshidi—all men of wit and genius, but each eminent in a different way: the first for the delicacy of his manner; the second for the moral tendency of his poems; and the third, Reshidi, for the correctness and propriety of his compositions, a virtue which his predecessors and contemporaries were too apt to neglect, and one for which he himself particularly commends Anwaree, between whom and Reshidi there, nevertheless, existed a feud, the latter having espoused the cause of the viceroy Tacash, afterwards sultan of the Kharezmiens, whom Sanjar besieged in the fortress of Hezâr Esb. It is related of these two poets that, during the hostilities between their several chiefs, they made war in their own way, attaching verses to the ends of arrows, and sending them to each other.

Anwaree, however, appears to have appreciated the merits of his rival, as he says of him, "Reshidi is like an ivory comb, which disentangles the most knotted hair." Reshidi also commends Anwaree, in a like spirit, for having first purified the Persian poetry.

The following lines do not exhibit Anwaree in a very gallant point of view:

Woman o'er our life's calm sky
Comes, with mist and storm about her;
Man is like the moon, all bright
Till her clouds obscure his light:
Better from the danger fly—
Better learn to live without her.

Fable.

A youthful fox, content and gay,
Went rambling forth one summer day;

* The dew that falls on the waters, in the province of Yemen, is believed to form itself into pearls at the bottom of the sea.

Along the flow'ry meads he sped,
 And where the woods their covert spread :
 The sun was bright and fresh the air —
 He fear'd no foe and felt no care.
 When, from a verdant path hard by,
 He saw a comrade fox draw nigh,
 Who cried aloud, " Good friend, away !
 The sultan comes to hunt to-day
 With hounds and men, a gallant train,
 To chase the wild-ass o'er the plain."
 The youthful fox replied : " But why
 Am I thus warn'd ? No ass am I."
 His friend in haste return'd : " You're
 right,
 But distance may deceive their sight ;
 When, bent on sport, they spy the game,
 An ass or fox is just the same."
 The first, with startled air, rejoind'd,
 " Your well-timed fears disturb my mind.
 The great are blind, when seeing clear
 Would spoil their pastime and their cheer :
 And well you judge,—to them, good brother,
 As fit one victim as another."

Satire on Himself.

" Sing lays of love," the poet said ;
 " Where is Anwaree's tuneful song ?"
 I answer'd, " From my lute are fled
 Sounds that to praise or blame belong.
 And love, though once my nightly dream,
 Is now a lost, forgotten theme.
 Though satire once my numbers spoke,
 And adulation once awoke
 My chords, those idle strains are o'er ;
 'Tis gone—the past returns no more.
 Whole nights—how ill employ'd !—I
 strove

Some fair seducer's ear to charm,
 To weave in verse soft chains of love,
 And beauty's soul with rapture warm ;
 And even worse, have toil'd to find
 Praise for some patron's sordid mind ; *
 Nor scorn'd for gold my lines to sell
 To one who paid the beggar well.
 And bitter scoff my satire flung ;
 The fool, the knave, my venom stung.
 Blest be the spirit which expell'd

At once three demons from my soul—
 From praise, blame, love, my thoughts
 withheld,

Which stray'd too long without control.
 Let faith, Anwaree, all replace
 That kept thee from the path of grace.
 Pursue thy new and sacred plan ;
 But know that boasting suits not man.

All thy past errors to retrieve,
 Life has but *moments* now to give.

KÂSHIFI.

Husain Vais, surnamed Kâshifi, flourished about A.D. 1505 (A.H. 911). The most celebrated of his works is the *Anwari Sohcili*, a Persian version of the Sanscrit *Hitopadesa* (or Amicable Instruction), by Vishnuserman, or, as he is commonly and improperly called, Pilpay. The story of "The Two Doves" is continually quoted by writers on Persian literature, and, though somewhat unpromising, from the apparent puerility of its subject, possesses much beauty and feeling. The circumstances which give rise to the fable are as follow : Dâbeshelim was an Indian prince of great power, wise, just, wealthy, and fond of learning. He gave one day an entertainment, at which several men of letters were present ; and the discourse having turned upon benevolence, after the festivity he ordered his treasury to be opened, and gave immense sums away to his subjects. At night he had a dream, in which, as a reward for his liberality, he was directed to a cave where was a hidden treasure of great value. He repaired thither the next day, and, amidst various precious deposits, found a casket of gold studded with jewels, and containing a paper in the Syriac language, which proved to be a string of maxims written by Husbeng, an ancient king of Persia, and left with the treasure as a legacy to this Indian prince. These maxims are fourteen. The paper promised a full illustration of each head, provided the king would undertake a voyage to Ceylon, where he would meet with one who would give him entire satisfaction. Dâbeshelim deliberated with two of his ministers on the expediency of this journey. The first endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking ; and, to give force to his arguments, related the story of "The Two Doves," to shew the dangers of travel and the virtues of contentment. †

* It is scarcely surprising that the poet became weary of writing laudatory verses, in which he thought it necessary to introduce such extravagances as the following epithets, which abound in his, as in the *Kassidehs* of so many of the Oriental writers : " You are higher in power and dignity than the heavens and Saturn. When you are pleased, you support the world ! Looking-glass of perfection ! The world has nothing that can compare with you ! the heavens cannot give compensation for you !"

† The monarch, however, was not deterred from his wish ; and having visited Ceylon, there met with the Brahmin Beidpay, or Pilpay (Vishnuserman), from whom he learned all he wished to know.

The Two Doves. A Fable.

(From the "Anware Soheili."*)

One nest, amidst a bower of blushing
roses,
Held two fair doves, whose gentle hearts
were twined,
Close as the leaves ere yet the flow'r
uncloses;
The same their plumage, and the same
their mind.
They knew not jealousy, they felt not
care;
Their world was in that spot so fresh
and fair.
Like hermits in their solitary dwelling,
They look'd to heaven and found their
wants supplied,
At morn and eve, in gentle murmurs
telling
How dear to each the lover and his
bride.
Alike their simple strain, alike their love;
And this the song they taught the
list'n'ing grove:

Lay.

"Our home is in this blissful place,
Where 'midst the leaves we hide:
I look on my beloved's face—
I see her form of waving grace,
And ask no joy beside."

But time stole on—the lovers now
Had seen two summers' roses blow;
Less bright appeared the sky, the stream
Less jocund in the morning's beam.
Ah, faithless Fortune! ever bent to prove
The force of time and custom upon love!

Bazinda† spoke: "How long," he said,
"shall we

Dwell fix'd together on the selfsame tree?
What life is this? How wearisome! how
tame!

Untroubled calm, 'tis true, but still the
same.

If here unknown, unnoticed, both remain,
Genius, taste, spirit, all were given in
vain.

The sword will rust, despite its temper'd
steel,

If the bright blade the scabbard long
conceal;

The poet feels in vain the glow divine,
If none attend to his impassion'd line.
The earth is motionless; and beings base
Tread on its bosom and deform its face.
The heavens move ever; and, with deep
devotion,

We watch the pomp of its majestic
motion."

"Oh, fatal dream!" the female dove
replied;

"The pain of travel thou hast never tried.
Thou hast not paused before a stranger's
gate,

Nor known the sorrows of a stranger's
state.

Sad is the stranger's prayer at evening's
close;

He sits alone in a deserted dwelling;
After his day of toil, no soft repose;

With grief unshared his pensive bosom
swelling.‡

No pain so great, no torture to the heart
Like absence and the sighs of friends
apart."

BAZINDA.

"Though danger and fatigue await
The wand'r'er on his way,
The wonders of his new-found state
His toil can well repay."

NAZINDA.

"If all thy course were in the flow'ry
meads,
Which lovely Irem as her carpet spreads,
Thy bosom's friend beside thee all day
long,
Soothing thy pleasing toil with many a
song,
'Twere well. Are we not happy? Pon-
der yet;
Be still content, and these vain dreams
forget."

BAZINDA.

"Sigh no more—be wise, be gay;
Talk no more of parting sorrow:
If a cloud obscure to-day,
Suns of gladness rise to-morrow.
Hear how well the poet sings,
Lore that from experience springs:

Song.

'Wherefore give thy heart to one?
Wherefore love one bower alone?

* The Light of Soheil, or Canopus.

† Bazinda is the name given to the male; Nazinda, to the female dove.

‡ The similarity of this passage to one in the *Attika* of M. de Chateaubriand is remarkable:—

"Ah, happy they who ne'er have seen
The blue smoke of the stranger's hall—
Whose feet have never wand'ring been
Beyond their native country's call.
His solitary journey past,
The traveller sits him down at last:
Sees other homes, so fair, so blest.
The traveller has no place of rest!"

Seas are broad and lands are wide,
 Friends in ev'ry spot abide ;
 Some we leave—but why deplore,
 Since the world has many more ?
 Who, a denizen of shade,
 Ever dared great deeds to do ?
 Action for the bold was made,
 And his course let each pursue."

NAZINDA.

" Ah, restless friend, since thou canst jest
 With all life holds of dearest, best—
 Since thou canst look to distant shores,
 And long for other joys than ours—
 Forgetting all the sage has taught,
 And holding true affection naught,—
 In vain should I essay to bind
 With reason's chain thy wav'ring mind.

Lay.

Who from a friend can turn away,
 And seek new faces and new hearts ;
 Yields to his foe an easy prey,
 And from all happiness departs."

They parted—mournful was the day,—
 Bazinda's heart remorse subdued ;
 Now bent to go, now prone to stay,
 He lingered near their solitude.
 But as it faded from his view
 A freer, bolder breath he drew ;
 Looked round on mountain, sky, and
 stream,
 And yielded to the witching dream.

Gardens were near—Al Jannat's bowers
 Shew'd not such multitudes of flowers.
 Hills, lost amidst the clouds, looked down
 on earth

As on an emmet's mound just sprung to
 birth ;
 Meadows all glowing with enamelled
 hues

Refreshed the eye, sparkling with silver
 dew ;

And gales shed perfume as they fluttered
 by,

Like bags of musk from fragrant Tartary.
 " Blest scene !" he cried ; " content with-
 out alloy !

This is delight,—here reigns untroubled
 joy.

Here let me rest, where pain can never
 come,—

Here where the phoenix builds her spicy
 home."

Scarce had he spoke, the wind with sud-
 den yell

Burst from its caverns,—clouds swept
 wildly past,—

In darts of flame the livid lightning fell,—
 The thunder's mighty bolts abroad were
 cast.

Snapped from its stalk the varied tulip
 lies,
 Quenched is the light in the Narcissus'
 eyes,
 Majestic trees, like fragile flowers, are
 riven ;
 The streams in torrents o'er the meads are
 driven ;
 The night comes on,—cold, rayless,
 cheerless all.

Ah ! little think the gay, the proud,
 the vain,*

Of those who in this war of nature call
 For aid, for pity, they shall ne'er ob-
 tain !

Bazinda, cowering in the thickest gloom,
 Beholds around him spread one general
 tomb.

The weary hours he counts in deep dis-
 may,—

Thinks of the home he left, and friend so
 far away.

" Ah ! had I known the misery in store
 For those whom Fate has from each
 other parted,

I had not left thee for a single hour,—
 I had not mourned, oppressed and
 broken-hearted."

But morn rose fair, and chased away
 Darkness and storm ; up sprung the
 day.

The dove his course once more pur-
 sued,

And spread his wings, by hope renewed.
 Shall he return ? or tempt again

The pains and pleasures that remain ?

While still he paused, swift as the blast

Borne on the clouds a falcon passed,—

A falcon, whose all-piercing eye

At once could measure earth and sky ;

Whose aim was sure, whose swoop was
 fate ;

He marks the prey, with joy elate.

To every power Bazinda cried for aid,—

Prayers, vows of future penitence, he
 made ;

Then fluttering, fainting, hurried on in
 dread :

When, towering far above the falcon's
 head,

Cleaving the ether with his rapid flight,

A mighty eagle met his straining sight.

The rivals meet, in deadly strife engage,

And the affrighted dove escapes their
 rage.

But now his way is lost ; and many a
 day

Forlorn in desert wilds 'twas his to stray ;
 Now caught in snares, escaping, and

pursued,

Condemned to servile fare and comrades
 rude ;

* " Ah, little think the gay, licentious crowd," &c. The idea is the same as Thomson's. A similar coincidence is striking in a former part of the poem to the thought,— " Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare."

In caves he lurked, in ruins lay concealed,
His plumage torn and soiled, his wounds unhealed.
And this was he who lived 'midst roses long,
And heard all night the bul-bul's tender song;
Whose wondrous fancy made his joys grow dim,
And fill'd his cup with sorrow to the brim!

The earliest ray that fondly dries
The tears within the violet's eyes
Had scarcely broke, when lone, distressed,
Awake in her deserted nest,
Mazinda's ear a sound has caught
So oft, so long, so vainly sought.
"Hark! does his voice the zephyr bring?
Hark! 'tis the flutter of his wing!
Am I the blessed one, released from pain,
Who ope my eyes to see my love again!"

What tears, embraces, questions kind,
With chidings soft, and many a kiss!
Such welcome did the wanderer find,
"Twere worth the pain to feel the bliss.
"Ask not," he said, "of perils now,
Look on me with that heavenly brow;
Talk not of grief in music's tone,
But let me live for thee alone.

Some night, when moonlight gilds our bower,
And sleeping is each perfumed flower,
Twined in thy arms,* content at last,
I'll tell thee of my sorrows past;
Then all my errors, all my wo,
It shall be thine, dear love, to know;
And while I every fault confess,
Thy chiding shall but wake a smile;
I know thou wilt not love me less,
And with forgiving fond caress
Thou'lt pity and lament the while:
Whilst I, by sad experience wise,
Will seek no distant Paradise;
But own the spot for ever blest
Is where the lov'd one builds her nest."

TOGRAY.

Mouayyad-ed-din Abou Ismael Hossein al Togray, the son of Ali, was a native of Ispahan, and became very celebrated as a writer, both in prose and verse; for which cause he is frequently called by the title of Fakhr-

Eleattab, *i. e.*, the Honour of Writers. He was vizier of Mas'oud, son of Mohammed Seljoukide, sultan of Moussul. This sultan being at war with his brother Mahmoud, a great battle was fought near Hamadan, in the year 514 or 15 of the Hegira (A. D. 1120-21), in which the latter gained the victory. Togray, who is commonly called *Alostad*, *i. e.*, master or doctor, was one of the first who fell into the victor's power; and the vizier of Mahmoud hastened to put him to death, under the false pretext that he professed the doctrine of the Molaheds, or Ismaelians, but, in reality, because he feared his talents. Togray was at this time about sixty years of age, as the verses testify which he wrote at that period on the occasion of the birth of his son, in which he thus expresses himself. "This child, born to me in my old age, has charmed my eyes, and inspired me at the same time with grave reflections; for fifty-seven years leave traces on the face of the hardest stone."

A collection of the poems of Togray has been made, the most celebrated of which is that called *Lamiyya-al-adjem*, so called because all the verses terminate with the letter *lam* (ل); † the Persian *al-adjem* is added to distinguish it from an ancient poem of the same name, the *Arab* author of which is Shanvary.

The poet's surname of Togray he obtained in consequence of his occupation in the chancellor's office, whose business it is to trace, in large character, on the diplomas, the peculiar cypher called in Persian † *Togra*, or *Toghrā*, which are generally written in a fine ornamented handwriting. This accomplishment, in which Togray excelled, was one of the causes of the enmity of Mahmoud's vizier, which will not appear surprising when it is remembered that some of the most distinguished ministers have valued themselves on their fine penmanship.

Togray added to his numerous names that of Mounschi (*i. e.*, a man of extensive business),—a person employed to draw up the letters written in the name of the prince.

He was addicted to alchemy, and

* The poet occasionally appears to throw off the shackles of allegory, and abandon himself to a more natural expression of feeling, which it is to be regretted is not the case throughout the poem.

† *Lam*, in poetry, is the emblem of a ringlet of hair.

‡ Which should contain all the names and letters of the sovereign, interlaced in a peculiar manner.

wrote a treatise on the philosopher's stone.

Eulogy on Kashmeer.

Hail to the city from whose bowers,
The glowing Paradise of flowers,
Soft zephyrs waft the rose's breath—
By moonlit night and blushing dawn—
Even to the ruby hid beneath
The golden hills of Badakhshân.*

Whose gale with perfume-laden wing,
O'er Arab deserts hovering,
A tint as radiant can bestow
As beams that in the emerald glow.

Upon thy mountains fresh and green
The velvet turf is scarcely seen ;
So close the jasmines twine around,
And strew with star-like flowers the ground.
The ruddy glow of sunset lies
Within thy rich pomegranate's eyes,
And, flashing midst the tulip-beds,
A blaze of glory round them sheds.

Night dwells amidst thy spicy groves,
Thy saffron-fields the star of morning loves.

Thy violets have tales of eyes as fair,
Thy hyacinths of waving dusky hair,
Thy glittering sunflowers make the year all spring,
Thy bees their stores are ever gathering ;
And from the rose's branches all day long
Pours the melodious nightingale her song ;
Amidst the leaves her bark-like nest is tossed,
In melody, and love, and beauty lost.

The rich narcissus, quaffing dewy wine,
Clings to thy breast, where buds unnumbered twine ;
No eye can see the bound where end thy bowers,
No tongue can number half thy gem-like flowers.

Such freshness lingers in thy air of balm,
That even the tulip's burning heart confesses
The life its sigh bestows at evening's calm,
When the glad cypress shakes her graceful tresses.

The waves of each rejoicing river
Murmur melody for ever,
And to the sound, in wild amaze,
On their high crests the dancing bubble plays ;

While Lotus flowers, just opened, raise
Their bright eyes up to Heaven in praise.
So clear thy waters, that, reflected there,
The dusky Æthiop's skin is pearly fair ;
So cool, that as the sun his fingers laves,
They shiver on the surface of thy waves.
The immortal lily, white as angels' plumes,

All day, all night, the grove with light illumines ;

The grove where garlands by the roses made

Like clustering Pleiads glimmer through the shade,

And hide amidst their leaves the timid dove,

Whose ringed neck proclaims the slave of love.

Tell me what land can boast such treasures,—

Is aught so fair, is ought so dear !

Hail ! Paradise of endless pleasures,—

Hail ! beautiful, beloved Kashmeer !

KHOSRU.

Emir Khosru (or Khosraw), of Delhi, is one of the most famous among the Persian bards who flourished in India. He sprung from a family of Turkhistân, where his father, Mahmud, was the emir of Latschin. In the reign of Jengiskhan, he took refuge in India, where he was well received by the emperor, Mohammed, and was invested with the dignity of an emir, to which his son Khosru succeeded. The poet, however, towards the close of his life, withdrew from his post and from the court, and became a disciple and follower of the Sheikh-Nizam-el-ewlia, and expunged from his diwan many poems which only dwelt on the praise of princes. He was greatly esteemed at the court of the generous Prince Balin, emperor of Hindostan, and presided at the literary meetings, which were composed of all the learned men

* Badakhshân is celebrated for its balass rubies. Badakhshi the poet, so called from his birthplace, has the following couplets in one of his poems :—

What is like the life of man,
Toiling through his little span ;
Child of hope, and doubt, and care,—
Rocked by transport or despair ?

Like the hour-glass in his state,
Such the emblem of his fate ;
Like its sands which ever flow,
Alternating high and low.

—philosophers, poets, and divines— with which the country abounded, and who flocked to that court, which was considered the most magnificent and polite in the world; many of them in the suite of all those unfortunate princes deprived of their kingdoms by the victorious Jengiskhan, who found a refuge with Mahommed. Sumptuous palaces and liberal allowances were assigned them; and on public occasions the magnificent emperor surrounded himself with these dethroned monarchs, ranked before his throne according to their dignity, all standing to the right and left, excepting two princes of the race of the Caliphas, who were permitted to sit on either side of the Musnud.

The great models of Khosru were Nizami and Sadee, both as to contemplative life and the art of poetry—the inward and external show of knowledge. His diwan could never be completely collected; which is not surprising, as he himself mentions that he had written nearly a *million* lines. Besides an immense number of Gazels, he wrote a work consisting of five poems, as Nizami had done, and as Djami afterwards did. We are told that it consisted of the following,—“Matali-ol-enwar “Extinguishing of the Light,—“Khosru and Shireen,” “Leila and Medjnoon,” “Alexander’s Mirror,” and the “Eight Paradises.”

Before his death, he collected his poems, and divided them into four parts, under the heads of those written in “Youth,” in “Early Manhood,” in “Middle Life,” and in “Old Age.” Besides these, he wrote a treatise, called the *Union of the two happy stars, Jupiter and Venus*, dedicated to the sultan, Ala-ed-din, of Delhi; the *Praise of India*; the *History of Delhi*; the *Book of the Nine Shields*; *Khizzer and Dewildé*; and a work on music, in its theoretical and practical results.

Khosru died at an advanced age, in the year of the Héjira, 715 (A. D. 1315), and was buried at Delhi, close to the grave of the scheikh, Nisam-ol-Ewlia.

On the occasion of a contest between the poet and a musician, as to the superiority of either art, Khosru composed the following:—

Music and Poetry.

GAZEL.

The Musician.

Are not music’s charms above
All the poet’s pen can tell?
Without words it speaks of love,—
Ah! can language speak as well?
Music, like the zephyr’s sigh,
Sweeps along with joy elate;
But on thoughtful poetry
Toil and anxious care await.

The Poet.

Never yet did poet deem
Melody of little worth;
But her powers are in esteem
For the thoughts that give them birth.
Should the lover find no words
All his fondness to express,
When he strikes the yielding chords
Can the fair his meaning guess?
But the poet, skilled to say
All he feels in words of fire,
Bears the precious prize away
While the strings his songs inspire.
Music is the casket rare
Bridal splendour may provide;
Poetry, undecked but fair,
Is herself the lovely bride.

GAZEL.

Night sees me prostrate at your door,
To cheerful day my grief is known;
Oh, fairest, scorn this heart no more,
So long, so tenderly your own!
We met, and since that fatal day
A whole existence seemed to pass away!
Although to perish be my doom,
My love will still survive the same;
Though this frail form should dust become,
Yet all my heart would still be flame.*

* Very similar in style to this kind of poems are many of the lays of the troubadours, the greater part of whom are rather anxious to display their wit than their feeling. There are many bright exceptions, as the exquisite poems of Adhemar, Bernard de Ventadour, Cabestaing, and others, prove; and one glance at their compositions is sufficient to recognise the real and the assumed lover. The later French poets deserve the same blame, like many of our elegant and courtly minstrels of Charles’s reign, whose grace and elegance is their merit,—for we look in vain for the true feeling which touches the heart, because the heart inspired it. There is a poem of Maynard’s very like the above of Khosru’s, ending with these lines:

“Those who upon the mournful bier
My senseless form behold
Will find, in characters of flame,
Graved on my breast thy cherish’d name.”

Worn out with care, the sage I sought
 Whose skill could many ills subdue ;
 I told what days of anxious thought,
 What nights of sleepless grief I knew ;
 And when he heard me thus complain,
 He found 'twas love that caused my pain.

" Begone," he said, " and seek the spot
 Where she resides so fondly dear ;
 Tell her the misery of thy lot,
 And pour thy sorrows in her ear.
 Thy only remedy is this—
 From her bright lips to gain a kiss !"

I went,— I saw the gentle maid,
 And dared the fatal words to speak ;
 She heard, half angry, half afraid,
 While blushes stained her tulip-cheek.
 " Who art thou, plaintive youth, and
 why
 Com'st thou to ask my clemency ?

" Unnumbered slaves are mine, I know ;
 I cannot count the servile train ;
 And in my path, where'er I go,
 Scarce noticed lie the heaps of slain.
 But what art thou, so sore distressed,—
 More worth my care than all the rest ?"

" One," I replied, " like Medjnoon, lost,
 Within whose heart no hope abides ;
 In every wish by fortune crossed,
 With whom unpitied wo resides !
 A victim by thy beauty won,—
 The truest, and the most undone !"

She smiled—she paused—then blushing
 said,

" Dost thou *indeed* so truly love ?
 Be comforted,—'twere ill repaid,
 Should I thy tenderness reprove.

Let pensive Khosru sigh no more,
 This kiss shall all his soul restore."

GAZEL.

Thou, fair one, whose narcissus-eyes
 Bright with Love's sacred mysteries,
 The very gods themselves inspire,
 Who shamest the praises of my lyre ;
 Thou hast the *peri's* form and grace,—
 Ah ! tell me, art thou of their race ?
 It cannot be that common earth
 Has given such rare perfection birth.

To roam in many lands was mine
 A worshipper at Beauty's shrine.
 Her wondrous power o'er all I knew
 Have tried and felt what love can do ;
 But never learned before to bow,—
 'Tis more than beauty charms me now.

'Tis Khosru pleads—in mercy hear !
 Khosru, whose numbers some hold dear.
 A plaintive stranger at thy gate
 Asks pity for his helpless state ;
 Let not a wretch in vain implore,
 Nor spurn the stranger from thy door !

Ode.

Beauty makes not real worth,—
 Inward goodness is the gem ;
 If the heart ill weeds bring forth,
 Vain is beauty's diadem.
 'Tis like words, debased and vile,
 Painted in the richest style
 Which the artist's skill can trace,*—
 But still worthless, vile, and base.

How different are these conceits from the beautiful simplicity of the affecting lines of Charles, duke of Orleans, beginning,

" Mon seul amy, mon bien, ma joye !"

or the deep melancholy of Alain Chartier's,—

" Si disoye : il fault que je cesse," &c.

* The beauty of Eastern writing has been already frequently alluded to.

THE DIRGE OF THE HURON CHIEF.

(Translated from the "*Madewitschke Todtenlied*" of SCHILLER.)

SEE! on the mat he's sitting,
Upright sits he there;
The aspect calm he wore in life
He seemeth yet to wear.

Where is the strong arm's might?
Where are the lips that breathed
The smoke to the Red Man's Manitou,
From the calumet up-wreathed?

Where is the falcon-eye,
That mocked the elk's swift race,
That the moose's trail on the waving grass,
On the dewy plain could trace?

Where are the feet that flew
Over the silent snow,
Like the feet of a stag, a stag of ten,
Like the feet of the mountain roe?

The arms that strained the bow,
Whence the arrow deadliest sang—
Behold! the life hath vanished,
Behold! how slack they hang!

Farewell! away he wanders
Where snow no more is seen—
Where, wide o'er the happy hunting grounds,
The maize is waving green.

On each bough the birds are dancing,
Fish in each lake's blue wave;
In each glade the moose is bounding,
For the spirits of the brave!

He feasts above with the spirits,
With the shades of his fathers blest;
He hath left us behind his deeds to sing,
As we bear him to his rest.

Bring here the funeral gifts—
Shrill the death-song pour!
In the grave lay all that joy may give
To the soul of the Sagamore.

Under the warrior's head
Lay the tomahawk so strong;
Lay the flesh of the bear and the antelope,
For the path is drear and long.

Lay next the broad bright knife,
That from the foe failed never,
With the three long steady gashes,
The scalping-tuft to sever.

Next paint, to dress the warrior,
Lay in the dead man's hand;
That, redly decked, he may wander on,
On to the spirit-land!

FRENCH PARTIES AND PROSPECTS.

"*A VOTRE SANTÉ, LOUIS, MON VIEUX !*" roared a veteran blacksmith of the Faubourg St. Martin school of politics, as he made from the black-necked bottle a long and strong pull at its sour and miserable contents, *macon ordinaire*; and then, suiting the action to the word, wiped the mouth of the bottle aforesaid with his yet blacker shirt sleeve, and handed the residue to Louis Philippe. The citizen-king, then surrounded by the "republican institutions" which Lafayette promised to place about him, to keep the barricade royalty in order, raised the bottle to his mouth, replied, "*A votre santé, mon ami !*" and drank in the presence of the ecstatic crowd this strange decoction of vine-juice, vinegar, and water. "*Voilà la meilleure des républiques !*" shouted that poor old lady, Lafayette; and the journals next day recounted the scene with touching pathos. "*Désormais une charte sera une vérité !*" cried the triumphant monarch; and the mob, in all its innocent simplicity, clapped its hands and drank more "*macon.*" (*Historical.*)

"*Voulez-vous des pommes de terres, mon enfant ?*" asked a journeyman baker of the then Duke of Chartres (now the Duke of Orleans), as "Hail fellow, well met!" the officers and men of the artillery of the national guards assembled in a low *cabaret* to lunch together, in the glorious weeks which followed the yet more glorious days of July, 1830. "*Oui, mon camarade !*" replied the young duke, to the old maker of loaves and rolls; and the former "stood treat" for a couple of bottles of champagne. And then, as after lunch they sate in courteous chat, the following conversation took place, which, for the benefit of the unlearned, we shall translate into plain English.

Baker. Well, but tell me, young'un, what does your father say to the "republican institutions" promised us by Lafayette?

Grocer. Ah, yes! ah, yes! Come, young gentleman, let's have this out at once, to prevent mistakes hereafter. What does your father say to the republican institutions which Lafayette promised us?

The Duke. Why, to tell you the truth, my good friends, I have not

heard him speak about them; but I know that he says, "A charter shall be from henceforth a truth, and no deception."

Baker. Ah, that's all very well as far as it goes; but I want to hear less about the charter, and more about the republican institutions.

Grocer. That's it, that's it!—less about the charter, and more about the republican institutions!

The Duke. But what do you mean, my friends, by "republican institutions?" I thought it was agreed to have a monarchy, and not a republic. I know my father thinks so too; and I should astonish and offend him if I were even so much as to speak about a republic.

Baker. No, not a republic, but republican institutions.

Grocer. Yes, young man; don't shirk the question. We don't say a republic, but only republican institutions. We must have "the consequences of the revolution."

Paper-hanger. Gentlemen, I prefer that phrase to the former. Let the young man tell his father that we "expect to have the consequences of the revolution."

The Duke. "Republican institutions, and not a republic," "a monarchy, with republican institutions," and "the consequences of the revolution." I confess I do not understand you.

Butcher. Oh, you don't, don't you! Well, you soon shall.

Law-student. Allow me, allow me.

Baker. No, no. Am I not your superior officer?

Grocer. C'est vrai, c'est vrai!

And so the sub-officers and men of the unlicked, unformed, unshaped artillery of the national guards of Paris, listened with profound attention whilst the baker, as the representative of the revolution at that meeting, thus explained to the then Duke de Chartres what was meant by the "republican institutions," and by the "consequences of the revolution of July."

Baker. We expect, young man, that we have not made a revolution for nothing. We have not driven away Charles X. to have another king. We have not driven away the Duke d'Angoulême to have another dauphin.

We have not driven away the Duke of Bordeaux to have a child of yours, some of these days, claim the *right* of ascending the throne, whether we will or no. When we elected your father lieutenant-general of the kingdom, it was just to preserve our frontiers from invasion till our army should be ready. When, the other day, we made him king, it was still to gain time till we could laugh at Europe. You are a very good-looking, pleasant, agreeable fellow, and God forbid any harm should come to you; but, then, never think of being king in France, *because you're the son of your father*. It may be, or it may not be—more noes than yes-es—that you may be chosen at some future time king, as your father was elected last August; but only remember one thing—if ever you are king, it will be because you will be chosen by the people: you will never ascend the throne of France *as heir to your father*. Now this is what we mean, to begin with, by a republican institution. But that's not all. We mean that all who defend the country, as national guards, shall be electors.

The Duke. That's just, that's just.

Baker. Do not interrupt me: you shall hear all, if, you'll give me time, and be quiet. We mean that the army shall elect its own officers, as well as the national guards. We mean that the peerage shall be abolished, and that there shall be nothing *hereditary* in all France. We mean that there shall be a senate, to be elected by the deputies; and the deputies shall be chosen by all those who are capable of bearing arms and of being national guards. We mean that every commune shall have its council; and that the members of the council shall be chosen by the people—by all the male inhabitants. We mean that the mayors shall also be chosen by the male inhabitants; and that, from one end of the country to the other, the people shall be *sovereign*. We mean that the king shall only have the right to name such ministers as the majority of the deputies shall approve. We mean that every man may be an elector, and every man a deputy, whether poor or rich, so long as he shall be eighteen years of age, and be in possession of his reason. We mean that the Chamber of Deputies shall never last more than three years; and that the Chamber may dissolve itself oftener, whenever it shall see that the

interests of the people require it: and that half the chamber, and one over, shall have the right to come to this decision. We mean to have a cheap government, to have a very small civil list, to reduce the taxes, to abolish the town and city *octrois* on all objects of eating and drinking; to have cheap bread, meat, and wine; to have no appanages, no dowries, and no annual allowances to princes or princesses. We mean to destroy the old titles of rank and nobility, to keep the clergy in order, to convert the palaces, which are useless expenses, into schools, museums, or colleges; and to change the whole system of education, both public and private. We mean to have for our allies "the people," and not the kings of foreign countries; and to insist on having for our frontiers the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees.

The Duke. Ah, that's something like! I'm for extended frontiers. So is my father, I know. Belgium and Savoy belong to France: I heard him tell Lafayette so the other day.

Baker. I'm glad of it, my friend; but I've not done yet. We mean to make war against Russia for Poland.

The Duke. Vive la Pologne!

Baker. We mean to help the poor Italians.

The Duke. Vive l'Italie!

Baker. We mean to establish republican institutions in Spain and in Portugal.

The Duke. Vive l'Espagne! Vive les Portugais!

Baker. We mean to destroy the Holy Alliance.

The Duke. A bas la Sainte Alliance!

Baker. That's right, my friend: c'est bien, c'est bien. But I have not finished yet. We mean to reduce our budget to one half of what it was during the reign of Charles X., and yet to have six times a larger army. We mean to abolish all sinecures, all favouritism, all places made for men, instead of men for places, and all family patronage and family favours. We mean the king to have an honest income; but we do not mean your father to have half the power possessed by President Jackson in the United States, because your father is not to be responsible, whereas Jackson is. If your father would have consented to be responsible, we would have made him the first president of the republic; but he would not listen

to this, Lafayette told me, and said he would not accept of any post where he should be responsible.

Grocer. I do not blame him for that ; and yet he had the examples of Louis XVI., his own father, Egalité, and Charles X., before his eyes, and who were all made responsible by the people.

Baker. We mean, finally, my young friend, to have a French monarchy in name, and a French republic in nature and reality. We call it a monarchy for the moment, to gain time and prepare for war. But your father must know very well, that we have not made fifty revolutions in fifty years, to settle down contented and satisfied with a monarchy. And now, my young comrade, let's drink, "To the throne of July, surrounded by republican institutions, and to the speedy realisation by the people of the consequences of the revolution !"

The Duke. With all my heart, my friend. (And the toast was drank with enthusiasm.)

We have given two *historical* scenes from the revolution of 1830. There is nothing of fiction about them, even in the names of the personages. They are true to the letter. At the sign of the "St. Esprit" these people all met, ate mutton chops and potatoes, and drank vin ordinaire and two bottles of champagne, and the conversation passed between them which we have just recorded.

In those halcyon days for Louis Philippe, when, placing his "July cross" in his button-hole, his white hat and tri-coloured cockade in his hatband on his head, and his hand on his heart, he used to walk in the evening on the terrace of the Palais Royal looking on the garden, making bows, reverences, and even short addresses to his "comrades" and "fellow-countrymen"—if any insolent Carlist or republican miscreant had dared to predict the events which have transpired during the last month in Paris and in France, he would have been politely handed to the next lamp-post, and have been exalted to the honours of an enlightened and premature death. If then it had been said, "Citizen-king, you shall break every article of the charter you have sworn to defend—you shall persecute, as well as forsake, every human being who has contributed to place you on the throne—you shall cause laws to be passed

which shall embody the ordinances of Charles X., every one of them—you shall establish illegal and unconstitutional tribunals—you shall mow down your subjects with cannon in the streets of the capital—you shall desolate some of the large towns and cities, by states of siege and military law—you shall render it a capital offence for a journalist to declare himself to be a Carlist or a republican—you shall quarrel with Lafayette—you shall sell up Lafitte—you shall dissolve the national guards in the provinces, as may suit your caprice or humour—you shall enact such laws against the press, against prints, engravings, and caricatures, and against the theatre, that they shall be more despotic than the decrees of the inquisition—you shall arrest your own relative, an unprotected and fallen woman, and expose her weakness and folly—you shall arrest the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, but not dare to retain him, for fear the people should liberate him by force—you shall, after exciting the Poles, Belgians, Spaniards, Germans, and Italians, to resistance and revolution, leave them to their fate—you shall, within nine years from this time, twice attempt to turn despot, and to govern France yourself, without the chambers, and without a responsible ministry—you shall bow and cringe, and curry favour with the courts of Europe, and submit to any insult and any degradation, rather than follow up the principles you have sworn to defend, and the revolution which has placed you on the throne ;"—we say, if any Carlist or republican miscreant had dared to utter such a prophecy, he would have been imprisoned as a madman, or slaughtered as a traitor ; and yet, "voilà !" France to-day would be and is the France described by the murdered prophet of 1830.

Louis Philippe, like most usurpers, is, after all, shortsighted. When, in 1830, he drank wine out of the long black bottle, and shouted "Vive la Liberté !" he did not see that those whom he then excited by his sham democracy against the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon would one day cry "Vive la Liberté !" at his defeat. When, in 1831, on occasion of the review of the national guards of Paris, in order to please the enraged troops for a moment, he exclaimed "Vive la Pologne !" he did not see that those

who were then his listeners would one day become his condemners, and that their turn would come when war, and extended frontiers, and the destruction of the treaties of Vienna, would be their rallying words.

When, in June 1832, Louis Philippe induced his then ministers to declare Paris in a state of siege, in order to keep him on the throne, he did not see that the day would come when such despotic acts would no longer be defended, and when their repetition would be impossible; and that those who assented to them for the moment, would be the first to proclaim that they were only intended as momentary expedients, to meet pressing and terrible evils.

When, in April 1834, Louis Philippe insisted first on the republicans and legitimists being shot down in Paris, at Lyons, and at St. Etienne, by an infuriated and drunken soldiery, and then on the trial, in their absence, by the court of peers, a then illegal tribunal, of those who had been arrested, he did not see that such measures could never become the law of the land, and would never be sanctioned by moderate and impartial people.

When, in September 1835, Louis Philippe proposed and obtained the passing of laws, such as Louis XVIII. and Charles X. would never have thought of submitting to a French chamber for adoption, he did not see that such laws could only be temporary, and that the powers they vested in the government would never be tolerated by the French nation.

When, in 1837, he quarrelled with M. Thiers, the depositor of all his secrets, and the only man of any note who sprung from the revolution which placed him on the throne, he did not see that Thiers would be too many for him; that he would raise the revolution against the throne of Louis Philippe, as both had formerly assisted in doing against that of Charles X.; and that he who banished from his presence his former accomplice, would afterwards be obliged to write, and entreat him to form a new cabinet.

When, in 1838, Louis Philippe resolved on fighting out the question with the Chamber of Deputies, as to whether he should be master, or the Chamber, he did not see that he must be defeated by a chamber which was the representative not of a monarchy, but of a republican revolution.

When, in 1839, Louis Philippe madly determined to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and appeal to the electors, he did not see that the electors to whom he appealed must necessarily be opposed to him. He sent back to the men of the revolution, their representatives. And what was the consequence? Why, that the men of the revolution have returned the same men, and defeated, beaten, dead-beaten, the citizen royalty.

It is the fashion to represent Louis Philippe as an able monarch: bad, if you will; illegitimate, if you will; a *roué*, if you will: but, at least, as an *able* prince, a man of great energy of mind and character, and as profoundly acquainted with political parties, events, and chances. This title he does not deserve; this praise he does not merit.

When Louis Philippe, with bare head and uplifted eyes, sang, from the balconies of the Palais Royal, and of the Tuileries, the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, he forgot that the people would sing it the next day, the next year, and when the sense and the sound would be alike disagreeable to his royal ears. When Louis Philippe received Mina and Valdez at the Palais Royal, and provided both of them with funds, to attempt insurrections in Catalonia and the Basque Provinces against Ferdinand VII., because the latter would not recognise his bastard royalty, he did not see that the insurrections, so excited, might lead to years of civil war, and to hecatombs of victims; to bankruptcy, and to ruin. When Louis Philippe received the Polish representatives in Paris, and encouraged and praised them for their "courageous efforts and intentions," he did not see that the day would come that the Poles would attribute to him their disappointment and defeat.

We could continue to cite fact after fact, all illustrative of this proposition, that Louis Philippe is *not* an able man, that he is *not* foresighted, that he acts on the impulse of the moment, that he has no conception of the force of moral principle and right, that he jobs for time, like the gamblers at the Stock Exchange, that he trusts to the chapter of accidents, and that he *finesses*, when he should deal plainly, honestly, and roundly, with both friends and foes.

So the end of his system has arrived, and he is *dead beaten*.

Let us look a little at the state of parties, and at the prospects of the throne, the charter, and the people. We are not over-fond either of France or the French. Their *tri-colored hunting* has no charms for us, and their *Marseillaise* and *Parisienne* are just as discordant to our ears as *La Carmagnole* and *Ca ira*. It may be that we have less of the "milk of human kindness" about us than Lord Melbourne, but we cannot, for the lives of us, rejoice at that sort of "*bonne intelligence*" which we are assured exists between the two countries, on the understanding that the British flag is never to seek satisfaction for any insults it may receive from Admiral Baudin or the Prince de Joinville. We are English enough to wish that the author, whoever he may be, of the insult in question had received thirty lashes, save one, on the broadest part of his bare shoulders, and that the British government had required the public degradation of the officer who had dared thus insolently to attack that Britannia who has, shall, and must continue to rule the waves.

What is the state of parties at this moment in France? We will try to look at the question coolly; we are sure we shall do so impartially.

When Louis Philippe ascended that throne, which he himself admitted to Lafayette, belonged, as of right, to the Duke of Bordeaux, he did so on what are called *popular principles*. We care not a straw about the *programme*, of which we have heard so much, and which Lafayette's memoirs convince us *did* exist, though the citizen-king denies it; but without any memoirs, or any assurances, any *programme*, written or verbal, we say, that Louis Philippe was placed on the throne of France by what is styled a popular movement, and on popular principles. The dynasty of centuries was chased from France by the *canaille* of Paris; and the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, "to hasten the event," sent down that *canaille* in all the public and private carts, coaches, omnibuses, and other vehicles, to Rambouillet. The Duke of Orleans styled his cousin and benefactor, Charles X., "the perjured prince;" wore on his person and livery the largest cockades of tri-coloured ribands in the country; issued proclamations, and made speeches, enough to excite a Spaniard to arms, even in hot

weather; denounced the restoration; protested his love for the "sacred cause of liberty all the world over;" and said to Lafayette, "You know, my dear general, my opinion of America. No one can have resided there two years without being convinced that the government of the United States is the perfection, the model of human governments. But do you think, my dear general, that France is sufficiently advanced, enlightened, to be prepared for such a government?" "I think not," replied the old lady, Lafayette; "but France is prepared for a popular throne, to be surrounded with republican institutions." "That is just my opinion, my dear general," replied the lieutenant-general, before elected king; "yes, a popular throne, to be surrounded with republican institutions!"

This was the *programme*. Has it been kept? We need not reply to that question.

The whole of the engagements entered into by Louis Philippe, both written and verbal, have been undertaken with the intention of *not* adhering to their popular and general meaning. He has always appeared to believe that he alone had a good memory; that he alone was a man of ability and tact; that he was an indispensable necessity to France; that he was of much more importance to France, than France was to him; and that, by degrees, he could, by a *legal* resistance to the revolution, finally overcome it, and establish a sort of high monarchical dynasty of his own in that country. When supported, in moments of great difficulty, by the friends of a monarchical government, that they might deliver the country from overwhelming anarchy, he has at once imagined that the legitimists were converted to his dynasty. When enabled, by the voice of all who had something to *lose* by revolution, to make a stand against those who had every thing to *gain* by it, he has supposed that, by this act of self-protection, they intended likewise to protect and defend *him*. When supported, in crises which threatened the very existence of society in France, in the passing of measures of even an arbitrary character, for the purpose of restoring peace and order, he has imagined that these measures might be converted into permanent laws, and has literally prepared for establishing a despotic, a military, or a personal

government of the country. The whole of this conduct has demonstrated a fatuity of character, wholly incompatible with that of a wise or of a great man. Louis Philippe has imagined, that because he was resolved to forget his *barricade* origin, therefore that France would forget it too, and that he might with impunity violate those principles, to the triumph of which he owed his title of king. These stupid and deplorable mistakes have led to his present position—a position, the least enviable of any monarch now living on the face of the globe. He has been the author, however, of his own calamities, and he has no one to reproach but himself.

It is a striking and conclusive argument against Louis Philippe and his policy, that of all the men who have belonged to his councils, from 1830 downwards, only eight, at least, could be found, who would consent to become his ministers, and, at the same time, to continue his system. These men were Molé, Montalivet, Barthe, Martin, Lacave Laplagne, Rosamel, Bernard, and Salvandy. Molé was a Russian in policy and tastes, and has no love for a constitutional monarchy. Montalivet is an old friend of the present Queen of the Belgians. Barthe, by nature a despot, was once a *carbonaro*, and could sympathise with one who willed to be absolute. Martin was a poor little creature, born to be a country solicitor, and who, knowing that out of office he is nothing, was willing, in office, to kiss Louis Philippe's toe, and countersign any ordinance, but one authorising his own destitution. Lacave Laplagne is an honest man, out of his place; and long since sought to retire, but was only induced to remain, because the king assured him that his withdrawal would lead to the overthrow of the ministry. Rosamel! poor Rosamel! How we grieve that the good old soul should be deprived of his place! He was nothing. Bernard, the aide-de-camp of Louis Philippe, is his greatest loss. Merely a major-general, he has nominally governed the king; but, in truth, has only signed such sheets of white paper as his master has directed him to do, on which Louis Philippe has written, with his own hand, such ordinances and decrees as suited his tastes, interests, policy, or inclinations.

Salvandy was the only man amongst them who had a real opinion; but that opinion he sacrificed for his love of power, and deserted his master, Guizot, for "the loaves and fishes." Who can be surprised that, against such a combination, all the talent and energy of contending parties should unite? or that, against such an administration, the electors should return an immense majority?

Louis Philippe is a would-be dictator; and this after being raised to the throne by a popular and republican movement. What did the heroes of the barricades think of, or care for a king, when, with bars of iron, bludgeons, old swords and guns, pikes, and pitchforks, they rushed to Rambouillet, to murder, if possible, the then reigning dynasty? The nomination of Louis Philippe was submitted to, rather than approved, by the people. If Lafayette had raised his finger in the month of August, 1830, the throne of the citizen-king would, in six hours, have been replaced by the wooden benches of a rabble directory. When Guizot and Perier first uttered the name of the Duke of Orleans, they did so with fear and trembling; and the subsequent interview between Armand Carrel, one of the conductors of the republican journal, the *National*, and Guizot, the chief of the doctrinaires, is too striking not to be published. The particulars we subjoin, have, hitherto, been confined to the knowledge of the friends of Carrel.

Guizot. I am delighted to make your acquaintance, M. Carrel. I have long admired the energy of your character, and the nerve and vigour of your writings.

Carrel. I feel obliged by your politeness, M. Guizot; but on what subject do you desire to converse with me?

Guizot. On the recent events, M. Carrel; on the changes which have taken place; on the consequences which must result from those changes; on the apprehensions of the government, as to the state of the West; and on the best means for rousing the patriots to arms, to prevent another Vendean war, and the success of the ex-dynasty in that portion of France. What do you think, sir, of the revolution, its character, and its results?

Carrel. Of the revolution, M. Guizot? I am of opinion that it is anti-

monarchical; that it is the triumph of democracy; that all attempts to give it another turn, and to conduct it in another direction, must ultimately fail; that the great dogma of the sovereignty of the people is the basis of the revolution; that the cry for the "Charta" is a forced cry on the part of some, and a cry of fear on the part of others; that the revolution is national, popular, and essentially democratic; that it is another act in the great drama of the revolution of 1788; that it is made less against persons than principles; that the people return to the maxims of their fathers, and require that France should govern herself; that the Augean stable must be cleansed; that all monopolies, restrictions, burdens, must be destroyed or removed; that all the institutions of France must become elective and administrative; that the reform in all the departments of the state must be radical; that the government of France must be established on a popular basis; and that, if we are not to have a republic, we are, at least, to have such institutions as a republic would sanction and approve. In one word, sir, the movement is a republican movement, and the consequences must be favourable to the progress of democracy.

Guizot. I am precisely of your opinion, M. Carrel. The movement is especially republican; *i.e.* it must come to that at last. Ever since the fall of the emperor, the constant tendency of the nation has been towards a republic, or, at least, towards republican institutions. All our acts and measures must, therefore, be large and liberal. We must not dole out scantily the liberties which are expected and demanded. We must march with the people, and not imagine that the formal articles of a mere charta will satisfy them. I fully agree with you, that the cause of democracy is making giant strides. But, then, we may be frustrated in our efforts by foreign powers, if we are not united at home; and if the west should rise in favour of the ex-dynasty, a pretext would be offered to the Holy Alliance to attack our democracy. Already the government has received alarming intelligence. Very serious movements are preparing. The patriots, who are republicans, are inert. They are stupified by the rapidity of the late events. They want rousing. It is necessary

they should feel that we all think with them; that we are all fully satisfied that the cause of democracy must be triumphant; and that we are pursuing the same object, though by different roads. I am of opinion that no one in France is more competent to fulfil such a mission than yourself, M. Carrel; and it is therefore I have desired to see you, to endeavour to prevail on you to undertake it. What say you?

Carrel. Devoted heart and soul to our glorious revolution, I am certainly fully prepared to make any sacrifice for securing its triumph; but it is essential that we should understand each other fully as to the character of the revolution, and as to my mission to the west. I go, then, to the west, M. Guizot, not on behalf of one dynasty against another, not for the youngest against the oldest, but for the people against privileges, monopolies, and the Holy Alliance. I have to take with me the *tri-coloured flag*, as a sign that France recognises her right and her power to govern herself; and I take with me the *Gallic cock*, as a signal of our independence of foreign powers. We have broken our chains, and are free. I go to the west, to rouse the patriots not to fight for a charta more or less monarchical, but for institutions which are to be ELECTIVE and republican. I am to tell them, that the dreams of their youth are at last to be realised; that France is to have a national government,—that her frontiers are to be extended,—that the treaties which have kept her in slavery are to be torn in pieces,—that she is to wipe out the foul stain of her having been conquered by foreign armies,—that the badges of her oppression are to be removed,—that the peerage is to be purged of the men of the emigration,—that the army is to become the real armed representative of the nation,—that the priests are to be confined to their churches,—that all remains of feudality in the west are to be destroyed,—and that France is to become once more independent and free. But even this is not enough. If I go to the west, I must tell the patriots that they are to have guarantees for the permanence of these alterations,—that their principles are not to triumph to-day, and to succumb to-morrow,—that such measures will be taken, such institutions founded, and such laws passed, as will for ever put it out of the power of any one man, or any set of

men, to deprive us of the conquests we have now made, and of the advantage of the attitude we now assume. Is this the nature of my mission, sir; and is it thus that you also understand it?

Guizot. Precisely so, M. Carrel. Tell the patriots in the west, from me, that nothing human can prevent the triumph of democracy in France; and that our only anxiety is, lest, by the success of a monarchical movement in the west, that triumph should be retarded.

With this understanding, Carrel left for the west. The sequel is known. He was deceived. "The patriots" were cajoled; and the revolution of 1830 was made *exclusively* profitable to the youngest branch of the house of Bourbon.

One fact, however, is established, both by the scenes from life with which we have commenced this article, as well as by that which we have just faithfully narrated, as repeated in our hearing by Carrel himself,—which is, that all those who took an active and leading part in the revolution of 1830, at the time, and when all was fresh and recent, admitted and felt that it was made, not so much against even Charles X. and his ministers, as against all monarchies, and in favour of republican and democratic principles and institutions.

Nor was Louis Philippe ignorant of this. He knew, as well as did Lafayette, that the battle of the three days was against all the Bourbons, and all the monarchy. We have now before us the *sixth volume of Lafayette's papers*, and have just turned to the letters he wrote to his family in July 1830. We shall make such extracts as will shew that the movement was republican, and that Louis Philippe knew it:—

"Toutes les armoiries des Bourbons, et même de la branche d'Orléans, ont été décrochées ou effacées.

"La crise est vive, comme vous le voyez, et la France veut être libre.

"Il n'est plus question d'enseignes Bourbons, y compris les enseignes d'Orléans, quoique j'aie lieu de croire que ses amis, dans les rangs élevés, ne sont pas oisifs. Au reste, il n'est question jusqu'à présent d'aucune démarche de lui, quoiqu'on ait répandu qu'il avait été trouver l'roi (Charles X.), ce dont je doute fort."

This is important. The letter of Lafayette from which we have extracted

the last paragraph was written on the 29th of July, and demonstrates, that up to that time the movement was wholly anti-monarchical; though the friends of Louis Philippe were endeavouring, even then, to give it another direction; whilst himself (the Duke of Orleans) had not even proceeded to confer with or to counsel his king.

But let us proceed. On the same day, Lafayette made his proclamation to the citizens of Paris. What did he say?

"Je ne ferai point de profession de foi: mes sentiments sont connus."

Certainly—he was an avowed republican.

"La liberté triomphera, ou nous périrons ensemble. Vive la liberté! Vive la patrie!"

At the sitting of some deputies on the 30th of July, commenced at the house of Lafitte, and continued at the palace of the Chamber of Deputies, the question was discussed, "*What is to be done?*" The Count de Sussy appeared amongst them. He came from the king, Chas. X. He laid on the table five royal ordinances: the first revoked the ordinances of the 25th, against which it was pretended that the revolution was solely made; the second convoked the chambers for the 3rd of August; the third named the Duke of Mortemart president of the council, and minister of foreign affairs; the fourth appointed General Gerard minister of war; and the fifth, Casimir Perier minister of finance. The deputies refused to accept these conditions; and Odilon Barrot was charged by Lafayette to say:—

"Le Général Lafayette est préoccupé d'une crainte, c'est que la population de Paris ne soit pas unanime sur ce qui sera décidé sans l'intervention des chambres; il craint que, si l'on proclamait, à priori un chef qui ferait des concessions plus ou moins larges, on ne rentrât dans les théories du droit divin."

Thus the offers of the throne were rejected; and Lafayette published, on the 31st of July, the following *factum*, which he sent to Charles X.:—

"*Hôtel de Ville, July 31, 1830.*

"On me demande une réponse explicite sur la situation de la famille royale depuis la dernière agression contre les libertés publiques, et la victoire de la

population Parisienne ; je la donnerai franchement : c'est que toute réconciliation est impossible, et que la famille royale a cessé de régner."

Louis Philippe then ascended the throne, with a perfect knowledge of these facts, and undertook to occupy "a popular throne, to be surrounded with republican institutions." If the revolution had been made in behalf of the charta, the charta was re-established in all its integrity on the 30th of July. If the revolution had been made against the ordinances, the ordinances were repealed by Charles X. on the same day. If the revolution had been made against the Polignac administration, that cabinet ceased on the 30th to exist; and Mortemart, Gerard, and Perier were appointed ministers. Finally, the chambers were convoked for the 3d of August; and if the revolution had been made for merely parliamentary preponderance, that was assured by the convocation in question. But the revolution was made against the monarchy as well as against the Bourbons; and when Louis Philippe accepted the post of citizen-king, he knew, and was warned beforehand, that his throne was to be surrounded by republican institutions.

How has he fulfilled his engagements? Let us see. He has driven from his councils, one after the other, all those who took any part in the revolution of the three days. He has appointed to their places those who will submit to their personal domination, and will not oppose his arbitrary decisions. He has been inveterately hostile to all men of conviction and integrity, whether royalists on the one hand, or republicans on the other. He has corrupted the fountain of justice, established military tribunals to try civilians, and erected unconstitutional courts, in order to ensure conviction. He has converted into laws, or ordinances, all the measures of Charles X. against which it was said that the people rebelled in 1830. He has rendered political associations, discussions, and writings impossible. He has peopled the gaols with victims, till an amnesty became necessary to prevent the erection of new prisons. He has changed the whole character of a constitutional government, and has made his will the rule of every administration. He has banished from his pre-

sence all those who reminded him of the origin of his throne, and has only tolerated those who have proclaimed the necessity for his declaring himself dictator, or emperor. And, finally, he has dared to appeal to the electors to sanction his measures; but has received a negative reply, and is now "at his wits' ends."

This resistance on the part of the electors has surprised and humbled him. A new state of things has arrived. Former parties and divisions are broken up. As the past has been all disorder, so the present is all chaos, and the future is all gloom.

The *Legitimists* have at length decided on coming forward. M. de Villèle has led the way. He waited till the general thaw should commence, — till the frozen particles which had been heaped together for eight years should begin to melt; and now he has taken the lead. If the royalist electors shall vote at the next dissolution of the chamber *en masse*, they will return so formidable a body of deputies, as to render impossible the existence of any ministry they may oppose.

The *Republicans* are once more active in the field. There is no longer, either in or out of the house, a compact majority to oppose them. The electors are so sick of broken promises, violated oaths, and laws in opposition to all the stipulations of the charta, that they have just voted for Garnier Pages, De Cormenin, Salverte, Arago, and Martin of Strasbourg, all republicans, in preference to Louis Philippe candidates.

The *Napoleonists* are constantly increasing their forces. The French are essentially warlike. Twenty-five years of peace are too much for their love of arms and of glory. They sigh, they groan, for another campaign, with six hundred thousand men under arms. They must fight. Glory is their cry, and they know of no other than that which can be acquired on a field of battle. Louis Napoleon, lately banished from Switzerland, has a party of immense power in the army in his favour, and he knows it. The death of Louis Philippe, or his overthrow, will be the signal for the conflict, and the army will then shew that it is republican and Bonapartist.

The *Constitutional Opposition* is weak and feeble. Odilon Barrot is the Tierney of former times in England;

but the former has but few supporters, and is constantly compelled either to seek the protection of the Whigs, or the support of the Radicals. After all, this French constitutional opposition is much more republican than it is monarchical; and when the cry shall be heard once more of "To arms, citizens! to arms!" the Barrots and Mauguins of the chamber will join the "*extrême gauche* and the *mouvement*."

The *Whigs* are divided into four sections. The first are the *centre gauche*; Thiers heads them. The second, the *doctrinaires*; Guizot leads them on to battle. The third, the *centre droit*; Royer Collard is their champion. The fourth, the "*juste-milieu*;" De Lamartine is now their orator and patron. When these were united, Louis Philippe indulged the hope that the day would arrive when he could proclaim himself "Emperor of the French." But this union is at an end; the plans of the "citizen-king" have been discovered, and exposed. Disorder is in the camp, and there is no mighty magician to wave his wand; for all who exercised influence over the mass are dead, or have sold their consciences and popularity for a mess of pottage.

The *Orleanists* are at this moment the smallest fraction in the country: we mean the *Orleanists* "*quand même*." There was a period when a wise and skilful prince might have founded a solid and Conservative Orleans dynasty in France. That period has passed away, and is not now likely ever to return. The eldest son of Louis Philippe is a weak, versatile, silly fellow. In 1830, he was a Republican, or very near it. In 1839, he is nothing at all. During the interval, he has changed about as many times as there are months in the year. All the chances are against his ever being proclaimed king,—as all the chances are divided between the Duke of Bordeaux and Louis Napoleon.

French prospects! Ha! ha! ha! French prospects! Who would dare to write one paragraph on this question? It would be as easy to predict the capricious whims and decisions of a French coquette, the meteorological changes of a Belgian sky, the period when the Spanish contest shall terminate, or the policy to be pursued by Lord Palmerston on any question now agitating the political world, as to

speak with any certainty of French prospects.

The throne has been defeated. Louis Philippe has been check-mated. The *Orleanist* Conservatives have been put to the route. The *centre gauche* is once more in the ascendancy; but the *gauche* will supersede it. The French are weary of mock monarchy. Louis Philippe is tired of republican institutions. The revolution is sick of its king, and its prince is as sick of his origin.

The cure for this state of things is a return to first principles. Either France must elect her government, or she must become an hereditary monarchy. The "*juste-milieu*" has been tried in vain. If France is to be governed popularly, she cannot be governed monarchically; and if France is to have a king, he must be legitimate, and secure to Europe, as well as to the country over which he rules, order, and peace. Streams will not ascend to their source. Louis Philippe is the creation of a republican and not of a conservative or a monarchical movement. All attempts on his part to make the revolution of 1830 only profitable to himself will fail. Chateaubriand said to the Duchess of Berry, "Madame, votre fils est mon roi." If France shall desire order and peace, she must say so too. If she will not, she must return to her revolution, and that was republican. Neither her electors, her national guards, nor her mass of citizens, will sanction a middle course. So we may soon expect to hear, "*Enfans de la patrie!*" once more chanted from the "*Pas de Calais*" to the gulf of Gascony.

Since these observations on "French Parties and Prospects" have been written, a new phase has taken place in French affairs, and the position of Louis Philippe has become, if possible, worse than ever. After eighteen days' negotiations with poor old Marshal Soult, with that little political rope-dancer, Thiers, and with a long list of other gentry of the same class, on Thursday, 21st March, the following cabinet was agreed upon, and M. Barthe had countersigned the royal ordinance appointing Marshal Soult the president of the council and the minister of war:—

Soult President of Council and War.
Thiers Foreign Affairs.
Passy Interior.

Humann... Finance.
 Duperré... Marine.
 Sauzet... Instruction Public.
 Dufaure... Commerce and Public Works.
 Dupin... Justice and Religion.

After the preparation of a *programme*, and its approval by the King of the French, the ministers met the king, for the first and last time together, at the palace of the Tuileries. M. Thiers "was afraid his *programme* was not understood." It was, he feared, "a repetition of the old mistake, about a popular throne and republican institutions." And so he insisted on this first and last interview of the *centre gauche* cabinet with the king. "I will muzzle him," said Thiers, as he left his apartment to proceed to the palace; but he was mistaken. Louis Philippe was on his guard. With the skill of an adroit joustier, he first complimented Marshal Soult, then looked unutterable things at M. Dupin, then complimented M. Humann, and finally succeeded in creating discord and anarchy in the camp of his antagonists. The *programme* was at an end. Thiers raved in vain, Passy pouted, Humann sulked, and refused to dine with the marshal. Dupin made bad puns at every one's expense but his own. Sauzet stuck to Thiers; Dufaure fol-

lowed his example; and the ministry of twenty-four seconds, proved to be — AN ABORTION!

Theirs wanted Louis Philippe to send a blockading fleet to the Spanish coast, to stop all supplies to Don Carlos by sea. Thiers wanted to be president of the council. Theirs insisted on having Odilon Barrot, the chief of the *gauche*, proposed as ministerial candidate for the post of president of the Chamber of Deputies. Thiers required that the five per cents should be converted into lower stock. Thiers demanded that the September laws should be modified. Thiers desired that the cabinet should look to the *gauche* for support, instead of to the *droit*; and that electoral reform should be only adjourned, not refused. Louis Philippe could not love such a *programme* as this, and he attempted to shirk the question by a general adhesion. But this would not do for Thiers and his new allies. They drove Louis Philippe into a corner, and then — he bolted!

What next? The *Temps* says, au 18th Brumaire. Well, every thing is possible; but where are the soldiers? Louis Philippe! you are *not* an able man, whatever Sir Robert Peel may say to the contrary.

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ONEIROMANCY.

CHAPTER I.—OF SLEEP AND DREAMS.

ONE branch of the Egyptian and Babylonian magic, and one upon which great stress was laid, was Oneiromancy, or the interpretation of dreams. That the visions of the night were the means by which the gods conversed with men, instructed them as to the Divine will, and informed them of their own fate, was a doctrine as ancient as the creation. It was handed down by tradition from the very earliest ages; and when we find it prevailing in Memphis and Babylon, we see it in a corrupt form, and made the foundation of an absurd species of divination: we treat of it here as a part of the magic practised in those countries, founded, indeed, upon that tradition of which we have spoken, but arranged into a system by speculations on the nature of the soul, and the properties of the body. On reading the accounts preserved in the sacred writings, we are struck with a circumstance which at once does away with all suspicion of imposture on the part of *ονειρομαντις*. They were sent for by Pharaoh,* who related to them his dreams, and demanded an interpretation. This was an office which they were evidently in the habit of performing,—for dreams were then of as common occurrence as now, and every dream was supposed to have its particular meaning. "And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled, and he sent and

called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof; and Pharaoh told them his dreams, but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh." A similar case is found in the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar. In the first dream of this monarch the vision was forgotten, and the interpreters were required, first, to tell the king what he had dreamed, and, next, what was the interpretation of it. This, therefore, is not exactly a case in point,—for so strong was the impression made by the divinely caused dream upon the mind of Nebuchadnezzar, that, though the circumstances were for the moment lost, yet there wanted but a hint to bring them all back in their original force, and no false account of the matter could have satisfied him. Yet, as the interpreters could not know that this dream had been the effect of inspiration, and could not judge how deep had been the impression which it had left, it looks well that they attempted no imposition, but calmly and respectfully reasoned with the infuriate king on the extravagant nature of his demand. "The king answered and said to the Chaldeans, The thing is gone from me; if ye will not make known unto me the dream, with the interpretation thereof, ye shall be cut in pieces, and your houses shall be made a dunghill. * * The Chaldeans answered before the king, and said, There is not a

* Gen. xli. 8.

man upon the earth that can shew the king's matter; therefore there is no king, nor lord, nor ruler, that asked such things at any magician, or astrologer, or Chaldean; and it is a rare thing that the king requireth, and there is none other that can shew it before the king except the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh."* This was not the first time that such an answer had been returned to the royal demand, and so great was the king's anger in consequence, that he ordered his savage decree to be put in execution; and all the "wise men" of Babylon would have been slain, leaving, of course, only fools alive. Daniel, however, interfered, and saved himself and his brethren.

After this, we find the "wise men," the Chaldeans, the soothsayers, &c., are still patronised by Nebuchadnezzar; and at a subsequent period called on to interpret another dream of Nebuchadnezzar's. This time the dream was related, and the interpretation alone required; and the king himself, giving an account of the transaction, said, "Then came in the magicians, the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers, and I told the dream before them; but they did not make known unto me the interpretation of the dream."† Daniel again solved the difficulty.

From this we may gather, first, that the interpreters of dreams were no impostors,—for, had they been such, they would not have frankly acknowledged their inability to expound the dreams of Pharaoh and of Nebuchadnezzar. To an impostor, one dream is the same as another; his only concern would be to conciliate the favour of the king, and at the same time so to manage his predictions as to save his own credit, whatever might happen. But the interpreters were not in the habit of leaving a dream uninterpreted: so extensively were their services employed, that we find the chief butler, and the chief baker, very much perplexed,‡ because they could not have their dreams expounded; and great were their professions of gratitude when Joseph took upon him the task. The interpretation of a dream was, therefore, as common an occurrence as any extraordinary dream itself; and we

may be sure that few dreams of princes were not related and interpreted. Why was it, then, that those who had been in the habit of explaining other visions should be so puzzled with these? The answer is obvious. They interpreted dreams according to a system: whatsoever could be reduced within the rules of that system admitted of an exposition; but when dreams sent by the Supreme Being, and probably for this very cause not reducible to any rules with which they were acquainted, were propounded for their consideration, they were too wise to attempt any imposition, but at once acknowledged that the boundaries of their art did not extend to these visions. Let us therefore examine the system itself, as far as we are able to do so.

The more ancient the nation, the more uncorrupted the tradition; and we must, therefore, instead of attributing a grosser superstition to an earlier age, consider that the belief then prevailing was more pure than that which afterwards prevailed. This we shall find to be the case in all mythological systems, and this we may reasonably presume to be the case here. The Egyptians and the Chaldeans believed the immortality of the soul, and its separate existence from the body; that the vital powers resided in the former, though in our earthly state they were only available by the organs of the body; the eye was the organ of seeing, but the soul was all sight; the ear was the organ of hearing, but the soul was all perception; and thus, when the bodily organs were destroyed by death, the vital powers enjoyed an unlimited range. These notions were extended to sleep, and it was imagined that the soul then enjoyed a temporary freedom, during which, if not gifted with the power of seeing into futurity, it was enabled to make more accurate deductions, and to form clearer anticipations, than when clogged with the weight of the body. Then, too, it was enabled to hold converse with those numerous spiritual beings of which all the universe was held to be full. These doctrines were taught by the peripatetic philosophers, and there is every reason to believe that they were known in Egypt. It was upon a belief in this theory that Zeno founded his opinion,

* Dan. ii.

† Dan. iv. 7.

‡ Gen. xl. 8.

"that a man might, from the nature of his dreams, judge of his improvement in virtue,—for if he found himself delighted with that which is vicious, he must have much cause for vigilance when awake; whereas, if vicious engagements did not afford him gratification, but if his powers of mind, enlightened by reason, shone out like a calm and waveless sea, for the reflection of pure images, he might have ground for self-approbation."* "When we are awake," observes Plutarch, "if vice appears, it is as it were under a veil, and accommodates itself to the opinions of men,—does not entirely give itself up to its own impulses, but restrains and contends with them; whereas, in sleep, flying beyond opinions and law, and transgressing all modesty and shame, it excites every lust, and stirs its evil propensities, aiming even at the most dreadful crimes, and enjoying illegal things and images which terminate in no pleasure, but promote disorder."† Acting upon this principle, when Dionysius heard that Marsyas had dreamed of cutting his (Dionysius's) throat, he said, had he not been in the habit of thinking upon it he would never have dreamed it; "he shall therefore be put to death,"—which was accordingly done. Plato, too, entertained an idea, that so complete might be the government of reason over the mind, as to influence it even during sleep, and prevent dreams not of a virtuous character. If, then, the soul of a virtuous man, free from vicious impressions, be liberated from the influence of the body, allowed to range through the wonders of creation, and enabled to perceive somewhat more of its own nature and that of other spiritual beings than when imprisoned in the flesh, it became, they thought, advisable to treasure up the reminiscences of those glimpses into another state, and, if possible, to turn them to

good account in this. Hence they divided dreams into the oracular and the non-oracular:‡ those which were the visions of the soul in this state of freedom; those conversations with other spiritual essences, and those glances of futurity which it then enjoyed, and those which were merely the effect of physical circumstances; taking note of the one as displaying the will of the gods and the fate of mankind, and of the other as exhibiting, in a manner highly useful to physicians, the state of the body. But, before we proceed to speak of the manner in which dreams were interpreted, it will be well to notice what evidence we have of this separation of the soul and body, or, rather, of those effects said to be produced by it.

The learned and eloquent Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Religio Medici*, says,— "Sleep is a death whereby we live a middle, moderating point between life and death, and so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half-adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God; after which I close my eyes in security, content to take my leave of him and sleep unto the resurrection."§ And a little before, speaking of the state of the soul during sleep, he seems to intimate that then, during the slumber of the senses, the reason is awake the most; not that faculty of comparing and concluding which we generally call reason, but that instinct of the soul whereby it concludes without comparing, knows without syllogising, by an instantaneous operation of its own innate faculties, and which instinct transcendental philosophers call the pure reason, as distinguished from the understanding.||

"At my nativity," says Sir Thomas, "my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no

* Plutarch (Wyttienbach), vol. ii. p. 316.

† Plutarch, vol. i. p. 398.

‡ Macrobius more fancifully divides dreams into five sorts,—the dream, the vision, the ocular dream, the insomnium, and the phantasm. The first is a figurative and mysterious representation that requires an interpretation; the second was an exact representation of a future event in sleep; the third was a dream, representing some priest, or divinity, who declared to the sleeper things to come; the fourth was a common dream, not deserving of attention; and the fifth was a disturbed, half-awake sort of dreaming, from which no information could be derived, and among which the incubus, or nightmare, is to be placed. Of all these he gives instances; and, as among our illustrations some of each kind may be found, the reader is requested, if he thinks proper, to separate and distinguish them for himself.

§ Book ii. sect. 12.

|| See Kant, *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*.

way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time, also, would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that which hath passed: and men do sometimes, upon the hours of their departure, speak and reason above themselves,—for then the soul, about to be freed from the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.”*

The annals of medicine furnish us with cases of a double consciousness, if we may use the term, of persons who, having been subject to fits of derangement and intervals of sanity, lost in the one state the memory of all that had been done to or by them in the other state; but retained a perfect recollection of events that had taken place when their minds were in the same condition. Thus, on the temporary return of sanity, the patient knew all that had been done in his sane intervals; and on the periodical attack of derangement he lost all memory of what had transpired during his previous periods of sanity, while he recollected well the events which had marked the seasons of his madness. It has been argued that such a difference exists between the states of sleep and waking, and although the remembrance of our dreams much militates against it, it does not altogether overthrow the theory upon which it is founded. It proves only, that if there be such a separate existence, the separation is not so complete as in the morbid state before noticed. A stronger argument may be adduced by the denial of Dr. Darwin's supposition, that surprise is never felt in dreams. That this notion is not correct, the writer of this has had experimental proof, and has also been told by others of cases in which surprise was felt in dreams. A gentleman distinguished in the medical profession dreamed that he was about to take off his clothes, and was much surprised at finding himself attired in various articles of dress to which he was not ac-

customed, and against which he felt considerable objections. At another time, being out with a friend shooting, a covey of partridges was started; one flew against a tree, and was killed. The dreamer was surprised, as he had never heard of such a thing occurring, though he had often considered it as very likely to happen. The writer of this, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, spent some time on a visit at the house of a relation in Suffolk; on his return to Cambridge, on the eve of an important examination, he dreamed that he was still in Suffolk (and in a room, which, by the bye, was at Ely). Exceedingly surprised at his supposed carelessness in being absent at such a time from the university, and vexed at the probable consequences, it was some time before he could satisfy himself that he was really in his own chambers in college.

In all these cases (and they might easily be multiplied), the surprise was on account of things connected with the waking life, thoughts, and habits, of the individual; shewing, consequently, that the standard by which things are measured in dreams—when they are measured at all—is one taken from the ideas and occurrences of this waking world. It seems, however, that the feeling of surprise is rare in the dreaming state, because the faculty of comparison, upon which surprise depends, and which is one of the reasoning, not the imaginative faculties, is seldom then in a state of activity. To return, however, to the anecdotes upon which the theory of the soul being set at liberty during sleep depends for evidence.

Dr. Cheyne gives an account of a Col. Townshend, who had the power of throwing himself into a state resembling death whenever he pleased, and of coming to himself again at pleasure. On one occasion, he exercised this power in the presence of Dr. C., Mr. Skrine, and Dr. Baynard, at Bath. He placed himself on his back; his respiration became gradually insensible, his pulse ceased, no motion of the heart was to be felt, and a mirror held to his lips was not clouded by his breath. After continuing in this state about half an hour, he recovered.† We are not told any thing of his dreams or his sensations during this period; but

* Reliq. Med. b. ii, sect. 11.

† Dr. Cheyne on English Maladies.

Augustine, in his *De Civitate Dei*, has been more particular. Speaking of a similar case, that of the presbyter Res-titutus, he says that, when in this state of apparent death, the presbyter heard loud voices.* Cardan,† too, boasted a similar power. He then had a faint hearing of those who conversed about him; but he lost all sense of pain, even when afflicted with the gout. With regard to long, trance-like sleep, we have many strange stories, some well, some ill authenticated. Among the latter we may place the anecdote told by Diogenes Laertius, of Epime-nides, who slept for one-and-fifty years; unless, as Barthelimy supposes, the account be meant to be allegorically taken; and the notice taken by Crantz‡ of a German student, who slept seven years without intermission. None of these, however, will bear any comparison with the seven canonised sleepers, who, taking a siesta in a cave while Decius was persecuting the Christians, slept on for 196 years, and never thought of waking till the storms of Pagan persecution were entirely passed, and the empire had long been altogether Christian in profession. This waking was in the 30th year of the Emperor Theodosius: they were accompanied by their dog, who slept and woke with them. This tale is believed by Mohammedans and well as Christians; and it is among them a proverbial expression for a grudging, avaricious man,—he would not throw a bone to the dog of the seven sleepers. But, to come nearer our own time, and to reports which require belief. M. Gualtear drew up, at the request of the king of Sweden, an account of a woman named Guasser, who for a long time was regularly taken with catalepsy twice a-day; during which time she sunk into a profound sleep, and was deprived of all external and internal sensation: her limbs grew hard and rigid, like stone, and her pulse became almost imperceptible; her respiration, however, was not affected. This fit came on regularly every morning about eight o'clock, and continued till twelve, when she gradually, and by convulsive movements, recovered the use of her limbs. After allowing

her time enough to dine, the fit came on again, and lasted till eight; from which time she remained awake till eight the next morning. She reached the age of eighty, having survived her disorder nearly twenty years.§ The most extraordinary instance, however, of sleep, during which a kind of separation took place between the soul and the body, is related by Mr. Howison, in his *Foreign Scenes*. The part which relates to himself no one can doubt, and it is certainly important. The relation of his German friend, Engel, we abridge, as a curiosity; its evidence may go for what it is worth. Mr. H. says:—

“ I returned to Holguin in the course of the day, and on the succeeding morning set out for Guibara harbour, having learned that the sloop was ready to pursue her voyage. However, on going on board, I found she would not leave port till the next night; and as the time hung rather heavy, I accepted an invitation from the master of a schooner that lay near us, to pay him a visit, and see his collection of shells. When the evening was pretty far advanced, he conducted me to the cabin, which was almost full of large packages, and, pointing out where I was to sleep, left me alone. I felt a heavy, suffocating smell, but did not think of examining the contents of the bales, and immediately went to bed. Soon afterwards, I was harassed by wild and frightful dreams, and suddenly awaked about midnight, bathed in a cold dew, and totally unable to speak or move; however, I knew perfectly well where I was, and recollected every thing that had occurred the preceding day, only I could not make any bodily effort whatever, and tried in vain to get up, or even to change my position. The watch on deck struck four bells, and I counted them, though it seemed to me that I did not hear the beats, but received the vibrations through my body. About this time, a seaman came into the cabin with a light, and carried away an hour-glass that hung upon a nail, without observing me, though I made several efforts to arrest his attention. Shortly after, a pane in the skylight was broken in by accident, and I saw the fragments of glass drop upon the floor. These circumstances actually occurred, as I found on inquiry next day; and I mention them to prove that the sensations I

* Lib. xiv. c. 54.

† De Varietate Rerum, lib. viii. c. 43.

‡ Vandal, lib. viii. c. 39.

§ Considérations sur un Sommeil Extraordinaires, Mémoires de l'Académie de Berlin.

describe were realities, and not the offspring of perturbed dreams. My inability to move was not accompanied with pain or uneasiness, but I felt as if the principle of life had entirely departed from my frame. At length I became totally insensible, and continued so till an increase of the wind made the sea a little rough, which caused the vessel to roll. The motion, I suppose, had the effect of awakening me from my trance, and I managed, somehow or other, to get up, and go on deck. My memory was totally lost for about a quarter of an hour, and I had no ideas connected with any thing that was not present before me: I knew that I was in a ship, but nothing more. While in this state, I observed a man drawing water from the sea in buckets, and requested him to pour one upon my head. After some hesitation, he did so, and all my faculties were immediately restored. *I acquired a most vivid recollection of a vast variety of ideas and events which appeared to have passed through my mind, and occupied me during the time of my supposed insensibility.* All this singular constitutional derangement had arisen from a copious inhalation of the fumes of tobacco; for, on examining the cabin, I found that the piles of packages there consisted of that narcotic plant, and that quantities of it lay even under my bed,—in short, that the sloop contained almost nothing else. I should not have been so particular," adds Mr. H., "in mentioning these circumstances, had I not heard something analogous to them from a German oculist whom I met in Havannah. This old man (named Engel), who was altogether a very singular character, told me that the digitalis, or foxglove; the belladonna, or nightshade; and several other plants of a similar kind, possessed peculiar properties which were not generally known even by the medical profession. When administered, he said, in a certain way (query, how?), they could be made to act so powerfully and directly as sedatives, as to destroy all sensibility and voluntary motion, without affecting the animal life, or impeding its necessary and healthy actions and functions; but with this remarkable peculiarity, that the mind or soul did not participate in the comatoseness which affected its mortal tenement, but was more than usually active and excursive. On these occasions, however, the individual to whom it belonged had no perception of any thing of the kind. His body enjoyed an animal existence, as it were, without sensation, and nothing more. But when the effect of the narcotic was dispelled, either by counter-

agents or by time, he recovered from his lethargy, and active life, memory, will, and intelligence returned, with a perfect (?) knowledge of all the operations which his mind had gone through, from the moment of his losing his perceptions, to that of his reviving and their being restored. The German explained all this in the following way:—Life and the soul, he said, are separate essences, though intimately connected together; and when the powers of the former have been enfeebled to a certain degree, the latter disengages itself from the body, and continues its agency unlimited and unembarrassed by the encumbrance of corporeal matter. However, on the animal functions beginning to recover their natural vigour, their immortal inmate is attracted back by a peculiar sympathy to its earthly tenement; and the human being which they jointly compose awakes to intelligence, and suddenly recollects all the ideas that have passed through his mind during the period of his suspended animation. These my friend described as often being vivid, original, and marvellous beyond description, and such as entirely exceeded the conceptions of man in his natural state of existence."*

After this, he goes on to relate the way in which he first became aware of this singular property of narcotic plants. It appears that during his youth he had lodged in the suburbs of a town which was the seat of one of the minor universities; and in the same house lodged a student named Meidenvold, whose pursuits were medical. A certain degree of intimacy soon sprung up between Engel and Meidenvold. The latter was a singular personage, and was occasionally in the habit of expressing himself in a remarkably mystical manner. But he had a practice of retiring on a certain night every week to a building, of which he kept the key, and into which he allowed none but himself to enter. Here he remained till the middle of the following day. When he left the place he was pale and ghastly, and seemed also in a state of deep dejection. But he commenced diligently writing, and then pursued his usual studies. After making many attempts to gain the confidence of the mysterious student, but in vain, Engel determined to watch him. This he accordingly did by climbing up to one of the windows of his secret study; and there, by the light of a lamp in the

* Howison's *Foreign Scenes*, vol. i. p. 279, and seq.

apartment, he beheld Meidenvold lying on a board placed in a sloping position, and apparently dead. His first idea was to force the door and hasten to his assistance; but, on a further view of the apartment and the position of the student, he became convinced that the whole was designed. He watched again another night, and made his way into the chamber; from which, however, he could not get out. He found the surface of Meidenvold's body cold, the pulsation of the heart scarcely perceptible, and the breathing very feeble and contracted. Engel by accident put out the light, and could not continue his observations minutely; but after three hours he heard a succession of deep-drawn sighs, and soon after, by the imperfect light of the windows, he observed the student raise himself up and lean his head on his hand. He gradually gained an erect position, staggered across the room, and plunged into a bath. After a little altercation as to Engel's intrusion, Meidenvold told him that the state in which he had been was produced by the use of nightshade, hemlock, and other narcotic herbs; and that, during the continuance of the cataleptic fit thus occasioned, he partook of a sort of superhuman existence, of which, after a little interval, he had a vivid and distinct recollection. He stated that many of his ideas and feelings thus caused he had written in a book, which he pro-

mised to shew Engel; but the latter found him one day dead in his private study, and the book was never found. The tale is admirably told by Mr. Howison, who seems to have placed some faith in it; and it may very probably have had a substratum of truth.* That most captivating book, *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, will furnish an excellent commentary on it; and we have an instance, in the life of Mr. Coleridge, not very dissimilar. He slept, and very probably under the influence of opium; and during this sleep composed more than two hundred lines of exquisite poetry. Part he committed to paper immediately, and would have finished them; but an untimely visitor took him off; and when he returned to the task, all trace of the lines following what he had written were past away from his mind. They are the lines commencing thus:—

“ In Cambalu did Khubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alf, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.”

All these effects might very well have taken place, without that separation of the soul and body for which many Germans even in the present day contend, and for which they adduce many arguments, rather more profound than intelligible. The theory has been no-

* The following curious anecdote is told by Lady Fanshawe in her *Memoirs*:—“ My mother's funeral cost my father above a thousand pounds, and Dr. Howlsorth preached her funeral sermon, in which, upon his own knowledge, he told before many hundreds of people this accident following:—that my mother being sick to death of a fever three months after I was born, which was the occasion she gave me suck no longer, her friends and servants thought that, to all outward appearance, she was dead, and so lay almost two days and a night; but Dr. Winston, coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly on her face, said, ‘ She was so handsome, and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is dead;’ and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this he immediately caused her to be laid upon the bed again and to be rubbed, and such other means to be used as brought her to life; and, opening her eyes, she saw two of her kinswomen stand by her, my Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said, ‘ Did you not promise me fifteen years, and are you come again?’ which they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she then was; but some hours after, she desired my father and Dr. Howlsorth might be left alone with her, to whom she said, ‘ I will acquaint you that, during the time of my trance, I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly, I saw two by me clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down with my face in the dust, and they asked why I was troubled in so great happiness. I replied, Oh, let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman; to which they answered, It is done: and then, at that instant, I awoke out of my trance;’ and Dr. Howlsorth did there affirm, that that day she died, just fifteen years from that time.”—*Memoirs*, p. 28.

ticed here, because there seems reason to believe that it is a very ancient one;* and if taken as the principal part of oneiromancy, and considered as based on the tradition of dreams undoubtedly divine in their origin, it will rescue the idea of interpreting dreams from being necessarily absurd, though it will still be open to the imputation of incorrectness. As practised in the earliest ages, it was certainly not ridiculous, though it soon became so in succeeding times. We will, before we turn to the rules by which dreams were expounded, take a glance at the more rational system which supposes them to be often caused by external impressions. This is abundantly made out by experience. Every one knows that if a person be subjected to the action of cold, either by being uncovered or otherwise, the dreams will be corresponding: the individual will suppose himself to be travelling over bleak mountains or across snowy plains. If a noise be made (not loud enough to wake him), he will be immediately furnished with a visionary cause; and it is worthy of remark that, in cases like this, where the external impression is sudden, the whole dream will be frequently suggested at the moment, though it will appear to take some time in passing before the mind; and the noise from without, appearing to take place in its proper order at last, will sometimes wake the sleeper. For example, a door is shut with some violence by the side of a person sleeping; forthwith there rises up in his mind the phantasm of an army. He is in connexion with it, and is well aware of all his own relations to it, and its designs. The order is given to charge; and a discharge of artillery precedes the attack. He awakes, and finds himself awakened by the shutting of the door, which suggested the last circumstance of his dream. Now, it cannot be said that these things are only accidental coincidences—the shutting of the door and the visionary discharge of cannon—for they are of too frequent occurrence for this; and, indeed, if at any time a sudden impression on the sensorium be the means of awakening a dreamer, a train of prior circumstances will so arrange themselves in his mind, that the actual sensation from without shall exactly coincide with the visionary

sensation from within. If this be true, and there is very little to be said against it, it would seem that the sleeping mind is not cognoscent of time, or of periods of duration; and this non-recognition of periods of duration seems to be one of those things in which an eternal, disembodied spirit differs from one clothed in the flesh. This is a subject upon which speculation would lead us we know not whither. There are things which in this world we see through a glass darkly; and these are, perhaps, of them.

One more slice of metaphysics before we conclude this chapter. The circumstance of man dreaming has been adduced as a proof of the immateriality and immortality of the soul. Cicero has taken this ground of argument: and the dreaming of beasts has been mentioned by Lucretius as a proof to the contrary; for he implies, if men have souls, and you know it by their dreaming, so have beasts, for they dream: but you deny souls to beasts, therefore your argument falls to the ground with regard to men. Such would have been his language, had Lucretius been a logician rather than a poet. Now, in the first place, we are told, in answer to this, that brutes have souls, whether immortal or not. "The spirit of the beast goeth downwards," says the Scripture; and the following argument has been offered in proof of their immortality: Death came into the world by sin; therefore, if man had not sinned, there would have been no death in the world—consequently, animals would not have died. From this we judge that they were created in the first place immortal, especially as they were not intended for man's food while he was in a state of innocence. But if by the sin of man (not their own) they suffered death, is it not reasonable to believe that a happy state of existence will be awarded to them in a future state? We leave this argument without comment—*valeat quantum*. It has been attributed to the late learned and excellent Dr. Adam Clarke. Fulgosius, who has preserved a great number of similar relations, says that a certain Carthaginian physician, whose name was Gennadius, doubted of the immortality of the soul. He saw in a dream a youth, who shewed him a beautiful city, and departed. On the

* See the epistle of Hippocrates to Philopœmen, quoted in the next chapter.

following night he returned again, and asked Gennadius whether he recollected him. The physician replied that he did, and also the city which he had shewed him. "What are you about?" said the youth. "Sleeping," replied Gennadius. Then the youth a second time departed, leaving him quite convinced

of the immortality of the soul; for he argued, if his mind beheld a city when the eyes of his body were closed, and his whole frame lay dormant, so might his soul continue to live and exercise those wonderful powers with which it was endowed, though the body might moulder away in the tomb.

CHAP. II.—THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

Having so far treated upon the theories by which oneiromancy was supported, and beheld it, if it has one, upon its philosophical side, we must now reverse the picture, and look at the silly rules by which the signification of dreams was decided. Of these rules we must first remark that, comparatively speaking, they are of late date. We have no treatise on the subject earlier than that of Artemidorus, and he professes to have had recourse to no guide but experience. His experience, however, was not his own merely, but he had collected the opinions of many others, from the time of Hippocrates downwards. He was born at Ephesus, in the reign of Antoninus Pius; and took the surname of Daldianus, from Daldis, in Lydia, the birthplace of his mother. He travelled a great deal; and wherever he went he collected stories and opinions concerning dreams. Some doubts have been thrown on the genuineness of the *Oneirocritica*, on account of the absurdities it contains; it appears without much reason: for if a man could spend a long life in investigating so futile a subject, he may well be thought capable of writing a silly book near the close of it. With regard to the work itself, it has its value. Gerard Vossius says of it, "If we look at the matter which it contains, nothing can be more vain than that book; yet the reading of it is useful, on account of the varied information which he has mingled in it, concerning ancient rites, and human nature in general."

"Dreams," says this visionary, "which represent any thing as happening to the individual himself, and which are called '*propria*,' do for the most part signify events that shall happen to that individual. Yet this rule is not universal, for sometimes the events have occurred to the parents or the children of the dreamer. Thus a certain person dreamed of his own death, and it happened that

his father departed this life, who was indeed another person, but yet a partaker of the same body and soul with the dreamer. Again, another seemed in a dream to be beheaded, and his father also died, who to him had been the cause of life and light, even as the head is to the body. So also it happened to one who imagined that he was blinded: he lost not his sight, but his son, who was dear to him as his eyes."

On the other hand, dreams which refer to others generally are tokens of some event about to happen to others. Yet this is not always the case:

"A person dreamed that his father was burned, and he himself very shortly after died; as though, on account of the sorrow which the event must cause him, the father would be consumed. Again, an individual dreamed of the death of his mistress, and he soon after died himself; the dream signifying that he should, by some means or other, be deprived of her pleasant society. So the head refers to a father, the foot to a slave; the right hand to a mother, to a son, to a friend, to a brother; the left hand to a wife, a mother, a mistress, a daughter, a sister; the calf of the leg, to a wife or a mistress. And other things in like manner are to be considered."*

All these rules are to be considered as having reference only to private persons; for the dreams of princes relate to the commonwealth, and are no longer merely matters that concern themselves. This author gives directions for interpreting 409 kinds of dreams, many of them such as could never occur to a Christian of our day, and which exhibit, perhaps, the darkest picture of ancient Roman morals that is any where to be found. Vices even more hideous than the foul pages of Martial mention, are in this work spoken of as matters of common occurrence in dreams; and here we are certainly at liberty to adopt the reasoning of Dionysius, and say that, if such things were

* Book i., c. 2.

not practised, they would not be dreamed of. As a specimen of the mode of reasoning which Artemidorus adopts, we take at random the 54th and 55th chapters of the third book :

"Of a Key. Chap. 54.

"A key seen in dreams, by one about to marry, signifies that his wife will be faithful and a good housekeeper : to one about to purchase a female slave, it predicts a good servant. It forbids travelling, inasmuch as it signifies detention and exclusion ; for a key is made not for open, but for closed doors (by permission it is made to open the one and to close the other), otherwise there is no need of a key nor of doors ; but now, when no guard is present, then, the doors being made fast, a key is used. Justly, therefore, a key, seen in a vision, is an obstacle to those about to travel. To those who are about to manage and administer the property of others, it signifies fidelity and authority.

"Of a Cook. Chap. 55.

"To see a cook in one's house in a dream is good for one proposing to marry, for a cook is needed at a marriage ; and even the poor, who on such occasions lengthen out their feasts, need then a cook. But to sick persons it signifies an increase of their disease and inflammation, on account of roasting, and various other modes of applying heat used by cooks, by which the humours become sharp, as the most celebrated of those who exercise that art relate. The dream also signifies tears, on account of the smoke which is excited by a cook. It signifies the revealing of hidden things, and the bringing to light transactions done in private, since the works of a cook are openly brought forth to the guests, and appear as they are."

A specimen of an unfortunate dream, and a singular mode of reasoning, may be found in his decision concerning dreams of marriage, lib. ii. ch. 70 :

"Since wedlock is like to death, and dreams of death signify marriage, I shall here speak of nuptials [the foregoing chapters are of a very funeral character]. For a sick person to dream of marrying a virgin portends death ; for the same things which happen to one married happen to one dead. It is, however, a good dream to one about to enter upon some new negotiation, for it signifies that he will succeed : and to one hoping for some good thing, it foretells that all

will turn out as he desires ; for he who marries certainly receives some property, which his wife brings as her marriage portion. To other persons it signifies troubles and perturbations ; for without such marriages are not brought about. But if any man shall dream of marrying a widow, he shall set about some already commenced business, and that with good success. But if any one dreams that his wife is married to another, it portends either a change in his own plans, or a separation from his wife ; and if a woman, during her husband's life, imagine that she is married to another man, it signifies that she shall bury her husband, or in some other way be separated from him. But I have observed that this does not always take place, but only when the wife has no children, no immediate expectation of any, and is occupied in no commercial business. If she has a daughter, she shall give her in marriage. If about to give birth to a child, that child shall be a daughter, who shall be brought up and married ; and thus, not exactly herself, but a part as it were of her own person, shall be given in marriage to another man. If she be engaged in any commercial transactions, it signifies that she shall contract a partnership with some man in such business."

After five books of such information, he gives a great number of dreams, to bear out the truth of the premises ; of which we will take one or two, before we dismiss this most celebrated of interpreters.

"A certain person, trying to fly, was kept back by a friend, whose name was Julius, and who held him by the right foot. Shortly after he was about to depart from Rome, and had prepared every thing for his departure. The month of July was now at hand, and he was delayed by some inconvenience" (it ought, of course, to have been the gout in his right foot) ; "yet he was not delayed to the end of the month, because in his dream it was a friend by whom he had been delayed."—Book v., ch. 70.

"A certain sick person went into the temple of Jupiter, and in his dream asked the god whether he should recover. Jupiter nodded to him, looking downwards upon him. The next day he died, which was clearly indicated by the god looking downwards. That this was not contrary to rule, we shall see by another example.

"A certain woman, being ill, dreamed that she asked Venus whether she should

* "For the same things happen to those who marry and to those who die ; for there is a gathering together of friends, as well male as female, and crowns, and aromatics, and ointments, and deeds of settlement."—Book ii., c. 54.

recover, and the goddess shook her head, looking upwards; yet the woman got well. This is the converse of the preceding instances, for the looking upwards of a god or goddess portends a favourable issue."—Book v., ch. 71, 72.

"An individual, dreaming that he drank powdered mustard, was tried for his life, and condemned to death—for he was not accustomed to drink mustard; nor is it at all potable, as may be learned by the proverb, 'Who ever drank mustard?' Therefore the judge condemned him to death."—Book v., ch. 5.

"An individual, against whom a lawsuit was brought, dreamed that he had lost all the notes and memorials that he had prepared for his justification. The next day he was set free from all disagreeable consequences of the action, which was the meaning of the dream; for when an action is finished, notes and memorials are of no further use to the parties."—Book v., ch. 10.*

From all this we see that any dream might signify any event. The train of argument is not particularly clear to modern eyes; but there is no doubt that it was completely satisfactory to those who consulted Artemidorus or his disciples. This does not appear to have been the sort of reasoning that prevailed among the sages of Egypt or Babylon; for by these rules any dream might be interpreted, and by these instances any interpretation might be justified.

A Latin translation of this work was published in 1537, by Cornarius, an Italian physician; who prefaced it with a dedicatory letter to Pucheynurus and Megobacchus, two eminent physicians of the time. In the course of this letter, he excuses the art from the charge of absurdity; and states his own opinion, that it may be made subservient to medicine. He quotes Hippocrates to the following effect:

"When the body is at rest, the mind is in motion, and permeating all parts of the body, governs its habitation, and performs itself all the actions of the corporeal frame. For the sleeping body feels not; but the spirit, being awake, knows and sees visible things—hears audible things—moves, touches, sorrows, observes. In fine, whatever be the functions of the body, and whatever those of

the soul, the latter in sleep performs them all. He, therefore, who knows rightly how to judge of these things, has attained a great part of wisdom; and those who judge concerning things of this sort, have an art that is not fallacious."

Cornarius, as may be supposed by his translating the work of Artemidorus, was himself a great believer in the significance of dreams, and, like him, had had no small experience; for he says that he should write at very great length indeed, were he to mention the instances in which intimate friends of his own, men of eminent talent and high rank, had been so divinely warned in dreams as to become greatly serviceable to their countries. Instead, however, of giving any account of these interpositions of Providence, he relates a dream of that eminent father of medicine, whose opinions he had before quoted. In his epistle to Philopœmon, Hippocrates says:

"I was anxious and thoughtful concerning Democritus, to visit whom the Abderites had sent for me, when falling asleep, I saw towards morning Æsculapius before me, and, lo! we were at the gates of Abdera; but Æsculapius did not appear mild and gentle as his statues represent him, but fierce in aspect and rough in manner: vast dragons, a kind of reptiles, followed him, leaving a long train behind them and hissing as though in woods and deserts: his attendants bore boxes full of medicines carefully sealed. Then the god offered me his hand, which I willingly took, and prayed him that I might go on and that he would not forsake me in the cure; but he replied, 'At present you have no need of me; but this, the common goddess of mortal and immortals, will conduct you, being a stranger;' and I turned round and beheld a woman, tall and beautiful, splendidly but simply adorned, the spheres of whose eyes shone with a pure light, so that you would think it to be the brightness of the stars. The god then disappeared; but that woman, taking me by the hand, led me benignly with a slow step through the city, and when we were near to the house in which a lodging had been prepared for me, she vanished like a spectre, merely saying, 'To-morrow will I meet thee at the house of Democritus;' but while she was turn-

* An instance of a ridiculous dream is thus given in a note:—"Visus est sibi quis in podice os habere, et dentes magnos et pulchros, ac vocem, per ipsum edere, ac cibum capere, et quæcunque per os fieri solent omnia similiter habere. Ob petulantiam lingue patriam suam reliquit, et in exilium expulsus est; præmitto dicere causas verisimiles, enim et rationabiles erant eventus."—Lib. v., c. 68.

ing round, I said, 'I beseech thee, excellent lady, tell me who thou art, and by what name thou wilt be called!' 'Truth,' replied she; 'but who is this approaching?' for, of a sudden, another woman approached with an evil countenance, bolder and more hasty. 'Opinion,' said she; 'and she dwells with the Abderites.' I therefore arose from sleep and interpreted the dream to myself—that Democritus needed not a physician, since the god of medicine itself had departed, in token that there was neither necessity nor business for the healing art; but Truth herself, to shew how sound was the mind of Democritus, dwelt with him. On the other hand, the vain opinion that his intellects were affected, dwelt with the Abderites. And these things, my friend Philopœmen, I believe to be true, and certainly they are so, nor do I despise dreams, particularly when they preserve so good a consistency as this. Medicine and divination are sister arts, since the father of both is one, even Apollo—our progenitor, who perceives both present and future diseases, who heals those who are and those who are about to be sick. Farewell.*

This dream of the venerable father of medicine was in all probability intended to be received as an instructive and amusing allegory, just as Cicero relates the dream of Scipio, and Xenophon that of Hercules. We will now take a brief review of some of the relations of dreams which have reached us, and this may be divided into,

1. Dreams which are said to have been instrumental in doing good.
2. Dreams which are said to have been verified, but of which we can discern no useful purpose.
3. Dreams which are said to have caused their own fulfilment.
4. Dreams which have apparently failed of their effect.

1. We are told by Plutarch† that Themistocles, when approaching the city of Leontocephalus, fell asleep in the middle of the day. In a dream he beheld the goddess Cybele, who told him that if he did not wish to fall into the lion's jaws, he must avoid the lion's head (Leontocephalus signifies lion's head). In return for this caution the goddess demanded of him the dedication of his daughter, Mnesiptoleme, as her priestess. The information was not lost. Themistocles took another route,

and thereby avoided falling into the hands of the Pisidians, who were lying in wait for him at that city, being bribed by Epixia, the Persian, to kill him. In remembrance of this he built a temple to Cybele at Magnesian, and, according to the divine command, caused his daughter to officiate as priestess. Another dream of his is said to have been equally fortunate in its results. It must be remembered, however, that Plutarch had the faculty of dreaming with his eyes open to an immense extent, and when writing in this state he was not very particular about authorities. Alexander was the hero of a tale no less marvellous. His friend Ptolemy had been wounded in a battle, and Alexander, sleeping in the same room with him, saw in a dream the serpent beloved by his mother, Olympias; and, according to her account, the divine father of Alexander himself. In his mouth the serpent held an herb, which, he said, was a sure vulnerary, and if applied to the wound of Ptolemy, he would recover. On awaking, the king gave so accurate a description of the plant, that it was soon found, and the effects were just as he anticipated.‡ An interesting coincidence, which Cicero himself treated as such, may be found in his own works, and in Valerius Maximus.§ Being obliged, by a conspiracy of his enemies, to quit Rome, he was spending some time at Atina; and there sleeping, he imagined himself, wandering through desert places, to have met Caius Marius, who was arrayed in the consular ornaments and preceded by the lictors. Marius, taking him by the hand, asked him the cause of his dejection, and being told, gave him in charge to one of the lictors, who was commanded to place him in the tomb of Marius; for there, said the aged consul, is placed the hope of safety and better fortune; and so it happened—a unanimous decree of the senate, passed in the Marian temple of Jupiter, recalled Cicero to Rome. One more instance of a dream being the instrument of good may be found in Valerius Maximus, and this will suffice. The night before the battle of Philippi,|| Minerva appeared in a dream to Ar-

* Ded. Epist. to Connar. Tran. Artem.

† Plut. in Them.

‡ Quintus Curtius, lib. ix. c. 27.

§ De Divin. lib. ii. c. 68. Val. Max. lib. i. c. 7. § 5.

|| Val. Max. lib. i. c. 7.

torius, the physician of Augustus, and directed him to tell that prince on no account to be absent from the battle. This, on account of severe illness, had been Augustus's intention. He, on hearing the vision of Artorius, changed his mind and was carried out in a litter to battle; but, in the course of the fight, the camp fell into the hands of Brutus, and he would have shared the same fate had he not obeyed the intimation of the divine will given by Artorius. None of these anecdotes require any comment, the three former rest on very doubtful authority. Cicero believed the fourth to be merely a singular coincidence; and with regard to Artorius, his advice seems to have been dictated by a desire to keep up the spirits of the army.

St. Augustine speaks of some dreams of which he heard. One he relates is, that a claim having been made upon a person to pay a debt contracted by his father, the father himself appeared in a dream to the young man and pointed out to him where was the receipt; this being produced, the claim was of course abandoned. This is adduced, says St. Augustine, as a proof that the father cared still for his son, and appeared to him in sleep to save him from trouble and vexation. He then observes, that this could not be the case in another instance which he relates, in which Eulogius, a quondam disciple of his, and who had met with some difficulties in the works of Cicero, had them cleared up by Augustine himself; who, or as he observes, something like him, appeared and explained the passage to Eulogius. Augustine was at a distance, he knew nothing of the matter, and was, therefore, he infers, no party to the transaction. He asks, then,* why, if a person thus living be the subject of an instructive vision, why may not one dead be so also without the interference of the spirit itself?

2. Dreams which are said to have been verified, but of which we can discern no useful purpose. Alcibiades imagined in a dream that he was wrapped round with the cloak of his mistress, and shortly afterwards he was slain, and his dead body being cast out naked,

she did cover it with that very cloak. This is called by Valerius Maximus no fallacious omen.† Hamilcar, the Carthaginian commander, when besieging Syracuse, heard in a dream a voice declaring that he should the next day sup in that city. Greatly rejoiced, and imagining that such a vision could only be a presage of victory, he brought up his troops the next day with double confidence; but a dissension having taken place between the Carthaginians and the Sicilians in his army, the Syracusans took advantage of their want of union, made a desperate attack upon the besiegers, and carried away among others Hamilcar himself. So that in that very city in which he had expected to sup as a victor, he was necessitated to sup as a captive.

"While Dionysius, the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse, was yet in a private station, a lady of noble family, Himera by name, dreamed that she was admitted into heaven, and there saw a powerful man of a swarthy and freckled complexion, bound with iron chains to the throne of Jupiter. She asked the youth who conducted her who this being was, and was told that he was the dire fate of Sicily and Italy, and that when loosed from his chains he should occasion the destruction of many cities. This dream she published the next day. After that, Fortune, hostile to the liberty of the Syracusans and injurious to the lives of the innocent, had hurled Dionysius, freed from the celestial custody, like a thunderbolt upon their ease and tranquillity; Himera beheld him entering the city in which she dwelt, attended with a great crowd; she immediately exclaimed, This is the man whom I saw in my dream."

As soon as the tyrant heard this he put her to death.‡

Aterius Rufus§ was about to give a great exhibition of gladiators at Syracuse, and dreamed the night before that he had been pierced by the hand of one of them. He went, however, to the theatre, and one of the Retiarii being placed near him, excited his attention; and on looking at the man closely, he declared that that was he whom he had seen in his dream, and that he feared he should, by his hand, lose his life. His proposition was, how-

* Quomodo fiant ista nescio, sed quomodo libet fiant, cur non eodem modo fieri credimus, ut in somnis quisque videat mortuum, quomodo fit, ut videat et vivum amobus utique nescientibus neque curantibus; quis vel quando vel ubi eorum imagines somniet?—AUGUSTINE, *de Cura pro Mortuis gerendâ*.

† Val. Max. lib. i. c. 7.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

ever, overruled ; but that same evening he was accidentally slain by the object of his fear. A singular dream, with its no less singular fulfilment, is related in the *Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes*, vol. i. p. 270. The evening before the battle of Lonate, Junot, having been on horseback all the day, and ridden above twenty leagues in carrying the orders of the general-in-chief, lay down overwhelmed with fatigue without undressing, and ready to start up at the smallest signal. Hardly was he asleep when he dreamed he was on a field of battle surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was a horseman clad in armour, with whom he was engaged : that cavalier, instead of a lance, was armed with a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, particularly one on the left temple. The combat was long, and at length they seized each other by the middle; in the struggle the vizor of the horseman fell off, and Junot perceived that he was fighting with a skeleton. Soon the armour fell off, and Death stood before him armed with his scythe. "I have not been able to take you," said he, "but I will seize one of your best friends. Beware of me!" Junot awoke in a cold perspiration. The morning was beginning to dawn, and he could not sleep from the impression he had received. He felt convinced that one of his brother aides-de-camp, Muiron or Marmont, would be slain in the approaching fight. In effect it was so. Junot received two wounds, one on the left temple, which he bore to the grave, and another on the breast, but Muiron was shot through the heart!

These are but specimens of a very numerous class of dreams. They were verified ; but, except in the last case, the meaning was only known when the prediction had been accomplished. The same observations we shall see, by and by, applying with an equal degree of force to oracles.

3. Dreams which are said to have caused their own fulfilment.

When the mother of Archbishop Abbot was very near her confinement,* she dreamed that, though a poor woman herself, if she could eat a pike, her son would be a great man. She sought accordingly with much zeal, till at last she saw one in some water that ran near

her house at Guilford ; she seized upon it and immediately devoured it. This circumstance being much talked about, several persons of wealth and influence offered to be sponsors to the child when born ; and those who did so, kept him both at school and at the university, till he arrived at distinction. The following, unless it were a political contrivance, may be placed in the same class. Antigonus, king of Macedonia, dreamed that he sowed gold in a field, and that the seed sprung up, flourished, and ripened ; but that soon after the golden harvest was reaped, and nothing left but the worthless stubble ; and that then he heard a voice proclaim that Mithridates was fled to the Euxine Sea, carrying with him all the harvest. The king being now awakened, was exceedingly terrified : he resolved to cut off Mithridates, and communicated his intention to Demetrius, exacting from him a previous oath of silence. Demetrius, who was favourably disposed towards Mithridates, was only prevented by a reverence for his oath from telling him the danger in which he stood. Taking him, however, aside, he wrote on the sand with the point of his spear, "Fly, O Mithridates!" Warned by the counsels of his friend, Mithridates fled, and founded in Cappadocia a kingdom† which long survived that of Macedonia.‡ This relation is taken from Plutarch.

4. Dreams which have apparently failed of their effect.

Among such may be classed that very curious relation given by Cicero,§ of the two Arcadian friends who, travelling together, arrived at Megara, and there one lodged at an inn, the other at a friend's house. The latter, in his first sleep, appeared to behold his friend supplicating for aid against the innkeeper, who was preparing to murder him. He started up in alarm, but not thinking the dream merited attention, he again composed himself to sleep. His friend again appeared, telling him that assistance was now useless, for the intended murder had been committed ; but conjured him that, although he had afforded no succour to the living, he at least would not permit the crime to go unavenged. The murdered person also stated that the body had been thrown into a cart

* Theory of Dreams, vol. ii. p. 6.

† Theory of Dreams, vol. i. p. 52.

‡ That of Pontus.

§ De Divin. lib. ii. c. 68.

and covered with dung, and that it was in contemplation to carry it out of the city very early the next morning. These instructions were obeyed, the cart was stopped, the body found, and the innkeeper brought to justice. Here, supposing the truth of the relation, the object of the dream was not to cause the execution of the innkeeper, but to save the life of the traveller; and if we divide the vision into two parts, and contend that the object of the latter was accomplished, we must grant that the former altogether failed of its effect.

"The dreams of avarice," says the author of the *Theory of Dreams*, quoting Holinshed, "have seldom been productive of much good. A rich man in Wales having dreamed three nights successively that there was a chain of gold hidden under the headstone of a well named St. Barnard's Well, went to the place, and, putting his hand into the hole, was bitten by an adder; and not many years since, as the interesting recluses of Llangollen would testify, a deluded cobbler was digging, in consequence of a dream, among the ruins of the Castle of Dinas Brune, which overhangs the vale, in search of gold."

Two curious dreams, shewing the effect of an evil conscience on the sensorium are related by Proclus in his doubts concerning Providence: they may be found at pp. 63 and 64 of Taylor's Translation.

"For they say that Apollodorus the Tyrant saw himself in a dream scourged and boiled by certain persons, and his heart exclaiming from the kettle, 'I am the cause of these thy torments;' but Ptolemy, who was called Thunder (Ceraunus), thought he was, in a dream, called to judgment by Seleucus, and that vultures and wolves sat there as his judges. Such are the preludes to the wicked of impending punishment."

These examples will suffice, and for the most part they require no comment. Generally speaking, we shall find that any remarkable coincidence between dreams and real transactions may be accounted for by the fact well known to all—that we are most likely to dream of that which has the greatest share of our waking thoughts. It will hardly be quite fair to the author of the *Theory of Dreams* not to state what that theory is. The book is an amusing collection of anecdotes, and the writer says,* "The

general theory to which the author is inclined is, that no dreams, excepting those involved with the history of revelation, can have any necessary connexion with, or can afford any assistance towards discovering the secrets of futurity."

We must not dismiss the subject of dreams without noticing the means to which the ancients had recourse in order to obtain prophetic dreams. The skins of animals offered in sacrifice belonged to the priest. This was the case under the Mosaic law,† from which many of the most interesting ceremonies among the heathen were borrowed. It is probable that the Jews, in the days of their apostasy, and it is quite certain that the heathens put these skins to a superstitious purpose. Virgil gives an instance of this in the following lines:—

"First on the fleeces of the slaughtered sheep,
By night the sacred priest dissolves in sleep;
When in a train before his wondering eye,
Thin airy forms and wondrous visions fly;
He calls the powers who guard the infernal floods,
And talks, inspired, familiar with the gods;
To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,
And first a hundred sheep the monarch slew;
Then on their fleeces lay, and from the wood
He heard distinct these accents of the god."—Pirr's *Æn.* b. viii.

"The Highlanders of Scotland," says Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*, "like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *togharm*. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of disembodied spirits who haunt these desolate recesses. * * Mr. Alexander Cooper, minister of North Uist, told me that one John Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, as-

* Vol. i. p. 152.

† Levit. viii. 8.

sured him it was his fate to be led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide above-mentioned, during which time he felt and heard such terrible things that he could not express them. The impression made on him was such as would never go off; and he said, for a thousand worlds he would not again be concerned in the like performance, for it had disordered him to a high degree."

Such superstitions might be expected from a race of men so imaginative as the Highlanders; nor will it appear very surprising, that similar means, only less terrific, should have been occasionally resorted to in the convent.* The Franciscans, among whom supernatural visions were peculiarly abundant, used to note with great care the mat upon which any brother had lain while in a state of ecstasy. A portion of the spirit which rested upon him was believed to hallow the very straw upon which he lay, and those who afterwards slept upon it expected to be visited with celestial dreams. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, mentions several ways of obtaining or repelling peculiar dreams. The shoulder of a chameleon,† for example, enabled a person who possessed it to dream of whatsoever he pleased. Anise‡ hung about a bed drove away disagreeable visions; and on the contrary, an herb called pycnocomon,§ caused them. Nor must the recipe of Robert Burton be forgotten; which cannot, however, be exactly recommended. "Piso commends frications; Andrew Borde, a good draught of strong wine before one goes to bed. I say a nutmeg and ale,

or a good draught of muscadine, with a toast and nutmeg; or a posset of the same, which many use in a morning; but methinks for such as have dry brains, are much more proper at night."¶ Afterwards he quotes a story rather more to the purpose. Ptolemy, king of Egypt, asked one of the seventy interpreters what was the best way of securing pleasant dreams, and was told to use celestial meditations and honest actions when awake.¶ It will hardly be necessary to make any recapitulation of the contents of these two chapters. We have seen that there was, and still is, a metaphysical theory, well known to the ancients, and embraced by some very distinguished men even among moderns; that, according to this theory, it is possible that dreams may be the expatiations of a spirit for a season disembodied, possibly capable of having some glances into futurity, and therefore not to be despised. Knowing this, however different our own opinions may be, we shall hesitate before we visit with our contempt those among the ancients who believed in oneiromancy. The practice was, no doubt, always fallacious, and often contemptible, but we must not confound the theories of philosophers with the practices of mountebanks. In many respects we are not much better informed as to the nature of spirit or the properties of matter than the ancients; that we are free from many of their errors is to be attributed quite as much to our greater knowledge of the limits set to human science, as to our more successful investigation of natural phenomena.

* Somniandi modus Franciscanorum hinc ducit originem antiqui moris, fuit oracula et futurorum præscentiam, quibusdam adhibitis sacris, per insomnia dari, qui mos talis erat, ut victimas cæderent, mox sacrificio peracto, sub pellibus cæsarum ovium incubantes somnia capterent eaque lymphatica somnia verissimos exitus sortiri. Et monachi super storea cubant, in qua alius frater exsteticus fuerat somnistas sacrificat missam preces et jejunia adhibet, inde ut communiter fit de amoribus per somnia consulit, redditque responsa pro occurrentibus spectris.—*Moresini Deprav. Rel. Orig.* p. 162.

† Book xxxviii. c. 8.

‡ Book xx. c. 17.

§ Book xxvi. c. 8.

¶ Anatomy of Melancholy, part ii. sect. 2. Memb. 5.

¶ Ibid.

ONE OR TWO GUESSES AT ONE OR TWO TRUTHS.

THE clock struck six as we passed with hasty steps over the smooth-shaven courts of Trinity, upon a golden morning in July, in our way to letter B in the New Court. Having at length, with lingering foot and slow, gained our elevated abode, we joyfully reclined upon a sofa, and resigned ourselves to the reminiscences of the Huntingdon Ball, from which one of Jordan's hacks had just transported us. Eyes, arms, ankles, costumes,—all indolently floated through the imagination, in picturesque confusion, like white sheep and clear streams glimmering amid verdant woods; or a landscape of Claude broken up in a dream. "Eyes!" we exclaimed, internally; "what a beautiful essay for *Fraser* might be written upon eyes!" A mere collection of passages would be an agreeable task, describing their charms from Helen to Lady Jersey. Musæus, in his history of Hero and Leander, has imparted an uncommon brilliancy to the eyes of the lady—

— Οἱ δὲ παλαιοί

Τρεῖς χαρίτας ψιδαστο πειφυχίας εἰς δι τῆς
Ἥρας

Ὁφθαλμοὶ γίλων ἱκανοὶ χαρίτεσσι τιθεῖται.

Let the reader ponder upon the full beauty of the word, *τιθεῖται*. Petronius, a great authority in all questions of this nature, gives to eyes the appellation of *facetos*; and represents Venus, the Loves, and Pleasure herself, dwelling in the midst. We owe, perhaps, to the Orientals the darts and arrows of the eyes. Musæus, when portraying Leander's sudden passion for Hero, affirms that the beauty of a modest woman penetrates more swiftly than the sharpest javelin. *Æschylus* has a similar metaphor, applied to Helen, in the *Agamemnon*. Milton, also, introduces the image into that delicious love-scene of Paradise, where Eve, whose eye "darted contagious fire," is conducted by Adam

— "to a shady bank,

Thick overhead with verdant roof embower'd."

Spenser represents the Graces sitting on the eyelids; and his Italian masters have exhausted the fertile combinations of their fancy in the same descriptions.

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Whilst occupied in these meditations, the faces of the last evening began to dawn more freshly upon our recollection; and the verses of Martial dropped from our lips:

"Cynthia te vatem fecit, lascive Properti;

Ingenium Galli pulchra Lycoris erat;

Fama est arguti Nemesis formosa Tibulli;

Lesbia dictavit, docte Catulle, tibi.

Non me Pelignus, nec spernet Mantua
vatem;

Si qua Corinna mihi,"—

While delivering these elegant lines, *ore rotundo*, our left hand had now taken down the original edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*—a ponderous tome, of greater value than the hundred volumes of *Lardner's Cyclopædia*; and which Johnson declared to be the only book able to draw him from his bed two hours before his usual time of rising. Open the mine where you will, you are sure to find a treasure. We turned instinctively to a learned disquisition upon dancing. Let us hear the erudite Oxonian:

"Constantine makes Cupid himself a great dancer,—by the same token, as he was capering among the gods, he flung down a bowl of nectar, which, distilling upon the white rose, ever since made it red; and Callistrates, by the help of Dædalus about Cupid's statue, made many maidens dancing. At his and Psyche's wedding, the gods being present to grace the feast, Ganymede filled nectar in abundance (as Apuleius describes it); Vulcan was the cook; the Hours made all fine with roses and flowers; Apollo played on the harp; the Muses sang; but his mother, Venus, danced to his and their sweet content. Witty Lucian, in that pathetic love passage, or pleasing description of Jupiter's stealing of Europa, and swimming from Phœnicia to Crete, makes the sea culm, the winds hushed; Neptune and Amphitrite riding in their chariot, to break the waves before them; the Tritons dancing round about, with every one a torch; the Sea-nymphs, half naked, keeping time on dolphins' backs, and singing Hymeneas; Cupid nimbly tripping on the top of the waters; and Venus herself coming after in a shell, strewing roses and flowers on their heads. Praxiteles, in all his pictures of love, fains Cupid ever smiling upon dancers; and in Saint Marke's Garden in Rome (whose work I know not), one of the most delicious

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pieces is merry satyrs dancing round a girl asleep. So that dancing is still, as it were, a necessary appendix to love-matters. Young lasses are never better pleased than when, as upon a holyday, after even-song, they may meet their sweethearts, and dance about a Maypole, or in a town-green, under a shady elm.”

So sings the grave Democritus, who died a victim to the melancholy he loved to describe and investigate. Burton was a master in all the mysteries of the ancient and modern toilet. When treating, in the *Anatomy*, of artificial allurements, he denounces, with eloquent indignation, those votaries of fashion who “crucify” themselves in their dresses; sometimes lavishing a hundred yards upon a sleeve, of which the “bishops,” now gone out of vogue, was a weak imitation. He continues, in the same bitter and taunting strain :

“Now long tails, and then short; up, down, high, low, thick, thin; now little or no bands; then as big as cart-wheels; now loose bodies; then great fardingals and close girt.”

Modern ball-dresses seem to be constructed upon the advice of Ovid :

“Pars humeri tamen ima tui, pars summa lacerti

Nuda fit, a læva conspicienda manu.”

The reader who is acquainted with the antiquities discovered at Herculaneum, will remember the wonderful and unwearied ingenuity which the ancients devoted to make the sensual subservient to the beautiful. The figures of their dancing girls embody all the refined abandonment of the most poetical imagination. The transparent dresses surpass any at Almack’s. Seneca speaks of the *pellucida vestis*; and Ovid, with characteristic grace, clothes the Hours in painted garments. Apuleius, in his charming allegory of Psyche, describes the veil, which only shadowed the form of Venus, of an azure hue, in allusion to her having risen from the sea. The manufacturers of these fashionable vests had a distinct title: they were called *λατρουγγοί* and *tenuarii*. Purple was the favourite colour; and has received an additional brilliancy from the pencil of Virgil, who arrayed Dido in it. Plautus, in his amusing comedy, the *Aulularia*, among the trades peculiarly appropriated to female luxury, mentions the

violarii, persons who dyed dresses with the colour of the violet. Aristophanes describes the variegated purple robes by a very beautiful line in the *Plutus*, where Poverty assures Chremylus that he will no longer be able to anoint his bride with liquid odours, or bring her home in that expensive apparel. This costly dye was manufactured at Miletus. Theocritus calls the *πορφύρεα καπνίς* softer than sleep. But purple was not the only colour patronised by persons of quality. Cyprrian and Tertullian, in the treatises which those learned fathers directed against the extravagance of ladies, particularly notice tints of green and vermilion. Spenser assigns a green habit to Cupid, which Warton considered to be an unwarrantable innovation. Yellow drapery must not be forgotten, since it was the colour selected by Bacchus after his transformation into a girl; as any young lady, who has learned Greek on the Hamiltonian system, may read in the nineteenth book of the *Donysiacs* of Nonnus. It seems to have suited the complexion of heroes also. Lucian says that Hercules adopted it during his degrading visit to Omphale. White had, also, its admirers. Tibullus mentions a lady who inflamed the beholder alike in purple or in white. Spenser recommended it to young maidens—

“Lo! where she comes along with portly
pace,
Like Phæbe, from her chamber of the
East,
Arising forth to run her nightly race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin
best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would
weene
Some angel she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden
wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearly flowers
atweene,
Do like a golden mantle her attire.”

Epithalamion, 156.

Dyeing the hair was not deemed of inferior importance to dyeing the garments. Ovid alludes to the custom in the *Metamorphoses*, as the reader may see in the following verses of Dryden :

“Grathis and Sibaris, her sister-flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,

With gold and amber dye the shining hair;
And thither youth resort—for who would
not be fair!"

It has been sometimes erroneously supposed that yellow hair belonged only to the Vestris of the day; but Ovid commends the fair complexion and yellow locks of Lucretia; and Virgil bestows the same colour upon Lavinia. The beautiful verses of Horace to Pyrrha have been quoted, incorrectly, in favour of the Appropriation-clause. The preference of light hair still continues in the south of Europe: and the *extravaganza* of admiration excited by a beautiful English girl at Florence, some years ago, is not yet forgotten. Our own poets have delighted to eulogise golden hair. Spenser's flattery of Elizabeth, not less than his imitations of the Italian poets, induced him to praise it. All his females, as Warton observes, are described with yellow hair; and when he wishes to paint the warrior captivated by beauty, he represents him wrapt "in fetters of a golden tresse." The subject of costume is so inexhaustible, that fifty pages of *REGINA* would scarcely afford space for its adequate investigation. The lady-mayorress, we are informed, made her official appearance in the glitter of ten thousand pounds worth of jewels: but let her read Pliny's account—Mr. Hobler will interpret—of the gorgeous embellishment of Lollia Paulina: "*Smaragdus margaritisque optam, alterno textu fulgentibus toto capite crinibus, spiris, auribus, collo, manibus, digitisque*——"

At this moment a sunbeam shot between the leaves of the book in our hand, like an arrow of Diana flashing through a dark forest, when thunder-clouds are rolling, and heavy drops patter on the leaves. At the same moment, "A Review of the Household Troops" caught our eye in the *Standard*. "We too," was our exclamation, starting suddenly up, and opening a small parcel sent in the previous evening from Deightons', "will have a field-day—ay, and a review of our own." So, putting the new volume in our pocket, and writing an order for dinner at seven, we descended the stairs, and sauntered to Chesterton; and certainly, to borrow a bad pun from Professor

Sedgwick, no Hare ever shewed better sport than the author of *Guesses at Truth*.*

The volume, of which a second edition has recently appeared, was written by Mr. Charles Julius Hare and his brother,—names not unknown to learning or to literature. One has already been called to his reward.

"Soon after the publication of the first edition," is the touching remark of the surviving brother, "he gave up guessing at truth, for the higher office of preaching truth. How faithfully he discharged that office may be seen in the two volumes of his sermons. And now he has been raised from the earth to the full fruition of that truth, of which he had first been the earnest seeker, and then the dutiful servant and herald."

Guesses at Truth belong to the school of Landor—if, indeed, that eccentric, and sometimes beautiful, writer of prose can be said to have a school. Mr. Hare calls his own suggestions "little more than glimmerings;" almost "dreams of thought:" and, undoubtedly, a certain haziness of sentiment, the result of too devout contemplation of Coleridge, occasionally confuses the reader; but, for the most part, a strong vein of manly sense, a picturesque power of selection and illustration, and a genuine perception of poetical beauty, animate the disquisitions of the writers. They reproduce an old topic with considerable freshness and brilliancy of costume. Read, for example, the very ingenious essay upon humour, which we shall quote, adding a running commentary of our own:—

"*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*" In the first place, all the sour faces in the world, stiffening into a yet more rigid asperity at the least glimpse of a smile. I have seen faces, too, which, so long as you let them lie in their sleepy torpor, unshaken and unstirred, have a creamy softness and smoothness, and might beguile you into suspecting their owners of being gentle; but if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts on them like thunder, and they also turn sour. Nay, strange as it may seem, there have been such incarnate paradoxes as would rather see their fellow-creatures cry than smile.

"But is not this in exact accordance with the spirit which pronounces a blessing on the weeper, and a wo on the laugher?"

* *Guesses at Truth*. By Two Brothers. Taylor and Walton. London, 1838.

"Not in the persons I have in view. That blessing and wo are pronounced in the knowledge how apt the course of this world is to run counter to the kingdom of God. They who weep are declared to be blessed, not because they weep, but *because they shall laugh*; and the wo threatened to the laughers is in like manner, that *they shall mourn and weep*. Therefore, they who have this spirit in them will endeavour to forward the blessing, and to avert the wo. They will try to comfort the mourner, so as to lead him to rejoice; and they will warn the laugher, that he may be preserved from the mourning and weeping, and may exchange his passing for lasting joy. But there are many persons who merely indulge in the antipathy, without opening their hearts to the sympathy. Such is the spirit found in those who have cast off the bond of the lower earthly affections, without having risen as yet into the freedom of heavenly love; in those who have stopped short in the state of transition between the two lines, like so many skeletons, stripped of their earthly, and not yet clothed with a heavenly body. It is the spirit of stoicism, for instance, in philosophy, and of vulgar Calvinism, which in so many things answers to stoicism, in religion. They who feel the harm they have received from worldly pleasures, are prone at first to quarrel with pleasure of every kind altogether: and it is one of the strange perversities of our self-will to entertain anger, instead of pity, towards those whom we fancy to judge or act less wisely than ourselves. This, however, is only while the scaffolding is still standing round the edifice of their Christian life, so that they cannot see clearly out of the windows, and their view is broken up into disjointed parts. When the scaffolding is removed, and they look out without hindrance, they are readier than any to delight in all the beauty and true pleasure around them. They feel that it is their blessed calling, not only to *rejoice always themselves*, but likewise to *rejoice with all who do rejoice* in innocence of heart. They feel that this must be well-pleasing to Him who has filled his universe with ever-bubbling springs of gladness; so that whithersoever, we turn our eyes, through earth and sky, as well as sea, we behold the ἀντίποιος γέλασμα of nature. On the other hand, it is the harshness of an irreligious temper, clothing itself in religious zeal, and not seldom exhibiting symptoms of mental disorganisation, that looks scowlingly on every indication of happiness and mirth.

"Moreover, there is a large class of people, who deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be

made light of; who would leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips, as on a grave or in a ledger. Wit and Wisdom being sisters, not only are they afraid of being indited for bigamy, were they to wed them both, but they shudder at such a union as incestuous. So, to keep clear of temptation, and to preserve their faith where they have plighted it, they turn the younger out of doors; and if they see or hear of any body taking her in, they are positive he can know nothing of the elder. They would not be witty for the world. Now, to escape being so is not very difficult for those whom nature has so favoured, that wit with them is always at zero, or below it. And as to their wisdom, since they are careful never to overfeed her, she jogs leisurely along the turnpike road, with lank and meagre carcass, displaying all her bones, and never getting out of her own dust. She feels no inclination to be frisky; but, if a coach or a wagon passes her, is glad, like her rider, to run behind a thing so big. Now, all the people take grievous offence if any one comes near them better mounted; and they are in a tremour lest the neighing, and snorting, and prancing, should be contagious.

"Surely, however, ridicule implies contempt; and so the feeling must be condemnable, subversive of gentleness, incompatible with kindness?

"Not necessarily so, or universally: far from it. The word *ridicule*, it is true, has a narrow-minded meaning. From our proneness to mix up personal feelings with those which are more purely objective and intellectual, we have in great measure restricted the meaning of *ridicule*, which would properly extend over the whole region of the ridiculous, the laughable, where we may disport ourselves innocently, without any evil emotion; and we have narrowed it so, that in common usage it mostly corresponds to *derision*, which does, indeed, involve personal and offensive feelings. As the great business of wisdom, in her speculative office, is to detect and reveal the hidden harmonies of things, those harmonies which are the sources and the overflowing emanations of law, the dealings of wit, on the other hand, are with incongruities. And it is the perception of incongruity, flashing upon us, when unaccompanied, as Aristotle observes (*Poet*, c. v.), by pain, or by any predominant moral disgust, that provokes laughter, and excites the feeling of the ridiculous. But it no more follows that the perception of such an incongruity must breed or foster haughtiness or disdain, than that the perception of any

thing else that may be erroneous or wrong should do so. You might as well argue that a man must be proud and scornful, because he sees that there is such a thing as sin, or such a thing as folly in the world. Yet, unless we blind our eyes, and gag our ears, and hoodwink our minds, we shall seldom pass through a day without having some form of evil brought in one way or other before us. Besides, the perception of incongruity may exist, and may awaken laughter, without the slightest reprobation of the object laughed at. We laugh at a pun, surely without a shade of contempt either for the words punned upon or for the punster: and if a very bad pun be the next best thing to a very good one, this is not from its flattering any feeling of superiority in us, but because the incongruity is broader and more glaring. Nor, when we laugh at a droll combination of imagery, do we feel any contempt, but often admiration, at the ingenuity shewn in it, and an almost affectionate thankfulness toward the person by whom we have been amused, such as is rarely excited by any other display of intellectual power: as those who ever enjoyed the delight of Professor Sedgwick's society will bear witness."

It was observed to an eminent punster, whose name we forget, that puns were the lowest part of wit. "True," was the reply, "and therefore they are the foundation of all wit." He vindicated the art of punning by a pun. We believe that the excellent Woodwardian professor would have acted in a similar manner. Not even Mr. Hood or Mr. Weller is more enamoured of the variations of language, or more active in the search after remote resemblances. In the Hall of Trinity, his *bon mots* fall in a shower, to the admiration of all who hear him. His good-humour seems never to become weary; and the wit-combat, whether with Whewell at dinner, or with Peacock in the combination-room, is always fought with hearty spirit. The same vivacity accompanies him to the lecture-room; and has rendered his geological course the most popular in the university. The excellent and accomplished Smythe—*venerabile nomen*—will never fail of obtaining that respect and applause which are due to a luminous arrangement, liberal sentiments, accurate deductions, and elegant diction; but his lectures are deficient in the kindling interest of the extempore addresses of Sedgwick.

They seldom stir the blood, or make the spirits dance by those sudden strokes which cause the water to gush from the most rocky bosoms. Shakspeare found sermons in stones, but Sedgwick finds poetry. It has been said of Gray, that the pictures of rural objects scattered over his letters are Georgics in prose. Sedgwick, if he does not, as we confess he does not, rival the Virgilian delicacy of the poet's pencil, has, nevertheless, caught much of its vigour, and many of its colours. He gives a landscape, not an inventory; and no person, who has heard his descriptions of English scenery, can have retired from the lecture-room without a glowing feeling of delight.

"It is true an exclusive attention to the ridiculous side of things is hurtful to the character, and destructive of earnestness and gravity. But no less mischievous is it to fix our attention exclusively, or even mainly, on the vices and other follies of mankind. Such contemplations, unless counteracted by wholesomer thoughts, harden or rot the heart, deaden the moral principle, and make us hopeless and reckless. The objects toward which we should turn our minds habitually, are those which are great, and good, and pure,—the throne of Virtue, and she who sits upon it, the majesty of Truth, the beauty of Holiness. This is the spiritual sky through which we should strive to mount, 'springing from crystal step to crystal step,' and bathing our souls in its living, life-giving ether. These are the thoughts by which we should whet and polish our swords for the warfare against evil, that the vapours of the earth may not rust them. But in a warfare against evil, under one or other of its forms, we are all of us called to engage; and it is a childish dream to fancy that we can walk about among mankind without perpetual necessity of remarking that the world is full of many worse incongruities beside those which make us laugh.

"Nor do I deny that a laughter may often be a scoffer and a scorner. Some jesters are fools of a worse breed than those who used to wear the cap. Sneering is commonly found along with a bitter, splenetic misanthropy; or it may be a man's mockery at his own hollow heart, venting itself in mockery at others. Cruelty will try to season or to palliate its atrocities by derision. The hyena grins in its den; most wild beasts, over their prey. But though a certain kind of wit, like other intellectual gifts, may coexist with moral depravity, there has often been a playfulness in the best and

greatest men—in Phocion, in Socrates, in Sir Thomas More—which, as it were, adds a bloom to the severer graces of their character, shining forth with amaranthine brightness, when storms assail them, and springing up in fresh blossoms under the axe of the executioner.”

Few names possess a livelier interest, either for the student of literature or of history, than that of Sir Thomas More. But he borrowed something from Plato beside his pleasantry: the *Utopia* has been traced to the *Republic*; as Swift, in turn, has been pursued into *Utopia*. Of that work, printed in 1515, and which may be viewed as the harbinger of an intellectual dawn, much might perhaps be said, both with interest and improvement. The liberality of its temper, and the freedom of its opinions, are among its moral merits. Its literary character, when estimated in relation to the period of its publication, is extraordinary. “Those who read the *Utopia*, in Burnet’s translation, may believe that they are in Brobdignag.” This is the observation of Hallam; and, undoubtedly, the salt of More and of Swift has often the same sharpness of savour. Then, again, if we turn to Bacon, we notice a similar smile, as it were, of harmless irony, brightening and relieving the graver lines of meditation. A collection of apophthegms is bound up with the *Advancement of the Sciences*. Even the giants of our elder age, the founders of our theological eloquence and learning—the Taylors, the Dounes, the Barrows, the Souths—abound in the purest Socratic irony. South, indeed, might be rather classed with the satirists than with the divines of his age, if the force of his noble enthusiasm did not frequently carry him into a loftier and serener atmosphere, where the epigrammatist brightens and expands into the poet. But if any additional testimony were wanted to establish the axiom respecting the general association of humour with genius, we might supply it out of the history of Spenser. Among the lost productions of that exquisite painter of nature and the heart, for which the lover of beautiful thoughts sighs in vain, are enumerated nine comedies.

We might also illustrate Mr. Hare’s observations by a reference to the closing hours of the noble, the gifted, the unfortunate Raleigh. The history of this mournful scene is not less

affecting than the death of the Grecian philosopher, which, in many respects, it resembled. The same placid humour characterised the conversation of both—the subdued dignity of mirth. But Raleigh, more fortunate than Socrates, beheld, by the light of revelation, that glorious immortality which only glimmered upon the clouded eyesight of the Athenian. When Raleigh took leave, as we are informed in the careful life of him by Birch, of the lords and other gentlemen,

“He entreated the Lord Arundel to desire the king, that no scandalous writings, to defame him, might be published after his death; concluding, ‘I have a long journey to go, and, therefore, will take my leave.’ Then, having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the executioner to shew him the axe; which not being presently done, he said, ‘I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?’ and having it in his hands, he felt along the edge of it, and, smiling, said to the sheriff, ‘This is a sharp medicine, but is a physician for all diseases.’ Then, going to and fro on every side of the scaffold, he desired the company to pray to God to assist him, and strengthen him. The executioner, kneeling down, and asking him forgiveness, Sir Walter, laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted it; and being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, ‘So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.’ As he stooped to lay himself along, and reclined his head, his face being towards the east, the executioner spread his own cloak under him. After a little pause, he gave the sign that he was ready for the stroke, by lifting up his hand, when his head was struck off at two blows, his body neither shrinking nor moving. His head was shewn on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag; and with his velvet night-cap thrown over, was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning-coach of his lady’s. His body was interred in the chancel of St. Margaret’s Church, Westminster; but his head was long preserved in a case by his widow, who survived him twenty-nine years; and after her death, by his son Carew, with whom it is said to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey, which had been a seat of Sir Walter’s.”—*Life*, by Birch, p. 676. Oxon edition of the *Works of Raleigh*.

We have been led into this digression by the mention of an author and a soldier, whose life forms a brilliant passage in the romance of history.

But, to return to Mr. Hare's disquisition upon cheerfulness and wit.

"How much is our affection for Hector increased by his tossing his boy in his arms, and laughing at his childish fears! Smiles are the language of love; they betoken the complacency and delight of the heart in the object of its contemplation. Why are we to assume that there must needs be bitterness or contempt in them, when they enforce a truth, or reprove an error? On the contrary, some of those who have been richest in wit and humour, have been among the simplest and kindest-hearted of men. I will only instance Fuller, Lafontaine, Matthes Claudius, Charles Lamb. 'Le méchant n'est jamais comique,' is wisely remarked by De Maistre, when canvassing the pretensions of Voltaire (*Soirées*, i. 273); and the converse is equally true: *le comique, le vrais comique, n'est jamais méchant*. A laugh, to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart; but without kindness there can be no true joy. And what a dull, plodding, tramping, clanking, would the ordinary intercourse of society be, without wit to enliven and brighten it! When two men meet, they seem to be, as it were, kept at bay, through the estranging effects of absence, until some sportive sally opens their hearts to each other. Nor does any thing spread cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party, or an assembly of people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial; but if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby wit lightens our everyday life, I hardly know what power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind. Surely, too, it cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Or is there less of sincerity in Nature, during her gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? Does not the bird's blythe caroling come from the heart quite as much as the quadruped's monotonous cry? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode with Truth, and to let all sweet, homely feelings grow about it, and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as on a kind father or mother; and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fuddle it, and play with it, as with a child? Yet no otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with Truth; no otherwise, Cervantes and Shakspeare. This playfulness of truth is beautifully represented by Landor (*Imaginary Conversations*,

ii. 613-616), in an allegory which has the voice and the spirit of Plato. On the other hand, the outeries of those who exclaim against every sound more lively than a bray or a bleat, as derogatory to truth, are often prompted, not so much by their deep feeling of the dignity of the truth in question, as of the dignity of the person by whom that truth is maintained. It is our vanity, our self-conceit, that makes us so sore and irritable. To a grave argument we may reply gravely, and fancy that we have the best of it; but he who is too dull, or too angry, to smile, cannot answer a smile, except by fretting and fuming. Olivia lets us into the secret of Malvolio's distaste for the clown.

"For the full expansion of the intellect, moreover, to preserve it from that narrowness and partial warp, which our proneness to give ourselves up to the sway of the moment is apt to produce, its various faculties, however opposite, should grow and be trained up side by side, should twine their arms together, and strengthen each other by love-wrestles. Thus will it be best fitted for discerning and acting upon the multiplicity of things which the world sets before it. Thus, too, will something like a balance and order be upheld, and our minds be preserved from that exaggeration on the one side, and depreciation on the other side, which are the sure results of exclusiveness. A poet, for instance, should have much of the philosopher in him; not, indeed, thrusting itself forward at the surface—this would only make a monster of his work, like the Siamese twins, neither one thing, nor two,—but latent within: the spindle should be out of sight; but the web should be spun by the Fates. A philosopher, on the other hand, should have much of the poet in him. A historian cannot be great, without combining the elements of the two minds. A statesman ought to unite those of all the three. A great religious teacher, such as Socrates, Bernard, Luther, Schleiermacher, needs the statesman's practical power of dealing with men and things, as well as the historian's insight into their growth and purpose: he needs the philosopher's ideas, impregnated and impersonated by the imagination of the poet. In like manner our graver faculties and thoughts are much chastened and bettered by a blending and interfusion of the lighter, so that 'the sable cloud' may 'turn forth her silver lining on the night;' while our lighter thoughts require the graver to substantiate them, and keep them from evaporating. Thus Socrates is said, in Plato's *Banquet*, to have maintained that a great tragic poet ought likewise to be

a great comic poet; an observation the more remarkable, because the tendency of the Greek mind, as at once manifested in their polytheism, and fostered by it, was to insulate all its ideas, and, as it were, to split up the intellectual world into a host of Cyclades; whereas, the appetite of union and fusion—often leading to confusion,—is the characteristic of modern times. The combination, however, was realised in himself, and in his great pupil; and may, perhaps, have been so, to a certain extent, in Eschylus, if we may judge of the fame of his satyric dramas. At all events, the assertion, as has been remarked more than once, is a wonderful prophetic intuition, which has received its fulfilment in Shakspeare. No heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello, except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. He, too, is an example that the perception of the ridiculous does not necessarily imply bitterness and scorn. Along with his intense humour, and his equally intense, piercing insight into the darkest, most fearful depths of human nature, there is still a spirit of universal kindness, as well as universal justice, pervading his works; and Ben Jonson has left us a precious memorial of him, where he calls him 'My gentle Shakspeare.' This one epithet sheds a beautiful light on his character: its truth is attested by his wisdom; which could never have been so perfect, unless it had been harmonised by the gentleness of the dove. A similar union of the graver and lighter powers is found in several of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and in many others among the greatest poets of the modern world—in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Chaucer, in Goethe, in Tieck; so it was in Walter Scott."

A modern philosopher, following up, perhaps unconsciously, this assertion of Plato, that a great tragic poet ought likewise to be a great comic poet, observes that men of humour are always in some degree men of genius; while wits, he thinks, are rarely so, although, as in Shakspeare, wit may be found in the treasury of genius. In the sixth number of the *Philological Museum*, there is a curious and learned essay upon the irony of Sophocles. It was written by Connop Thirlwall, perhaps of all the modern Cambridge scholars the acutest and most subtle, and whose only error seems to arise from too confident a reliance upon the dancing lights of German criticism. The work in which this essay appeared

has been gathered to the tomb of its predecessor, the *Museum Criticum*, and has probably been seen by few, if any, of our readers. Irony itself, we need hardly observe, belonging to the family of humour, admits of numerous subdivisions, of which verbal, practical, and dialectic irony may be considered the most important. Of the latter, Mr. Thirlwall regards the Platonic dialogues as the most admirable and perfect specimens to be found in ancient literature; while, of modern writers, he thinks Pascal the most successful in its employment, and Bishop Berkeley, in the *Minute Philosopher*, the most unfortunate. Upon another occasion, we may enter more fully into the character of this amiable and accomplished prelate, the friend of Pope, and the ornament of his age, whom the most unrelenting satirist of his day endowed with "every virtue under heaven." At present we can only allude to him, and return to Sophocles, the perception of whose irony, though not equally apparent in all his plays, is deemed by Mr. Thirlwall to be essential to their adequate enjoyment. We cannot follow him in his ingenious analysis of the *Œdipus* king, and *Œdipus* at Colonos; but his hypothesis certainly derives some support and confirmation from the conduct of our greatest poet, who, in his single drama, has indulged in the same vein of irony. Milton is known to have been a diligent frequenter of the Attic Theatre, the amusements of which were transferred into his scheme of education. Thirlwall recommends a comparison of the tragic irony of the *Samson Agonistes* with the Ajax and the second *Œdipus* of Sophocles. Leigh Hunt, in one of his notes upon Redit, alludes to the different feelings with which Milton and Ariosto appear to enter the Vale of Vallombrosa. The one plunges into the embowering shades, and moralises upon the autumnal leaves that strew the paths under his feet; the other hastens to the monastery, and is delighted by the courtesy of his reception. Milton could never have entered into the practical irony of the Italian poet. Of this species of humour, the conduct of the Witches towards Macbeth, and of the Evil Spirit to Faust, furnish remarkable illustrations. The comedies of Aristophanes overflow with it. Rabelais is absolutely alive with it. Sterne is always himself when he indulges it.

"But He who came to set us an example how we ought to walk, never indulged in wit or ridicule, and thereby shewed that such levities are unbecoming in any who profess to follow him.

"I have heard this argument alleged, but could never feel its force. Jesus did indeed set us an example, which it behoves us to follow in all things: we cannot follow it too closely, too constantly. It is the spirit of his example, however, that we are to follow, not the letter. We are to endeavour that the principles of our actions may be the same which he manifested in his, but not to cleave servilely to the outward form. For, as he did many things which we cannot do,—as he had a power and a wisdom which lie altogether beyond our reach,—so are there many things which be seem us in our human earthly relations, but which it did not enter into his purpose to sanction by his express example. Else on the selfsame grounds it might be contended, that it does not befit a Christian to be a husband or a father, seeing that Jesus has set us no example of these two sacred relations. It might be contended, with equal justice, that there ought to be no statesmen, no soldiers, no lawyers, no merchants; that no one should write a book; that poetry, history, philosophy, science, ought all to be thrown overboard, and banished for ever from the field of lawful human occupations. As rationally might it be argued, that, because there are no trees or houses in the sky, it is therefore profane and sinful to plant trees and build houses on the earth. Jeremy Taylor, in his *Exhortation to the Imitation of the Life of Christ*, when speaking of the things which Christ did, but which are not 'imitable by us,' touches on this very point (vol. ii. p. 47):—'We never read (he says) that Jesus laughed, and but once that he rejoiced in spirit; but the declensions of our nature cannot bear the weight of a perpetual grave deportment, without the intervals of refreshment and free alacrity.'

"In fact, the aim and end of all our Lord's teaching—to draw men away from sin, to the knowledge and love of God—was such, that wit and ridicule, even had they been compatible with the pure heavenliness of his spirit, could have found no place in it. For the dealings of wit are with incongruities, regarded intellectually, rather than morally; with absurdities and follies, rather than with vices and sins; and when it attacks the latter, it tries chiefly to point out their absurdity and folly, the moral feeling being for the time kept half in abeyance. But though there is no recorded instance of our

Lord's making use of any of the weapons of wit—nor is it conceivable that he ever did so,—a severe taunting irony is sanctioned by the example of the Hebrew prophets, as in Isaiah's sublime invective against idolatry, and in Elijah's controversy with the priests of Baal. And one may say with Milton, in his *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*, that 'this vein of laughing hath oftentimes a strong and sinewy force in teaching and confuting;' and that, 'if it be harmful to be angry, and withal to cast a lowering smile when the properest object calls for both, it will be long enough ere any be able to say why those two most rational faculties of human intellect, anger and laughter, were first seated in the breast of man.' In like manner, Schleiermacher, who was gifted with the keenest wit, and who was the greatest master of irony since Plato, deemed it justifiable and right to make use of these powers, as Pascal did, in his polemical writings. Yet all who knew him will declare that the basis of his character, the keynote of his whole being, was love; and so, when I had the happiness of seeing him, I felt it to be: a love which delighted in pouring out the boundless riches of his spirit, for the edifying of such as came near him, and strove, with unweariable zeal, to make them partakers of all that he had. This was what kept his heart fresh through the unceasing and often turbulent activity of his life, so that the subtlety of his understanding had no power to corrode it; but when he died, he was still, as one of his friends said of him, *ein fünf-und-sechsigjähriger Jungling*. To complain of his wit and irony, as some do, is like complaining of a sword for being too sharp. So long as error and evil passions lift up their heads in literature, the soldiers of truth must go forth against them; and seldom will it be practicable to fulfil the task imposed upon Shylock, and cut out a noxious opinion, especially where there is an inflammable habit, without shedding a drop of blood. In truth, would it not be something like a mockery, when we deem it our duty to wage battle, were we to shrink from using the weapons which God has placed in our hands? Only we must use them fairly, lawfully, for our cause, not for display, still less in mangling or wantonly wounding our adversaries.

"After all, however, I allow that the feeling of the ridiculous can only belong to the imperfect condition and relations of humanity. Hence I have always felt a shock of pain, almost of disgust, at reading that passage in *Paradise Lost* where, in reply to Adam's questions about the stars, Raphael says:—

'The great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets, to be scanned by them who
 ought
 Rather admire; or, if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
 Hath left to their disputes, *perhaps to move*
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter; when they come to model
 heaven,
 And calculate the stars, how they will
 wield
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild,
 contrive,
 To save appearances; how gird the
 sphere
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,—
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess.'

But Milton probably understood, in the same manner as Bishop Burnet, the attribute of passions to God. We call in the imagination to symbolise ideas of which we can give no visible images. Thus, to follow the interpretation of that excellent writer, when we discover in the providential economy of the Almighty such a vehemence, as among men would import a passion, then that passion is ascribed to God. When he punishes the sinner, he is said to be *angry*; when he does so by repeated chastisements and acuter sufferings, he is said to be full of *fury* and *revenge*; when he afflicts the idolater, he is said to be *jealous*; when he changes the course of his proceedings, he is said to *repent*.

"Milton," resumes the critic, "might indeed appeal to certain passages in the Old Testament, such as Psalm ii. 4, Prov. i. 26, but the bold and terrible anthropopathy of those passages can nowise justify a Christian in attributing such a feeling to God; least of all as excited by a matter of purely speculative science, without any moral pravity. For in the sight of God the only folly is wickedness. The errors of his creatures, so far as they are merely errors of the understanding, are nothing else than the refraction of the light from the atmosphere in which he has placed them. Even we can perceive and acknowledge how the aberrations of science are necessary stages in her progress; and an astronomer nowadays would only shew his own ignorance, and his incapacity of looking beyond what he sees around him, if he were to mock at the Ptolemaic system, or could not discern how in its main principles it was the indispensable prelude to the Copernican.

While the battle is pending, we may attack an inveterate error with the missiles of ridicule, as well as in close fight, reason to reason; but when the battle is won, we are bound to do justice to the truth which lay at its heart, and which was the source of its power. In either case, it is a sort of blasphemy to attribute our puny feelings to Him, before whom the difference between the most ignorant man and the least ignorant is only that the latter has learnt a few more letters in the alphabet of knowledge. Above all, is it offensive to represent the Creator as purposely throwing an appearance of confusion over his works, that he may enjoy the amusement of laughing at the impotent attempts of his creatures to understand them."—Pp. 309-25.

Mr. Hare makes some ingenious and caustic remarks upon the treatment of Milton's description of Pandemonium, rising out of the earth "like an exhalation,"—a simile which Peck, Newton, Hawkins, and Todd, after him, suppose to have been suggested by some of the moving scenes and machinery introduced on the stage by Inigo Jones. He thinks the comparison may have arisen from the *νεφέμηχλη* of Homer. But Thetis emerging from the water, like a mist, in the *Iliad*, is much more lively and appropriate than the spectacle of a council chamber rising out of nothing. The observation of Mr. Hare has reminded us of a similar specimen of laborious trifling in the various commentaries upon a line in the first book of the *Iliad*; where Apollo, indignant at Agamemnon's dismissal of his priest, Chryses, is represented descending from the tops of Olympus with the quiver sounding at his back.

'Ὡς ἴφαρ ἐν χρομίνεσσιν. τοῦ δ' ἰκλυσέ φειβος Ἀπὸλλων.

Βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμπου κερκῆν χρομίνεσσιν. Τῷ δ' ὤμοισιν ἴχον, ἀμφερήφια τι φερέσσην. Ἐκλαγξάν δ' αὖρ' ὄϊονισσιν αἰμάτων χρομίνεσσιν, αὐτοῦ κινθίζοντες. ὃ δ' ἤϊε νυκτὶ ἰοίωκεν.

Mr. Hamilton read an interesting paper upon the controversy, before the Royal Society of Literature, about six years ago. The reader will be amused at the various interpretations of an image which, to the humblest imagination, ought to be as clear as daylight. Eustathius turns it into an allegory. The translators, however, appear to have regarded the passage in its obvious signification. Chapman gives the words literally, "Like the night;" Dryden,

"Black as a stormy night;" Pope, with accustomed harmony of amplification, "Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread, and gloomy darkness rolled around his head;" Sotheby, "Dark as night;" Hobbes, with great poetical effect, "Descended from Olympus silently, in likeness of the sable night unseen;" Heyne, who presented the uncommon union of erudition with taste, admired the picture of Apollo advancing in a black cloud, so as to strike terror into the people. But Homer does not say that Apollo came in the night, but *like* the night; and the true image is the strongest. Mr. Hamilton observes, that the sudden and tremendous outbreaks of the elements in the delicious climate of Greece affected the mind with peculiar force. The swift coming of darkness over the calm and purple sky would readily suggest the awful impersonation of an offended and avenging Deity. Not satisfied, however, with this interpretation, Mr. Hamilton endeavours to find a mythological key to the imaginary difficulty. His argument is this. The progeny of Νεξ comprised, *varies, outages, Savages, angels*; 'Egrius, the furies; Νεμεις, the goddess of punishment, and vengeance; 'Egis, contention; 'Ara, guilt; 'Ara, prayers of forgiveness. Now, Apollo, he proceeds, in this verse of the *Iliad*, is bent on an errand of vengeance, for the impiety of the Atreidæ, in dishonouring the priest of his altar; and he is about to shower upon the Grecian hosts the severest calamities, the true offspring of night. Hence, he thinks, is to be derived the justness of the comparison of Apollo to the mother of the Furies; and the true rendering of the line will accordingly be, "with vengeance fraught, terrible as night." Knight, and one or two other critics, would expunge the line altogether, as being an interpolation. But Milton has given its full and true meaning in the portrait of Satan,—"Black he stood as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell!" The Homeric simile, therefore, seems to be translated in the best manner by taking the words in their primary and simple signification. Nothing appears to be gained by assuming an esoteric meaning, which is to be extracted only by the ingenuity of criticism. Burke has, indeed, noticed a certain obscurity by which the impressiveness of a poem is sometimes deepened. He exemplifies the observ-

ation in Milton's picture of Death, where the faintness of the colouring and the shadowy indistinctness of the outline, increase the appalling sublimity of the spectre. Upon this principle the Grecian temples were constructed; and the wild American placed his idols in the darkest part of the building consecrated to their worship. This rule, however, does not apply to the description under examination.

A work, like the *Guesses at Truth*, which glances at a thousand objects of interest to the Christian, the poet, or the scholar, admits only of a discursive and fragmentary notice. We should like to take up the author's brief allusion to the witty, eloquent, and poignant South; his affectionate eulogy of the bosom-lines of Shakspeare,—his acute remarks upon history in general,—the illustrations of the word *picturesque*,—and many other passages that offer food for reflection. We may, however, find room for the following fragment upon English prose:—

"A sort of English has been very prevalent during the last hundred years, in which the sentences have a meaning, but the words have little or none. As in a middling landscape the general outlines may be correct, and the forms distinguishable, while the details are hazy, and indefinite, and confused; so here the abstract proposition designed to be exprest is so, but hardly a word is used for which half-a-dozen synonymes might not have stood equally well: whereas, the test of a good style, as Coleridge observes (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 160) is 'its untranslatable-ness in words of the same language, without injury to the meaning.' This may be called Scotch-English; not as being exclusively the property of our northern brethren; but because the celebrated Scotch writers of the last century are in the first rank of those who have embowelled the substantial roast-beef and plum-pudding English of our forefathers. Their precedence in this respect is intimately connected with their having been our principal writers on metaphysical subjects since the days of Locke, and Shaftesbury, and Thomas Burnet, and Berkeley, and Butler. For metaphysical writers, especially when they belong to a school, and draw their principles from their master's cistern through conduit after conduit, instead of going to the well of Nature, are very apt to give us vapid water instead of fresh. Attaching little importance to any thing but abstractions, and being almost without an eye except for colourless sha-

dows, they merge whatever is individual in that which is merely generic, and let this living universe of infinite variety drop out of sight in the menstroom of a technical phraseology. They lose the scent in the cry, but keep on yelping without finding out their loss: not a few, too, join in the cry, without having ever caught the scent. How far this will go may be seen in the dead language of the schoolmen, who often deal with their words just as if they were so many counters,—the rust having eaten away every atom of the original impress. In like manner, when the dry-rot gets into the house of a German philosopher, his disciples pick up handfuls of the dust, and fancy it will serve instead of timbers. Even Greek, notwithstanding the vivacity both of the people and the language, lost much of its life and grace in the hands of the later philosophers. Accordingly this Scotch-English is the usual style of our writers on speculative subjects.

“Opposite to this, and almost the converse of it, is Irish-English, in which every word taken by itself means, or is meant to mean, something; but he who looks for any meaning in a sentence might as well look for a mountain in St. Giles’s. Every Irishman, the saying goes, has a potato in his head. Many, I think, must have a whole crop of them: at least the words of their orators are wont to roll out just like so many potatoes from the mouth of a sack, round, and knobby, and rumbling, and pothering, and incoherent. This style, too, is common nowadays, especially that less kindly, and, therefore, less Irish, modification of it where the potatoes become prickly, and every word must be smart, and every syllable must have its point, if not its sting. No style is so well suited to scribblers for magazines, and journals, and other like manufacturers of squibs which are to explode at once, and which, if they did not crack and flash, would vanish without any body’s heeding them.”

The struggle after ephemeral reputation has introduced a new and dangerous heresy into our literature. Novelty is the object of universal adoration. Bishop Hurd illustrates the situation of a writer, who rejects preceding models, and determines to be an original at any sacrifice, by a very apt and ingenious metaphor. He compares him to a person endeavouring to extricate himself from an impediment by which his motions are restrained; the efforts he makes to recover his liberty throw him into the most grotesque attitudes and violent contor-

tions; and should he at last succeed in removing the chain, the violence of the impetus carries him beyond the point he desired to stop at. The ingenious Davenant founded his claim to poetical distinction, in great measure, upon his endeavours “to lead truth through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote shades; by representing nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.” Southey, indeed, told Sir Egerton Brydges, that the thoughtful feelings pervading *Gon-dibert*, always caused him to take up the poem with pleasure, and to lay it down with regret. But the author has, notwithstanding, failed in his labour; he has never arrived at the Temple of Fame, not because he wanted strength for the journey, but because he started upon a circuitous path, out of whose windings he never escaped into the clear air and open day. We admire his wit, his learning, and powers of reflection; and turn to the disciples of a purer school for our instruction and our delight. The traveller grows fatigued of forcing his difficult way through thick branches and under embowered paths, and rejoices to breathe again the perfume of his own fields and behold the sunset glimmer once more upon his cottage garden.

“Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit

Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.”

Nature lives, while art flashes, glimmers, and dies away. The light still breaks from the line of Virgil; the melody still breathes from the page of Addison; Goldsmith survives in the simplicity and truth of his language. Those graces, snatched beyond the reach of study, which delighted the most eminent of his contemporaries, continue to charm the modern reader with equal power. Time cannot dissolve the spell of this natural magic, which seems to work its wonders with the simplest elements.

“What, then, is English-English? It is the combination of the two; not that vulgar combination in which they would neutralise, but that in which they strengthen and give effect to each other; where the unity of the whole is not disturbed by the elaborate thrusting forward of the parts, as that of a Dutch picture is often by a herring or an onion, a silk gown or a rut; nor is the canvass daubed

over with slovenly haste to fill up the outline, as in many French and later Italian and Flemish pictures; but where, as in the works of Raphael and Claude, and of their common mistress, Nature, well-defined and beautiful parts unite to make up a well-defined and beautiful whole. This, like all good things, all such good things at least as are the products of human labour and thought, is rare: but it is still to be found amongst us. The exquisite purity of Wordsworth's English has often been acknowledged. An author in whose pages the combination is almost always realised, and many of whose sentences are little crystals, each separate word in them being itself a lucid crystal, has been quoted more than once above. And every body has seen the writings of another who may convince the most desponding worshipper of bygone excellence, that our language has not been so diluted and enervated; but Swift, were he living in these days, would still find plain words to talk plain sense in. Nor do they stand alone. In this at least we may boast with Sthenelus, that we are better than our fathers; only they who indulge in such a boast should remind themselves of their duty, by following it up with Hector's prayer, that our children may be much better than we are. Southey's writings in style, as in other respects, have almost every merit except in the highest. Arnold's style is worthy of his manly understanding, and the noble simplicity of his character. And the new history of Greece is the antipode to its predecessor in this quality no less than in every other."

A History of English Prose would supply one of the greatest deficiencies in our literature. With the exception of a small and very superficial treatise published at Oxford, and *Specimens of English Prose Writers*, of a higher character, but still incomplete, we remember nothing of the kind desired. The task, indeed, would be a severe and difficult one,—demanding faculties and accomplishments of a very superior order. The poet Gray would, probably, have performed it admirably; better, we think, than the proposed history of our poetry which Warton subsequently undertook. Those habits of painful polish, and that diligent collection of materials, which imparted a cumbrous magnificence and stately splendour to his odes, would have found a more beneficial employment in delineating the character and tracing the progress of our language. Theology, Philosophy, Science, History, Romance, would all have presented them-

selves, in turn, to his investigation; and the portraits of our greatest masters of thought and diction would have been wrought into life and beauty with the reality of Vandyke, and the colouring of Rembrandt. Then we might have expected to have beheld Taylor in all the brilliancy of his imagination; Milton, in all the vigour of his muscular intellect; and Dryden in all the flexibility and grace of his fruitful and idiomatic genius. With respect to Mr. Hare's opinions of modern English prose, something may be said. Wordsworth, undoubtedly, possesses high merit; Coleridge sometimes blazes on the reader with the light of Paradise; and the lucid pages of Southey reflect unbroken the beautiful features of his intellectual physiognomy. We think Mr. Hare has allowed the partiality of friendship to blind the eye of criticism in his frequent eulogies of Mr. Landor. "What is it," was the inquiry of Coleridge, "that Mr. Landor wants to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units into one whole. His poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and beneath them in darkness. Besides which he has never learned, with all his energy, to write simple and lucid English." Now this seems to us a very sagacious and well-founded estimate of the author of *Gebir*. It is the characteristic of every really great writer, whether of prose or verse, that his motion should be, in a certain sense, uniform; even when the singing robe is put off, the dignity of demeanour is still apparent, and the inhabitant of Olympus is recognised by his walk. But with Mr. Landor the case is different. He either glitters in purple, or looks sordid in penury; is either a prince or a mendicant on Parnassus. We are acquainted with no living writer whose flights are more lofty and dazzling, or whose descents are more rapid and disastrous. One moment beheld floating, as it were, through the clearest heaven of invention, flashing with richest colours in the sunlight, and catching glimpses from his brilliant elevation of towered cities, resplendent rivers, and spreading forests; at another, tumbling to the earth, not with a flaming fall, but lifeless, powerless,

collapsed—the breath of inspiration exhausted—to be dragged through the mud, a wonder to the passer-by.

The same inequality, but with fewer gleams of genius, marks his poetry. When he fancies himself sublime, he is generally turgid; when he thinks his language lighted by fancy, it is often only the sparkle of rhetoric. The comparison of a moonbeam upon the wet sea-shore to the shadow of a column of jasper; and the exquisite passage upon a shell, which has been imitated by Wordsworth, are the only passages of bright genius that immediately recur to our memory. Dr. Parr, indeed, to whom Mr. Landor had presented, we believe, a copy of *Gebir*, wrote upon it, "The work of a scholar and a poet;" but the pedagogue of Hatton knew no more of poetry than he did of humility. A scholar Mr. Landor undoubtedly is; and, in a restricted sense, a man of genius; but he has only the glimmerings of imagination, not the solar flame.

In conclusion, we cannot resist the gratification of presenting to our readers the following anecdote of the famous Thorwaldsen, whose return to his native country has been recently hailed with so unanimous a tribute of admiration and applause:—

"Here, to make my peace with anecdote-mongers, let me tell one relating to the origin of the finest statue of the greatest sculptor who has arisen since the genius of Greece dropped and wasted away beneath the yoke of Rome. An illustrious friend of mine, calling on Thorwaldsen some years ago, found him, as he said to me, in a glow, almost in a trance, of creative power. On his inquiring what had happened,—'My friend, my dear friend,' said the sculptor, I have an idea, I have a work in my head, which

will be worthy to live. I was walking out yesterday, when I saw a boy sitting on a stone in an attitude which struck me very much. What a beautiful statue that would make! I said to myself. But what would it do for? It would do—it would do—it would do exactly for Mercury, drawing his sword, just after he has played Argus to sleep. I came home immediately. I began modelling. I worked all the evening till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest. I was forced to get up again: I struck a light, and worked at my model for three or four hours; after which I again went to bed. But again I could not rest: again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since. O, my friend, if I can but execute my idea, it will be a glorious statue.' And a noble statue it is; although Thorwaldsen himself did not think that the execution came up to the idea. For I have heard of a remarkable speech of his made some years after to another friend, who found him one day somewhat out of spirits. Being asked whether any thing had occurred to distress him, he answered, 'My genius is decaying.' 'What do you mean?' said the visitor. 'Why! here is my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now, my idea has always been so far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so: I shall never have a great idea again.' * * * Thorwaldsen's Mercury, it appears, was suggested by a boy whom he had seen sitting on a stone. But does that detract from the sculptor's genius? Every other living man might have seen the boy, and no statue of Mercury would have sprung out of the vision. So that, though Genius does not wholly create its works out of nothing, its 'mighty world' is not merely what it perceives, but what, as Wordsworth expresses it, in his lines on the Wye, 'it half creates.'—P. 78.

THE SACRED POETS.*

IN those themes on which the sacred muse prefers to linger, there is an inspiration sent forth adequate to stir the most callous soul with new and fervid emotions. The impure theology of heathen times was unable to repress the living influences of celestial subjects. These broke forth from the corruptions that encrusted them, and kindled the genius of a Homer, a Sophocles, a Virgil, and a Horace. The future and the infinite, which are the subjects of all religions, are meet regions for poetic genius to revel in. When Poesy succeeds in bringing these more vividly before us, and peopling them with burning thoughts and imagery, she rises to her just dignity, and becomes the delight and the instructress of our race. Poetry and Music have been at once the offspring and the handmaids of all religions in every age; and on this ground alone ought to be consecrated to sacred uses. The temple of worship is their birthplace, and the service of the altar their dignity and duty. And when that temple and that altar are those of Christianity, the incense savours most of heaven. The distinctive revelation of the Gospel,—its clear intimations of the everlasting Father,—its breathings of his ineffable love,—its record of that love become incarnate, bleeding, dying,—its sure peace, where-with it paves the present, and its glowing hopes, wherewith it lights up the future, are subjects in themselves so rich in poetry, that if it be a marvel that the whole world has not become Christian, it is scarcely less so that all its tenantry have not been made poets. Genius, it is true, can extract poetry from a leaf, a rosebud, a pebble. It is, in fact, the mark of power to construct great results from little materials. But when the materials are vast and varied as heaven itself, that mind must, indeed, be feeble which fails to raise from these, monuments of glory that shall be fixed and imperishable. In the sacred Scriptures, waving the inspiration of their penmen, there is not one writer who can be called prosaic. The themes of the Nazarene changed the fishermen of

Galilee into poets. In their respective styles, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Malachi, &c., &c., were no ordinary poets. The harp of the son of Jesse, independently of the heavenly Dove that flutters over it, is alone competent to lay the evil spirits of ten thousand Sauls. The gospels and epistles contain some bursts of poetry that have been woven into the finest compositions of Mozart, Haydn, and Handel. We need scarcely record our persuasion of there being more thrilling poetry in the Apocalypse than in almost all human compositions put together. No uninspired man could have written its poetry alone. What can surpass the following?—

“And I saw no temple therein,—for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it,—for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it; and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there.”

In the Book of the patriarch Job there are some passages of unrivalled sublimity and pathos. His description of the war-horse is an instance at hand:—“Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.”* The *Ζεύς Νεφέληρος* of Homer, and the *Ζεύς Τριβίμυκτος* of Hesiod, are not in point of grandeur to be compared with the “I am that I am!” of Moses, or of David,

* *Lives of the Sacred Poets.* By Robert Aris Willmott, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1839. Parker.

"Riding on the wings of the wind; the pestilence before him; the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian trembling!" There cannot be a moment's doubt, that the fountains of Judah furnish a more glorious inspiration than all the streams of Helicon. Mount Zion is wreathed in more glorious laurels than Parnassus. Homer, with the materials of Milton, would have been deemed a visitant from on high, and not a mere child of earth. His strains would have been almost unearthly.

It is in reference to sacred poetry that the prince of Christian poets speaks in the following magnificent extract:—

"These abilities are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, and are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right time; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave,—whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within,—all these things with a solid and healable smoothness to point out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight, to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed. That whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear new, rugged, and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men indeed easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

This is not the estimate of one who had never directed his attention to the subject, but of the author of *Paradise Lost*. It is the expression of his own inspirations; it is the verdict of a critic

and a poet of no second rate; of one whose genius has shewn, by the imperishable monuments it has bequeathed to mankind, that poetry and religion may be, nay, *must* be, wedded, in order to give birth to the most beautiful, the most popular, and imperishable portions of the literature of the world. There are, perhaps, more dull and stupid religious poems than any other; but this has arisen, not from the impossibility of conveying religion in strains of poesy, but from the *incapables* who have tried it. And the vast number of such attempts is proof sufficient that there is in religion a tendency to evoke what poetry is in one. Had the attempts been made in any other sphere, the failure would just have been so much more decided. The universality of the attempt to sing sacred strains is proof of the inspiring nature of the subject. Giles Fletcher, one of the brightest but most forgotten stars of the early part of the seventeenth century, gives the following beautiful though quaint apology for poetry, and especially sacred poetry:—"To the second sort, therefore, that eliminate poets out of their city gates, as though they were now grown so bad as they could neither grow worse nor better; though it be somewhat hard for those to be the only men should want cities that were the only causes of the building of them, and somewhat inhuman to thrust them into the woods who were the first that called men out of the woods, I would gladly learn what kind of professions these men would be entreated to entertain that so deride and disaffect poetry. Would they admit of philosophers, that, after they have burned out the whole candle of their life in the circular study of sciences, cry out at length, *Se nil prorsus scire?* or should musicians be welcome to them that *dant sine mente sonum?* or would they most approve of soldiers, that defend the life of their countrymen either by the death of themselves or their enemies?"

"If philosophers please them, who is it that knows not that all the lights of example to clear their precepts are borrowed by philosophers from poets,—that, without Homer's examples, Aristotle would be as blind as Homer? If they retain musicians, who ever doubted but that poets infused the very soul into the inarticulate sounds of music,—that, without Pindar and

Horace, their lyres had been silenced for ever! If they must needs entertain soldiers, who can but confess that poets restore that life again to soldiers which they before lost for the safety of their country,—that, without Virgil, Æneas had never been so much as heard of? How can they for shame deny commonwealths to them who were the first authors of them? How can they deny the blind philosopher that teaches them, his light? the empty musician that delights them, his soul? the dying soldier that defends their life, immortality after his own death? Let philosophy, let ethics, let all the arts bestow on us this gift, that we (poets) be not thought dead men whilst we remain among the living; for it is only poetry that can make us be thought living men when we lie among the dead. And therefore I think it unequal to thrust them out of our cities that call us out of our graves,—to think so hardly of them that make us to be so well thought of,—to deny them to live while among us that make us live for ever among our posterity."

Poetry, religious or profane, is, in fact, essentially power. It imparts a fascination to every object it touches, and breathes new life on the whole range of its movements. It places every idea in brighter and more beautiful relief. It is to a common subject what sculpture is to a common and coarse image,—it sharpens every fold of drapery, gives prominence to every feature, expression to the countenance, and dignity and grace to the whole figure; so that, on looking at the production, we cannot but exclaim, "The hand of a master has been here." Sacred poetry is religious thoughts in lucid order, and in splendid forms,—piety pouring forth its spontaneous streams in the fairest channels of earth,—breathing forth in time's most beautiful manifestations its celestial affinities. Religious poetry can touch the deepest springs of human thought, lay hold of nature's finest sympathies, and fill up with its own exquisite crystallisations the space between mind and matter, and between mind and God. It is, therefore, with great regret that we record the following well-known sentiments from Johnson, in his life of Waller the poet:—

"Let no pious ear be offended, if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot

often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse will not lose it because its subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer. The essence of poetry is invention,—such invention, as by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but, few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression. Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful in the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those that repel the imagination; but religion must be shewn as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and, such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader always expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted, infinity cannot be amplified, perfection cannot be improved. The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passion, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Of sentiments purely religious, it will be

found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself."

On this celebrated criticism, Mr. Wilmott has thrown out some very apposite remarks:—

"He begins with a very ingenious misrepresentation. 'The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem, and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse will not lose it because his subject is sacred,' &c. The time has long gone by when the doctrines of religion could be advantageously promulgated in verse; and the happy talent of arguing in metre is now, for a sacred purpose at least, of very little value. Beauty, whether corporeal or spiritual, can only be represented by symbols. He who describes the course of nature with a pure, a devoted, and a serious spirit, is, in one respect, at least, a religious poet. It may, indeed, be objected that the description is not God, but the works of God; but it is evident to every one that immateriality cannot be embodied, or divinity humanised. The types of the Almighty are to be found only in those revelations of his power and goodness which he has vouchsafed to his creatures, and by their sincere celebration we are lifted up into communion with him. That contemplative poetry cannot be poetical, the solemn voice of Scripture contradicts. 'Omnipotence cannot be exalted, infinity cannot be amplified, perfection cannot be improved.' To affirm that every thing tremendous and magnificent is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being, is equivalent to declaring the concentration of all that is beautiful in summer, and of all that is terrible in winter. Omnipotence cannot, certainly, be exalted, but it may be magnified; infinity cannot be amplified, but it may be adored; perfection cannot be improved, but its attributes may be presented to the eye in attractive and scriptural images. Again:—'Poetry loses its lustre because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament.' But that indefinite excellence in oratory for which the ears of Cicero thirsted, haunts alike the painter, the poet, and the sculptor. It is only by ascending to the sublimest themes that we obtain a glimpse of the magnificent scenery of the new world of imagination. So Raphael meditated upon the holiest and most glorious visions of the Bible; and Milton went out of his own

century into the gardens of Paradise; and Phidias called from the marble a statue which enchanted the Grecian world. The ideas of Christian theology may be too sacred for fiction, but the wisdom of our Lord often flowed in parables; they may be too majestic for ornament, but our literature possesses *Paradise Regained* (Lost?) 'The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication.' And in these may be found the purest elements of poetry. Faith, if it were invariably uniform, might still be decorated by fancy, as a scene of nature is arrayed by the painter under the varying aspects of shade and sunshine. Nor can thanksgiving be justly confined to 'a few modes,' since every object of our daily contemplation ought to be an incentive to gratitude; and every Christian will confess the occasions of thanksgiving to equal the moments of his existence. 'But the topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more, they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.' But the fountains of human feeling are not so soon exhausted, and every one who is familiar with the treasures of English theology will be able to refute the assertion of Johnson. Our topics of devotion may be numbered by our necessities; and he at least who, through various obstacles, and many sufferings, and gripping penury, had climbed into public notice by the energy of his character, and the favour of Providence, ought surely to have reflected upon his own obligation; and to hold gratitude for mercies, resignation under chastisement, supplication for forgiveness, as only variations of the same great duty. To the fancy of the poet, above all, nothing can be entirely exhausted of its beauty and life; by the rays of his own invention he draws forth new colours and lustre. Homer beheld the moonshine upon the shield of Achilles; and Sidney watched her going astray through the sky; and Virgil lighted up with her beams the face of the little Iulus in the tumultuous streets of Troy; and Landor beheld her reflection upon the wet sand of the sea-shore, like the shadow from 'jasper column half up-reared.' Yet Wordsworth, in one of his latest poems, has presented the moon under a different aspect, and shewn us that the springs of poetry can only be dried up with the heart of man. But the most beautiful refutation of Johnson's theory has been afforded by the *Christian Year* of Mr. Keble, in which every day of the Christian's life furnishes a theme to the poet."

To confute, if needed, still more fully the paradoxes of Johnson, we might quote a thousand specimens from every age of our poetic history. Milton, Young, Thomson, and Cowper, are permanent refutations of the dogmatism of the great lexicographer.

It is evident enough that a fundamental mistake pervades the whole of Johnson's elaborate assault on sacred poetry. The great moralist imagines that the whole end and use of poetry is no higher than that of paint—that it is of service merely in making deal look like mahogany, and ash like rosewood; and that its application to the purest and the loftiest of themes is a bootless effort to exalt the infinitely exalted, and to adorn the infinitely lovely. Here, we think, rather than in Mr. Wilmott's estimate, lies the error. Poetry is meant to exhibit *existing* beauties, as much as to create them where they are required. It is to its subject-matter what the polish is to rosewood, the cutting to a gem; and not the communication only, as Johnson thinks, of rosewood tints to common wood, or tinsel setting to common crystal. Without it, latent beauties would remain concealed, dead excellences would not be quickened, and many of the sweetest strokes of the pencil of the Universal Architect would remain unnoticed and unknown. We do not (because we deem it needless) enter on a more elaborate refutation of the unsoundness of Johnson's sentiments on the subject of sacred poetry. It is not improbable that his taste may have been prejudiced against the whole subject, by the perusal of many of those hymns which Watts and others have invested with oracular and universal influence among the followers of their various communions. We must say

Watts.

"I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest and sure relief.

Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ;
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,

My God, my most exceeding joy."

Or take the 89th Psalm:

Watts.

"Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

there is more than enough in some of the popular hymns, used both by Churchmen and Dissenters, to scare every man of ordinary piety and taste from all partiality to such sacred poetry. We have many specimens at hand. One we drop *en passant*:

"Lord, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame—
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
The wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
What are his charms," &c. &c.

In too many of his hymns, Watts has indulged in a familiarity with the high attributes of God, utterly unwarrantable. These are alone sufficient to raise a prejudice against sacred poetry. His preface to his new version of the psalms is almost blasphemy. He proclaims, with all the solemnity imaginable, that he intends to make David a Christian! and to reclaim his sublime odes to an evangelical use. Monstrous and barbarous impudence! a D.D. of the eighteenth century sets about to fit a canonical book of the Word of God for the use of Christians! To his attempt, and execution too, we prefer the most rugged verses of that most rugged version used in the Scottish Church. Its most unsingable stanzas are vastly superior to Watts's trebly clustered vagaries; while some portions of the Scottish version, even in the judgment of Sir Walter Scott, stand unrivalled for sublimity, simplicity, and closeness to the original. Watts's version of the 43d Psalm will not bear one moment's comparison with the same psalm in the version referred to, either in richness of thought, harmony of language, or in any one characteristic of true poetry.

Scottish Version.

"O send thy light forth and thy truth,
Let them be guides to me;
And bring me to thy holy place,
Even where thy dwellings be.

Then will I to God's altar go—
To God, my chiefest joy;
Yea, God, my God, thy name to praise
My harp I will employ."

Scottish Version.

"O greatly blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know,
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives.
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives."

They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favour shall our horn
And power exalted be.

For God is our defence, and he
To us doth safety bring;
The Holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King."

This is the place for observing, that the state of psalmody, or rather of hymns, in the united church, is truly discreditable. It is calculated that there are not less than *three thousand forms of praise* in our church which has determined, and determined wisely, that there shall be but *one form of prayer*. A peculiarity in the matter also is, the antagonist theology in these collections, or forms of praise. We venture to assert that, if these hymn-books had the power of excommunication, there would be reciprocal offices of this kind, unprecedented in extent and in bitterness. Some of them embody the vilest Antinomianism; others, the lowest Arminianism; others, semi-Pelagianism; others, Wattism; others, Wesleyism; others, the minister's own whims; not a few embody such nonsense as nobody would consent to be saddled with; and a considerable majority must prove to the afflicted worshippers a sort of Protestant penance, to which they must hebdomadally submit, in order to enjoy divine ordinances. This is a most disorderly state of things. If praise be part of divine worship, as well as prayer, it comes to be an unaccountable anomaly that the latter should have its prescribed formulary, but the former the latitude and longitude of the preacher's private and personal whims. The two ecclesiastical establishments, antipodes in many points, present a curious contrast in this. The Scotch Church has a *form of praise*, but leaves her prayers to the minister; the English Church has a *form of prayer*, but leaves her praise to the taste of the minister. The Scotch Church is so afraid lest her people and presbyterate should exceed all bounds in their praises, that she fetters them fast to one form. The English Church is so afraid that her clergy should break loose in their prayers, that she ties up their hands in that department. The Church of Scotland, if the represent-

ations of her 1638 men be correct, has *inconsistently* a form of praise; and the Church of England has *inconsistently* no form of praise at all. We must remark, however, that, with all its barbarisms, the Scotch version, hoary with the snows of two centuries, is beyond all question the best and purest that we have. On this subject, we quote a sensible and excellent paper, drawn up by some clergymen of the church, and published by Painter, in reference to the improvement of the national psalmody. For the reference to ourselves, and the distinction we have earned, we make our best *salaam*.

"This brings us to speak more particularly of the remedy to be applied. This is a public matter; but it is more especially one which it is incumbent on the Church to undertake. Now, let us look for a moment at the plan adopted for the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. 'Fifty-four learned men, divided into six companies, were appointed for the accomplishment of this important work; all of them were pre-eminently distinguished for their piety.' The following formed part of the rules given by the king to the translators, 'by them to be most carefully observed: 'Every particular man of each company to take the same chapter or chapters; and having translated or amended them severally by himself, when he thinks good, all to meet together, confer what they have done, and agree for their part what shall stand. As any one company hath despatched any one book [of the Scriptures] in this manner, they shall send it to the rest, to be considered of seriously and judiciously.'

"Precisely after this manner should the Church now proceed to the compilation of a book of psalmody. It should be done by a body of men,—men who rank high as poets, but still higher as professors of godliness. Some attempt of this kind was once made by Southey, Bishop Heber, and others. But then they were not regularly appointed to the work; and without this all efforts must fail.

They disputed, besides, whether the taste of the people was sufficiently advanced to admire ornate versions of the Psalms or Hymns, highly embellished with the beauties of poesy. This was a fatal error. We ought never to write down to the taste of any class of people; but rather endeavour to raise and cultivate it. The Psalms of David are full of ornament and imagery; and so should any version of them be. Certainly, not the tawdry embellishments, like gold on children's gingerbread, such as Mr. Judkin's unfortunate and thrice-born production exhibits; and which we once saw admirably hit off in a most judicious criticism, in a periodical which has ably earned for itself the distinction of being the Protestant journal of the day. No; let us keep close to the imagery of the Bible. Let the ornaments employed be of that expressive and solid character which may be compared to the 'fine gold' with which Solomon overlaid the temple."

The allusion to Judkin shews how rapidly the reverend Painter must have advanced in poetic excellence. We do not like the surmise, that any lower idea can have entered into the mind of that descendant of Apelles. We know the real reason of the three or four successive editions of his hymn-book. It was pure approximation to perfection that influenced him. Larger importations from the springs of Helicon and Parnassus, duty free, and above proof, had been sipped by the worthy divine. Mightier progress had been also made by his flock, both in appreciating better poetry, and in understanding a profounder theology; and, with the wisdom characteristic of a good teacher, he advanced them from edition to edition, till they sung standing on the highest cliffs of Olympus, according to the *fourth*, and not by any means last edition, of his incomparable and cheap collection of hymns.

"In the year 1831," adds this sensible prospectus, "the Rev. Thomas James Judkin, minister of Somers Chapel, Somers Town, published a collection of Psalms and Hymns, intended chiefly for public worship. It consisted of a selection of psalms from an existing version, and a number of hymns written by himself. This was introduced into his church.

"In the year 1834, a second edition was brought out by the author; into which such additions and alterations were introduced, as to render the preceding, for the purpose of public worship, entirely useless. The congregation were

therefore obliged to re-purchase the book. In this edition, a new version of portions of the Psalms, by Mr. Judkin, was substituted for the selection in the former; a series of Hymns on the Collects was inserted, a number of Hymns added, and the old ones revised.

"In the present year, a third edition was issued by the author; and again the additions and alterations were such as to render the second edition valueless. The whole of the Psalms and Hymns were revised; even those altered in the preceding edition were again altered in this: a new series of Hymns on the Gospels, and about thirty others on miscellaneous subjects, were also added. A third time the whole congregation had to reprovide themselves with books. Some, it is true, had their old ones exchanged for new; but a by no means inconsiderable portion a third time purchased them.

"It must be borne in mind, also, that all these changes took place within a period of six years only; and that on each occasion the book was actually forced upon the congregation by the author himself: certainly, no public means were adopted for ascertaining their sentiments on the matter."

The remarks of this judicious prospectus on the version used in the northern establishment are most just. The specimens we have selected, to which many others might be added, prove that in closeness to the original, and at times in majesty of language, it has no equal.

"The version now in use by the Kirk of Scotland undoubtedly comes nearer than any other to the original. The rendering is somewhat rough and uncouth in certain passages; but as a whole it is most magnificent. The General Assembly for some years annually appointed a committee to revise it, but their labours never came to any thing: and we believe it was on the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott that no further attempt was made to alter it. He considered it, with all its acknowledged (occasional) harshness, so beautiful, that any alterations must eventually prove only so many blemishes; and most undoubtedly Sir Walter Scott was right.

"Now, though we speak thus highly of the Scotch Psalms, we freely admit that they are not suited for general use in England; but this much we must add, that whoever may attempt a new rendering of the Songs of David into metre, or an adaptation of existing ones to the pressing necessities of the Church, ought to be fully imbued with the spirit of that prince of versions."

It is called the Scotch version; but

the fact is that it was executed by Francis Rous, a person of notoriety in the days of Oliver Cromwell, and, if we mistake not, a member of the Long Parliament. It ought to be the basis of a national English version. The suggestion of Sir Walter Scott, we may remark, however, ought not to be too scrupulously adhered to in the kirk. There are portions of the Scottish version intolerable, which the metest tyro might infinitely polish. For instance, what more wretched trash can be imagined than—

"For thou the God art of my strength;
Why thrusts thou me thee fro?
For th' enemy's oppression
Why do I mourning go?"

And,

"Arise, O God!—save me, my God!
For thou my foes hast struck
All on the cheek-bone, and the teeth
Of wicked men has broke."

We earnestly hope that something akin to what is suggested in Mr. Painter's prospectus will be attempted in the national church. We feel, however, that there is very little absolute necessity for any metrical hymns. The *Te Deum*, the *Magnificat*, the *Nunc Dimittis*, and the prose version of the Psalms, to which we should much prefer the authorised version of King James's Bible, present themselves as poetry of the noblest order; while the simple chants which are adapted to them are within the musical memories and comprehensions of the poorest peasantry. There are also most magnificent anthems, doxologies, and bursts of sacred poetry in Isaiah, which have been wedded to sacred song by the greatest masters, in all respects suited to our congregational service. Certainly, it is time that something were done to enable a worshipper in the East to join with worshippers in the West in this most beautiful part of divine worship. At present, "different sounds salute the ear" in every church and chapel throughout the kingdom. The following are but a few of the Hymn and Psalm-books introduced or compiled by the following clergymen; some of them are used in five or six hundred congregations, besides those of which their compilers are ministers: Bradley's, Bickersteth's, J. Bickersteth's, E. Baker's, Bathurst's, Cecil's, Editor of *Christian Remembrancer's*,

F. Cunningham's, Cotterill's, Ellaby's, Elliot's, Foster's, Hugh's, the *Hastings Collection*, Horne's, Hancock's, Jenan's, Judkin's, Kempthorne's, Milman's, Marsh's, Noel's, Pratt's, Robinson's, Richardson's, Scholefield's, Simcoe's, Sibthorpe's, Simeon's, Webster's, Wilberforce's, Wilson's, Ward's, &c. &c. Those enumerated in this list contain upwards of twelve thousand hymns. Seeley alone has published nineteen of these "private interpretations."

It is easy to see, in the great mass of these hymns, either those of Dr. Watts or others, so closely imitative of his manner, that the real parentage is by no means difficult of detection. In our opinion, Watts did not improve the sacred hymns of England. A semi-sensual phraseology has more or less crept into every subsequent hymn-book, and contributed to vitiate the national taste. It was, as we have already observed, a monstrous imagination of Watts to undertake the consecration of David; and it may be fairly conceded to James Montgomery to be the successful candidate for the next rank, for the following assertion respecting the consecrator: "We say this without reserve of the materials of Watts's hymns, had their execution always been correspondent with the preciousness of these, we should have had a Christian psalmist next—and that only in DATE, not in DIGNITY!—to the sweet singer of Israel!"

HEBER.

One of the most beautiful writers of sacred song is Heber; the last biography in Mr. Wilmott's two volumes. That missionary-prelate has written many hymns, which will live and die with the language of England. He maintains a warmth, and yet chastity of expression and thought, as remote from intellectual coldness as they are from papal sensualism. Any one who has read the exquisite collection made by his widow, Amelia Heber, published by Murray, must be sensible of this. His "Missionary Hymn" is known to all:—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

His exquisite stanzas, also, "At a Funeral," are worthy of a place in every memory:—

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will
not deplore thee—
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb,
Thy Saviour has passed through its por-
tal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world
by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread
to enfold thee—
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has
died.

Thou art gone to the grave; and its man-
sion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lin-
gered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on
thy waking,
And the sound which thou hearest was
the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will
not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
restore thee;
And death has no sting, for thy Saviour
has died."

This threnody is rather a devotional poem than a religious hymn; but, in whatever class it may be placed, it presents a very fine specimen of holy and truly poetic compression. There are some other modern writers of devotional poems, either contemporaries of Heber or his immediate predecessors, to whose merits justice is not always done. There are a few hymns by Logan, Blair, Cameron, and Morrison, clergymen in Scotland, whose contributions to the national psalmody of that country are possessed of great merit. One proof of their excellence is their appearance in almost all the collections we have enumerated. Like the hymns of Heber, they are pervaded by great chastity of thought and sweetness of expression. The following is by Logan:—

"Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man,

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour."

This is a very beautiful paraphrase of a passage in sacred writ, notwithstanding one or two minor discords. We might produce others of scarcely inferior composition, not only from the poems of Logan, but from others of the same century and country, which are models of chaste and majestic psalmody. But we have dwelt so long on the devotional part of sacred poetry, that we must hasten to notice other poets and other poems, of a more general, though sacred vein.

YOUNG.

From Mr. Wilmott's well-written and most interesting volumes, we must select one or two characteristics, not merely illustrative of our author's powers, but instructive, also, to our readers, on a very refreshing theme. In Mr. Wilmott's preface, he refers to his sketch of Young as affording new and important views; and in this he states truth. We have seldom read a more excellent biography. The name of Young is associated in the recollections of most, with the *Night Thoughts*. Had he not written these, his tragedy and satires had all reached Lethe. Young's poetry, notwithstanding the light that breaks through it, is very sombrous. He is a Christian poet, and derives his brightest and best hopes from the doctrines of inspiration; but, still, the view he takes of every thing in creation is scarcely relieved by those brighter and better thoughts which are thrown forth by Milton and Thomson, in looking at the same object. Young gathers the foxglove and the nightshade, and after you have dwelt upon these with most melancholy sympathies, he just shews a bud

from the Rose of Sharon, to prevent the utter midnight of despair coming over the soul. He walks amid infants' graves, or sits upon the tombstones of buried youth, and hears faintly the harp of the Son of Jesse, amid the sounds of the wintry winds howling among the yew-trees that sentinel the dead. It is true he introduces, on all subjects, the rays and hopes of Christianity, but these subjects are, of themselves, and in the poet's portrait of them, so truly sad, that a "double portion" of the cheering and consolatory truths of our holy faith is required.

The only ray of joy which Young countenances, is from the "Sun of Righteousness." Creation, with him, is otherwise one vast grave. There is, in one respect, truth in this view, and in another, it is overcharged. Creation is a ruin, but it is a splendid one. In the words of Howe, in his "Living Temple," there may be read, on its mutilated columns, and magnificent remains, "Here God once dwelt." Mr. Wilmott has beautifully, but, we think, rather partially, presented the following estimate of Young:—

"An angel of peace ever sits, in his verse, by the pillow of the righteous, and the chamber of sickness becomes the vestibule of immortality. He converts our dying friends into pioneers, to 'smooth the rugged path to death,' and break 'the bars of terror and abhorrence,' that nature throws in our path. In all his works the same sublime and tremendous feeling predominates: it is the link that attaches all his thoughts and images. Death is never far distant, sometimes visible, sometimes behind a cloud. Like Donne, he looks upon churchyards as the 'holy suburbs,' to which the city of everlasting rest stretches out its utmost gates. Amidst the wreck of every thing lovely, he points to one rock, against which the storm cannot prevail; and along the troubled waters of life he is always, to employ his own beautiful metaphor, steering to the crystal ports of light. To the youthful and inexperienced reader, he will appear a melancholy writer; for who is willing to be roused from pleasure, though it be in a dream? But every step we take in the path of life, and the more familiar we grow with its sorrows, the voice of his poetry will speak to our hearts with a more endearing persuasion and affecting tenderness. He hews down, indeed, many clusters of tempting fruit, beautiful to behold, but only ashes upon the

lip; and he waves the sword not before a garden of innocence, but of misery and death."

One very striking excellence of Young is his sententious and beautiful aphorisms, "which," as the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* very truly says, "Philosophy might make her text, and Experience select for her mottoes." Such are the following:—

"Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool."

Man's mind, wholly given to earth,
is:—

"Wasting her strength in strenuous
idleness."

Prosperity is:—

"When fortune thus has toss'd her child
in air."

Virtues are:—

"Those smaller faults, half-converts to
the right."

In the pages of Young, we venture to assert, there are passages that will bear comparison with the noblest pieces in any tongue. The brilliant imagery and compressed and sententious thought of the following passage are alone decisive of this panegyric:—

"Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent
man!

Like children, babbling nonsense in their
sports,

We censure nature for a span too short:
That span, too short, we tax as tedious
too;

Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into
speed,

And whirl us (happy riddance!) from our-
selves.

Art, brainless art—our furious cha-
rioteer,—

Drives headlong towards the precipice
of death:

Death, most our dread; Death, thus
more dreadful made.

Oh! what a riddle of absurdity!

Leisure, as pain, takes off our chariot
wheels,

How heavily we drag the load of life.

Blessed leisure is our curse; like that of
Cain,

It makes us wander, wander earth around,
To fly the tyrant, thought. As Atlas
groaned,

The world beneath, we groan beneath an
hour;

We cry for mercy, till the next amuse-
ment—

The next amusement mortgages our
field's
Slight inconvenience.
Yet, when Death kindly tenders us re-
lief,
We call him cruel. Years to moments
shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turned
To man's false optics.
Time, in advance, behind him hides his
wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his
age.
Behold him, when past by : what then is
seen,
But his broad pinions, swifter than the
winds !"

What, also, can be more magnificent
than the poet's description of mid-
night?—

"Creation sleeps: 'tis as the general
pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a
pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of its end."

We can scarcely conceive a nobler
thought than

— "When final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation."

The earnestness and sincerity of the
character of Dr. Young have been
severely questioned; both Richard
Cecil the divine, and Southey the
poet, have expressed their belief of his
being devout during the moments of
the stimulus of composition only.
They think his was an assumed, not a
living piety. We think this judgment
uncharitable, if not unjust. Men are
prone to forget that Christian charity
lies as much in our constructions of
the character of others, as in feeding
the hungry, and clothing the naked.
There certainly appears, in some of
the correspondence of the poet, a
keener appetite for preferment, than
the sacredness of his profession vin-
dicates; but his circumstances may
soften this.

"We have no proof," says Mr. Wil-
mott, "that Young loved money for
itself; his munificent donation to the
Society for the Propagation of the
Gospel shews the reverse. Perhaps,
like Pope, he was rather eager to gain,
than solicitous to keep it. Avaricious
or mean he could hardly have been.
That he 'was not the man of his poe-
try' ought only to be objected to him.
With certain limitations, his works,
without doubt, often speak the pure

dictates of his mind in its noblest ele-
vation; and in them he is always the
eloquent advocate of piety, and the
unsparing enemy of vice. No writer
has denounced with greater indignation
that apostate praise, which wastes its
odours in embalming the base and the
wicked."

The next poet on whom Mr. Wil-
mott bestows a very large share of
his attention, is

COWPER.

His personal peculiarities we have
neither time nor space to analyse.
Melancholy and madness seem, in
some parts of his pilgrimage, to have
striven for the mastery within him.
But in his natural and unrepressed
moments, the fountain of his soul
gushed forth in streams of benevolence,
content, and fervid sympathy with all
the bright and lovely of nature and the
universe. His poetry bears nothing of
the stamp of his eclipsed and melan-
choly moments; it breathes forth gene-
rous and cheering associations. He
detects elements of happiness, and
wreathes them with smiles and ima-
gery, that render one pleased with
every thing within and without. A
tea-urn is rich in poetry, and prolific
of happiness, in the page of Cowper.
Those objects which the common mind
would treat with apathy, Cowper makes
the parents of joys. From the shell
that the foot of the passenger strikes
and disregards, the master-spirit elicits
tones of melody. Nor does Cowper
stretch or torture nature, to suit his
own idiosyncrasy. The very contrary
is the fact. Touches, true to life and
sparkling with joy, are in every line.

"How oft, upon yon eminence, our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have
borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that
it blew;
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence, with *what pleasure* have we just
observed
The distant plough slow moving, and
beside
His labouring team, that swerved not
from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy.
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level
plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled
o'er,

Conducts the eye along its sinuous
course,
Delighted; there, fast-rooted in the bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite
elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and ever thwart the
stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the
vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its various sides the grace
Of hedge-row beauties, numberless, square
tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheer-
ful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear."

The poetic beauty and cheerful
imagery of the following passages, also
quoted by Mr. Wilmott, must strike
every one:—

— "Rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as
they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves, at
length,
In matted grass, that with a lovelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course."

"So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as
they dance;
Shadow and sunshine, intermingling
quick,
And darkening and enlightening as the
leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot."

The redbreast in winter

"Warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half
suppressed.
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting
light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests
he shukes
From many a twig the pendant drops of
ice
That tinkle on the withered leaves be-
low."

On this subject we may refer to the
following original, as well as collected,
observations of the editor of these
Lives of the Sacred Poets:—

"Sir James Mackintosh has observed,
with that lively perception of character-
istic excellence, which rendered all his
criticisms so valuable, that Cowper, in-
stead of describing the most beautiful
scenes of nature, discovers what is most
beautiful in ordinary scenes, and with
his poetical eye, and moral heart, de-
tected beauty in the sandy flats of Buck-
inghamshire. In our day, the gentle

fancy of Clare has elicited many images
of rural sweetness from the monotonous
scenery of Northamptonshire. Cowper's
lot, poetically and physically speaking,
could not have fallen to him in a plea-
santest spot than the quiet retreat of
Weston: a sublimer and wider region
would have diverted his attention, and
we should have lost that magic of his
song, by which he attracts every reader's
heart to his own. The very limitation
of his wanderings imparted to them a
peculiar charm, and from a daily com-
munion with the varying charms of
nature, he turned to moralise upon the
changes of human existence. The flower
he hung over, or the sunny lane he wan-
dered along, continually offered some
new beauty to his meditations. 'Every
thing I see in the fields,' he told Mr.
Unwin, 'is to me an object of delight,
and I can look at the same rivulet, or at
a handsome tree, every day of my life
with new pleasure.' And in another
letter, with a gush of enthusiastic sensi-
bility, he exclaimed, 'I would spend
whole days and moonlight nights in
feeding on a lovely prospect. My eyes
drink the rivers as they flow.'

"It has been the fashion to contrast
the pensive pictures of the *Task* with the
joyous sketches of Burns, and to dis-
cover a freshness in the songs of the
Ayrshire ploughman, which is supposed
to be wanting to the poet of Weston.
'The love of nature,' remarks Coleridge,
'seems to have led Thomson to a cheer-
ful religion; and a gloomy religion to
have led Cowper to a love of nature.
The one carries his fellow-men along
with him into nature; the other flies to
nature from his fellow-men.' But long
before the arrow had entered his side, or
the 'stricken deer' sought the silence of
the woods, he had been a lover of rural
scenery.

Nothing can surpass the accuracy of
Cowper's drawing, or the delicate fresh-
ness of his colouring; his landscapes
are finished with the minute touches of
cabinet pictures; you may look close
into them, even the veins of the foliage
are vividly traced. Thomson, on the
other hand, with the same liveliness
of observation and perception of the
beautiful, employs a greater force and
variety of manner. You always see
Cowper by the side of Mrs. Unwin.
Thomson plunges into the thundering
forest. Cowper produces his effects by a
multitude of tender touches: Thomson
often dashes off his pictures with a
felicitous stroke; a single epithet brings
the scene before us. We behold the
salmon rising to the 'dimpled water';
the young bird trying its wings upon the
'giddy verge'; the withered leaf playing,

'snatched in short eddies.' Nor is he less admirable in the domestic imagery of life. Many of his home views are charming. The pencil that lighted up the glaring eyes of the famished wolves descending the Apennines, scattered its hues over the little robin, that, half afraid,

'Against the window beats; then brisk
alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping on
the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance.' "

With the just and meritorious conclusion of Wilmott we close our remarks on Cowper:—

"In becoming the poet of Christianity, Cowper addresses himself especially to the common business of life. He preached to us in our amusements and occupations. Milton, whose imagination was irradiated with all the splendours of prophecy, and all the beauty of the elder literature, often describes the rites of the true worship, with a Grecian ceremonial glittering in the distance. Young frequently dazzles our eyes with the blaze of fashion, or the allurements of ambition, but the poetry of Cowper is uniformly reflective, sober, and harmonious. The inspiration which Milton found in the Old Testament, he found in the New."

The last sentence of this extract must have been an oversight of Mr.

Wilmott. "Instead of the terrible *threatenings of Isaiah*, or the dark sayings of Ezekiel, he warns and consoles us from the lips of our Saviour, and builds up our lives from the teaching of His apostles." "The threatenings of Isaiah" is, perhaps, the most unhappy description that could be applied to that inspired writer. He has been called the "Fifth Evangelist." The burden of his song is the Messiah; his harp is vocal with promises, and all its strings are tuned to joy.

We have begun our remarks on this collection of interesting, though epitomised biographies, with the second volume, partly because it is regarded by Mr. Wilmott as his better half, and partly because it suited most the reflections we have long wished to throw forth on the state of our church formularies of praise. Milton we have commented on in our review of Channing's biography of that prince of poets. Young, Cowper, and Heber, the three chief biographies in the second volume of the *Lives* on our table, we have briefly introduced to the notice of our readers. In our next article on this subject, we shall glance at those elder children of the Muses whose biographies are sketched in the other volume. Meanwhile, we have had much pleasure in pursuing our meditations by the light of Mr. Wilmott's clear and steady lamp.

LA PROVVIDENZA.

SONETTO DI FILICAJA.

QUAL Madre i figli con pietoso affetto
 Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante ;
 E un bácia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
 Uno tien su i ginocchi, un sulle piante ;
 E mentre agli atti, ai gemiti, all' aspetto
 Lor voglie intende sì diverse e tante,
 A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
 E se ride o s' adira è sempre amante ;
 Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
 Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede,
 E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti alta :
 E se niega talor grazia o mercede,
 O niega sol perchè pregar ne invita,
 O negar finge, e nel negar concede.

PROVIDENCE.

FROM ▲ SONNET OF FILICAJA.

FAIR Mother, on thy children smilingly
 Gazing, and gently thy deep heart unfolding,—
 One kissing soft, one clasping tenderly,
 One on thy knee, one on thy foot upholding ;
 So to their joys and little woes thou tendest,
 On all their wants thy quiet care bestowing ;
 To this a smile, to that a word, thou lendest,—
 O word ! O smile ! with passionate love o'erflowing :
 Thus thou o'er us, Daughter of Love divinest,
 Watchest, O Providence, with sleepless eye ;
 Listenest to all, to all thine ear inclinest,
 And if thou dost our blinded prayers deny,
 Or thou deni'st what we should mourn, obtaining,
 Or feign'st denial, and dost grant in feigning.

PRACTICAL REASONING *VERSUS* IMPRACTICABLE THEORIES.*

ONE of the most remarkable features of modern times, is the progress made by women in the arena of literature. They seem to be possessed with the spirit of emulation in this particular, as well as in many others, and to be bent on proving that they can become as good adepts in the art of book-making as the rival sex; who have hitherto, however, pretended to the exclusive possession of that privilege. The ancient heroine (for what is a heroine but a woman who, impelled either by disposition or circumstances, assumes the supposed attributes of the manly mind?) was content to immortalise herself by displays of energy and determination unnatural to the majority of the sex, and commonly more or less dependent upon the passions. But the doubtless laudable aspirations of the modern heroine develop themselves very differently. She discovers with regret that, "the age of chivalry being gone," there is no longer any opportunity afforded for the species of immortalisation to which those of old aspired. She feels that the knight-errantry of one sex, as well as of the other, is exploded by the slow ignition of reason; but determined to prove, by some means or other, the self-sufficiency and absurd injustice of man, in arrogating to himself a superior strength of intellect which he has no right to assume, she takes up the pen with a determination at any rate to try the point, whether in powers of thought, or in brilliancy of wit; in conception of the sublime, as well as in the appreciation of the ridiculous; in the perseverance of plodding calculation, as well as in the pungent flippancy of satire, she is not at least his equal. In our own little island alone, we find a Hemans in the department of song, a Jameson in that of history, a Somerville in the regions of abstruse science, a Lady M. W. Montague as an epistolary correspondent, besides an endless list of authoresses of tales of fiction, from Miss Edgeworth and Hannah More to Lady C. Bury and Lady Blessington. And, lest any class of subjects should be left unattempted by this

female crusade, the authoress of the work before us has ventured to spur her Pegasus into the hidden recesses of political economy,—a region hitherto comparatively unexplored by the female mind; with what success, it is our province to inquire upon this occasion.

That Miss Martineau seems to have brought to the task to which she applied herself a considerable degree of resolution, and much previous consideration of the various subjects discussed, cannot be denied. She seems to have sailed from Europe with a determination to witness every species of life in America, to spare herself neither bodily fatigue nor personal annoyance of any sort, and to allow nothing to interfere with the rigid system of inquiry which it was her object to institute. So far, she is certainly deserving of considerable credit. But that she went to view that interesting country with the eye of impartial investigation, to study the nature of its institutions with candour, and pass judgment upon them with discrimination, or to watch the state of society in that (we may almost say) embryo commonwealth with the cautious observation of one who went there, as she would fain have us believe, for the express purpose of forming a virgin opinion, uninfluenced by previous associations, and ready to be convinced by whatever might present itself, of the results of the experiment of a self-governing people, although we find some such assertion hazarded in the introduction, cannot be for a moment sustained. On the contrary, almost every page of her book teems with overstrained deductions from slight premises; with the visionary theories of a believer in the innate qualifications of the human race to arrive at perfection through their own unassisted resources; with a species of unargumentative begging of the question, which commonly characterises the sturdy disciple of democracy; and with the somewhat loose defence of natural, in opposition to revealed religion, which might reasonably be expected from a Unitarian, to which

* Society in America. By Harriet Martineau, Author of "Illustrations of Political Economy." 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1838.

religious persuasion she confesses herself to belong towards the close of the work. Notwithstanding various statements made in the Introduction, for the laudable purpose of convincing all but very ill-natured persons of the perfect candour of her intentions, it must yet be evident to the most casual reader, that the object of Miss Martineau's journey across the Atlantic, far from being, as is pretended, to form an opinion, founded upon a careful and impartial review of American institutions, and to give the world the benefit of that opinion, was, in fact, to discover that upon which to build an extensive and laboured defence of democratic institutions in general; and thus to strengthen the hand of the democrat at home, and lend an additional force to his otherwise untried theories, by bringing before the public mind, in an attractive form, a case in which those theories had been successfully submitted to the purifying ordeal of practice. It is evident that that lady's democratic opinions are of no new origin; and even if she had set out with a wish to be candid, or a readiness to be convinced, the very prejudices which have grown old upon her, and the eccentric species of enthusiasm which seems to have actuated her, in forsaking more legitimate courses to undertake so laborious a task, would have rendered her any thing but an impartial observer. If, however, she had succeeded in producing the result she doubtless had anticipated, Miss Martineau would have obtained, and deservedly, the thanks of all that class of persons whose ultra opinions she evidently herself holds. But, unfortunately for herself and her theory, she has sent forth a work calculated to produce very opposite effects; a work in which some just reflections are too much enveloped in a shroud of visionary and impracticable theories; in which some sound arguments are found too strangely intermingled with absurd and unjust conclusions; in which a certain appearance of candour in some parts, is too curiously counterbalanced by the most unblushing distortion of circumstances, to suit a particular view of the case, in others,—to allow of the most transient fear of its containing any poison, which shall not at the same time be its own antidote. In fact, we hold it to be utterly impossible for any one, however democratically inclined, to read the book in question, without

imbibing a very natural disgust of the whole system therein described, or without being convinced of the utter impracticability of the scheme of government which Miss Martineau, nevertheless, so ardently recommends to the adoption of her countrymen and of the world. As this spirit of self-contradiction is not only the most general, but also the most peculiar characteristic of the work—as its constant occurrence is so glaring, that it is evident upon the most careless inspection—and as, to such an extent as it here prevails, it is a fault as uncommon as it is amusing, it must be our first care to bring it under the notice of the reader; and by comparing the general spirit and evident object of the work, with certain arguments scattered through its pages, as well as by bringing other arguments of opposite tendencies into juxtaposition, to enable him to form his own judgment as to the relative value of either. We think the probable result will be, that it will appear as plainly to him, as it does already to ourselves, that while creating the most sublime theories of the perfectibility of man's nature, and supposing the most majestic results from the much-wished-for but long-delayed realisation of "the rights of man," this somewhat indiscreet lady is constantly bringing under our notice some outrageous breach of decency, or some unfortunate and tell-tale instance of the absence of all government whatever among these favoured scions of liberty; thus with suicidal hand overturning her own airy fabrics, and herself assisting to give an edge to her adversary's weapon, of such keenness and temper as to render it peculiarly galling and mischievous. Indeed, so ridiculously does this species of *quid pro quo* pervade the whole work, and so extremely inconsistent with her own broad theories are some of the anecdotes related, and even some of her own deductions also, that were it not that the political opinions of the author are too well known to admit of any hesitation upon the subject, we should find it difficult to determine whether the work were the result of a spirit of irony, or the offspring of downright and sober conviction. Were we to attempt to shew, by extracts, how Miss Martineau's own experience militates against her vaunted theories of government, or to give our readers any just idea of the extent to which that lady's own con-

flicting arguments negative each other, we should be transcribing the better part of the two volumes of which the work consists. But, for our own justification, as well as for the satisfaction of our readers, we must adduce a few instances.

After a lengthened account of the various vicissitudes of the presidency—the struggles of some presidents in the exertion of what authority they possessed, and the placidity of others upon discovering that the power, for the attainment of which they had spent the greater part of their lives, and sacrificed their best energies, like an *ignis fatuus*, when grasped, proved but an empty shadow, destitute even of the gilded charms of pageantry—after several pages of theoretical reflections upon the admirable adaptation of the office to the superintendence of the executive—and after indefinitely eulogising the wisdom and foresight of the framers of such a system, she concludes with the following sentence, as applied to President Adams:—

“His lot was that of all good presidents, in the quiet days of the republic. He would not use his small power for harm, and possessed no very great power for political good.”

In mentioning the exertions of power attempted by General Jackson, Miss Martineau considers, and most justly, that the senate is the great barrier to any ambitious views on the part of the president. One would therefore naturally imagine that, as a check to individual power, she would desire and prophesy its continued existence. But here we find ourselves once more mistaken, for, only a few pages before, she has declared it “to be an anomaly; an anomalous institution cannot be very long-lived.” And then, again, she goes on:—

“There is yet more of compromise involved in this institution of the senate; as might be expected, since there is no end of compromise when principle is once departed from. Yet there are statesmen who defend it on other grounds, than that its establishment was necessary to the foundation of any federal government at all. One observed to me: ‘Some things look well in theory and fail in practice: this may not be justifiable in theory, but it works well.’ If this last sentence be true, the well-working of the senate is only a temporary affair—an accident. Its radical change becomes

a question of time merely; and the recent agitation of the question of instructions seems to indicate that the time is not very far distant.”

Thus it appears that, although allowing that the present constitution of the senate works well, and is a great check upon arbitrary power, Miss Martineau is, nevertheless, willing to see it done away, and thus to forego this advantage merely because its existence militates somewhat against the perfection of her theory of a self-governing people.

Again. On every occasion we find her extolling the fitness of the American people for the suffrage; and yet, in speaking of a piece of electioneering oratory, somewhat inapropos appended to the tail of a certain festival commemoration of Indian warfare, she adds:

“I should have enjoyed it much less than I did, if I had known that the whole thing was got up, or its time and manner chosen for electioneering objects; that advantage was taken of the best feelings of the people, for the political interest of one.”

Again, on a similar occasion:

“All my sympathies were baffled, and I was deeply disgusted. It mattered little what the oration was in itself, if it had only belonged in character to the speaker. If a Greenfield farmer or mechanic had spoken as he believed orators to speak, and if the failure had been complete, I might have been sorry, or amused, or disappointed, but not disgusted. But here was one of the most learned and accomplished gentlemen in the country, a candidate for the highest office in the state, grimacing like a mountebank before the assemblage whose votes he desired to have, and delivering an address which he supposed level to their taste and capacity. He spoke of ‘the stately tree’ (a poor walnut), and the ‘mighty assemblage’ (a little flock in the middle of an orchard); and offered them shreds of tawdry sentiment, without the intermixture of one sound thought, or simple and natural feeling, simply and naturally expressed.”

Again:

“I give an anecdote. At the time when the struggle between Adams and Jackson was very close, a supporter of Adams complained to Mr. W. that it was provoking that somebody had persuaded the Germans in Pennsylvania that Mr. Adams had married a daughter of George III.; a report which would cost him all their votes. Mr. W. said, ‘Why do not you contradict it?’ ‘Oh,’ replied his friend, ‘you know nothing of

those people. They will believe every thing, and unbelieve nothing. No; instead of contradicting the report, we must allow that Adams married a daughter of George III., but add that Jackson married two."

Thus, though continually repeating that all men are fit for and ought to have the suffrage, she shews by her own evidence, however unwittingly, the results of their unfitness, in their being imposed upon by any one who may find it convenient to undertake the task; for be it observed that the men above alluded to—although, perhaps, their honesty might admit of some question—are by herself quoted as clever men and successful candidates, and, above all, as stanch republicans. Even this latter thorough-going class of persons differ with Miss Martineau in opinion, according to her own confession, in express terms; for in one part of the work we find the following:

"Many excellent leaders of the democratic party think the people at large less fit to govern themselves wisely, than they were five-and-twenty years ago."

Now this fact would never be allowed by such men, were it not too evident to admit of denial; and if the fitness of the people for self-government is gradually on the decrease, instead of on the increase, as it ought to be, it needs no prophet to foretell the deplorable result.

But, perhaps, we may be fairly allowed to ask, If the majority, or those representing the majority, are thus so easily imposed upon, how the maxim can still hold good, that "the majority are always in the right?" This is the broad fundamental principle upon which rests the whole of Miss Martineau's favourite theory of government. So convinced is she of the strength of this ground, that she disdains even to adduce any argument in proof of it. Every case is referred to it. Every question upon a difficult subject is answered thus: "The majority must be right." The Federal party must eventually disappear. Why? Because their principles

"Appear to be inconsistent with one or more of the primary principles of the constitution which we have stated. The majority are right. Any fears of the majority are inconsistent with this maxim," &c. &c.

Again:

"They may dismiss their fears, and rest assured that the great theory of their government will bear any test; and that the majority will be in the right."

She even goes so far in one place as to advocate a baffling irresolution, so as it be the irresolution of the majority. In speaking of several momentous affairs that have been long in the balance, she says:

"The very fact that these affairs remain unsettled, that the people remain unsatisfied about them, proves that the people have more to learn, and that they mean to learn it."

In other words, the majority wishes those questions to remain unsettled—the majority has not been able, during the last eight years, to make up its mind about them; therefore it is right that they should remain so. (We cannot help half-suspecting that Miss Martineau, in propounding this somewhat curious axiom, must have had an eye nearer home.) A thousand other extravagances does she indulge in with regard to this her favourite theory. It is a string unceasingly harped upon, at all times and on all occasions. Nevertheless, strange to say, among a thousand indirect contradictions to the general theory, we find such passages as the following:

"The probity of their people, their magnanimity in money matters, have always been conspicuous, from the time of the cession of their lands by the states to the general government, till now: and now they seem in danger of forfeiting their high character, through the art of the few and the ignorance of the many. The few are obtaining their end by flattering the passion of the many," &c. &c.

It is useless to multiply instances where one is sufficient; but it may be well to point out that, amongst other things, Miss Martineau vehemently condemns the revolt of Texas against the Mexican rule, although that was eminently the revolt of the majority, the civilised inhabitants of that country being principally composed of emigrants from these isles, and from the United States, who very naturally preferred the Anglo-Saxon union to the Spanish one. Miss Martineau may be right enough in her opinion as to the dishonesty of that revolt, as allied to other causes. We have not the slight-

est hesitation in affirming, with her, that it was an ebullition of insurrectionary spirit altogether unprovoked by circumstances, and that the assistance rendered by American citizens to the Texian rebels was a flagrant breach of the law of nations; but there can be no question that, if considered as a result of her own theory, she is bound to maintain that it was not only just, but laudable in the extreme.

But it is not only in one or two points that these discrepancies occur. If there were merely a few scattered instances of them, and they only appeared in treating of subjects difficult to be determined by the wisest, we should attribute it, perhaps, to neglect, or at worst to Miss Martineau's not having considered her subject with sufficient accuracy before committing her thoughts to paper, and thus submitting them to the rude investigation of the public. We might, perhaps, lament a want of judgment; but we should still, probably, not be led to suspect any deeply rooted deficiency of discernment. But we find ourselves reduced to the necessity of rejecting altogether this charitable construction, for the very same characteristic is noticeable in almost every chapter of the work — whether the subject is difficult or easy, whether the deduction is general or minute, we find all alike unexpectedly demolished by some unaccountable stroke of logical *felo de se* (we can call it by no other name), which sets our remembrance of the history of the science completely at fault. For instance, in alluding to a certain oration, we read:

“The oration was by an ex-senator of the United States” [a man, by the bye, who was likely to know sufficiently well the character of the audience.] “It consisted wholly of an elaboration of the transcendent virtues of the people of New England.”

Yet only three pages after, in alluding to the often-remarked addiction to boasting of the Americans, we find the following passage:

“The popular scandal against the people of the United States, that they boast intolerably of their national institutions and character, appears to me untrue.”

How these two statements can be reconciled it is difficult to conceive; for surely it is fair to judge of the taste of a people, in this particular at least,

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from the character of the oratory in favour with them.

Again, although in general maintaining that the vote by ballot is a useful system, we find the following to be the result of Miss Martineau's own experience where it prevails:

“There is another cause for the reluctance to vote, which is complained of by the best friends of the people; but it is almost too humbling and painful to be discussed. *Some are afraid to vote.*”

And, further on, we find mention made of “*the mercenary and political cowardice of the cities.*” The first sentence of a chapter, headed, “Allegiance to law,” is as follows:

“It is notorious that there is a remarkable failure in this department of political morals among certain parties in the United States.”

But it would seem that Miss Martineau considers this but a trifling objection in a political system; as would also, very probably, certain other economists of the day, with whom she seems very generally to agree in opinion.

Again, in drawing a comparison between two villages in New England, we cannot help being struck by this somewhat curious observation:

“We passed through Beverley, where, as in most of the small New England towns, the population has a character of its own. At Marblehead, on the bay near Salem, the people are noisy, restless, high-spirited, and democratic. At Beverley, in the near neighbourhood, they are quiet, economical, sober, and Whig.” [This term answers to our Tory.] “Such, at least, is the theory; and one fact in this connexion is, that the largest sums in the Boston savings' banks are from Beverley,” &c.

Here one would be at a loss to determine to which she herself gave the preference; but that, from the context, as well as from the general tendency of her opinions, we must presume that her favour leans towards the former.

Again, we ask the reader to compare the two following passages, which occur within six pages of each other, on the subject of the speculation of individuals. The first observation on the subject is:

“The only apparent excess to which it leads is ill-considered enterprise. This is an evil sometimes to the individual, but not to society. A man who makes

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baste to be famous or rich, by means of new inventions, may injure his own fortune or credit, but is usually a benefactor to society, by furnishing a new idea, on which another may work with more success."

With this compare :

"The bankruptcies in the United States are remarkably frequent and disgraceful; disgraceful in their nature, though not sufficiently so in the eyes of society. A clergyman in a commercial city declares, that almost every head of a family in his congregation has been a bankrupt since his settlement. In Philadelphia, from 600 to 800 persons annually take the benefit of the insolvent laws; and numerous compromises take place, which are not heard of further than the parties concerned in them. On seeing the fine house of a man who was a bankrupt four years before, and who was then worth 100,000 dollars, I asked whether such cases were common, and was grieved to find they were. Some insolvents pay their old debts when they rise again; but the greater number do not. This laxity of morals is favoured by the circumstances of the community, which require the industry of all its members, and can employ the resources of all—first of men of character, and then of speculators," &c. &c.

Thus does Miss Martineau convince us, on the one hand, that she knows and fully understands the latent causes of that mercantile crisis, which has been lately productive of such miserable consequences in the Atlantic cities of America, and which has spread its panic also through the whole trading community of Europe; and yet, on the other, she has the something more than boldness to aver that "the excess of speculation is no evil to society."

In another part of the book, when speaking of the general character of the clergy, we find it said :

"It is clear that there is no room, under the Voluntary system, for some of the worst characteristics which have disgraced all Christian priesthoods."

And yet, only two pages afterwards, we come upon the following remarks, applied to a priesthood under that very system :

"The vices of a class must evidently, from their extent, arise from some overpowering influences, under whose operation individuals should be respectfully compassionated, while the morbid influences are condemned. The American

clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live—self-exiled from the great moral questions of the time—the least informed with true knowledge—the least efficient in virtuous action—the least conscious of that Christian and republican freedom, which, as the native atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse."

Reader! you may well ask, "What characteristic of any Christian priesthood" can be worse than these so carefully set forth? The whole book teems with forced arguments, to prove the equality of all men by nature, and the right of each to equal political privileges; and if all these arguments have any object at all in connexion with the subject, that object must be to prove that such a state of things is not only attainable, but has been actually attained in the United States. Indeed, in different parts of the work, there are several vaunting assertions that such is the case; and yet, in speaking of the anti-abolition mobs, we find several passages of a like tenor with the following :

"The Fanenil Hall meeting was convened chiefly by merchants; and they have been conspicuous in all the mobs. They have kept the clergy dumb, they have overawed the colleges, given their cue to the newspapers, and shewn a spirit of contempt and violence, equaling even that of the slaveholders, towards those who, in acting upon their honest convictions, have appeared likely to affect their sources of profit. At Cincinnati, they were chiefly merchants who met to destroy the right of discussion, and passed a resolution directly commendatory of violence for this purpose. They were merchants who waited in deputation on the editor of the anti-slavery newspaper there, to intimidate him from the use of his constitutional liberty, and who made themselves by these acts answerable for the violences which followed. This was so clear, that they were actually taunted by their slave-holding neighbours, on the other side of the river, with their sordidness, in attempting to extinguish the liberties of the republic for the sake of their own pecuniary gains."

Now, in whatever way Miss Martineau may find it convenient to argue the matter of these mobs, they militate equally against her assumption of the actual existence of political equality. If they are really (as she would have us believe, but as we are inclined to doubt)

principally composed of gentlemen, under the common acceptation of that term, and if (which Miss Martineau does not attempt to deny) they gained their object, they only shew the extent of the power which such persons possess, even there, over the multitude, who are hereby consequently proved to be either their converts, if honest, or their dupes and slaves, if dishonest; whilst, in either case, the many are blindly impelled by the impulse of the few. If they are mobs, like mobs in other countries, composed of what Miss Martineau would call "the people," but what some other individuals whom we could name would designate "the dregs of the people," the result still remains of a large number of persons under coercion, and therefore, for the time being, totally destitute of any political rights whatever; and, moreover, as these mobs, by their very nature, must represent the majority, we have Miss Martineau's own opinion rising up in judgment against her most favourite theory, that "the majority are always in the right;" for the case which she herself adduces not only proves it to be sometimes in the wrong, but, further, that it is even possible for the majority to be opposed to the much-backneyed "rights of man." One more example we must give, and it shall be the last; but it is one too characteristic of the whole book to be omitted in this place. We find, in the winding up of the work, the following paragraph:

"American society itself constitutes but the first pages of a great book of events, into whose progress we can see but a little way, and that but dimly. It is too soon yet to theorise—much too soon to speak of conclusions even as to the present entire state of this great nation."

Yet, in spite of this most sensible and philosophical observation, in the very same page, we find Miss Martineau jumping at the following trifling conclusions with regard to that nation:

"They are, to all intents and purposes, self-governed. They have risen above all liability to an hereditary aristocracy, a connexion between religion and the state, a vicious or excessive taxation, and the irresponsibility of any class."

It appears to us to be just possible that they have not had time as yet to arrive at these various characteristics of

an old people; and that though they have been able to do without them in the days of their political youth, they yet may find at least some of them useful, if not necessary, as they approach the era of their maturity.

We might adduce many more equally gross instances of a house divided against itself, had we not too much compunction in our nature to inflict them upon the reader. Whatever subject is brought on the tapis—whether either of those we have mentioned, or education, or religion, or labour, or whatever it may be (and there is hardly any subject connected with state economy that is not in some way touched upon), the same unvarying inconsistency mars the whole, and seems to be inseparable from the constitution of the author's mind. In short, in comparing together the many *pros* and the numerous *cons* in this strange tissue of contradictions, and on considering the amount and weight of the many-sided argument therein set forth on all sides of every question which it so boldly undertakes finally to set at rest, we cannot help being reminded of that most useful, but somewhat pompous algebraical equation, $X - X = 0$; or to apply Miss Martineau's own expression, somewhere in the book itself, with regard to slavery and the views of slaveholders:

"As I disposed in my mind the opposite arguments, I found that they ate one another up, like the two cats that Sheridan told of; but without leaving so much as an inch of tail."

And now, having endeavoured, as briefly as possible, to lay before the reader our impressions with regard to the consistency of Miss Martineau's principles, when compared with her own experience, as set forth in various parts of her book, and having, we trust, succeeded in proving our assertions upon that point to be not altogether without foundation, we hasten to point out to his notice another no less remarkable characteristic of our authoress.

If we were merely to call it begging the question (although that, also, is of frequent occurrence), we should by no means come up to the idea which we wish to convey; and if we were to term it an addiction to rhapsody, we should perhaps be overshooting the mark. The fact is, that the peculiarity in question lies somewhere between the

two; and if we examine narrowly its component parts, we shall find that they partake of both to a very considerable extent. As, however, we are imperatively called upon to give it a name of some sort, and we like to be as charitable on all occasions as the case will admit of, we shall call it the result of a fondness for hypothesis, the indulgence without restraint of a visionary fancy, which refuses to judge of the future in connexion with the past, and is strangely forgetful of the wise man's exclamation, "There is nothing new under the sun"—a building up of arguments, whose sole foundation rests upon an *if* or a *when*; and those arguments, notwithstanding, propounded with as much earnestness of conviction, as if they resulted from the commonest experience of events, and must follow in course, as the natural corollaries of a certain existing order of things. These vigorous sprouts of imagination generally occur at the closing of a subject, or at the end of a chapter, and form a sort of knot, to prevent the various strings of discussion, somewhat artificially twisted together, from unravelling. They were doubtless meant to bear down all opposition by the plausibility of their construction, or by the effrontery of their assertion; and they are, on the whole, well calculated to produce such an effect upon an inconsiderate mind, as they would be for the most part truisms, if the premises were as self-evident as the conclusions; or if they were not, on the contrary, generally speaking, absolute impossibilities.

The first remarkable instance of this spirit of moral speculation, is the concluding sentence of the first chapter in the book:

"Whenever the Americans, or any other people, shall make integrity their rule, their criterion, their invariable supposition, the first principles of political philosophy will be fairly acted out, and the high democratic hope will be its own justification."

The conclusion here come to may be just or not. The discussion of it would be too profound and lengthy to be suitable in this place; but no reasonable mind can fail to comment upon the absurdity of a political philosophy, whose very *principia* cannot be "fairly acted out" until "the Ethiopian shall change his skin or the leopard his spots."

Again, after a most strenuous abuse

of American newspapers, Miss Martineau looks forward over the wide field of conjecture with the eye of a Sybil, and exclaims:

"Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire."

The trite justice of this remark we should be the last to gainsay; but we cannot help a misgiving that forces itself upon us, that Miss Martineau will hardly live to see the fulfilment of her prophecy. Again, in declaring her opinion of the inviolable durability of the political union of the North American States, for the sake of winding up the chapter with a climax to correspond with the magnitude of the subject, she breaks forth into the following annunciations:

"The Union is not incompatible with freedom of speech—the Union does not forbid men to act according to their convictions—the Union has never depended for its existence on hypocrisy, insult, and injury, and it never will. Let citizens but take heed individually to respect the law, and see that others do—that no neighbour transgresses it—that no statesman despises it unrebuked—that no child grows up ignorant or careless of it, and the Union is as secure as the ground they tread upon. If this be not done, every thing is in peril for the season;—not only the Union, but property, home, life, and integrity."

We think the generality of our readers will bear us out in terming the first part of this passage a mere ebullition of ranting enthusiasm. For the rest, we may be allowed to hope, for the sake of the future welfare of those states, at present bound together by so wise and safe a connexion, that the prolonged existence of their political union shall be found to be altogether independent of the impossible anticipations of any visionary theorist.

The merchants of Cincinnati, no doubt a most valuable and excellent set of men in their way, but who, nevertheless, when divested of the garment of many colours in which Miss Martineau insists upon clothing them, appear nothing more romantic than hard-working and industrious pork-butchers, who know their own interests extremely well, and are a very shrewd set of persons in the sphere to which God has called them; and who, at the same time, very many of them,

are so extremely content with their own destiny, as to consider as idle tales the stories which reach them of the existence in foreign parts of any greater opulence and splendour than their own flourishing town can boast of; will be somewhat astonished, and the loftiest soarings of their ambition will dwindle in comparison to the flights of wingless arrows, when they open this book and find themselves apostrophised as

"Princes and prophets at once, they can foresee the future if they please it, and shape it if they will."

Egypt had her magi, Rome her augurs, and Britain her druids, but the seers of the young republic outshine them all. They could only foretell future events; these, it would seem, possess the higher endowment of directing them to their own ends. How are the mighty fallen!

A chapter wholly devoted to a consideration of the manifold wrongs of the female sex, and in which Miss Martineau most manfully asserts "the rights of women," is wound up with the following remark, which may be true or not, but is not very likely to be soon put to the test, and certainly not in that lady's own lifetime:

"It is unquestioned and unquestionable, that if women were not weak, man could not be wicked; that if women were bravely pure, there would be an end to the dastardly tyranny of licentiousness."

Reader, although woman, in a perfect state as she came from the hand of her Maker, had not strength to resist the rosy seductions of an apple, you here have a fallen sinner presuming to dictate theories founded upon the absence of all weakness in the race. The unbounded extent to which moral speculation may be carried is again evinced in the following unique sentences, with reference to the admirable system of prison discipline prevalent in certain parts of the United States:

"An enormous amount of wrong must remain in a society, where the elaboration of a vast apparatus for the infliction of human misery, like that required by the system of solitary imprisonment, is yet a work of mercy. Milder and juster methods of treating moral infirmity will succeed, when men shall have learned to obviate the largest possible amount of it. *In the meantime, I am persuaded that this*

is the best method of punishment which has yet been tried."

We confess ourselves to have been struck with considerable admiration at the various convincing proofs already afforded us of the unexampled buoyancy of Miss Martineau's mind, and we plead guilty to an occasional involuntary holding of the breath, with something of a feeling of sympathy, upon our attention being suddenly attracted to some longer dive than usual into the abyss of the future, accompanied by a trembling sensation of anxiety lest the bold trickster should never again have risen to the surface. But the further we advance in our perusal of the work, the more food for undisguised astonishment do we discover; and we have little doubt that the amazement of the reader will keep pace with our own. In treating of what she calls the science of religion, she says:

"Theologians there will probably always be; but no man will be a priest in those days to come, when every man will be a worshipper."

Thus it appears that she not only looks forward to the overthrow of religious establishments, but contemplates also the abolition of all religious forms whatever, as well as the destruction of all edifices set apart for religious observances.

Last, not least, we discover that our authoress supposes the time to be not far distant when there shall be a perfect community of property all over the world; and when that patriarchal period shall have arrived, she even contemplates the possibility of setting aside, with the utmost facility, the eternal curse of God upon Adam, "that he should eat bread by the sweat of his brow." Reader, perhaps you might have imagined that such a surpassing excess of mad self-sufficiency was beyond the range of mortal pedantry. But be not incredulous—we speak not without book. The following passage is our authority:

"The poor man is rightly instructed, in the present state of things, when he is told that it is his first duty to provide for his own wants. The lesson is at present true, because the only alternative is encroachment on the rights of others; but it is a very low lesson, in comparison with that which will be taught in the days when mutual and self-perfection will

be the prevalent idea which the civilisation of the time will express. No thinking man or woman, who reflects on the amount of time, thought, and energy, which would be set free by the pressure of competition and money-getting being removed—time, thought, and energy, now spent in wearing out the body, and in partially stimulating and partially wasting the mind,—can be satisfied under the present system."

We will suppose that the reader has perused tales of fiction of all sorts, from the veritable biographies of Sinbad the Sailor and Jack the Giant-killer, to the gloomy tragedies of Radcliffe, and the amusing farce of Captain Marryat, but we will venture to assert, that in none of these has he met with more eccentric or surprising efforts of imagination than that which we have just brought under his notice.

Let us pause for a moment, to inquire what are the suppositions contained in the three short sentences above quoted, and what would be the results were it possible that those suppositions could be realised. First, we have it presumed, as in the natural course of events, that a day will arrive when there shall be no longer such a thing known in the world as any encroachment on the rights of others. Oh, happy time! when wars and contentions of all sorts shall be banished from the world—when there shall be no longer any need of the finesse of diplomacy, or the subtlety of the scheming politician—when each man's and each nation's rights shall be so nicely defined, as to banish the lawyer from the bar, the judge from the bench, and the chancellor from the woolstack. The next supposition is, that "mutual and self-perfection" will at some time be the prevalent idea of men's minds. Oh, delicious realisation! when there shall be no longer any hatred, any jealousy, any deceit, any crime of any sort, even any disease in the world—when the fruits of eating of the tree of knowledge shall be a matter of history, and when all admiration of the perfection of the Deity, and of his providences, and of his attributes, shall be swallowed up and lost in "the prevalent idea of mutual and self-perfection, which the civilisation of the time will express."

But this is not all. These short sentences embrace yet another, and, if possible, a still more extraordinary sup-

position than either of the former. We have a golden age conjured up, in which there shall be "an end to competition and money-getting," and mankind shall have nothing left them to do but to attain by rapid strides to the perfection of knowledge. Oh, delightful anticipation! when the fruits of the earth shall spring up spontaneously, as in Eden—when the rich shall voluntarily relinquish all those luxuries which they obtain by the labour of the indigent, and the poor shall be content to trust to the unassisted fecundity of mother earth for their daily bread—and when the climate of this changing world shall have become so steady and serene, the winds so equable, and the air so temperate, as to preclude all necessity of those various handicrafts and trades, which, in forcing men to provide for the necessities of existence, at present distract their attention from the pursuit of perfect knowledge. And yet such, reader, are a few of the results which must be attained before the modest and unassuming creations of the fancy of this female Quixote can be realised. Such are some of the many organic changes which must occur all over the surface of this earth, before the unpretending assumptions of our authoress can take effect.

The next matter which we are called upon to notice, is what appears to be Miss Martineau's hobby. She has devoted to its consideration no less than three entire chapters, and refers to it rather curiously on all occasions. In fact, an observer cannot fail to remark it pushing itself forward into notice pretty often when one least expects it, hopping upon the stage somewhat limpingly, when it would be better behind the scenes, and thereby showing how unremittingly it engages her thoughts. This hobby is neither more nor less than "the rights of women." In the consideration of this subject, which she evidently considers of high importance, she has exhausted all her eloquence; and is not content with supporting her ideas by some very ingenious arguments, but also seems willing, by various hints and innuendos, to press forward her individual self as a crowning example of the equality of the sexes. We find various boasts, for instance, of her powers of walking, of shooting with the rifle, of using the axe, and other accomplishments generally appertaining to the male sex, as if, in

the conceitedness of her vanity, she were hardly even disposed to yield to man in strength and activity of body, although she has not actually arrived at the audacity of asserting that such is the fact in express terms. One thing, however, we are compelled to acknowledge, and that is, that, in the chapter entitled "Upon the Morals of Slavery," Miss Martineau certainly proves, beyond a doubt, that it is possible for even a maiden lady to have as perfect an insight into the arcana of slave-state debauchery, as the most free-thinking and free-acting bachelor.

But let us consider briefly the amount of the various arguments adduced by this renowned champion of the equal rights of the sexes. It is just possible that Miss Martineau looks forward to a time when there shall be no such thing as marriage in the world; and, indeed, her observations on the subject of divorce give us good grounds for believing that she holds some such views. But if she be not prepared to carry her principles to this extent, it is difficult to understand the ground of her first and strongest argument, which she founds upon the assertion that women have never consented to be governed. To any one whose common sense has not entirely evaporated in the brewing of visionary dreams, it will appear plain enough, without any necessity of argument, that such a tie as that of marriage could not exist if the parties concerned in it were on an absolute equality. The constant clashing of wills which would inevitably follow such a state of things, can only be compared to the struggles of two dogs in the couples, who half-strangle one another at every turning in their path, and the freedom of whose motions is crippled, and all the instincts and powers which nature has bestowed upon them become for the time so completely in abeyance, as to render that animal an object of helpless ridicule to the observer, although, when free and unfettered, it is man's most useful and sagacious assistant. It was in the knowledge of this fact in the nature of the human species, that the Omniscient Creator, instead of calling at once into existence two beings of equal strength, and of like faculties, began by forming one man in his own image, and then drew from that man another being, to be a help meet for him — endowing her with feelings and

passions unknown to his sterner nature, which should make her dependent upon him for happiness—at the same time, denying to her that strength of body with which he was gifted, as likely to be productive of discord between them, but making her strength consist more in the soft arts of persuasion, and the powerful influence of the mutual ties of passion which were implanted in the bosoms of both. This absence of equality, or, if Miss Martineau likes the term better, this generic distinction between the sexes, is a law of nature which no argument or sophistry of the most ambitious mind can set aside. If man and woman were ever intended to be equal, why were they not given equal strength of body to assert their equality? Why were women made timid and fearful, while man was gifted with courage and conduct? Why have they always been anxious instinctively to fly from the slightest appearance of danger, while it is man's highest enthusiasm to seek and defy it? Or why were they given a disposition so completely under the influence of their affections, and so easily altered by the effect of circumstances, that "the caprice of woman" has been a byword from the remotest generations? Let us not for a moment be understood to assert that the intellect of woman is less comprehensive, that she has an immortal soul of an inferior capacity, or that she is less conscious of right and wrong than the other sex. Such is by no means our meaning. But we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the same Providence which, in denying her strength of body sufficient for her own maintenance and protection, made her dependent upon man for her very existence, wisely obscured the soundness of her judgment, and shackled the independence of her intellect by a congenial admixture of the blindness of the passions, which could alone prevent her from feeling that to be galling which was meant to be the solace of her being. This is no vain argument, no empty theory. It is founded upon the unchangeable laws of nature, upon the immutable experience of the remotest age. The very Amazons themselves (who, by the bye, we are surprised were not cited by Miss Martineau, as the solitary instance of the self-government of women) were obliged not only to banish men altogether from

among them, but also even to tear from their maternal bosoms their male infants, to counteract the womanly weakness which would have made them, in spite of themselves, succumb to their own offspring. How, therefore, we ask, can it be said that woman has never consented to be governed, when, as she goes to the altar, she gives up all her rights into the hand of him who has already enchaind her affections? There are, indeed, a few individuals of the female sex, principally among the middle and higher orders, who live alone distinct from man, and who, in so doing, frustrate the ends of their existence. But their number is so small in a nation, as hardly to deserve enumeration. There certainly do exist those who have never tasted of the dearest ties between the sexes; but this is to be attributed either to some crotchet of temper, some disappointment of the expectations of youth, or to some natural inability to please. But as these are to be included among the caprices of nature, and were not contemplated but as exceptions to the great and fundamental law of nature, no argument can be founded upon them. Of this number, Miss Martineau appears to be one. She has grown old in single blessedness. She surveys the weakness and dependence of her sex with the asperity of one who has been only a spectator, and by no means an understanding spectator, far less a sharer in the joys of that dependence. She cannot appreciate the sweet but unseen influence of woman upon the stern nature of man; and feeling that both sexes are alike gifted with an immortal soul of equal capacity, which no one attempts to deny, she allows herself to indulge in ascetic reflections upon the tyranny of man, in denying to women that independence which woman, as a class, would refuse if it were offered to her, as being inconsistent with her nature; and affects to look down upon and despise, as incompatible with the existence of intellect, that softness and tender susceptibility which is the chief charm of the sex, but which incapacitates alike her body and her mind for independent action. So far, therefore, from founding an argument, that men and women are equal, upon the bare assertion that God has made all the human species equal, we are much more inclined to deduce, from what we argue to be the

incontestable fact of the inequality of the sexes, a *reductio ad absurdum*, to prove that it is not even true that men themselves are all equal, even at the time of their first coming into the world. Having first proved, as it would be easy to do, that though men and women have all equally immortal souls, they yet are in other respects possessed of essentially different gifts of mind as of body, we should be inclined to carry the argument further, and say that men also themselves, although equal in point of immortality, are created most unequal in all other respects; and we fear not the force of any argument that Miss Martineau could bring against our position, even on this point. It cannot be maintained for a moment that a prize-fighter and a cripple, a genius and an idiot, are at all the result of their own foresight, or of their parents' invention; nor can it be denied with much more plausibility, that whatever attributes they may severally possess during their lives, they were equally possessed of at their birth, although in a dormant state, owing to the imperfections of human nature, which is so constituted as to require the assistance of time, first to perfect its work, and afterwards to destroy it. If Miss Martineau, therefore, or any other maiden malcontent, should again venture to assert the equality of man and woman, our only advice to whomsoever that lady may be, is to turn, before sitting down to her task, to the book of Genesis; and when she reads there that woman was made for man, unless she be more blind to reason, and more easily swayed by prejudice even than the generality of her sex, she will perceive that she is arguing foolishly against nature, and will wisely return to the conviction that "the subordination of the sex," to which this very pedantic lady now attributes so many evils, is not owing to the tyranny of man, but arises from natural and unchangeable causes inherent in her own construction, and which have been placed there in the all-seeing wisdom of that Providence which called her being into existence.

But we must not detain the reader too long on this absurd subject. The fact of the matter is, that even supposing the most perfect theories to be formed upon it that ingenuity could devise; let laws be framed for the matrimonial estate, making man and

woman equal with respect to property; and let any other measure be taken that Miss Martineau, with Dalilah to boot, could invent for his subjection, still we will be bound for it that the inevitable law of Nature will counteract them all, and man will continue to assert his supremacy, as he has hitherto always done since he was created, in spite of the bickerings of ambitious pedants, or the petulant complainings of disappointed spinsters. We will not tire the reader, if we can help it, but there is one other assertion made pretty frequently in connexion with this subject, that we must set at rest before turning to another. The principle of it is contained in the following passage:—

“Women are depressed, so as to have the greater number of objects of pursuit placed beyond their reach.”

If this were true in any sense, we should agree with Miss Martineau, that woman laboured under grievous wrong. But such we most peremptorily deny to be the fact. Miss Martineau declares needlework to be woman's only eligible occupation in the United States, and throws out broad hints that the same thing occurs every where. Indeed, when treating on this subject, she argues generally, carried away by the seeming bitterness of her own feelings on the subject, so that we may be also allowed to answer generally. Now, if she had said that needlework is a very common and a very favourite employment of the sex, she would have been right, but we should like to know how she will assert—or if she asserts, how she will prove—that women are prevented from tailoring, from shoe-making, from painting, from any one of the arts, or any single handicraft which the strength given her by nature will permit of her undertaking? We have ourselves, both in England and Ireland, all over the continent of Europe, and also, though more seldom, in many parts of America, constantly seen women working in the fields; and, in one particular part of England, even breaking stones on the highway. Is not the time of most women, both in England and America, fully and most usefully employed in household affairs; affairs, for the due performance of which they are particularly well adapted, and which could not be half so well executed by men; affairs the

most difficult to be dispensed with, and, therefore, most honourable? And is her education a wrong one, if it fits her for these necessary duties? But let us put the case in its most simple form. In every family (we now speak of a family in a state of nature) there are a certain number of things which are absolutely necessary to be done. Of these, the woman chooses those tasks best suited to her natural gifts; the man performs those which are beyond her bodily powers: and this being so, has the woman, we ask, any right to complain, because sedentary employments fall to her share? or ought she not, rather, to feel thankful with her lot, and grateful to the Providence which has provided a stronger arm than her own, without the aid of which she could not exist? The fact is, that Miss Martineau, in all these querulous arguments, is, in reality, railing against the decrees of Providence, while, all the while, she would have us believe her to be upholding a great and, perhaps, just principle. On the whole, in spite of a good deal of ingenuity in some of the arguments brought forward, this notion of woman's rights is so absurd and Quixotic, that we feel that we owe an apology to the reader for having noticed it at all; but when a question is seriously brought forward, with a certain degree of plausibility, people are apt to boast of their arguments, however foolish, being unanswerable—if they happen to remain unanswered. Upon this ground, and this only, have we thought it well to hazard these few remarks.

After such specimens of her turn of mind, however, the reader will not be likely to feel much surprise at Miss Martineau's declaring, as she does in one place, that

“She has a respect for pedantry.”
 • • • Pedantry indicates the first struggle of intellect with its restraints; and it is, therefore, a hopeful system.”

Epith. answer.—“Physician, heal thyself,” is our only comment on this curious but somewhat far-fetched deduction. But it is now high time to turn to another subject. Of the many faults of judgment which force themselves upon our attention, in the perusal of this work, perhaps one of the most glaring of all consists in a sort of flightiness, which convinces one that

the subject touched upon, whatever it may be, is either beyond the natural range of the writer's mind, or that she has suffered the wings of her understanding to be suddenly singed by too incautious and precipitate an approach towards some dangerous but attractive object, which may look extremely well at a distance, although when approached too near it is productive of danger and death. The process resembling in its course and accompanied by a similar catastrophe with that which attends the ill-fated moth which flutters about a candle, till, unable to resist the impulse which negatives its instinct, it at length falls a sacrifice to its self-immolating temerity. The instances of this temporary desertion of common sense for the extravagance of bombast, although they are numerous, are, to do Miss Martineau justice, short enough. They in general are confined to a single sentence, as if the lady had caught herself tripping, and suddenly come to a full stop in consequence; but they are, some of them, so extraordinary, that we cannot but wish that she had either put the rein to her imagination a little sooner, or had been more liberal of the "*multa litura*," upon which Horace, that progenitor of critics, laid so much stress.

On one occasion she gives a rather good description, on the whole, of a wonderful view in Virginia, called the Hawk's Nest, which we have ourselves had the privilege of beholding, and which we hesitate not to declare, on our own experience, to be, perhaps, one of the most striking prospects that the surface of this beautiful world can present to the eye of the lover of the picturesque. But beautiful and striking as it is, and impossible though it may be for the most matter-of-fact person to witness it without astonishment at the grandeur and sublimity of nature, no degree of enthusiasm can authorise such a piece of extravagance as the following:—

"What a depth it was! like the dreamy visions of one's childhood of what winged messengers may first learn of man's dwelling-place, when they light on a mountain-top, like *Satan's glimpses from the mountain of soliloquy*."

Again. What can possibly be conceived more laughably absurd than the following result of a long-winded argument upon the estimation in which

labour is held in different parts of the world?

"The temporary glory of ease and the disgrace of labour pass away like mountain-mists, and *THE CLEAR SUBLIMITY OF TOIL* grows upon men's sights."

We can assure the reader, in case he may feel incredulous, that this is said in earnest; and that, ridiculous as it may appear, it is a conclusion to which Miss Martineau has arrived by very easy transitions. After giving a good many very flagrant instances of the inconvenience arising from a lack of properly educated domestic servants in the United States, Miss Martineau suffers her enthusiasm for liberty to betray her into the following very absurd assertion of the tendency of her own inclinations upon that score, which we cannot but think would hardly withstand the rude shock of experiment:—

"For my own part, I had rather suffer any inconvenience from having to work occasionally in chambers and kitchens, and from having little hospitable designs frustrated, than witness the subservience in which the menial class is held in Europe."

It is really incomprehensible to us how any writer, who pretends to have the smallest claim to public favour, can so prostitute her good sense as to give to the world such jargon as this. We should like to set Miss Martineau for a month on the quarter-deck of even an American man-of-war, and afterwards transfer her for a short time to the deck of a vessel in which mutiny had put an end to subordination. We think the probable result of her increased experience might be, that the above expression would be left out in a future edition of this work, if it should ever reach one, and its place would be supplied by a sentence to the effect that there are some cases in which the laws of a constrained expediency must supersede those of "the rights of man."

A few lines further on, and in reference to the same topic, we find the following sentence:—

"One of the pleasures of travelling through a democratic country is the seeing no liveries."

Here then the candid Miss Martineau, who would have us repose such unlimited confidence in her penetration and judgment, is actually found judg-

ing of the man by the colour of his coat. If she will deign, however, to take a lesson from our humble experience, we can inform her that none of "the free and enlightened citizens" of America give themselves more absurd airs of self-importance, or are really more free and independent in action, than the by her, it seems, much despised London livery-footman.

The following tirade also is worthy of notice on this head, as shewing the absurd conclusions to which the doctrines of democracy tend, if carried out sufficiently:—

"The alphabet itself is of little or no value to a slave, while it is an inestimable treasure to a conscious young republican."

In describing her feelings when visiting a prison, Miss Martineau again says,—

"I have no doubt that every prison-visitor has been conscious, on first conversing privately with a criminal, of a feeling of surprise at finding him so human."

Here we are somewhat amusingly reminded of the old song of "the man from the west countrie," who, in his innocence, thought the King of England's two arms were, in a literal sense, a lion and a unicorn; and we are very naturally led to ask if Miss Martineau conceived convicts to be compounded of any such extraordinary proportions, or in what other particular she expected to find them different from their fellow-men?

Again she very curiously asserts in one place, that "*the love of truth is shewn by the outbreak of heresy in all directions.*" In another, that "*the exclusively clerical are the worst enemies of Christianity, except the vicious.*"

Neither of these outrageous assumptions are accompanied by the most remote attempt at proof. They are stuck into the pages of Miss Martineau's book much with the same object apparently as they are transposed here; namely, to answer the purpose of plums in a pudding, or to excite the curiosity of the reader to utter the ejaculation, What next? and to impose upon the unthinking a character for originality of thought by dazzling his eyes with the tawdry barnish of counterfeit metal passed off for glittering gold.

Such passages as the above abound throughout the book, but we have al-

ready quoted quite enough to explain our meaning. They appear to be the offspring of an utter disregard to the small step which intervenes between the sublime and the ridiculous. The authoress allows her judgment to be run away with by the exuberance of her fancy, and in giving way to the extravagance of certain preconceived ideas, whose truth she has not power of mind enough to question, she displays an honest anxiety to work them out to the utmost; and thus, in the blind impetuosity of personal conviction, sufficiently demonstrates the real shallowness of their nature by the absurdity of their inevitable results. In this respect we cannot but think her a very bad, and even a dangerous advocate of democracy. She presents too strong a case of the danger incurred by persons in playing with edged tools who do not understand their uses, and the safe mode of handling them, the hurt which they inflict upon themselves being generally the most notable result of their inexperienced meddling.

But there is another charge which we must bring against the book in question, which, though it will not, in all probability, appear a very serious one in the eyes of the authoress herself, will probably bear more weight with the majority of her readers—and that is, the extreme looseness of the religious tenets which it sets forth. It is sufficiently apparent that, however they may be veiled under the specious disguise of liberality of feeling, or their harsh outlines softened down by the charitable shadings of tolerance, that convenient cloak for the religious libertine, and however ingeniously the mind may be diverted from discovering their real tendency by seeing them unhesitatingly thrust forward as the deliberate results of reason, the opinions of Miss Martineau on religious subjects differ but little from those of the professed infidel. Her religious vision seems just as much obscured by flitting fancies as her general ideas upon other subjects; and this is by no means unnatural; for, although an imaginative religion more frequently leans towards superstition, its most extended form tends in the exact opposite direction, and is embodied in the shape of infidelity. The doctrines which have sprung up in the unfettered wantonness of this lady's fancy are of the latter kind, and they are all the more dangerous and delusive

from their being presented to the observation of the world in such a light as to conceal their naked deformity. The pivot upon which she hangs her religious system, is one well suited to the spirit of the age, and its nature is explained in a sentence, the truth of which, because quoted from another author, Miss Martineau seems to have thought it entirely unincumbent upon her to prove, although she hesitates not a moment to found a very complicated construction upon no other basis. She has discovered some German writer (a somewhat questionable source from whence to derive a scheme of theology), who maintains that "the Christian religion is the root of all democracy;" and thinking that the words run very smoothly, and herself devoutly believing a democracy to be the essence of all perfection, she, without more ado, falls down and worships this axiom, as if it were too self-evident to admit of contradiction, and its justice too generally allowed to call for any proof. Thus much being premised, and this redoubtable sentence being duly installed at the head of a chapter, there follows a very singular piece of rhodomontade founded upon it, which diverges into three sections, treating respectively of the science, the spirit, and the administration of religion, in which morality, virtue, and natural as well as revealed religion, alternately appear upon the scene, but so nearly in the same guise as to puzzle the spectator to distinguish which is which, and with their attributes jumbled together in unmeaning and inextricable disarray. The mixture which, in defiance of all the laws of moral chemistry, consists of a heterogeneous conglomeration of these four in different quantities, but the last in so indefinitely small a proportion as scarcely to be discernible, is next sprinkled with a few peppercorns, in the shape of bold and high-sounding maxims, to give it a relish; and then the whole having been stirred up with a conclusion or two savouring rather strongly of blasphemy, it is administered, not too hot, lest haply it should scald a tender mouth, to the reluctant patient, with the same buoyant moral floating on the top which had composed its first ingredient. The Alpha and Omega of this chapter are the same. It is begun by this sentence, assisted by no proof. It is concluded by the same identical words of magic,

so introduced as to represent the triumphant Q. E. D. of the mathematician challenging and defying contradiction.

With this sentence, therefore, must we first join issue; as, if this be a false substratum, the rest of the ill-judged edifice at once crumbles to nothing by its own weight. We have before said, that, in declaring all men equal by nature, Miss Martineau erred, in our opinion, most egregiously; confounding their immortality, in which respect all human beings are undoubtedly equal, with the various other gifts which are alike bestowed by nature upon them, but which are essentially different in their tendency and unequal in their degree. In like manner we must enter our protest against the deduction that, because the immortal part of every man is equally liable to punishment or reward hereafter, according to his conduct in this life, the Christian religion does therefore afford in its own example any analogy to the views of the democrat. We humbly think, on the contrary, that such a conclusion can only be reached by a manifest straining of the question; and thus we argue. Miss Martineau asserts that "religion is at once an individual, a universal, and an equal concern." We say, granted, in a certain sense. But we answer, so in the same sense is money-getting, so is learning, so is every pursuit that engages the human mind. But in the requisites for obtaining wealth, all men are not equally gifted; and, consequently, although the pursuit of wealth is equally open to all men that walk the earth, and the possession of money is equally necessary and almost equally an object of desire to all (the slave and the lunatic alone excepted), yet the experience of every age has proved incontrovertibly, not only that all men can never be equally rich, but even that if, by any temporary arrangement of human caprice, all the subjects of any nation were to be made so for the moment, it is impossible that such equality could be any thing but ephemeral, or that its existence should be prolonged beyond the passing hour. In the same manner, although the consolations of religion are unquestionably open to all alike; and it is, or ought to be, an object of equal concern to all, the inequality of its adaptation to man's nature is incontrovertibly demonstrated by the small but undeniable fact, that men are so unequal in their conceptions

of religion, that some there are whose whole lives are devoted to the consideration of that subject alone, whilst there are others so bold as to deny the existence of a God. How then, we ask, can true religion be said to rest upon a democratic basis any more than money-getting? And yet, if we were to say that money-getting were the root of all democracy, we should have all the democratic blood in Miss Martineau's body boiling with anger; and her tongue, no doubt, would not be idle in invoking maledictions on our audacity; nor her enthusiastic pen in inditing refutations of our malicious insinuations. Whatever the consequences may be, however, we are prepared to maintain that one axiom is about as true as the other; and we therefore hasten to observe, that the unequal qualifications with which men are respectively gifted for availing themselves of a religion equally offered to all, in point of fact renders the benefit accruing to each from the exercise of that religion essentially unequal; and thus do we arrive at the conclusion that, whatever theoretical religion may be, practical religion, so far from being "the root of all democracy," has naught whatever to do with the democratic principle. Indeed, if we were so disposed, and if our space would allow, we might carry out the argument still further, and affirm that the very fundamental laws of the Christian religion not only teach that men are unequal as now constituted, living on this earth, but also that they will continue unequal even in the worlds to come. For if such be not the case, where, we ask, is the meaning of the parable of the talents? where the force of the Scripture relation of the supper, at which the guests are seated, according to precedence, in the highest and the lower rooms? and why does the Saviour expressly exhort to "give tribute to Cæsar?" It might be asserted that such precedence is the precedence due to merit, and therefore does not answer to that which originates in the arbitrary distinctions occurring amongst men. But granting all this to be true; still, upon whatever grounds the difference may depend, we maintain that it is not a whit the less a case in point, as whatever tends to exalt one man above his fellow, let the motive or cause be what it may, is necessarily opposed to the democratic principle; and, in point

of fact, all aristocracies, in the principles of their being, in their original creation, as well as in their means of recruiting, are based upon the same standard. The continual and almost imperceptible changes which time effects in all human institutions, may cause us sometimes to lose sight of their real origin; but in all cases the formation of an infant aristocracy has originally been coincident with merit; and to whatever ends human frailty may have ultimately applied it, an enrolment among its ranks has been ever the highest reward of virtue.

It is surprising how easy it is to raise a plausible theory upon almost any subject, with the assistance of a little ingenuity to conceive, and plenty of audacity to assert; especially where the topic is gratifying to any of man's numerous weaknesses. We cannot help, therefore, wondering that Miss Martineau, when asserting religion to be "the root of all democracy," should have rested there, as it were in mid-career, without taking the converse of the proposition equally for granted,—namely, that democracy was the root of all religion. Certain we are, that she might have made out at least as good a case this way as she has the other; and it seems to us that, in point of fact, she has been jumbling together in her mind the two ideas, till the threads became so entangled, that it was no longer possible to distinguish their ends. At any rate, if she had taken this for her motto instead of the other, she might have arrived much sooner at her point in defence of the voluntary principle; which, after all, is the upshot of the whole. We can only account for this apparent oversight by imagining that Miss Martineau prudently abstained from pressing this part of the topic to its remoter results, foreseeing that the discussion might entangle her unawares in the mazes of intolerance, from which she makes it her careful endeavour to keep aloof. However that may be, it is abundantly certain, that if the generosity of her disposition had not restrained her from showering too indiscriminate a damnation upon aristocrats of all denominations, by the mere malicious mention in this place of a rich man passing through the eye of a needle, Miss Martineau might have sufficiently established this point, also, to some minds, and have furnished her tree with a root at each end,

so equal in their powers of affording nutriment to the branches, that it would have signified little which extremity were stuck into the ground, or how often the stem were turned bottom upwards,—for the flourishing plant, in open heresy to the orthodox rules of the vegetable kingdom, would, in either case, have thriven alike. And now, having considered the admirable properties of the root, let us examine of what the plant itself is composed, and whether the trunk is sound or rotten. Let us now see what sort of description we find of this religion which we are instructed to believe so intimately connected with, and, in short, springing out of democracy; for we must learn to recognise it by its appearance, if we happen to meet with it, and we are the more anxious to become acquainted with its aspect, as we cannot help having our misgivings that it is a wolf in sheep's clothing—a bird of low degree strutting in borrowed plumes. In the first place, on considering its characteristics, we cannot hesitate for a moment in pronouncing that, at least, the epithet “Christian” cannot, without sacrilege, be applied to it, unless upon the principle of “*lucius à non lucendo*,” for if we adopt it without comment, as it is personified by Miss Martineau, it is the exact opposite of all that Christ taught, or that the New Testament contains. We beg the reader to form his own judgment upon the following passage, which sufficiently develops its nature:—

“Any account of religion which restricts it within the boundaries of any system,—which connects it with any mode of belief,—which implicates it with hope of reward or fear of punishment, is low and injurious, and debases religion into superstition.”

Supposing this to be a proper definition of religion, we request the reader to figure to himself the vague shadow to which it dwindles. He must at once reject as superstitious all the many points of difference between the worship of the Pagan and the Christian; for the most unenlightened Paganian, the most deluded disciple of Juggernaut, has his aspirations to the Infinite equally with the most learned theologian of Europe; he must at once cast from him all his lofty ideas of a future state; he must lay aside his belief in the sublime doctrine of the

Trinity; he must banish from his mind all that he has been accustomed to reverence in the surprising scheme of salvation by faith; and he must confine all his religious aspirations to the simple fact, that there is a Creator who requires a sort of indefinite worship at his hands, in return for having conferred upon him the somewhat doubtful benefit of a rapid passage across the confined stage of this world's existence. Such, according to Miss Martineau's own shewing, is the species of religion, and such only, which can be also “the root of democracy.” Such, therefore, must be the personification of it which Miss Martineau admires and believes in; for upon no other supposition could any one assert so blasphemous an absurdity as we find her asserting:—

“That some speculative Atheists have been religious men,—religious in their efforts after self-perfection,” &c.

Why, no Mahomedan, no Hindoo, no African savage, would be found sunk to so low a pitch of degradation, as to style that man religious who denies the existence of a God; and yet here such is stated roundly to be the fact, in a Christian country, and by a woman calling herself Christian. It is easy to appreciate the sort of unstable root which this religion must possess, when we find ourselves called upon to respect in it the same qualifications which we admire in the plumage of a magpie, namely, that it is “as infinitely diversified as the expression of men's features.” Or, in other words, because the spirit, and science, and point of it is, that every man should be his own parson; and, laying aside all ideas of revelation, rejecting the great atonement for Eve's transgression, and in the unrestrained pride of reason treating all the injunctions of Scripture as the ravings of superstition, and the offsets of misguided zeal, worship the Infinite each one according to his particular fancy, and personify the Deity each according to the caprice of his imagination, which should serve as the sole guide of his conscience. But to proceed in our survey. In working out this notable system, Miss Martineau exhorts men

“To note how much their brethren believe, rather than what they disbelieve: the amount would be found so vast as immeasurably to distance the deficiency.

If this were done, religion would be found to be *so safe*, that the proportions of sects and the eccentricities of individuals would be lost sight of in the presence of universal living and breathing faith."

Was there ever such jargon since printing was invented? Did ever any one before assert, that a man's religion is "safe" because he believes more than he disbelieves, when, perhaps, he may have rejected some of the items which are absolutely necessary to salvation? Did ever any Christian before preach that it is the duty of good-fellowship wilfully to blind ourselves to the partial unbelief of our neighbours, in order that we may behold nothing but the modicum of faith which they may possess, and in our simplicity deem it universal? In these and similar passages, we discover in what Miss Martineau's religion really consists, and are thus enabled to judge pretty accurately what must be the fruit of the tree of democracy, if it springs from so poisonous a root. It is plain, throughout her treatise on religion, that she has in fact confounded it in her own mind with virtue, forgetting, that if such a thing as true and unsullied virtue could exist in the world, religion would be without an object. Adam, before the fall, had, doubtless, a strong reverence for the Divine Being, arising from gratitude for innumerable providences, and properly defined as that "love which casteth out fear;" but he had no sensations corresponding to those which have since arisen under the name of religion; because there existed no cause to justify such a feeling. His life was immortal, and there was, therefore, nothing for religion to teach him of a future state; he had never sinned, and therefore stood in no need of repentance; he walked in his own uprightness, and therefore needed no faith in the purity of the Son of God, or the efficacy of his atonement. For these reasons, we find no mention made of sacrifices before the fall. But when he fell from his high estate, and true and perfect virtue fled from his bosom, leaving it a prey to all corrupt inclinations, out of its ashes rose religion, like a phoenix, to counteract his unbridled desires, and to preserve to him the image of his former self, by constantly bringing him to consider what he ought to be: in short, it was on ac-

count of the total extinction of the one that the other became necessary. His descendants were given the ten commandments, through Moses, and the various precepts and prophecies which the Old Testament contains, not to bring religion down to a level with their reason, but because their unassisted reason was insufficient to lead them in the right way; and it is this inadequacy of reason to this great end that such freethinkers as Miss Martineau are too proud to admit. If man had been sufficiently governed by reason, he would never have sinned, and would, consequently, never have been in want of a religious feeling to counteract evil influences; and it is, therefore, a manifest paradox to say, that religion is at all dependent upon reason; on the contrary, it is where reason falls short that the true sublimity of religious faith has its origin. It is with these short-sighted views of the spirit and science of religion, that Miss Martineau declares herself an advocate for "trusting a nation to its religious instincts to provide for its own religious wants." In other words, the voluntary system. But let us take Miss Martineau's own evidence of the results of this system. We cannot possibly use stronger arguments against it than her own book affords. She confesses that, at present, the clergy of America are under "the necessity of veiling or qualifying the most essential truths of the Gospel, from a pastoral consideration for the passions and prejudices of a portion of their flocks." She declares that "adventurers are tempted into the profession," under the hope of "marrying ladies of fortune." And, further, that she cannot say that the American clergy "retain their moral independence." She herself avows the principle professed there to be, that "the pulpits are the property of the people, who are not, therefore, to have their *minds disturbed* by what they hear thence." Again: that the preacher "should be turned out of his pulpit before the next Sunday, if he touched upon human rights." Again: that the duty of the clergy is "to decide on how much truth the people will bear, and to administer it accordingly." She refers to one congregation which, as a *sine quâ non*, "required plenty of action, to be assured the preacher was in earnest." And she mentions one minister who so bitterly lamented his want of free-

dom in the pulpit as to exclaim "it was enough to make him leave his pulpit, and set to work to mend society." Yet, after all these, and a thousand other remarks, all tending the same way, this most inexplicable lady actually affirms that these results have naught to do with the principles of the voluntary system. She attributes it all to the fact that "the flocks have outstripped their pastors," without ever perceiving, or, rather, being determined not to perceive, that such must ever be the case where the opinion of the congregation determines, and keeps a continual power of censorship over the doctrines of the preacher. The man who tells the whole truth honestly, though it may be disagreeable to hear, and boldly lays bare the faults of his hearers without fear, soon becomes unpopular, and starves; whilst he who flatters their weaknesses, and lauds their perfections, to use her own words, "grows more sleek than he ever was saintly, and goes through two safe and quiet preachments on Sundays, as the price of his week-day ease."

The doctrines of such ministers of religion as are here too faithfully portrayed must always, from the nature of their dependent position, follow in the wake of public opinion, instead of taking the lead, and directing it into proper channels, as they ought to do. And a priesthood who depend for existence upon the caprices of their charge cannot but be timid, hypocritical, and time-serving. They perform the part more of the jackal to the lion, than of the faithful watch-dog to the fold.

And now, having noticed, as briefly as was consistent with their paramount importance, a few of the principal deductions which Miss Martineau has seemingly laboured to establish, not as the preconceived impressions of her own mind, but as the results of her observations on Americans, considered in the light of a self-governing people, it may not be deemed entirely out of place by our readers, if we hazard a few remarks upon those broad principles which form the starting-post, not more of the author in question, than of all other advocates of democracy at the outset of their career. The first of their great fundamental rules that we find alluded to in these volumes is, that "politics are matters of equal concern to all." Without this maxim, no single democratic principle could be

brought to bear, and we must, therefore, so far give Miss Martineau due credit for her discernment, in that she has begun at the beginning. The lover might as well set about his wooing under the supposition that his mistress was altogether without heart; the painter might as well attempt to transfer the beautiful creations of nature to his canvass without any previous knowledge of perspective; the schoolmaster might as well endeavour to impress the beauties of elocution and the subtleties of rhetoric upon the mind of his pupil, before he had first taught him the letters of the alphabet, as the democrat to establish any single item of his theory without first asserting this comprehensive principle as the basis of his schemes. And yet, even upon this very rock, another great principle, that the majority are always right, stands in no inconsiderable danger of suffering shipwreck at Miss Martineau's hands, when we find her confessing with sorrow the very great reluctance with which this axiom has been received, even by those most likely to benefit by its adoption, although she must have been aware that it has been always the rallying cry of the demagogue, since first the ancient art of popular agitation was discovered to be conducive to the attainment of the various objects of personal ambition. We repeat, we cannot help trembling for the much-vaunted infallibility of the majority, when it has been so tardy in its appreciation of this primary element of the rights of man. And we cannot help thinking that some such a misgiving came over the mind of Miss Martineau herself in writing her book; for we find her thus giving vent to the bitterness of her spirit, at finding how difficult is the task to convince mankind that their innate fitness for political rights does not at all depend upon their knowing or caring how those rights should be made use of when attained. The following are the expressions to which we allude:—

"If the bulk of the people saw the truth, that the principles of politics affect them,—are the message of their Maker (as principles are) to them as well as to their rulers,—they would become moral agents in regard to politics, and despotism would be at an end. As it is, they pay their taxes, and go out to war when they are bid; are thankful when they are left unmolested by their government, and

sorry or angry when they feel themselves oppressed; and there they end. It is owing to their ignorance of politics being morals, i.e. matters of equal concern to all, that this truth is not made manifest in action in every country on the globe that has any government at all."

The reader, probably, upon reading this passage, and considering the application intended to be given to it, will call to mind the old story of the man who, when asked if he could play the violin, answered that he did not know, for he had never tried. The efforts of such a dabbler in music would afford a good parallel to the floundering of unguided ignorance in the trackless ocean of political economy. There is also a stale, but very just and trite proverb, that "every body's business is nobody's business;" but Miss Martineau's progressing intellect laughs to scorn these old saws, which have been handed down to us as the dear-bought fruits of the experience of our ancestors. She has discovered a point in which all are calculated to shine alike, however their minds may differ in other respects, or the nature of their general occupations be at variance. She has discovered one nucleus towards which the attributes of all converge, as to a common centre; and thus does she announce the success of her investigation to the world:—

"Genius, knowledge, wealth, may, in other affairs, set a man above his fellows; but not in this. Weakness, ignorance, poverty, may exempt a man from other obligations; but not from this."

If we are not too bold in venturing to question at all a matter so roundly asserted, we should be inclined to ask, Why not? Why are men a whit more equally constituted, as respects politics, than they are as respects poetry, as respects logic, as respects eloquence, as respects knowledge? How can every man be said to be qualified by the prodigal foresight of nature to be his own politician, any more than to be his own shoemaker, his own tailor, his own upholsterer? The mere entertaining of such a proposition severs at once all the links which connect society, and resolves it again into its original elements; for however, in their various caprices and longings, men and women may conjure up the Spirit of Liberty, man in a savage state can alone be said to approach to the pos-

session of its unalloyed substance; since the savage alone is, even to a minute degree, independent of his neighbour. Each progressive advance of the community in civilisation adds a new coil to the bonds of society; and is to each member of the body politic, as far as he is individually concerned, a new barrier to be surmounted, in the vain pursuit of that *ignis fatuus*, independence. Society is a complicated piece of mechanism, in which many springs and wheels and cogs, many levers and screws, are brought to bear separately and collectively. Each is perfect in itself, and each part is well adapted to a certain object with reference to another part, although, when applied to any but that particular one for which it was adapted, it is worse than useless. But the utility and symmetry of the whole depends not upon the freedom, so much as upon the connexion of the parts. One cannot act effectually without the other; and if any part refuses to perform its functions, the whole is at a stand-still: for the other parts, although each perfectly adapted to a given end, are yet incapable of supplying the place of the defaulter. It might as well be said that the cylinder of the steam-engine is independent of the piston, or that the head of a horse is independent of his limbs, as that any individual member of civilised society can be independent of the other; and it may with as much real justice be argued that the wheel is qualified to undertake the duty of the axle, the human eye or ear to exchange their functions, as to allege that there is any among the whole range of the physical or moral pursuits, which the association of man as a gregarious animal, or a social being, engenders, in which it would be for the mutual benefit of the whole that each member of the community should dabble alike. The other broad principle of which Miss Martineau avails herself, in common with all democrats, is that to which we have already several times alluded, namely, "That the majority are always right." We should be inclined to treat this principle, as we have done the other, by reference to analogy. For we can by no means subscribe to Miss Martineau's most unaccountable assertion, that the government of the United States is a new experiment. The great principles of democracy, viz. the equal

political privileges of all citizens—universal suffrage, elective and responsible officers, &c. &c.—have been amply tried in former ages of the world; and the constitution of the United States is only a new version of a very old and well-thumbed volume. We think it would puzzle Miss Martineau's ingenuity to adduce any thing more completely democratic in the institutions of these infant states of America, than were the consular and tribunitian dignities of Rome, or the ostracism of Greece; and, even in its federal capacity, it has no claim to originality, as even in this point it has been forestalled in more than one instance in modern times. We think, therefore, that we may fairly refer to the general history of the world, to form our judgment of the degree of infallibility of which the majority can fairly boast; and, by considering the case in this point of view, we are easily enabled to ascertain in important, as well as in more minute affairs, how far the principle, when sifted, is really of intrinsic value. In the first place, at the deluge, we might ask whether Noah and his family were right, or the countless myriads who were victims to the wrath of God in that forewarned visitation? From the time of Noah to the days of Constantine, all but a select remnant of the nations continued pagan; and, even in this enlightened age, it may fairly be questioned whether a majority of the inhabitants of the world do not still continue to worship false gods: yet we think even Miss Martineau will hardly extend the loose mantle of infidelity so widely, as to declare that in this important respect the majority have been right. It would be tiresome to multiply instances. There is hardly an evil which has ever visited the earth, that may not be either directly or indirectly traced to the active influence or to the connivance of the majority. The fickleness of the majority is proverbial. It is a sort of untangible ghost, which, though plain to the sight, when you touch it, it is naught. It is unaccountable as the wind—"You cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." And yet every vagary of the majority is as a sacred inspiration in the eyes of our authoress. The majority has ever been the creature of impulse, and not the slave of reason; and such, therefore, we may presume it will ever be. The majority banished Aristides, because he

was called the Just. And the majority has as often cast the fetters about its own willing limbs, and become the voluntary instrument of its own degradation, as it has been known to elevate itself into greatness, or exalt itself into power. It is as often servile as it is seditious, as often tame and imbecile as it is restless and unmanageable. It is never swayed by moderation, but always rushes impetuously to extremes. Lastly, it is ever prone to become the tool of the designing, the tyrant of the defenceless; and, in most cases, it has ended by becoming the dupe of its own shallow pomposity and unheeding recklessness. No; it is not the mere undefined preponderance of all sorts and kinds of suffrages which constitutes that infallible criterion of right, after which Miss Martineau so vainly seeks. The competence of the tribunal consists not in an indiscriminate majority of persons, but in the majority of individuals equally qualified to give an opinion upon the matter in hand; and a majority which is perfectly adequate to decide justly and wisely upon one class of subjects, may yet be wholly incompetent to give a fair decision on another, though that other may not be a bit more complicated, or so much so, as that with which they are familiar. The majority of thirteen judges are no doubt perfectly well qualified to form an equitable opinion upon a knotty point of law; but, in a question of horse-racing, the opinion of a single jockey, provided he be honest, would carry more weight than them all. The purchaser of diamonds would probably prefer the opinion of one lapidary to that of twenty doctors of medicine, as to the fact of a stone being of real intrinsic worth, or only a counterfeit. In the same way, the opinion of fifty uneducated men, who merely act upon the impulse of nature to resist wrong and to uphold right, are often led by ignorance and prejudice to mistake the one for the other; and the opinion of such a body of men, on points of political difficulty, would not, therefore, be of half the value of that of a very limited number of persons who, from superior acquirements, were less likely to be deluded by the apparent plausibility which wrong will sometimes assume, to the detriment of what is inherently, though not always apparently, just and right. We might add many other observations upon these great

principles of democracy, did it suit our present purpose to dilate upon general topics; but such is not the province of a reviewer, and we must therefore confine ourselves, in this place, to the mere notice of the application made of them by our authoress. We shall therefore dismiss them with these few brief remarks, and proceed to consider a few of those arguments which, though less vital and comprehensive, are more characteristic of the particular views of the individual. By this mode of proceeding, our readers will be able to form a more correct judgment of the actual amount of that candour and sound sense of which so high a boast was made in the introduction, than from any passing survey of general and abstract principles, which are common to all democrats as a class, and which have been so long subjects of argument in able hands, that it is difficult to elicit any new information with respect to them. Some of these, in the present case, are quite as remarkable for the *naïve* simplicity with which they are propounded, as for any inherent merit or demerit which they may possess. But their chief peculiarity, and that which we wish to bring more particularly before the attention of our readers, is one for which we can think of no other mode of expression than is implied by the word *one-sidedness*. Miss Martineau, in our opinion, is by no means clear-sighted in viewing the *pros* as well as the *cons* of a question; and having already hastily made up her own mind upon very insufficient grounds, she endeavours to drag her readers after her, by the head and ears, into the same inconsequent conclusions, and to make up by effrontery of assertion what she wants in logical acumen. She is extremely apt to take some isolated case, wholly arising from and dependent upon circumstances of no common occurrence, and begging the question upon this, without ever reflecting, or seeming to reflect, that all the time she may be mistaking the exception for the rule, to found a splendid theory, or rest an ingenious argument, which might be sound enough if the substratum were solid and trustworthy, but which is utterly worthless, resting, as it does, upon any thing but a practical basis. She loses no occasion of representing to her readers how perfectly the American constitution has answered

all the ends for which it was created; and, in so doing, she very naturally dwells much upon the point, that there is no species of despotism to be discerned on their political horizon. Now, even granting this to be the case, the argument amounts to very little, as the experience of the world has amply proved that in republics the disease of despotism is not always apparent, but more generally deep-seated and latent, and breaks out when least expected. But we beg the reader to remark how loudly, in treating this matter, Miss Martineau eulogises the strength of those parts of the system which are least open to assault, while, with culpable carelessness, she leaves the weaker points to shift for themselves. In proof of this highly important question, we find her stating, forsooth, that there is no chance of the United States being soon brought under the dominion of one man. She argues the impossibility of these republics ever merging into a monarchy. She states many plausible reasons why they have little to fear from the ambition of an aristocracy. She rather prematurely (we think) asserts the impossibility of their falling under a military despotism, on the grounds that just now there exists, comparatively speaking, no army. All these nearly self-evident circumstances she takes care pompously to enumerate. But on the other hand, by some unaccountable oversight, she does not even notice the possibility of such a thing occurring as the despotism of a tyrannical majority—the despotism of the uneducated legion over the enlightened few—the tyranny of the idle pauper over the industrious citizen, with whom he is on a civil equality—the general and steady pressure upon the wealthy by those whose hopes for the future centre in change, and who, by their superior numbers, hold the power to bring about that change whenever it may best suit themselves; thus rendering institutions unstable, and property insecure. And yet this species of despotism is infinitely worse than the other: for a single despot may use his fearful power for the good of his fellow-men, and, moreover, he has at least method in his schemes. But the untutored million look only to the passing hour: their efforts are directed, not to raise themselves, but to reduce all above them to their own level; and the chances are that they undo to-

morrow what they have done to-day. This side of the question, this extreme, to which it is but too evident to the thoughtful observer that our transatlantic neighbours are running with fearful speed, only in a small measure retarded by the peculiar circumstances of their widely extended and thinly settled territories, Miss Martineau passes over as altogether unworthy of comment, while she endeavours to blind herself and her readers to the inherent defects of the system upon this its vulnerable part, by pointing out how many safeguards it possesses on those quarters from whence in reality there is little or no danger to be apprehended. She fortifies her dwelling with the utmost assiduity on the three sides which are least likely to be exposed to the pelting of the storm, and leaves it unprepared and defenceless on that against which its fury is most likely to fall. She gives a very fair and concise history of three great downward slides since the time of Washington, a period of little more than fifty years, namely, "the second birth of their republic in 1789, and the third in 1801;" and, lastly, the late triumph of General Jackson over the banks. These silent, gradual, but rapid descents from one point in democracy to another, she herself presents to our observation as the curious symptoms of what will eventually succeed; but she brings forward no solitary instance of any upward tendency having as yet manifested itself, or being likely to be produced in the future. She confesses how much more widely extended is the existing state of things, than that which only half a century back made the bold authors of American independence tremble lest they had even then gone too far. She quotes with undisguised and very just admiration the magnificent speech of Mr. Quincy Adams against the interference of his countrymen in the affairs of Texas, in itself a convincing and most remarkable comment upon the inefficacy of the system in difficult times to control the unruly—proceeding as it did from the mouth of one whose motives could not be gainsayed, and whose judgment and experience had stood the test of a life spent in the public service. She deprecates those summary inflictions of the vengeance of the many on obnoxious individuals, lately become so common, under the name of Lynch law.

She hesitates not to declare all persons in the United States, whenever it suits her purpose, the mere slaves and tools of that great moral despot, Public Opinion. She describes, in spite of herself, throughout her whole book, a headlong course, which not only can never be directed upwards, contrary to its gravity, but which it is even impossible by any bolt or bar to retain for a single instant in a stationary position; and yet, with all this, she avers that the scheme is prospering, that the problem of a perfect government has been solved; and she hesitates not to laud "the elasticity of these institutions as a perpetual safeguard." Why, instead of their being elastic, no candid reader, who strings together even the facts and deductions contained in these two volumes, distorted as they are, and without any other previous information to light his track, can for a moment hesitate to characterise them as the converse of elastic. They admit, it is true, of indefinite extension, and this no one, we believe, is inclined to deny; but there is nowhere discoverable any counteracting impetus, which might answer to the rebound of an elastic body. They are as a warrior well furnished with offensive, but without defensive armour, and beset with foes. A quick eye and a strong arm may preserve him for a time, but he must succumb ere long under repeated wounds. They are in the condition of a snail which has the power of displaying his horns in the sunshine, but has been deprived of the contracting muscle by which he was wont to withdraw them suddenly at the approach of danger. They are not like the glorious ocean, whose waves were stayed at a certain point by the injunction, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further;" but they are as the flippant and uncertain and ever-varying waters of a mountain stream, which, contemptible in drought, but safe and useful in moderate seasons, when under the influence of the storm, is restrained by no embankments, and brings swift destruction upon every obstacle which may be placed to obstruct its headlong impetuosity.

But to proceed. Another very remarkable speculation (for we can think of no other applicable epithet) of our authoress is, that "genius is essentially democratic;" and it is amusing to notice with what ingenuity she sets aside

all examples to the contrary with a single stroke of the pen :

"To whatever extent," says Miss M., "men of genius have been aristocratic, they have been so in spite of their genius, not in consistency with it."

Was there ever such a begging of the question as this? Are not, we ask, men of genius the aristocrats, or rather the monarchs, of intellect? Do they not bear about them the infallible proofs of the inequality of nature in her gifts? Of her prodigality to themselves, and of her niggardly denial of her favours to those fellow-mortals above whom they raise themselves, as beacons to warn, as examples to imitate, or as meteors to excite undefined emotions of admiration and awe? Has it not been too often the favourite pastime of genius to trample upon the rights of its fellow-men? Has not genius ever been the founder of dynasties,—the spendthrift of life,—the proud and reckless spurner of the religion which Miss M. would have us believe to be the root of Democracy,—the despotic assertor of its own preponderance, in every age of the world? Is not the power of influencing the minds of others, and bending them to its will, and using them in spite of themselves for their own benefit, the proudest and the most inseparable attribute of genius? Is Miss M., we ask, prepared to withhold the palm of genius from Attila, from Charlemagne, from Mahomet, from the Lion of Medici, from Luther, from Richelieu, from Napoleon, from Pitt, from Burke (we do not notice the ancients, as they might be argued irrelevant)? or will she yield it only to such men as William Penn, as Howard the philanthropist, or as Washington? We imagine she will hardly be prepared to do so; and yet such a supposition is the only one which can substantiate genius as democratic. For ourselves, we will not absolutely deny it to these last. Far be it from us to refuse to accord them that immortality of fame to which they are so justly entitled; though, in our opinion, more from the goodness of their hearts, and the uprightness of their conduct, and the unimpeachable integrity of their character, than from the brilliancy of their intellect, or the depth of their acquirements. But of the first, unless we alter and annul the common acceptation

of the word genius, there cannot be a second opinion. Their fame is established "by the general verdict of human kind."

There is also another assertion of Miss M.'s somewhat allied to this, which, in our opinion, needs further proof than she has deigned to bestow upon it; and it is this, that "the Catholic body is democratic in its politics." Here it is too evident that our authoress, in her great and enthusiastic sympathy for the alleged wrongs of Ireland, has mistaken the exception for the general rule, and allows this one case to supersede and weigh down in the scales of her judgment every other which history affords. It has ever been the aim of Popery to keep the people ignorant, and to retain them in subservience to a hierarchy who stand to them in the place of the Deity, endued with all his powers both of salvation and of punishment. The first rise of political freedom is coincident with the progress of religious liberty, and is to be attributed to the era of the Reformation in Europe. Since that epoch, wherever the Protestant faith has predominated, the people have been comparatively free; wherever the Popish superstitions continued, there has been the stronghold of absolute power. Even France herself, in these more enlightened times, could not cast off her despotic institutions without at the same time casting off her religion along with them. She did not become Protestant, it is true; but, what was still further removed from Catholicism, she became infidel. We must be allowed to ask Miss M. what she discovers savouring of democracy or liberality in penances and indulgences, in papal bulls, excommunications, and interdicts, in the anathemas of the church against heretics, in the *auto da fe's* of Philip of Spain, or in the Smithfield fires of our own Mary? Unless, indeed, she thinks herself entitled to draw such a conclusion from the fact that kings were as liable to excommunication as common felons, and bishops were not less exempt from the stake than the more despised, because less influential, schismatic. If the absence of any distinction in these respects be a proof of democracy, we are willing to allow Miss M. all the natural advantages which spring from an argument of so pure and uncontaminated a lineage.

But let us turn to another subject. We have already had occasion to notice Miss M.'s inconsistency on the subject of American boasting; but we must add one or two further remarks upon this topic. She emphatically denies that the Americans are a boasting people, and the reason we find her giving for this opinion is an odd one; it is none other than that they cannot boast too much. She offers as a parallel case that of "John Milton, avowing his hope that he should produce that which 'the world would not willingly let die.'"

It is a pity that our authoress did not strengthen her analogy by adducing Horace also, who is even a stronger case in point, when he breaks forth in that sublime exclamation with regard to the immortality of his verse:—

"Non omnis moriar. Multaque pars mei
Vitat Libitina," &c. &c.

Yet this sort of prophetic boasting, which is another of the anti-democratic ingredients, of genius, is something different from the shallow pretension of the self-styled free and independent citizens of these mushroom states. It certainly is of a far different order from the feeling which leads the Americans, as Miss Martineau herself remarks with a sneer, to prefer an umbrella to shoes and stockings, when they are too poor to have both; for

"Stockings and shoes would defend only the feet, while the umbrella would preserve the *gloss* of the whole of the rest of the costume."

We cannot help also thinking these noble overflowings of the confidence of genius to be widely distinct from the bombastic self-sufficiency of the Kentuckian, who, to use Miss Martineau's own words,

"Was not satisfied with pointing out to me how fine the woods were, but informed me that the intimate texture of the individual leaves was finer and richer in Kentucky than any where else. I much prefer the off-hand air with which a dashing Kentuckian intimates to you the richness of the soil, saying, if you plant a nail at night 'twill come up a spike next morning."

It also appears strange that, although denying their addiction to self-praise, we should find Miss Martineau making such admissions as the following:—

"Every book that comes out is exalted

to the skies. The public orators flatter the people; the people flatter the orators. Clergymen praise their flocks; and the flocks stand amazed at the excellence of their clergymen. Sunday-school teachers admire their pupils; and the scholars magnify their teachers," &c. &c.

In other countries, and with other authors, this would be termed boasting. But with Miss Martineau and her precocious republics the case, we suppose, is different. Another assertion of Miss Martineau's, which appears to us to have been rather too hastily arrived at, and to stand on rather slippery grounds, is that the Americans as a people are good-tempered. Though it is by no means our wish to say any thing to the prejudice of the people of the United States which in justice we can suppress, we must assert, notwithstanding, having ourselves had ample opportunity of judging in this respect, that if they can be said to have as yet any national characteristic, it is that of a hasty touchiness which is totally inconsistent with good temper. And we think that, being of the male sex, we may safely put forward our impressions in comparison with those of a woman, who, however capable she might be of judging in other points, could not be a good authority in this particular; because, unless in very extreme cases, the true state of things would be concealed from her observation, under the cloak of courtesy due to her sex. At least, if they are good-tempered, they are strangely regardless of human life. For we have ourselves had the pleasure of travelling over most parts of the United States, and among the rest almost all those which Miss Martineau visited in her wanderings; and many instances came under our own particular notice of quarrels arising, and persons being "called out" (as the phrase goes), or on the point of being so, on the most frivolous pretexts. In the Western States, the duels that occur with knives and rifles, involving consequences of the most dreadful nature, in revenge for very trivial offences, are too notorious to render it necessary for us to adduce instances in this place. We are at a loss to discover, therefore, in what they have the advantage over other nations in this respect, except in that love of fair play which they have inherited from their English ancestors; and even in this they are sometimes deficient. We can by no means agree

with Miss Martineau, that the putting up with inconveniences from servants, &c., on the part of the higher orders, is any proof of general good temper in the nation. She might as well deduce the good temper of John Bull, who, in truth, is generally surly enough, from the fact that the generality of waiters at hotels in England are superabundantly civil to their customers. Such exertions of temper are the result of no kind feelings in the individual for his neighbour, but wholly of a very sufficient regard to his own interest: they are the offspring of selfishness, and are, therefore, totally undeserving of commendation. Experience has taught the American of the upper class that a request goes further than a command,—that a remonstrance is more effectual than a threat. The result of the scarcity of labour is to make the inferior more independent than his employer, and the latter kicks the beam. In more thickly inhabited countries, the contrary is the case; and as that country increases in population, and competition becomes more extended in its ramifications, the balance will be gradually restored. It will then be time to judge of the temper of the individual, when the indulgence of his inclination without restraint will not redound to his own immediate detriment.

We have before us at this moment about thirty different examples of arguments, dealt with in this same spirit of crude and shallow uncandidness (if we may make use of such a term): but, as the reader must be already tired of them, we will only notice one or two of the most curious; and the first we select is the following passage:—

“There can scarcely be a finer set of elements for the composition of a nation than the United States now contain. It will take centuries to fuse them; and by that time, pride of ancestry, vanity of physical derivation, will be at an end. The ancestry of moral qualities will be the only pedigree preserved; and of these every civilised nation under heaven possesses an ample, and probably an equal, share. Let the United States, then, cherish their industrious Germans and Dutch, their hardy Irish, their intelligent Scotch, their kindly Africans, as well as the intellectual Yankee, the insouciant Southerner, and the complacent Westerner. All are good in their way, and augment the moral value of their country, as diversities of soil, climate, and productions do its material wealth.”

It is surprising, that when Miss Martineau was inditing this notable theory, the story of Babel should never have occurred to her fancy. We think she must be a poor chemist, or she would have known that an alkali and an acid poured together, though sometimes pleasant enough to the taste when in a passing state of effervescence, are, nevertheless, afterwards, by the neutralising process of opposite natures, rendered stale, flat, and unprofitable.

The next thing of this kind which we shall notice is a remark relating to the factory-girls of New England, which is too extraordinary to be passed over in silence; as it evinces a disregard of the commonest impulses of human nature, that, coming as it does from a person pluming herself upon being a keen observer, is altogether inexplicable. Miss Martineau says that the morals of these girls are good. This may be the case, or not; but, if it is so, it is almost a solitary instance; at any rate, it is not our intention to question the fact. But hear the reasoning with which Miss Martineau accounts for it:—

“Many of the girls are in the factories because they have too much pride for domestic service. Girls who are too proud for domestic service, as it is in America, can hardly be low enough for any gross immorality.”

How limited a knowledge of the human heart must that person possess who could, in sober earnestness, propound such a *non-sequitur* as this! In this sentence we discover two faults of judgment equally glaring. First, we draw from it, that Miss Martineau herself consents to the prevalent persuasion of Americans, arising from their connexion with slavery, that servitude is dishonourable; for, if it be not so, why should she laud this feeling in others as a virtuous impulse, and one likely to prevent persons from falling into vice? And, next, that she imagines that a girl who refuses to become a household servant upon this mistaken principle of false pride, is thereby raised above the temptations of passion, or the allurements and seductions of the evil-disposed. These two propositions are too ridiculous to require that we should dwell upon them; they only need to be placed in their true light for every intelligent mind to re-

ject them, as altogether false and visionary; and, having endeavoured so to place them, we will leave it to the reader to pass judgment upon them according to their merits.

In another place, we have an equally remarkable case of this want of logical clearness of perception, in reference to another subject. Miss Martineau declares the Americans, with much truth, to be a sickly race. But it is curious to remark the cause to which this result is assigned in that lady's judgment. After mentioning several facts with regard to their diet and mode of living, she adds:—

"All these means of improving health, though probably necessary, will not avail without some others. There must be less anxiety of mind among men, and less vacuity among women. With a brain fully but equally exercised, and composed nerves, the above-mentioned methods would probably enable the Americans to defy the changes of their climate; but not without this justice to the brain and nerves."

This is, to say the least of it, a startling deduction. There can be no doubt that there is such a thing as the mind wearing out the body; but we doubt much whether it is practicable to limit thought in order to increase bodily strength; and we think that, even if such a case were possible, it would scarcely be desirable. But this is not all; she carries out her deductions still further, and at the bottom of the page we find:—

"There is no doubt of this wear and tear from anxiety being the chief cause of the excessive use of tobacco in the United States."

This cause, to which Miss Martineau attributes the smoking, and, we presume, spitting propensities of Americans, is at least unfortunate in one respect; for the American is not a whit more attached to his cigar than the German to his meerschaum, or the Turk or Persian to his hookah; yet Miss Martineau will hardly characterise either of these nations as restless in body, or anxious in mind. We shall only refer to one more of these eccentricities,—for we can call them by no other name. Our authoress, with conscious pride, declares herself to have been

"Favoured with the confidence of a great number of the prisoners in the Philadelphia penitentiary."

And, among other confidential communications which passed between her and those pure sources of information and correct models for practice, is the following:—

"They said, that though they had done a wrong thing, and were rightly sequestered on that ground, they ought not to have any further punishment inflicted upon them; and that it was the worst of punishments not to be treated with the respect due to men."

This confidential communication of the Philadelphia convict seems to have made a deep impression upon Miss Martineau's mind; and she indulges in much eloquence regarding the respect due to a criminal, forgetting that the very strongest incentive to virtue is the involuntary disrespect that vice occasions; and that if the vicious were to receive the same respect from society as the virtuous, there would remain no inducement for any man to embrace the one or eschew the other but the precise measure of his own interest. How many persons have been withheld from robbery by the fear of incurring the opprobrium with which the thief is branded! How many have been prevented from taking the life of one who has wronged them, through fear of the mark of Cain,—knowing that the murderer, even though escaping condign punishment, is shunned by all, and deserted even by that self-respect without which happiness cannot exist. In her short-sighted enthusiasm for individual rights, Miss Martineau forgets that respect is the meed of honesty, and that the dread of its loss is the surest bar to crime, and the strongest guarantee of virtue.

And, now, having noticed some of the more glaring faults of our authoress, in turn, as they pressed themselves upon our observation, it must be our more pleasing task to refer to those points which we can recommend to the reader's admiration, and some of these are by no means of an insignificant nature. The chief merit of the work, and one which is of the very first importance, is the style of its composition. On this point, we feel bound to offer Miss Martineau our sincere congratulations on her success. Her manner of writing is in most cases clear and simple, her sentences short and pithy, and the words she makes use of well adapted to express her meaning.

She sometimes gives an anecdote with much humour, though occasionally, perhaps, she will forgive us for stating, that her stories partake a little of the incredible, and her jokes sometimes savour a little of a Joe Miller extraction. Her powers of description are great; and we think by far the most valuable part of her book is that where, under the head of "Economy," she gives her readers a concise but glowing description of the principal scenes in which she mingled in the course of her tour. She describes in turn a life in New England; a sojourn in the slave-states, at the house of a planter; a tour in Virginia and Kentucky, embracing some of the most striking beauties and features of those two highly favoured regions; and, lastly, an expedition to the more distant lakes, whither she went to obtain a glimpse of the mode of life among the pioneers of the wilderness. She also shews her wisdom in abstaining from any comment upon the state of society in American cities,—a forbearance which we admire, although by its exercise we have been deprived, no doubt, of many piquant observations, and much entertaining and useful matter. The mode in which Miss Martineau has handled this part of her subject is so pleasing, that the reader cannot fail to wish that the moral reflections had been curtailed, and that a few more descriptions of her own personal adventures had supplied their place. In the descriptive parts of the book, we find one or two very beautiful and poetical passages, containing conceits which would furnish rich materials as well for the pen of the bard as for the pencil of the painter; and in justice, having dealt rather largely in quotations for purposes of animadversion, we must also give one or two instances of these redeeming points for the reader's approbation. The first which we select is a description of the valley of the Connecticut river, in New England, with the observations which that beautiful scene naturally called forth; and, as it would be unfair to garble it, we give the whole without further apology:—

"The valley of the Connecticut is the most fertile valley in New England; and it is scarcely possible that any should be more beautiful. The river, full, broad, and tranquil as the summer-sky, winds through meadows green with pasture, or golden with corn. Clumps of forest-

trees afford retreat for the cattle in the summer heats; and the magnificent New England elm, the most graceful of trees, is dropped singly, here and there, and casts its broad shade upon the meadow. Hills of various height and declivity bound the now widening, now contracting valley. To these hills the forest has retired,—the everlasting forest, from which in America we cannot fly. I cannot remember that, except in some parts of the prairies, I was ever out of sight of the forest in the United States: and I am sure I never wished to be so. It was like the 'verdurous walls of Paradise,' confining the mighty southern and western rivers to their channels. We were, as it appeared, imprisoned in it for many days together, as we traversed the south-eastern states. We threaded it in Michigan; we skirted it in New York and Pennsylvania; and throughout New England it bounded every landscape. It looked down upon us from the hill-tops; it advanced into notice from every gap and notch in the chain. To the native it must appear as indispensable in the picture-gallery of nature as the sky. To the English traveller it is a special boon, an added charm, a newly created grace, like the infant planet that wanders across the telescope of the astronomer. The English traveller finds himself never weary by day of prying into the forest from beneath its canopy, or from a distance drinking in its exquisite hues; and his dreams for months or years will be of the mossy roots, the black pine, and silvery birch stems, the translucent green shades of the beech, and the slender creeper, climbing like a ladder into the most topmost boughs of the dark holly, a hundred feet high. He will dream of the march of the hours through the forest; the deep blackness of night, broken by the dim forest-fires, and startled by the showers of sparks sent abroad by the casual breeze from the burning stems. He will hear again the shrill piping of the whip-poor-will, and the multitudinous din from the occasional swamp. He will dream of the deep silence which precedes the dawn; of the gradual apparition of the haunting trees, coming faintly out of the darkness; of the first level rays, instantaneously piercing the woods to their very heart, and lighting them up into boundless ruddy colonnades, garlanded with wavy verdure, and carpeted with glittering wild-flowers. Or, he will dream of the clouds of gay butterflies, and gauzy dragon-flies, that hover above the noon-day paths of the forest, or cluster about some graceful shrub, making it appear to bear at once all the flowers of Eden. Or, the golden moon will look down

through his dream, making for him islands of light in an ocean of darkness. He may not see the stars but by glimpses; but the winged stars of those regions—the gleaming fire-flies—radiate from every sleeping bough, and keep his eye in fancy busy in following their glancing, while his spirit sleeps in the deep charms of the summer night. Next to the solemn and various beauty of the sea and the sky comes that of the wilderness. I doubt whether the sublimity of the vastest mountain-range can exceed that of the all-pervading forest, when the imagination becomes able to realise the conception of what it is."

In another place we have a sublime description of Nature's process, mingled with some sound reflections, beautifully expressed, and fittingly illustrated.

"It is an absorbing thing to watch the process of world-making; both the formation of the natural and the conventional world. I witnessed both in America; and when I look back upon it now, it seems as if I had been in another planet. I saw something of the process of creating the natural globe in the depths of the largest explored cave in the world" (The Mammoth's Cave, in Kentucky). "In its depths, in this noiseless workshop, was Nature employed with her blind and dumb agents, fashioning mysteries which the earthquake of a thousand years hence may bring to light, to give man a new sense of the shortness of his life. I saw something of the process of world-making behind the fall of Niagara, in the thunder-cavern where the rocks that have stood for ever tremble to their fall amidst the roar of the unexhausted floods. I stood where soon human foot shall stand no more. Foothold after foothold is destined to be thrown down, till, after more ages than the world has yet known, the last rocky barrier shall be overpowered, and an ocean shall overspread countries which are but just entering upon civilised existence. Niagara itself is but one of the shifting scenes of life, like all of the outward that we hold most permanent. Niagara itself, like the systems of the sky, is one of the hands of Nature's clock, moving, though too slowly to be perceived by the unheeding,—still moving, to mark the lapse of time. Niagara itself is destined to be, as the traditional monsters of the ancient earth—a giant existence, to be spoken of to wondering ears in studious hours, and believed in from the sole evidence of its surviving grandeur and beauty. While I stood in the wet whirlwind, with the crystal roof above me, the thundering floor beneath, and the foaming whirlpool

and rushing flood before me, I saw those quiet, studious hours of the future world, when this cataract shall have become a tradition, and the spot on which I stood shall be the centre of a wide sea, a new region of life. This was seeing world-making. So it was on the Mississippi, when a sort of scum on the waters betokened the birthplace of new land. All things help in this creation. The cliffs of the Upper Missouri detach their soil, and send it thousands of miles down the stream. The river brings it, and deposits it, in continual increase, till a barrier is raised against the rushing waters themselves. The air brings seeds, and drops them where they sprout, and strike downwards, so that their roots bind the soft soil, and enable it to bear the weight of new accretions. The infant forest, floating, as it appeared, on the surface of the turbid and rapid waters, may reveal no beauty to the painter; but to the eye of one who loves to watch the process of world-making it is full of delight. Then islands are seen in every stage of growth. The cotton-wood trees, from being like crosses in a pool, rise breast high; then they are like the thickets, to whose shade the alligator may retreat; then, like groves that bid the sun good night, while he is still lighting up the forest; then like the forest itself, with the woodcutter's house within its screen, flowers springing about its stems, and the wild vine climbing to meet the night-breezes on its lofty canopy. This was seeing world-making. Here was strong instigation to the exercise of analysis."

We have been obliged to quote here at some length, as to cut and carve, for the sake of economy and retrenchment, two passages such as these would not have been doing our authoress justice; and, besides, we are glad to bestow freely that portion of praise which in our consciences we think ourselves warranted in giving. There are, besides this long chapter to which we have before referred, headed "Economy," one or two other subjects which are well handled, and afford valuable information. Of these, the principal are that which describes the nullification struggle of the state of South Carolina *versus* congress, and the whole of that part which treats of the principles and effects of slavery. The first, a very difficult subject, is set forth with singular clearness and perspicuity. The latter is boldly unmasked, and ably exposed in its naked deformity to the opprobrium which it so justly merits

from all who, like ourselves, while eschewing visionary schemes of political equality which can never be submitted to practice, are, nevertheless, anxious to see the undoubted rights of immortal beings universally acknowledged and established upon a footing consistent with the humane and charitable principles of the religion of Christ. We regret that our space will not permit us to give a lengthened summary of these parts of the book, which are really valuable, but which would suffer too much by mutilation for us to attempt the invidious task of curtailing them. There is one graphic description, however, of the peculiarities of American intercourse, which is so just, and at the same time interspersed with so many amusing anecdotes, that, even at the risk of tiring the reader by its too great length, we must insert it, and it shall be our last quotation :—

"The most common mode of conversation in America I should distinguish as prosy, but withal rich and droll. For some weeks, I found it difficult to keep awake during the entire reply to any question I happened to ask. The person questioned seemed to feel himself put upon his conscience to give a full, true, and particular reply; and so he went back as near to the Deluge as the subject would admit, and forward to the Millennium,—taking care to omit nothing of consequence in the interval. There was, of course, one here and there, as there is every where, to tell me precisely what I knew before, and omit what I most wanted; but this did not happen often, and I presently found the information I obtained in conversation so full, impartial, and accurate, and the shrewdness and drollery with which it was conveyed so amusing, that I became a great admirer of the American way of talking before six months were over. Previous to that time, a gentleman in the same house with me expressed pleasantly his surprise at my asking so few questions; saying, that if he came to England, he should be asking questions all day long. I told him that there was no need of my seeking information as long as more was given me in the course of the day than my head would carry. I did not tell him that I had not power of attention sufficient for such information as came in answer to my own desire. I can scarcely believe now that I ever felt such a difficulty. They themselves are, however, aware of their tendency to length, and also to something of the literal dulness which Charles Lamb complains of in relation to the Scotch. They have stories of Ame-

rican travellers which exceed all I ever heard of them any where else; such as that an American gentleman, returned from Europe, was asked how he liked Rome; to which he replied, that Rome was a fine city; but that he must acknowledge he thought the public buildings were very much out of repair. Again: it is told against a lady that she made some undeniably true remarks on a sermon she heard. A preacher, discoursing on the blindness of men to the future, remarked, 'How few men, in building a house, consider that a coffin is to go down the stairs!' The lady observed, with much emphasis, on coming out, that ministers had got into the strangest way of choosing subjects for the pulpit! It was true that wide staircases are a great convenience; but she did think Christian ministers might find better subjects to preach upon than narrow staircases, and so forth. An eminent senator told me that he was too often on the one horn or the other of a dilemma; sometimes a gentleman getting up in the senate, and talking as if he would never sit down; and sometimes a gentleman sitting down in his study, and talking as if he would never get up.

"Yet there is an epigrammatic turn in the talk of those who have never heard of 'the art of conversation' which is supposed to be studied by the English. A reverend divine—no other than Dr. Channing—was one day paying toll, when he perceived a notice of gin, rum, tobacco, &c., on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a grave-stone. 'I am glad to see,' said the doctor to the girl who received the toll, 'that you have been burying those things.' 'And if we had,' said the girl, 'I don't doubt you would have gone chief-mourner.' Some young men, travelling on horseback among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the road-side. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, 'One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned.'

"Of the same kind was the reply made by a gentleman of Virginia to a silly question by a lady. 'Who made the Natural Bridge?' 'God knows, madam.'

"There cannot be a stronger contrast than between the fun and simplicity of the usual domestic talk of the United States, and the solemn pedantry of which the extremest examples are to be found there; exciting as much ridicule at home as they possibly can elsewhere.

was solemnly assured by a gentleman, that I was quite wrong on some point because I differed from him. Every body laughed; when he went on, with the utmost gravity, to inform us that there had been a time when he believed, like other people, that he might be mistaken; but that experience had convinced him that he never was; and he had, in consequence, cast behind him the fear of error. I told him I was afraid the place he lived in must be terribly dull, having an oracle in it to settle every thing. He replied, that the worst of it was, other people were not so convinced of his being always in the right as he was himself. There was no joke here. He is a literal and serious-minded man. Another gentleman solemnly remarked upon the weather of late having been 'uncommonly mucilaginous.' Another pointed out to me a gentleman on board a steam-boat as 'a blue-stocking of the first class.' A lady asked me many questions about my emotions at Niagara, to which I gave only one answer of which she could make any thing. 'Did you not,' was her last inquiry, 'long to throw yourself down, and mingle with your mother earth?' 'No.' Another asked me, whether I did not think the sea might inspire vast and singular ideas. Another, an instructress of youth, in examining my ear-trumpet, wanted to know whether its length made any difference in its efficiency. On my answering, 'None at all,'—'Oh, certainly not,' said she very deliberately; 'for sound being a material substance, can only be overcome by a superior force.' The mistakes of unconscious ignorance should be passed over with a silent smile; but affection should be exposed, as a service to a young society. I rarely, if ever, met with an instance of this pedantry among the yeomanry or mechanic classes, or among the young. The most numerous and the worst pedants were middle-aged ladies. One instance struck me, as being unlike any thing that could happen in England. A literary and very meritorious village mantua-maker declared that it was very hard if her gowns did not fit the ladies of the neighbourhood. She had got the exact proportions of the Venus de Medici to make them by; and what more could she do? Again: a sempstress was anxious that her employer should request me to write something about Mount Auburn (the beautiful cemetery near Boston). Upon her being questioned as to what kind of composition she had in her fancy, she said she would have Mount Auburn considered under three points of view,—as it was on the day of creation,—as it is now,—as it will be on the day of resur-

rection. I liked the idea so well, that I got her to write it for me, instead of my doing it for her.

"As for the peculiarities of language, of which so much has been made, I am a bad judge; but the fact is, I should have passed through the country almost without observing any, if my attention had not been previously directed to them. Next to the well-known use of the word 'sick' instead of 'ill' (in which they are undoubtedly right), none struck me so much as the few following. They use the word 'handsome' much more extensively than we do: saying that Webster made a handsome speech in the senate; that a lady talks handsomely (eloquently); that a book sells handsomely. A gentleman asked me, on the Catskill Mountain, whether I thought the sun handsomer there than at New York. When they speak of a fine woman, they refer to mental or moral, not at all to physical superiority. The effect was strange, after being told, here and there, that I was about to see a very fine woman, to meet in such cases almost the only plain woman I saw in the country. Another curious circumstance is, that this is almost the only connexion in which the word woman is used. This noble word, spirit-stirring as it passes our English ears, is in America banished, and 'ladies' and 'females' substituted: the one to English taste mawkish and vulgar, the other indistinctive and gross. So much for difference of taste. The effect is odd. After leaving the men's wards of the prisons at Nashville, Tennessee, I asked the warden whether he would not let me see the women. 'We have no ladies here at present, madam,—we have never had but two ladies, who were convicted for stealing a steak; but, as it appeared that they were deserted by their husbands, and in want, they were pardoned. A lecturer, discoursing on the characteristics of women, is said to have expressed himself thus. 'Who were last at the cross? Ladies. Who were first at the sepulchre? Ladies.'

"A few other ludicrous expressions took me by surprise occasionally. A gentleman in the west, who had been discussing monarchy and republicanism in a somewhat original way, asked me if I would 'swap' my king for his. We were often told that it was 'a dreadful fine day;' and a girl at a hotel pronounced my trampet to be 'terrible handy.' In the back of Virginia these superlative expressions are the most rife. A man who was extremely ill, in agonising pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived, the pain was relieved; but the patient felt much reduced by it. 'How do you find your-

self!' inquired the friend. 'I'm powerful weak, but cruel easy.'"

Besides these general subjects, which we consider Miss Martineau to have handled in a manner suitable to their importance, honourable to herself, and gratifying to her readers, there are scattered throughout the book many isolated remarks and reflections, which make us regret that a person possessed of so many of the essentials requisite to form a good writer should be so completely lost in the mazes of speculation, as we are compelled to conclude her to be from a careful perusal of the whole work. We have found in no book that we have yet seen upon this subject (and it has lately been but too common a one) so much useful information respecting the peculiar domestic habits of the various classes of Americans. And if Miss Martineau, instead of meddling with matters which she is not discreet enough to discuss with candour, or clear-sighted enough to canvass with vigour, had confined herself to the less ambitious, but more suitable task, of describing peculiarities in the domestic manners and customs which met her own eye,—if, instead of exercising her fancy in building up broad theories upon isolated instances, she had given a faithful narration of what she herself saw in the course of her pilgrimage, and left her readers to arrive at the natural conclusions which the unassisted facts would warrant, she would, in all probability, have conferred a signal benefit upon the reading public of this country, and would in her own person have been deserving of unqualified commendation. In such a pursuit, that wild imagination which we have found so often running riot, and transporting her to the most absurd extremes of illogical deduction, would have been usefully and safely employed on themes which it was well qualified to illustrate, and highly calculated to adorn; and we should have praised her as a keen observer of men and manners, instead of considering her, as no one who reads this work can fail of doing, a visionary moralist, and an unsatisfactory reasoner,—who seems to mistake pedantry for learning, credulity for candour, and prejudice for conviction.

We must apologise to the reader for having extended our remarks further than we ourselves originally intended. We can assure him that we have been

compelled to pass over many things well worthy of comment, through fear of transgressing his patience; and, in conclusion, we will now only offer a few general remarks. We have had occasion to notice the curious extent to which Miss Martineau's own arguments re-act against her theories, and how her own personal experience militates against the indistinct visions of perfection which she endeavours to embody in the future. We have exposed the falseness and emptiness of her bold boasts, in the outset, of candour, and of the absence of prejudice. We have remarked her total disregard of analogy, and her abrupt denial of the principle, that it is wise to act for the future upon the experience of the past. We have stated how frequently and ingeniously she endeavours to raise a flimsy argument upon an insufficient basis; we have called the attention of our readers to what appears to be Miss Martineau's hobby—her touchiness about the rights of women; we have noticed her occasional excursions into the regions of bombast; we have pointed out the looseness of the doctrines of religion which she promulgates; we have offered a few remarks upon the general principles of democracy, which she holds in common with all her class; and, further, we have selected a few specimens of her own particular and characteristic dogmas as subjects of comment: lastly, we have endeavoured to give the reader a fair idea of her style of writing, as well as of her powers of description and observation, which are certainly of a high order. On the whole, though, undoubtedly, it contains much useful information, our opinion of this work is, that the egregious faults with which it abounds greatly overbalance any merit that, in some points of view, it may possess. We should be inclined to draw from it, that the mind of its author is like a plot of soil that is naturally fertile, and not only capable of producing, but actually bringing forth, valuable and useful plants; which are, however, so choked up with noxious weeds, and poisonous herbs, as not only to impede their growth, and to render them nearly indistinguishable in the general mass, but even to make it difficult for the most judicious and careful husbandman "to pluck up the tares without rooting out also the wheat with them." She gives her readers extraordinary

anecdotes of doubtful authenticity ; and upon none other data than these afford, she presumes to erect a full-grown theory upon some knotty and often-discussed subject. But this is done at the same time with a simplicity that convinces us that this serious failing is the result of an unsuspicious credulity on those sides of a subject towards which her natural bias leans, and not of any deliberate wish or intention to mislead others where she is not likewise herself misled. But whatever may be the motive which has directed her labours, the reasoning mind must instantly rebel at flimsy and superficial absurdities, which at best can carry with them but little weight, being palmed upon it as proper and sound evidence upon which to rest fixed opinions and great principles. The arguer from analogy will laugh at the easy and *nonchalant* manner in which the remarkable, but altogether unprecedented, case of a country where an acre of land is to be purchased in fee for the price of a day's labour is quoted as a general proof of the success of democratic principles, as applicable to older nations. He will justly and irresistibly call to his mind, by a natural impulse, all the distinctions of circumstance which separate the two cases as widely as the poles, and render that which may be easy and beneficial to the one impossible and injurious to the other. He will reflect upon the thousand and intricate vested interests which the growth of time produces in old states ; the comparative value of labour with that of land ; the greater dependence of each man on his neighbour for the necessities and luxuries of life ; and he will ridicule the idea of a sober comparison of such a state of society, to one in which each man scattered over the face of the country finds it difficult, if not impossible, to come into collision with a distant neighbour, with whom he has little or no intercourse, except an occasional passing good-morrow ; and who may, if he pleases, live and die independent of every one around him, hewing his own wood, building his own house, clearing his own land, preparing his own food, and even weaving his own coat ; where every man is a landed proprietor, not because he has possessed a certain amount of capital which it was his interest so to invest, but because land is worth comparatively nothing, and the

system of rent is consequently impracticable ;—where the value of property is changing daily to such an extent that, as in the case of the land now covered by the great city of Cincinnati, what was only fifty years since sold for fifty dollars could not now be purchased, perhaps, for fifty millions. From these differences, and many others, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, he would at least find room to doubt whether a system applicable to the one was likely to prove suitable also to the other. He would probably discover that, in the one case, little or no vigour was essential to the working of the government, because the chief inducements to crime, and the most frequent causes of popular outrage, were, if not altogether absent, at least in a state of abeyance ; and, perhaps, so far he might be induced to confess, that a democratic system was best calculated to such a state of things, since it conferred all the benefits accruing to the individual from independence, without being subject to the inconveniences which result from an insufficient concentration of power, or a lax administration of the laws in a populous community. But he would discover, also, that, even in this far-strained case, the benefit of theoretical freedom was becoming daily more problematical, and that the very existence of practical freedom was hourly endangered. He would find that a government so constituted was nothing better than a giant drunk with wine, even in its most favourable instances ; possessed of mighty strength, but listless and dormant, and whose very life it might be in the power of a child to take. Or, he would compare it to a man with a nightmare, who, paralysed with horror at the imagined danger of his situation, is yet unable to extricate himself, although conscious of possessing the power to do so, if once released from the influence of the unknown impulse by which his faculties are benumbed. He will perceive it to be possessed of vast inert power, but no active principle ; it can terrify a foreign foe, but it can neither restrain its own citizens from encroaching on its neighbours, nor can it prevent internal broils and contentions from impairing its own energies, and staining the fair fame of its own integrity. He will at once reject as a chimerical abortion the absurd maxim that “ the majority are always right at last,”—discovering it to

be a mere excuse to palliate a series of blunders,—a sophistry which passes over all the evils attendant upon the fickleness of popular will, unrestrained in its momentary and evanescent impulses; which proclaims the ignorant infallible, and deprives the enlightened and educated of that superiority of judgment which is the soundest acquirement of intellectual excellence; which, in short, is neither more nor less, when properly analysed, than the embodying of the very stoical old adage, which gets over all permanent importance that may attach itself to passing events, by pronouncing its fiat with a sort of indefinite philosophy, that “it will be all the same a thousand years hence.” We cannot help thinking that this book, which bears such evident marks of having been laboriously prepared to further the interests of democracy, will be found to produce a very different effect from that which its author intended that it should have upon the mind of the reflecting man. We consider that the natural effect of reading this work, instead of adding to the strength of democratic bias, is to do away with it altogether. The most apparent deductions, which force themselves from a consideration of the American political system, even as it is here explained by one of its more eager admirers, are, that the field of public favour is open more to the artful than to the honest; more to the bold and unhesitating sycophant than to the prudent but independent man; rather to the sagacious lover of himself than to the disinterested lover of his country; rather to him who confines himself to the petty task of meeting the difficulties which start up around his own course from day to day, than to him who, with a foreseeing and comprehensive ambition, legislates for future ages, and regulates and controls coming events; rather to the superficial attractions of the showy and plausible schemer, than to the more sound, but less glittering, accomplishments of the practical statesman. Honesty without talent is at a discount. The clever knave is exalted by the short-sighted multitude, whose self-sufficiency is gratified by the idea of using him for their own purposes, deeming that the power remains with them to cast him off when he offends; and in turn, by an equitable and almost justifiable reciprocation of disinterestedness, he, when he has

attained the desire of his ambition, knowing full well that he stands under no obligation for his elevation beyond the measure of the self-interest of those who raised him, as their cat’s-paw, to undergo the responsibility, while they should themselves reap the advantage of his acuteness, while speciously giving out that he is the mere tool of the popular will, exults, in his secret heart, in the full and undisturbed possession, for a given period, of greater and more despotic authority than falls to the lot of any of the limited monarchies of Europe. Again: by this system, consistent only in anomalies, in order to secure the liberty of the people, the representative of the people is plunged in slavery. His responsibility is such as to cripple his energies and contract his views. He cannot think, vote, or act with independence. Popularity is necessarily the god of his idolatry; he will suppress a truth or a fact because it is disagreeable; he will maintain a falsity, because by so doing he indulges the weaknesses of those upon whose annual caprice his public fate depends. Miss Martineau dwells much upon the principle that “Virtue under a vow has no spiritual force.” We challenge her to carry out the principle, if it be a true one. The result would be, that she would discover that patriotism must be independent to be useful,—that genius must be free and unshackled, or it will use its powers to its own destruction, as the caged eagle pines in bondage, or in the extremity of its impatience beats itself to death against the bars of its prison. It is the part of prudence to give a horse sufficient harness, to enable him to apply his strength advantageously to the draft, and his driver to curb him when too eager, and to control him when restive; but it is the part of timidity, and useless and impolitic cruelty, to encumber him with straps and buckles, which prevent the free action of his limbs, diminish the natural elasticity and grace of his movements, and break down the energies of his will.

Miss Martineau’s political principles are like her Christianity. Her system of democracy bears the same relation to good government that her confession of faith does to true religion,—namely, the most distant that can be conceived. Her democracy is founded upon the principles that “men are created equal,” which nature proves to be false;

and that "the majority are always right," which experience, observation, and history have all demonstrated to be absurd. Her Christianity depends solely upon reason, and not at all on revelation, or on faith; and it is necessarily limited in quantity by the nature of this its principal quality. The idiot is as open to the dictates of religion as the sage, and frequently much more so. That religion, therefore, has ought to do with the reasoning powers given so unequally and capriciously to man, is too gross a paradox to deceive any one but a visionary schemer, whose perceptions are closed to the primary results of that very reason whose attributes they vaunt. Such a principle can only take effect upon such minds as are inclined, like that of Miss Martineau, to catch at straws; to strain at the gnat while they swallow the camel. What can be considered more frivolous than to cavil at the expression, "as a man and a Christian," because the latter is the climax? For, she argues, a Christian must be a man, but a man need not be a Christian; and, therefore, to be called a man is more expressive, and more honourable, than to be called a Christian. What can we think of a mind that can stoop to a quibble such as this, and endeavour to clothe it in undue importance, in order, if possible, by such unworthy means, to warp the unseasoned judgment of a few of her readers? The chief deduction, with regard to the working of the constitution of the United States, which we have ourselves drawn from our perusal of this work, is, that the Americans are, more completely than any other nation, the slaves of public opinion. We find this worst species of slavery manifesting itself in the most incongruous ways, and most irreverently intruding its unwelcome presence in juxtaposition with the most extravagant devices of liberty. We find white men ashamed to work, in a country where labour is the chief desideratum, because the public opinion of slaveholders in a portion of that country declares it to be dishonourable. We find

that a person cannot dress his servant in livery, because a gay-coloured coat is offensive to the tyrannical prejudices of the mob. We find the lives of innocent persons ruthlessly sacrificed in popular tumult, upon the mere expression of private opinion, without having manifested any intention to act upon them. Lastly, we find the power exercised by newspapers of the lowest description to be so great and overwhelming, as even to call down the most vehement expressions of censure from Miss Martineau herself. From all these things, what are we to conclude? Are we, like our authoress, to wait in the vain expectation of seeing light come out of darkness? Are we to look for a proud and airy flight from the wings of a clipped falcon? Should we not be more reasonable in a dread lest obscurity should become more obscure? Or must we not rather expect to be spectators of an unsteady, and hasty, and boisterous fluttering at the prospect of danger, which must eventually subside into the helplessness of exhaustion, and the feverish weakness which is the result of unnatural exertion and unwholesome excitement? But to conclude. If we were asked for a suitable title to this work, and one which best expressed its nature, its objects, its tendencies, and its deficiencies, we should apply to no foreign source,—we should look for no strange expression of the inapplicable sentiments of another; we should merely make Miss Martineau do once more that which she has already done so often voluntarily, and without compunction, in proud emulation of the Roman matron,—namely, point the dagger at her own bosom. We should quote her own words, which we find in the pages of the book itself, and which, as they appear there *à propos* to nothing, seem to have been intended for some such purpose; as

"Principles in full prominence; a long perspective of certainties melting imperceptibly into probabilities; and lost at last in the haze of possibility, bright with the meridian sun of faith."

ROBYN HODE AND KYNGE RICHARDE;*

Or, a pleasant relation how Robyn Hode and hys Merrye Men met Kyngc Richarde in Sherwood Forest; howe they brought the Kyngc homeward to the Grenewode to dyne, and various pleasaunt devices relatyng thereto.

To the tune of "*Arthur à Blond*,"

THE FYRSTE FYTTE.

LYTUE and lysten, lordyngs all,
And a tale to you I'll tell;
The merryist prank that ever yet
Bold Robyn Hode befell.

In the summer tyme whan the leves are
grene,
And the flowers are freshe and gaye;
And the byrdes and bees in the wodes
are seene,
Tys pleasaunt then to straye.

Why!e the dappled dere goe browsyng
bye,
To lye in the grenewode shade;
And lyst to the woodwele's piteous
crye,
As it comes frae the slopyng glade.

The small byrdes sung so loude in the
wode,
Syttyn upon each spraye;
When the sun rose they woke Robyn
Hode,
And hys merrye men where they laye.

'Twas in the forest of merrie Sherwoode,†
Robyn rose from beneath a tree;
And a stouter blade there never stode,
For a gode yeman was he.

Robyn, a gentyl outlawe was,
As ever walked on ground;e;
There never yett hys lyke had beene,
Nor ever wyll bee founde.

And bye hym stode Lytte Johan,‡
A faythful squyre was hee;
Seven feet and more in height I wiss,
Ane goodlye babe to see.

Johan Lyttle the name of thys forester
was,
But being both proper and tall,
The merrye band, for a jest agreed,
Lytte Johan the squyre to call.

And there was the merrye curtall frere,
His name was Fryar Tucke; §
No man of all bold Robin's band
Could better kyll a bucke.

Or at a bout of quarter-staffe
Could by kewise better playe;
Or run, or wrestle, synge, or laughe,
Or even better praye.

Will Scarlet|| also myght bee seene,
And Much, the myller's sonne;
And manye more, theyre names, I
weene,
Yf tolde, had ne'ere beene done.

* Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry II. A.D. 1160; his extraction was noble, and his true name, Robert Fitzooth, corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been, Earl of Huntingdon; a title to which, in the latter part of his life at least, he appeared to have some pretension. He played his pranks (Dr. Fuller's phrase) in the reign of King Richard the First, being then about thirty years of age. Many of the old ballads, and many grave antiquarian authorities, inform us of the meeting of Robin Hood and King Richard. Sir Walter Scott has availed himself of this picturesque incident in his novel of *Ivanhoe*; and he makes Robin Hood bear the name of the town in which he was born, Locksley.

† In Robin Hood's youth, he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition; insomuch that his inheritance being consumed, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice he sought an asylum in the woods; of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale in Yorkshire, Sherwood in Nottinghamshire.

‡ Little John, whose name is said to have been Nailor, while others report his name to have been John Little; and transposed for a jest because of his gigantic height, which has been said to have been more than seven feet. He appears to have been the chief favourite of Robin Hood, with whose name he is almost always coupled. Robertus Hode and Litell Johanne are mentioned by Fordun as early as 1341.

§ Friar Tuck, who perhaps was one of the monks of Fountain's Dale Abbey, which was of the Cistercian order. He is frequently noticed by old writers, and was always an essential character in the morris-dance.

|| William Scadlock, Scathelock, Scarlet, and Much, a miller's son, are reckoned also amongst his chief companions.

The Pindar was there, bold George-
a-Green,*

The keeper of Wakefield pound ;
Oh, a match for George was not to be
seen,
Yf you searched all the towns arounde.

And there too was young Allan a-Dale,†
The mynstrel of the bande,
Whose harp and skylle ne'er wont to
fayle,
Responsive to hys hande.

And laste, not leaste, his owne sweet
May,‡

The lovely Marian mayde ;
I wys that none more blythe or gaye
E'er graced the grenewode shade.

Ydight shee was in Lyncolne grene,§
And kyrtled to the knee ;
With quiver, bow, and arrows keene,
Like Dian's self she wandered free.

Robyn, as up and down he walked,
And worde hee spake to none ;
But fyrst to Marian maid hee talked,
And thus hys speeche begun,

And thus bespake hys owne sweet May :
" My honey, my love, and my deere,
You must byde a wee, while I wander
awaye
In search of oure grenewode cheere.

And trym your bower, my dainty maid,
Close to the trystynge-tree ;||
Where that great oake spreads its
deepest shade
To form your canopye.

And pluck downe the wodebine to
twyne in yr haire,
And your wymple fold seemly to see ;

And wyth jasmyn bedeck all your kytyle
so fayre,
For we shall have gaye companye."

Then bespoke Robyn to Lyttle Johan,
" To-daye you must part from mee ;
Of all my merrye men you are the one
Next mee in our gaye companye.

And take your good bowe in your
hande,
And soe do my merrye men all ;
And hye you forth with some of the
bande,
To see what may chance befall.

And go in search of the fallowe-deere,¶
Where'er they're to be seene ;
For we thys daye wyll make gode
cheere
Beneath the trees so greene.

Take Luath to see, and Fang to track,
We've found them goode and true ;
The keenest houndys of all the packe,
Whan sporte wee hade in viewe.

And kyll of the fattest bucks a brace,
And brynge them here to mee,
And laye the fruits of your merrye chase
Beneath the trystynge-tree.

Thou jollye fryare, nowe come thou
here,
And don youre gown of grey ;**
And to the vaults you know so well,
Be it your task to straye.

And if there's a butt above the rest,
Straight brynge that butt awaye ;
We'll give to our guest wyne of the
best,
And make a merrye daye.

* George a-Green, or George of the green, meaning the town-green in which the pound stood of which he had the care.

† Allan a-Dale, who seems to have been the minstrel of the band, and to whose adventure with Robin many a ballad is devoted.

‡ Robin is said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was Marian. She is not often mentioned in the ballads, but is an important character in the old plays, and most essential to the morris-dance.

§ Lincoln green and Kendal green are equally famous, and are mentioned by all authorities. They both appear to have been of the same quality ; see *Polyolbion*, song xxv., where the marginal note says, " Lincoln anciently dyed the best green in England." It was always the favourite dress of the hunter, and adopted by foresters to prevent their being too readily discovered by the deer.

|| The trysting-tree was a large oak, where the revels of the foresters most frequently took place.

¶ The deer with which the forests abounded afforded Robin Hood and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year, and for fuel for dressing the venison there could evidently be no want.

** Over his green cassock Friar Tuck often pulled his monkish gown, and covered his shaven crown by the hood attached to both garments.

Now Scarlet Will to Nottynghame
towne*
You must bee quycke to goe,
With wallet and scryp, and beggar's
gown,
To wander to and fro.

And lead dysguysed about a score
To buy for our turfen table;
Let every man brynge here hys store
As speedily as able.

And you, the lustye myller's sonne,
With your quarter-staffe in hande,†
Keep watch and warde tyll all is
done,
Wyth twenty of our bande.

And blow a blast of your bugle-horne‡
When anye one comes neere,
Both loude and shrylle, and so fore-
warne
The rest that tarrie heere.

And hye you forth, good George
a-Greene,
Where the wyld fowles most abounde;
Thou knowest their haunts that come
between
The wood and Wakefield Pound.

Swannes, fesaunts, wyld byrds what-
soe'er,
With crossbow-bolt you slaye;
Full quickly homeward you wyll bear,
And at our feet you'll lay.

But byde you here, young Allan a-Dale,
Tune your harp to its sweetest laye;
And synge whyles you touch your
tenderest tale,
To please my lovely May.

Now buske yee, bowne yee, my merrie
men all,
And yee wha goe wyth mee,
Your good bows take, that whate'er
befall,
You may well armed bee.

And where the paths meet in the woode,
There I wyll take my stande;
And the fyrst that comes, good Robyn
Hode
Wyll stop, yf he 's great or grande.

Yfan abbotte 'tys, why from hys cheste §
I'll rifle all his store;
And take of hys treasures the very best,
The rest give to the poore.

Yf 'tys a prior, I'll make hym staye
Tyll on penytence I resolve;
Whyles I tell hys gold, for mee he'll
pray
So I'll my syns absolve.

Yf byshoppe 'tys, on ambling nag,
His sacred hordes I'll ryfle;
Hys jewells, plate, or money-bag,
To take I'll deeme a tryfle.

Yf sherriff 'tys, an ancient grudge
E'en now makes me a furye;
For hym I'll make myself a judge,
And you shall be my jurye.

Yf beggar 'tys, or squyre, or knyghte,
Or yeman, or a fryar,—
Of what degree, or in what plyght,
He 's welcome here as hygher.

But yf he do shew churlish mode,
Or dare our wyll gainsaye,
We'll make hym thynke of the grene-
wode,
E'en to his dying daye.

But yf hee gentleness doth shew,
And bow hym to our wyll,
He need not empty-handed goe,
Whyles Rob has aught to fyll.

Whoe'er he be that wanders bye,
Full fayn or loth to goe;
Our forest cheer, perforce, shall trye,
Whether hee wyll or noe.

But yf of womankynd there pass
Be't mother, mayd, or crone,
Or matron stayd, or village lass,
They pass free every one.

* Many of their necessities would be supplied by traffic with the neighbouring villages or great towns, whither one of the band might go disguised.

† The quarter-staffe was one of very great length, wielded in such a manner as to strike with either end, as the assailant pleased.

‡ To respond instantaneously to the sound of the bugle-horn seems to have been a peculiar merit in the life of the Sherwood forester whenever there is an urgent occasion. One blast brings

“ One hundred and ten of bold Robin's men
Came galloping over the hill.”

§ Robin seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, regular and secular, in decided aversion, with the exception of his own chaplain and boon companion, Friar Tuck.

“ These byshopps and these archebyshoppes
Ye shall them bete and bynde,”
was an injunction carefully impressed upon his followers.

And if in trouble they doe seeme,
Or share the poor man's curse,
Rob's wont it wyll bee, and has beene,
To give them of hys purse.

And you'll receive them as you guest,
And make a merrye daye;
And thys it is my last request,
Now forth to the woods awaye."

THE SECONDE FYTTE.

And Robyn Hode has wandered forthe
With fifty of hys clanne;
And though all men of goodlye worth,
Yet he's the goodlyest manne.

Hys scarlet coat is o'er hym flung,*
Hys pouch from hys belt doth fall;
Hys bow and quiver behind are hung,
And hys bugle over all.

Yclad hys men in Kendal greene,
Their legs in rolls are laced;
Caps grey, and greene, and red, are
seen,
And all theyre bodyes braced.

Quyvers, arrowes, bugles, and stout
bowes,
Slung round them every one;
The sun hymself, as up hee rose,
On goodlier scene ne'er shone.

And where the paths meet in the wood,
There he doth take hys stande;
And there it was he thought it good
To issue hys command.

"Now hyde a wee in yonder glen
Whyles I do tarry here;
And never move, my merrye men,
Till my bugle sounds so cleare.

And when my blast I once do blow,
And blow both loude and shrille;
Do you, my merry men, all of a row,
Come galloping over the hill."

And they are to the dark glen gone
To lyst for the bugle-horn;
And there they would remain each one,
Aye, till another morn.

And where the paths meet Rob syts
downe
Beneath a twysted thorne,
And takes the knyfe beneath hys gowne
That dyd hys belt adorne.

Then strayght begyns hys arrowes keen
To feather, point, and pare,—
A clothe-yarde long each one, I weene,
And formed wyth nycest care.

And he looks adown hys long, long
bow,
To see 'tys safe and sounde;
Then tryes the stryngge cautious and
slow,
And layes it on the grounde.

The fyrst that passed bold Robyn bye
An old man was, and blynde,
Led by a youth, who gan to crye,
In hopes some almes to fynde.

Rob flung into the old man's hat †
Forthwith a broad gold piece;
Blessynge receyved, and after that
The youth's shrill playnt gan cease.

The next that came bye was a mayde,
Both younge, and slim, and fayre;
In rustie kyrtle neat arrayed,
And dainty-braided haire.

Mournful she was, too, for the youthe
She loved — her parents' scorn —
Was poor, but rych in virtue, truth,
And comely as the morne.

Says Robin, "Sweet, drye up your
tears,
And bid hym come to me;
Rych hee shall be when hee appears
Beneath the trysting-tree."

The next that came by Robyn Hode
Was wythered, wydowed crone,
Leaning on staffe, and thro' the wode
Shce wandered on alone.

Rob tooke hys pouche, well fylled yt
was,
And gyrt it rounde her wayst;
"God speed you well!" quoth Rob;
"ne'er pause,
But homewarde quickliye haste.

Oh none of these are in the plyghte
To dyne at our gaye table;
For sorrowe has butt small appetite,
And for good cheere is unable.

* In many of the ballads Robin wears, by way of distinction, a scarlet coat, which is contrary to the common notion of the forester character, "Yclad in Lincoln green."

† Though it cannot be denied that Robin and his companions had recourse to robbery for their support, it must be still remembered that he took away the goods of rich men only; never killing any person unless attacked, or resisted; and that he would never suffer a woman to be maltreated. He never took any thing from the poor, but fed them with the wealth he took from abbots, &c.

But now I hope some one may come
Who fain must give to mee,
Whose purse contains a goodlye summe,
As mine has opened free."

Robyn knelt down upon the grass,
And to the Virgyn gan praye :
" Oh, Ladye deere, let a rich man passe,
Thou that art both mother and may.

Ever from hym who has too much,
And wyll gyve naught awaye,
Oh be it myne to meet with such,
And dearlye make him paye.

Be it my rule, that when I take
From wealthy, great, or gaye,
Atonement for the deed I make
And to the poor I pay.

And here I kneel upon the greene,
To you, Holy Virgin, praye.
Oh, Lady deere, for one great to be
seen,
Thou that art both mother and may !"

Robin caught his long bow in hys
hande,
And then he braced the stryng ;
An arrow placed, and then dyd stande
In posture lystening.

For from the dypth of greenwode shade
The tramp of horses' feete
Shewed neer approach of cavalcade
Adown the green retreat.

And all at once they came in view,
Some dozen knyghts, or more ;
The leader of this gallant crew
A red-crossed surcoat wore.

Yclad he was unto the eyes
In glittering chayne and mayle ;
His steed all armed was lykewise
In leather, plate, and seale.

Two swarthy sonnes of eastern clyme
Full close behynde dyd ryde ;
Sable theyre hayre, theyre hue begrime,
An eastern sunne had dyed.

Slowly the follower knyghts came on,
With looks careworne and spent ;
Armed to the teethe was every one,
And worne theyre mayle, and rent.

Thought Robyn, " Thys is nott the sorte
I dyd expect to see ;
Theyre seems to be butt lyttle spote
Yn thys grave companye."

Now, when the leader hee came to the
crosse
Of the paths that led thro' the woode,
He curbed hys steede, and seemed at a
losse,
And thus bespake Robyn Hode.

" Oh tell me true, thou yeman gode,
Which of the paths I see
Is the nearest one thro' the greenwode
To Kyrksley Priorie. †

Longe yeares have passed, thro' manye
a clyme
It's beene my fate to straye ;
And much I've seene synce that gay
tyme
When I knew eache one pathwaye.

That outcast thorn-tree alone
Recalls whene here I ranged.
By the Rood, 'twere well if everye one
To me were as unchanged.

The daye advances to the noon,
The priore was friend of mine ;
Tell us the waye, we'll crave the boon
In refectory to dine."

Says jolly Robyn, " I kuow ryghte
well
The path to those towers gray ;
The prior hymself I last dyd telle,
As he came by this waye.

And rarely such return is made
For the like courtesie ;
Ten thousand crowns were for it layd
Beneath that thorn-tree.

Vessels of sylver and of gold,
And jewels of great coste,
'Mid vesture gay together rolled
Were here dysordered tosst.

To prove I bore hym no ill wyll,
I tooke hym home to dyne ;
Both he and his trayne, they had theyre
fyll
Of venyson, ale, and wyne.

Before us then we made hym dance ;
'Twas a pleasant syght to see,
A stately pryor skyppe and prance
Before our companye.

And oh it was a merrie geste
Whyles hee did dance this waye,
To thynk thof 'twas at our behest
He dyd the pyper paye.

* Plate armour did not begin to be used till long afterwards ; when it gradually increased, until it encased the whole figure.

† Kyrksley Priory was the place where Robin Hood treacherously met his death. The prioress, his relation, having bled him, at his request, to relieve a fit of sickness, allowed him to bleed on, without " bynding, till he fainted, and dyed."

Then placed each churchman on hys
nag,

Hys face turned to the tayle ;
And off they rode, withoute one lag,
O'er hyll, and downe, and dale."

"Thou'rt a bold fellowe," sayd the
knyght,

And it were not shame to see
Twelve men against one knave to fyght,
Revenged that priore should bee.

And for this boon, I grant," quoth hee,
"If you list you can repaye ;
And speed my followers and me
Upon oure wearye waye."

"You're boon I spurne!" bold Robyn
sayde,

"If the waye you learn from mee ;
To the tayle of your horse shall turn
your heade,
Like the priore hymself to see.

And stop not for your odds to stryke,
For I thynke or ere you goe
I may holde my hande for a reason
like,
And a greater number shew."

With that, bold Robyn hys horn pulled
out,
And hee blew both loud and shrille,
When fyfity men, both stronge and
stoute,
Came tryppynge down the greene
hylle.

Yclad they are in Kendall greene,
Theyre legs in rolls are laced ;
Caps grey, and greene, and red are
seene,
And all theyre bodies braced.

Quivers, arrowes, bugles, and stout
bowes,
Hang round them every one ;
The sun hymself, as up he rose,
On fairer scene ne'er shone.

Full fyfty men yn close array
About theyre chiefe doe stand,
Hys slyghtest wyssh gladde to obey,
As if a grave commande.

Quoth Robin nowe, "If 'twere not
shame,
You should feel power of myne ;
But that I see I may lay clayme
To numbers tryple thyne.

But yf our men all stand aloof,
I'll shew you such prettye playe ;
You shall not soone forget the prooffe,—
Aye to your dyynge daye.

Then come you downe from off your
steede,
And lay your helmet bye ;
And, bating words, let now a deede
Be ours at once to trye."

The knyghte said, "Voted is thys sworde
To rescue but the crosse ;
And I'll not breake my knyghtlye
worde
For thou or such lyke drosse."

Quoth Robin, "Let not that wyth-
stande,"
And scornful hee did laughe ;
Then to Will Stutely stretched hys
hande,
And took hys quarter-staffe.

And from Will Cloudesley took one,
too,—
Its length and thycknesse same ;
"Now 'tys a match 'twixt me and you,
Or some one is to blame."

The knyghte leaped lyghtly from hys
steede,
And layed hys helmet bye ;
And gayly wyth bold Rob agreed
A bout wyth hym to trye.

The lower knyghtes, on horseback
leante,
And thence the combat viewed ;
Whyles Robyn's men looked on intente,
Cyrcling them where they stode.

To hym that had not been kyn or kythe
Of Robyn or the knyghte,
To see these two so brave and blythe
It were a full fayre syghte.

To see these two, how harde they
foughte
Two hours of a summer's daye ;
Yet neither the advantage gotte,
Or fetled to flee awaye.

At feint and foyle, and hytt and stoppe,
Quyck went the strokes aboute ;
And neither wysshed the game to droppe,
For styll they played it oute.

The knyghte had strengthe, and also
skylle,
And Rob played such good gayme ;
Hee payed hym backe wyth great good
wyll,
And eke received the sayme.

Then Robyn stumbled by a roote,
And ill dyd it betyde ;
For the knyghte was quick, and nymble
of foote,
And hyt hym on the left syde.

"Ah, deere Ladyel!" said Robin Hode,
 "That mother art and may;
 It cannot be man's destynye
 To dye before his daye."

And Robyn hee was nymble, too,
 And soone leapt up again;
 And saide, "That stroke, Sir Knyght,
 you'll rue,
 Or I'm the worst of men."

Then Robyn gave one lustye stroke
 That rung upon the mayle;
 An 'twere not of the stoutest oak
 That staffe must surely faile.

The knyght returned wyth such a bang,
 So able none as hee,
 That wyth the stroke the forest rang,
 And Robyn came to knee.

"Now ryse, now ryse, my yeman stoute,
 Kneel not to me, I praye;
 I've never had so hard a bout
 For many a long daye."

"And you're a man," said Robyn
 Hode,
 "Fyt to enlyst wyth mee:
 Say, wyll you joyn in the greenwode*
 Our merry companye?"

You shall have bow, and arrowes
 keene,
 And wander fayre and free;
 Our liverye weare of Lyncoln greene
 Beneath the greenwode tree.

But come wyth mee homeward to
 dyne,
 Take sample of our fayre;
 We've venyson, fowles, and fish, and
 wyne,
 Enough, and e'en to spare."

"'Twere no bad pastyme," sayd the
 knyght;
 "How saye you, men of myne?
 Or are you in such pyteous plyght
 That you can't wyth us dyne?"

For me, this yeman's staff so stronge
 Both hungry makes and drye;
 I'll to the forest go alonge
 Hys grenewode fare to trye."

Rob walked by the knyght's horse's
 head,
 The rest in order due;
 The follower knyghts good steeds they
 led
 The forest thyckets through.

THE THYRDE FYTTE.

Now, over hyll, and down, and dale,
 The cross knyghts gay did ryde;
 And thro' the brook, and thro' the
 vale,
 The foresters dyd guide.

Where Much, the myller's watch was
 sett,
 When Robyn's men came bye;
 Sayd hee, "A rounde summe I wyll
 bett
 To pass in vayne wee trye."

And they are to a thycket come;
 "Now treade you softly here;
 Be sylent, too, as ye were dumbe,
 To see if we gett cleare."

Hee scarce had spoke, when from the
 parte
 Where the trees dyd most abounde,
 A loud shrill blast was heard to start,
 Whyles the forest echoed rounde.

And from beneath the underwoode
 Full twenty men arose,
 And, bounding where bold Robyn
 stoode,
 Laid downe theyre bended bows.

"Fayth," said the knyght, "right cle-
 verlie
 Your ambushes are layd;
 I would my fate would not denye
 To me such timelye ayde."

And nowe increased they wander on
 Where the trees the thyckest grew;
 The sunne, tho' now at hyghest noone,
 Could scarcely pierce them through.

But soone they came to an open
 glade,
 Wyth manye a heathery knolle,
 Where the softest greene and the
 sweetest shade
 Shewed the desyred goal.

* His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for, in the words of an old writer, "Wheresoever he hard of any that where of unusual strength and hardnisse, he would desgyse himselfe; and, rather than fayle, go lyke a beggar, to become acquainted wyth them. And after he had tryed them wyth fyghtyng, never gyve them over tyll he had used means to draw them to lyve after hys fashion;" a practice of which numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs,—when, indeed, he seldom fails to receive, as in this instance, a sound beating.

In the mydst whereof there grew an
oake,

Whose branches flung on hyghe,
And gnarled, of manye a year it spoke,
And tyme long synce passed bye.

And at its base was reared a bower,
Trymmed with the nycest care;
And twynynge o'er it manye a flower,
Bespeaking nurture fayre.

Then Robyn led hys guests thereby,
And the feast he bade prepare;
The knyght sate downe right willinglye,
Without or thought or care.

And there hys followers close behynde
Dyd styll in saddle ryde;
The eastern slaves themselves inclyned,
And stood on eyther syde.

One bore hys lance, one reyned hys
steede,
And looked as if they could,
Tho' mirthful, yet serve hys need
In camp, or in grenowode.

Mayd Marian in her bower sate,
And maids on either hande;
She looked a princess in her state,
And queen of all the bande.

Scared at the syght of stranger horse,
When the knyghts appeared in view,
Lyke wood-pigeons they steered theyre
course,
And to that bower flew.

Ydight shee was in Lincoln green,
And kyrtled to the knee;
Wyth quiver, bows, and arrows keene,
Like Dian's self she wandered free.

And she trymmed her bower, that sweet
dainty mayde,
Close to the trystynge-tree,
Where that great oak spread its deepest
shade
To form her canopye.

And she plucked down the wodebyne
to twine in her hair,
And her wymple folds seemlie to
see;
And wyth jasmine bedecked all her
kyrtle so fayre,
To receive Robyn's gay companye.

And Johan hys good bowe took in hys
hande,
And so dyd hys merrie men all;
And he hyed forth wyth some of the
bande,
To see what might chance befall.

And hee went in search of the fallow
deere,
Where they were to be seene;
To make that daye the best of cheere
Beneath the trees so greene.

He tooke Luath to see, and Fang to
track,
And he found them good and true;
The keenest hounds in all the packe,
Whan sporte they had in view.

And hee kylled of the fattest bucks
a brace,
And brought them for Rob to see;
And he layed the fruits of his merrie
chase
Beneath the trystynge-tree.

And the jolly fryar he dyd come there,
And he donned hys gown of grey;
And to the vaults he knew so well
It was hys delight to straye.

And he found a butt above the rest,
And he brought that butt away;
To gyve hym and the guest wyne of the
best,
And make a merrie daye.

And Scarlet Will to Nottinghame town
He was full blythe to go;
With a wallet and scrip, and beggar's
gowne,
Did he wander to and fro.

And he led disguysed about a score,
To buy for theyre turfen table;
And every man dyd brynge hys store
As speedily as able.

And hee, the trustye miller's sonne,
With hys quarter-staffe in hande,
Kept watch and ward till all was done
Wyth twenty of the bande.

And he blew a blast of hys bugle-horne
When any one came near,
Both loud and shrille; and so did
warne
The rest that tarried heere.

And he hyed hym forth good George-
a-green
Where the wyld fowles dyd abound;
For he knew the haunts that came be-
tween
The Wood and Wakefield Pounce.

Swannes, fesaunts, wyld byrdes, what-
soe'er
Hys crossbow-bolt dyd slay,
Full quickly homeward he dyd bear,
And at Rob's feet did lay.

And hee dyd byde there young Alkan
a-Dale,

And hys harp tuned its sweetest laye ;
And he sung whyles he touched his
tenderest tale

To please the lovely May.

Robyn kept hys promise to the knyght
As well as hee was able :

Fyshe, fowls, and venison, mett hys
syghte,

To grace the grassye table.

And when to drynke hee dyd inclyne,

And hee was nothyng lothe,

There was the best of ale and wyne,

And plentye of them bothe.

And swannes and fesaunts, fresh and
goode,

And fowls of the revere ;

No byrde there fayled of all the wode,

Or ere was bred on brere.

" Now, welcome, Syr Knyght, to our
chere."

" Gramercy, syr," sayd hee,

" I have not seen such a dynere

For years now three tymes three."

Oh, 'twas there the fryar was in hys
pryde—

A butt behynde hys backe,

A pastye on hys knees astryde,

And close hys great black jack ;

A troling forth a merrie laye,

That made the woodes to ring,

Of howe a fryar of orders grey

Was happier than a kyng.

And Robyn's men in cyrcles sate

Upon the chequered greene,

Where they gayly laughed, and drank,
and ate,

With spirits light and keen.

" Now bend your bows," sayd Robyn
Hode,*

" And, wyth the grey goose wyng,
Such sporte now shew as if you stoode
In presence of a kyng."

Before the knyghtes at archerie

They merrie dyd playe ;

And arrowes from theyre bows let flee

At targets far awaye.

They shewed them at thys playe such
skylle,

Whyle wandes and styckes they
cleaved ;

The knyghte declared he not until

Now had such thynge believed.

And some at quarter-staffe dyd game,

And strengthe and skylle both shewe ;

Poising theyre styckes wyth steadye
ayme

Before they gave the blowe.

And manly games and various feats

They played at besyde ;

Hys fellow each good-humored meets,

Whyles styll wyth hym hee vyed.

Well pleased the guests were, and de-
clared

Such sports they ne'er had seene ;

Nor e'er in cyties better fared

As on the turf so greene.

" But who are you, my yeman bold,

I praye you tell to mee,

That lyke a kyng your court now holde,

In rustic outlawrye ?

For you have from a prior ta'en ;

And, for our present cheer,

You have almost in presence slayne

Some of the kyng's fat deer.

But who you are, or what's your name,

It matters not to mee ;

I freely say you're not to blame,

Under your trystyng-tree."

" My name is one perhaps you've heard

In court as well as wode ;

I ne'er deny it—in one worde,

I am called Robin Hode.

And though I've from a prior ta'en,

I've given you good cheer ;

And though I have in presence slayne

Some of the kyng's fat deere,

They are Kyng Richard's—hys alone,

And hym wyll I repay :

Never to John wyll I atone

For any deere I slaye.

And here's a health to Richard—kyng !

God bless hym I do saye !

May fayre wyndes blow, and straight-
way brynge

Hym safely into baye.

* In shooting with the long-bow, they excelled all the men of the land, though they had also other weapons. It was in this reign that the cross-bow was introduced. Their archery was unparalleled, as both Robin Hood and Little John have frequently shot an arrow a measured mile—1760 yards—which no one before or since was ever able to do. This was indeed shooting with the long-bow, and no doubt the origin of the expression.

Each man before you now would
 fyghte
 That the kynge myght have hys
 owne,
 And prove hys own undoubted ryghte
 To England's royal throne.

There's not a man in all my bande
 Who would not gladly swear
 To vow to Richard heart and hande—
 Ay, by that cross you bear.

Here's to the Kynge of Lion Heart!
 And who would mee gaynsaye,
 Or not perform a wylynge parte,
 He long should rue the daye."

The wyne in goblets out was poured;
 St. Hubert, the woods dyd ryng
 As forth a hundred voices roared,
 "Here's health unto our kynge!"

The knyghte hys loyaltye then proved,
 As well, too, as the best,
 And shewed how much the kynge he
 loved;
 And so dyd all the rest.

"'Tis well performed," sayd Robyn
 Hode;
 "You're the kynge's friendes, I see;
 An doublye welcome to our woode
 For this your loyaltye.

Tell when you see yon haughty prior,
 When next wyth me he dyne,
 He'll not refuse, at my desyre,
 To drynk the kyng in wyne;

Or we may shew hym how we knowe
 He doth hys kynge gainsaye,
 And teach hym once more, ere he goe,
 How we doe treason paye.

Forgive me that when fyrst I found
 You bent for the Priorie,
 Our good kynge's enemye you were
 bound
 In dutye sure to bee.

The usurper, John, is just now there;
 And they are mustering
 Of traitor lords assemblage rare,
 Combined against our kynge.

For there is now a rumour strong
 The kynge wyll hye hym home,
 Tyred of the Holye War so longe,
 Never again to roam."

The knyghte looked back to a lusty
 lord,
 Who seemed next in degree;
 And slow to hym he spake a worde,
 Whye a smyle shone in hys ee.

"In our sovereign's name, thou yeman
 bold,
 We say to you, Gramercy!
 'Tis all we have; but if 'twere gold,
 You should share wyth your fellowes
 free:

For I wyll not, as the kynge's best
 friend,
 Go on to the Priory now;
 But I will our advent'rous journey end
 Where the nearest town wyll allow.

And when or where that parson you
 meet,
 You may hym beat and bynde;
 And from the herd, as you thynke fytt,
 The fattest slaye you fynde.

And if thys order they denye,
 Or for your lycense crave,
 Say you've the best authoritye,
 For 'twas the kynge that gave.

And 'tis the kynge who syts now heere,
 Who, for your courtesye,
 Loyaltye, bravery, and good cheer,
 Must e'er your debtor bee."

And Rob before the kynge has bowed,
 Then sunk upon hys knee,
 Whyles to the death he hym has vowed
 In faith and fealtye.

"Pardon," he sayd, "my sovereign
 lord,
 My speech and accents bold;
 What is your nature to accord,
 You wyll not now withhold."

"You're pardoned for all crymes
 whate'er,
 Though great they be or few;
 The tymes, not you, has made you
 dare,
 And fate has tempted you.

And pardoned has your sovereign lord
 Both speech and accents bold;
 To both his oak staff dyd accord,
 And he may now withhold.

We here invyte you to our court,
 When again it is our owne;
 The task be myne to shew such sporte
 As best beseems a throne.

And in our town your merrye men
 Wyll all theyre skylle dysplaye;
 And we wyll try to act agayne
 The sports of thys gay daye."

All wondering to the kynge is gone,
 Each member of the bande,
 And, kneeling down, they, one by one,
 Kiss loyal the kynge's hande.

"One more," sayde he, "ere I departe
From out of the greenwode,
I'll give a health to that brave heart,
It's Kynge bold Robyn Hode!"

They fyll, and every goblet's drained,
Whyles all around hym stood,
And in long shout theyre voices strained,
"A health to Robin Hode!"

Then to maid Marian's bower he came,
And bowed full courteselye—
Oh, hee had seen full manye a dame,
Yett none so fayre as shee.

"Oh, when bold Rob comes to our
towne,
Our citey ways to see,
We hope, in kyrtle and grene gowne,
You'll styll hys partner bee."

All mount, and through the forest they
goe;
Whyles ever as they ryde,
Bold Rob and his men, one hundred
and ten,
Keep trotting by their syde.

And where in the wood the four paths
meet,
Rob drew the kynge asyde:
"Here is the cross whence we retreat,
Whyles onward you do ryde.

But take thys purse or ere you go,
From a traytor prior ta'en;
'Tis by that act forfeit to you,
And therefore lawfull gain."

The kynge was in necessitye,
And he is an outlawe;
The purse in saddle-bag slypped he,
And Richard never saw.

The kyng then stooped down from his
horse,
And Robyn Hode embraced;
And one to the town has ta'en his
course,
Whyles t'other hys retraced.

And six months after saw the kynge
High placed in pomp and pride—
Hood, earl of Huntingdon, standing,
Lady Marian at hys syde.

And Lyttle Johan, hys faythful squyre,
Is one of high degree;
And jolly Tucke, the curtall fryar,
An abbott rich is hee.

Will Scarlet, too, hys steward is;
And Much, the miller's sonne,
Will Cloudesley, Stutely, all I wiss,
Have each good fortune wonne.

The bold pound-keeper, George a-
Green,
Full hygh in place is found;
For hee kyng's ranger now ys seen
The woods and forests round.

And the court poet's Allan a-Dale,
With a pension great and grande;
Who wrote of Kynge Richarde full
many a tale,
Of Robyn also, and hys bande.

So God may bless Kynge Richard brave,
The Lyon-hearted kynge;
And in hys praise full many a stave
Our glorye be to synge.

And God be with bold Robyn Hode,
Hys mayde, and merrie menne.
Neither in citey, court, or wood,
We'll see their lyke again.

CATHERINE : A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR.

CHAP. I.

AT that famous period of history, when the seventeenth century (after a deal of quarrelling, king-killing, reforming, re-publicanizing, restoring, re-restoring, play-writing, sermon-writing, Oliver Cromwellizing, Stuartizing, and Orangizing, to be sure) had sunk into its grave, giving place to the lusty eighteenth; when Mr. Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison commissioner of appeals; when the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French nation had played out all the best cards in his hand, and his adversaries began to pour in their trumps; when there were two kings in Spain employed perpetually in running away from one another; when there was a queen in England, with such rogues for ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our own day; and a general, of whom it may be severely argued, whether he was the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world; when Mrs. Masham had not yet put Madame Marlborough's nose out of joint; when people had their ears cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets; and very large full-bottomed wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder; and the face of Louis the Great, as his was handed in to him behind the bed-curtains, was, when issuing thence, observed to look longer, older, and more dismal daily * * *

About the year *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five*, that is, in the glorious reign of Queen Anne, there existed certain characters, and befel a series of adventures, which, since they are strictly in accordance with the present fashionable style and taste; since they have been already partly described in the "*Newgate Calendar*;" since they are (as shall be seen anon) agreeably low, delightfully disgusting, and at the same time eminently pleasing and pathetic, may properly be set down here.

And though it may be said, with some considerable show of reason, that agreeably low and delightfully disgusting, have already been treated both co-

piously and ably, by some eminent writers of the present (and, indeed, of future) ages; though to tread in the footsteps of the immortal FAGIN, requires a genius of inordinate stride, and to go a-robbing after the late though deathless TURPIN; the renowned JACK SHEPPARD (at present in monthly numbers, an ornament to society); or the embryo DEVAL, may be impossible, and not an infringement, but a wasteful indication of ill-will towards the eighth commandment, though it may, on the one hand, be asserted, that only vain coxcombs would dare to write on subjects already described by men really and deservedly eminent; on the other hand, that these subjects have been described so fully, that nothing more can be said about them; on the third hand (allowing, for the sake of argument, three hands to one figure of speech), that the public has heard so much of them, as to be quite tired of rogues, thieves, cut-throats, and Newgate altogether;—though all these objections may be urged, and each is excellent, yet we intend to take a few more pages from the *Old Bailey calendar*, to bless the public with one more draught from the *Stone Jug*:*—yet a-while to listen, hurdle-mounted, and riding down the Oxford-road, to the bland conversation of Jack Ketch, and to hang with him round the neck of his patient, at the end of our and his history. We give the reader fair notice, that we shall tickle him with a few such scenes of villany, throat-cutting, and bodily suffering in general, as are not to be found, no, not in —; never mind comparisons, for such are odious.

In the year 1705, then, whether it was that the Queen of England did feel seriously alarmed at the notice, that a French prince should occupy the Spanish throne; or whether she was tenderly attached to the Emperor of Germany; or, whether she was obliged to fight out the quarrel of William of Orange, who made us pay and fight for his Dutch provinces; or, whether poor old Louis Quatorze did really frighten her; or whether Sarah Jen-

* This, as your ladyship is aware, is the polite name for her Majesty's prison of Newgate.

nings and her husband wanted to make a fight, knowing how much they should gain by it;—whatever the reason was, it was evident that the war was to continue, and there was almost as much soldiering and recruiting, parading, pike and gun-exercising, flag-flying, drum-beating, powder-blazing, and military enthusiasm, as we can all remember in the year 1801, what time the Corsican upstart menaced our shores. A recruiting party and captain of Cutts's regiment (which had been so mangled at Blenheim the year before), were now in Warwickshire; and having their dépôt at Warwick, the captain and his attendant, the sergeant, were used to travel through the country, seeking for heroes to fill up the gaps in Cutts's corps,—and for adventures to pass away the weary time of a country life.

Our Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite (it was at this time, by the way, that those famous recruiting officers were playing their pranks in Shrewsbury), were occupied very much in the same manner with Farquhar's heroes. They roamed from Warwick to Stratford, and from Stratford to Birmingham, persuading the swains of Warwickshire to leave the plough for the pike, and despatching, from time to time, small detachments of recruits to extend Marlborough's lines, and to act as food for the hungry cannon at Ramillies and Malplaquet.

Of those two gentlemen who are about to act a very important part in our history, one only was probably a native of Britain,—we say probably, because the individual in question was himself quite uncertain, and, it must be added, entirely indifferent about his birthplace: but speaking the English language, and having been during the course of his life pretty generally engaged in the British service, he had a tolerably fair claim to the majestic title of Briton. His name was Peter Brock, otherwise Corporal Brock of Lord Cutts's regiment of dragoons; he was of age about fifty-seven (even that point has never been ascertained); in height, about five feet six inches; in weight, nearly thirteen stone; with a chest that the celebrated Leitch himself might envy; an arm, that was like an opera-dancer's leg; a stomach, that was so elastic, that it would accommodate itself to any given or stolen quantity of food, a great aptitude for strong liquors; a considerable

skill in singing *chansons de table* of not the most delicate kind; he was a lover of jokes, of which he made many, and passably bad; when pleased, simply coarse, boisterous, and jovial; when angry, a perfect demon; bullying, cursing, storming, fighting, as is sometimes the wont with gentlemen of his cloth and education.

Mr. Brock was strictly what the Marquess of Rodil styled himself, in a proclamation to his soldiers after running away, a *hijo de la guerra*—a child of war. Not seven cities, but one or two regiments, might contend for the honour of giving him birth; for his mother, whose name he took, had acted as camp-follower to a royalist regiment; had then obeyed the Parliamentarians; died in Scotland when Monk was commanding in that country; and the first appearance of Mr. Brock in a public capacity, displayed him as a fifer in the general's own regiment of Coldstreamers, when they marched from Scotland to London, and from a republic at once into a monarchy. Since that period, Brock had been always with the army; he had had, too, some promotion, for he spake of a having command at the battle of the Boyne, though probably (as he never mentioned the fact) upon the losing side; and the very year before this narrative commences, he had been one of Mordaunt's forlorn hope at Schellenberg, for which service he was promised a pair of colours; he lost them, however, and was almost shot (but fate did not ordain that his career should close in that way) for drunkenness and insubordination immediately after the battle; but having in some measure re-instated himself, by a display of much gallantry at Blenheim, it was found advisable to send him to England for the purpose of recruiting, and remove him altogether from the regiment where his gallantry only rendered the example of his riot more dangerous.

Mr. Brock's commander was a slim young gentleman of twenty-six, about whom there was likewise a history, if one would take the trouble to inquire. He was a Bavarian by birth (his mother being an English lady), and enjoyed along with a dozen other brothers, the title of count: eleven of these, of course, were penniless; one or two were priests, one a monk, six or seven in various military services, and the elder at home at Schloss Galgenstein breeding horses, hunting wild boars,

swindling tenants, living in a great house with small means ; obliged to be sordid at home all the year, to be splendid for a month at the capital, as is the way with many other noblemen. Our young count, Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein, had been in the service of the French, as page to a nobleman, then of his majesty's *gardes du corps* ; then a lieutenant and captain in the Bavarian service ; and when, after the battle of Blenheim, two regiments of Germans came over to the winning side, Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian found himself among them ; and at the epoch when this story commences, had enjoyed English pay for a year or more. It is unnecessary to say how he exchanged into his present regiment ; how it appeared that, before her marriage, handsome John Churchill had known the young gentleman's mother, when they were both pen-niless hangers-on at Charles the Second's court ;—it is, we say, quite useless to repeat all the scandal of which we are perfectly masters, and to trace step by step the events of his history ; here, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, in a small inn, in a small village of Warwickshire, on an autumn evening in the year 1705 ; and at the very moment when this history begins, he and Mr. Brock, his corporal and friend, were seated at a round table before the kitchen fire, while a small groom of the establishment was leading up and down in the village-green, before the inn door, two black, glossy, long-tailed, barrel-bellied, thick-flanked, arch-necked, Roman-nosed, Flanders horses, which were the property of the two gentlemen now taking their ease at the Bugle Inn. The two gentlemen were seated at their ease at the inn-table, drinking mountain-wine ; and if the reader fancies from the sketch which we have given of their lives, or from his own blindness and belief in the perfectibility of human nature, that the sun of that autumn evening shone upon any two men in county or city, at desk or harvest, at court or at Newgate, drunk or sober, who were greater rascals than Count Gustavus Galgenstein and Corporal Peter Brock, he is egregiously mistaken. and his knowledge of human nature is not worth a fig. If they had not been two prominent scoundrels, what earthly business should we have in detailing their histories ? What would the public care for them ? Who would

meddle with dull virtue, humdrum sentiment, or stupid innocence, when vice, agreeable vice, is the only thing which the readers of romances care to hear ?

The little horse-boy, who was leading the two black Flanders horses up and down the green, might have put them in the stable for any good that the horses got by the gentle exercise, which they were now taking in the cool evening air, as their owners had not ridden very far or very hard, and there was not a hair turned of their sleek shining coats ; but the lad had been especially ordered so to walk the horses about until he received further commands from the gentlemen reposing in the Bugle kitchen ; and the idlers of the village seemed so pleased with the beasts, and their smart saddles and shining bridles, that it would have been a pity to deprive them of the pleasure of contemplating such an innocent spectacle. Over the count's horse was thrown a fine red cloth, richly embroidered in yellow worsted, a very large count's coronet and a cipher at the four corners of the covering ; and under this might be seen a pair of gorgeous silver stirrups, and above it, a couple of silver-mounted pistols reposing in bearskin holsters ; the bit was silver too, and the horse's head was decorated with many smart ribands. Of the corporal's steed, suffice it to say, that the ornaments were in brass, as bright, though not perhaps so valuable, as those which decorated the captain's animal. The boys who had been at play on the green, first paused and entered into conversation with the horseboy ; then the village matrons followed ; and afterwards, sauntering by ones and twos came the village maidens, who love soldiers as flies love treacle ;—presently the males began to arrive, and lo ! the parson of the parish, taking his evening walk with Mrs. Dobbs, and the four children his offspring, at length joined himself to his flock.

To this audience the little ostler explained, that the animals belonged to two gentlemen now reposing at the Bugle ; one young with gold hair, the other old with grizzled locks ; both in red coats ; both in jack-boots ; putting the house into a bustle, and calling for the best. He then discoursed to some of his own companions regarding the merits of the horses ; and the parson, a learned man, explained to the villagers, that one of the travellers must be a count, or at least had a count's

horsecloth; pronounced that the stirrups were of real silver, and checked the impetuosity of his son, William Nassau Dobbs, who was for mounting the animals, and who expressed a longing to fire off one of the pistols in the holsters.

As this family discussion was taking place, the gentlemen whose appearance had created so much attention, came to the door of the inn, and the elder and stouter was seen to smile at his companion; after which he strolled leisurely over the green, and seemed to examine with much benevolent satisfaction the assemblage of villagers who were staring at him and the quadrupeds.

Mr. Brock, when he saw the parson's band and cassock, took off his beaver reverently, and saluted the divine: "I hope your reverence won't balk the little fellow," said he; "I think I heard him calling out for a ride, and whether he should like my horse, or his lordship's horse, I am sure it is all one. Don't be afraid, sir, the horses are not tired, we have only come seventy mile to-day, and Prince Eugene, once rode a matter of fifty-two leagues (a hundred and fifty miles), sir, upon that horse, between sunrise and sunset."

"Gracious powers! on which horse?" said Doctor Dobbs, very solemnly. "On *this*, sir,—on mine, Corporal Brock of Cutts's black gelding, William of Nassau; the prince, sir, gave it me after Blenheim fight, for I had my own legs carried away by a cannon-ball, just as I cut down two of Saurkrauter's regiment, who had made the prince prisoner."

"Your own legs, sir!" said the doctor, "gracious goodness! this is more and more astonishing!"

"No, no, not my own legs, my horse's I mean, sir; and the prince gave me William of Nassau that very day."

To this no direct reply was made; but the doctor looked at Mrs. Dobbs, and Mrs. Dobbs and the rest of the children at her eldest son, who grinned and said, "Isn't it wonderful?" The corporal to this answered nothing, but, resuming his account, pointed to the other horse and said, "*That* horse, sir—good as mine is—that horse, with the silver stirrups, is his excellency's horse, Captain Count Maximilian Gustavus Adolphus von Galgenstein, captain of horse and of the holy Roman empire" (he lifted here his hat with much gravity,

and all the crowd, even to the parson, did likewise). "We call him George of Denmark, sir, in compliment to her majesty's husband: he is Blenheim too, sir; Marshal Tallard rode him on that day, and you know how he was taken prisoner by the count?"

"George of Denmark, Marshal Tallard, William of Nassau! this is strange indeed, most wonderful! Why, sir, little are you aware that there are before you *at this moment*, two other living beings who bear these venerated names! My boys, stand forward! Look here, sir; these children have been respectively named after our late sovereign, and the husband of our present queen."

"And very good names too, sir; ay, and very noble little fellows too; and I propose that, with your reverence and your ladyship's leave, William Nassau here shall ride on George of Denmark, and George of Denmark shall ride on William of Nassau."

When this speech of the corporal's was made, the whole crowd set up a loyal hurrah! and, with much gravity, the two little boys were lifted up into the saddles; and the corporal leading one, entrusted the other to the horse-boy, and so together marched stately up and down the green.

The popularity which Mr. Brock gained by this manoeuvre was very great; but with regard to the names of the horses and children, which coincided so extraordinarily, it is but fair to state, that the christening of the quadrupeds had only taken place about two minutes before the dragon's appearance on the green. For if the fact must be confessed, he, while seated near the inn window, had kept a pretty wistful eye upon all going on without; and the horses marching thus to and fro for the wonderment of the village, were only placards or advertisements for the riders.

There was, besides the boy now occupied with the horses, and the landlord and landlady of the Bugle Inn, another person connected with that establishment—a very smart, handsome, vain, giggling servant girl, about the age of sixteen, who went by the familiar name of Cat, and attended upon the gentlemen in the parlour, while the landlady was employed in cooking their supper in the kitchen. This young person had been educated in the village poor-house, and having been pronounced by Doctor

Dobbs and the schoolmaster, the idlest, dirtiest, and most passionate little minx with whom either had ever had to do, she was, after receiving a very small portion of literary instruction (indeed it must be stated that the young lady did not know her letters), bound apprentice at the age of nine years to Mrs. Score, her relative, and landlady of the Bugle Inn.

If Miss Cat, or Catherine Hall, was a slattern and a minx, Mrs. Score was a far superior shrew; and for the seven years of her apprenticeship, the girl was completely at her mistress's mercy. Yet though wondrously stingy, jealous, and violent, while her maid was idle and extravagant, and her husband seemed to abet the girl, Mrs. Score put up with the wench's airs, idleness, and caprices, without ever wishing to dismiss her from the Bugle. The fact is, that Miss Catherine was a great beauty; and for about two years, since her fame had begun to spread, the custom of the inn had also increased vastly. When there was a debate whether the farmers, on their way from market, would take t'other pot, Catherine, by appearing with it, would straightway cause the liquor to be swallowed and paid for; and when the traveller who proposed riding that night and sleeping at Coventry or Birmingham, was asked by Miss Catherine whether he would like a fire in his bed-room, he generally was induced to occupy it, although he might before have vowed to Mrs. Score that he would not for a thousand guineas be absent from home that night. The girl had, too, half-a-dozen lovers in the village; and these were bound in honour to spend their pence at the alehouse she inhabited. O woman, lovely woman! what strong resolves canst thou twist round thy little finger! what gunpowder passions canst thou kindle with a single sparkle of thine eye! what lies and fribble nonsense canst thou make us listen to, as they were gospel truth or splendid wit! above all, what bad liquor canst thou make us swallow when thou puttest a kiss within the cup—and we are content to call the poison, wine!

The mountain-wine at the Bugle was, in fact, execrable; but Mrs. Cat, who served it to the two soldiers, made it so agreeable to them, that they found it a passable, even a pleasant task, to swallow the contents of a second bottle. The miracle had been wrought in-

stantaneously on her appearance, for whereas at that very moment the count was employed in cursing the wine, the landlady, the wine grower, and the English nation generally, when the young woman entered and (choosing so to interpret the oaths) said "Coming, your honour; I think your honour called." Gustavus Adolphus whistled, stared at her very hard, and seeming quite dumb-stricken by her appearance, contented himself by swallowing a whole glass of mountain by way of reply.

Mr. Brock was, however, by no means so confounded as his captain: he was thirty years older than the latter, and in the course of fifty years of military life had learned to look on the most dangerous enemy, or the most beautiful woman, with the like daring, devil-may-care determination to conquer.

"My dear Mary," then said that gentleman, "his honour is a lord; as good as a lord that is; for all he allows such humble fellows as I am to drink with him."

Catherine dropped a low curtsy, and said, "Well, I don't know if you are joking a poor country girl, as all you soldier gentlemen do; but his honour *looks* like a lord, though I never see one, to be sure."

"Then," said the captain, gathering courage, "how do you know I look like one, pretty Mary?"

"Pretty Catherine: I mean Catherine, if you please, sir."

Here Mr. Brock burst into a roar of laughter, and shouting with many oaths that she was tight at first, invited her to give him what he called a buss.

Pretty Catherine turned away from him at this request, and muttered something about "Keep your distance, low fellow! buss, indeed! poor country girl," &c. &c., placing herself, as if for protection, on the side of the captain. That gentleman looked also very angry; but whether at the sight of innocence so outraged, or the insolence of the corporal for daring to help himself first, we cannot say. "Hark ye, Mr. Brock," he cried very fiercely, "I will suffer no such liberties in my presence; remember, it is only my condescension which permits you to share my bottle in this way; take care I don't give you instead a taste of my cane." So saying, he, in a protecting manner, placed one hand round Mrs. Catherine's waist, holding the other clenched very near to the corporal's nose.



Mrs. Catherine, for her share of this action of the count's, dropped another cursey, and said, "Thank you, my lord." But Galgenstein's threat did not appear to make any impression on Mr. Brock, as indeed there was no reason that it should; for the corporal, at a combat of fisty-cuffs, could have pounded his commander into a jelly in ten minutes: so he contented himself by saying, "Well, noble captain, there's no harm done; it is an honour for poor old Peter Brock to be at table with you, and I am sorry sure enough."

"In truth, Peter, I believe thou art; thou hast good reason, eh, Peter? But never fear, man; had I struck thee, I never would have hurt thee."

"I know you would not," replied Brock, laying his hand on his heart with much gravity; and so peace was made, and healths were drank. Miss Catherine condescended to put her lips to the captain's glass; who swore that the wine was thus converted into nectar; and although the girl had not previously heard of that liquor, she received the compliment as a compliment, and smiled and simpered in return.

The poor thing had never before seen any body so handsome, or so finely dressed as the count; and, in the simplicity of her coquetry, allowed her satisfaction to be quite visible. Nothing could be more clumsy than the gentleman's mode of complimenting her; but for this, perhaps, his speeches were more effective than others more delicate would have been; and though she said to each, "O, now my lord," and "La, captain, how can you flatter one so?" and "Your honour's laughing at me;" and made such polite speeches as are used on these occasions, it was manifest from the flutter and blush, and the grin of satisfaction which lighted up the buxom features of the little country beauty, that the count's first operations had been highly successful. When following up his attack, he produced from his neck a small locket (which had been given him by a Dutch lady at the Brill), and begged Miss Catherine to wear it for his sake; and chucked her under the chin, and called her his little rose-bud, it was pretty clear how things would go: any body who could see the expression of Mr. Brock's countenance at this event (and the reader may by looking at the picture), might judge of the progress of the irresistible High-Dutch conqueror.

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Being of a very vain, communicative turn, our fair bar-maid gave her two companions not only a pretty long account of herself, but of many other persons in the village, whom she could perceive from the window opposite to which she stood. "Yes, your honour," said she—"my lord, I mean; sixteen last March, though there's a many girl in the village that, at my age, is quite chits: there's Polly Randall now, that red-haired girl along with Thomas Curtis, she's seventeen if she's a day, though he is the very first sweetheart she has had. Well, as I am saying, I was bred up here in the village—father and mother died very young, and I was left a poor orphan—well, bless us! if Thomas haven't kissed her!—to the care of Mrs. Score, my aunt, who has been a mother to me—a step-mother, you know;—and I've been to Stratford fair, and to Warwick many a time; and there's two people who have offered to marry me, and ever so many who want to, and I won't have none—only a gentleman, as I've always said; not a poor clodpole, like Tom there with the red waistcoat (he was one that asked me), nor a drunken fellow like Sam Blacksmith, yonder, him whose wife has got the black eye, but a real gentleman, like—"

"Like whom, my dear?" said the captain, encouraged.

"La, sir, how can you? why, like our squire, Sir John, who rides in such a mortal fine gold coach; or, at least, like the parson, Doctor Dobbs—that's he in the black gown, walking with Madame Dobbs in red."

"And are those his children?"

"Yes: two girls and two boys; and only think, he calls one William Nas-sau, and one George Denmark—isn't it odd?" And from the parson, Mrs. Catherine went on to speak of several humble personages of the village community, who, as they are not necessary to our story, need not be described at full length. It was when, from the window, Corporal Brock saw the altercation between the worthy divine and his son, respecting the latter's ride, that he judged it a fitting time to step out on the green, and to bestow on the two horses those famous historical names which we have just heard applied to them.

Mr. Brock's diplomacy was, as we have stated, quite successful; for, when the parson's boys had ridden and retired along with their mamma and papa,

other young gentlemen of humbler rank in the village were placed upon "George of Denmark" and "William of Nassau;" the corporal joking and laughing with all the grown-up people. The women, in spite of Mr. Brock's age, his red nose, and a certain squint of his eye, vowed the corporal was a jewel of a man; and among the men, his popularity was equally great.

"How much dost thee get, Thomas Clodpole?" said Mr. Brock to a countryman (he was the man whom Mrs. Catherine had described as her suitor), who had laughed loudest at some of his jokes; "how much dost thee get for a week's work, now?"

Mr. Clodpole, whose name was really Bullock, stated that his wages amounted to "three shillings and a puddn."

"Three shillings and a puddn!—monstrous!—and for this you toil like a galley slave, as I have seen them in Turkey and America,—aye, gentlemen, and in the country of Prester John! You shiver out of bed on icy winter mornings, to break the ice for Ball and Dapple to drink."

"Yes, indeed," said the person addressed, who seemed astounded at the extent of the corporal's information.

"Or you clean pig-sty, and take dung down to meadow; or you act watchdog and tend sheep; or you sweep a scythe over a great field of grass; and when the sun has scorched the eyes out of your head, and sweated the flesh out of your bones, and well-nigh fried the soul out of your body, you go home, to what?—three shillings a week and a puddn! Do you get puddng every day?"

"No; only Sundays."

"Do you get money enough?"

"No, sure."

"Do you get beer enough?"

"Oh no, NEVER!" said Mr. Bullock quite resolutely.

"Worthy Clodpole, give us thy hand; it shall have beer enough this day, or my name's not Corporal Brock. Here's the money, boy! there are twenty pieces in this purse: and how do you think I got em? and how do you think I shall get others when these are gone?—by serving her sacred majesty to be sure: long life to her, and down with the French king!"

Bullock, a few of the men, and two or three of the boys, piped out a hurrah, in compliment to this speech of the corporal's; but it was remarked, that

the greater part of the crowd drew back—the women whispering ominously to them and looking at the corporal.

"I see, ladies, what it is," said he; "you are frightened, and think I am a crimp come to steal your sweethearts away. What! call Peter Brock a double dealer? I tell you what, boys, Jack Churchill himself has shaken this hand, and drunk a pot with me: do you think he'd shake hands with a rogue? Here's Tummas Clodpole has never had beer enough, and here am I will stand treat to him and any other gentleman; am I good enough company for him? I have money, look you, and like to spend it: what should I be doing dirty actions for—hay, Tummas?"

A satisfactory reply to this query was not, of course, expected by the corporal nor uttered by Mr. Bullock; and the end of the dispute was, that he and three or four of the rustic bystanders were quite convinced of the good intentions of their new friend, and accompanied him back to the Bugle, to regale upon the promised beer. Among the corporal's guests was one young fellow whose dress would shew that he was somewhat better to do in the world than Clodpole and the rest of the sun-burnt ragged troop, who were marching towards the alehouse. This man was the only one of his hearers who, perhaps, was sceptical as to the truth of his stories; but as soon as Bullock accepted the invitation to drink, John Hayes, the carpenter (for such was his name and profession), said, "Well, Thomas, if thou goest, I will go too."

"I know thee wilt," said Thomas, "thou'lt goo any where Catty Hall is, provided thou can'st goo for nothing."

"Nay, I have a penny to spend as good as the corporal here."

"A penny to keep, you mean: for all your love for the lass at the Bugle, did thee ever spend a shilling in the house? Thee wouldn't go now, but that I am going too, and the captain here stands treat."

"Come, come, gentlemen, no quarrelling," said Mr. Brock; "if this pretty fellow will join us, amen say I: there's lots of liquor, and plenty of money to pay the score. Comrade Tummas, give us thy arm. Mr. Hayes, you're a hearty cock, I make no doubt, and all such are welcome. Come along, my gentleman farmers, Mr. Brock shall have the honour to pay for you all." And with

this, Corporal Brock, accompanied by Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacksmith, Bakers-boy, Butcher, and one or two others, adjourned to the inn; the horses being, at the same time, conducted to the stable.

Although we have, in this quiet way, and without any flourishing of trumpets, or beginning of chapters, introduced Mr. Hayes to the public; and although, at first sight a sneaking carpenter's boy may seem hardly worthy of the notice of an intelligent reader, who looks for a good cut-throat or highwayman for a hero, or a pick-pocket at the very least: this gentleman's words and actions should be carefully studied by the public, as he is destined to appear before them under very polite and curious circumstances during the course of this history. The speech of the rustic Juvenal, Mr. Clodpole, had seemed to infer that Hayes was at once careful of his money and a warm admirer of Mrs. Catherine of the Bugle: and both the charges were perfectly true. Hayes's father was reported to be a man of some substance; and young John, who was performing his apprenticeship in the village, did not fail to talk very big of his pretensions to fortune—of his entering, at the close of his indentures, into partnership with his father—and of the comfortable farm and house over which Mrs. John Hayes, whoever she might be, would one day preside. Thus, next to the barber and butcher, and above even his own master, Mr. Hayes took rank in the village: and it must not be concealed that his representation of wealth had made some impression upon Mrs. Hall, towards whom the young gentleman had cast the eyes of affection. If he had been tolerably well-looking, and not pale, rickety, and feeble as he was; if even he had been ugly, but withal a man of spirit, it is probable the girl's kindness for him would have been much more decided. But he was a poor weak creature, not to compare with honest Thomas Bullock, by at least nine inches; and so notoriously timid, selfish, and stingy, that there was a kind of shame in receiving his addresses openly; and what encouragement Mrs. Catherine gave him could only be in secret.

But no mortal is wise at all times: and the fact was, that Hayes, who cared for himself intensely, had set

his heart upon winning Catherine; and loved her with a desperate, greedy eagerness and desire of possession, which makes passions for women often so fierce and unreasonable among very cold and selfish men. His parents (whose frugality he had inherited) had tried in vain to wean him from this passion, and had made many fruitless attempts to engage him with women who possessed money and desired husbands: but Hayes was, for a wonder, quite proof against their attractions; and, though quite ready to acknowledge the absurdity of his love for a penniless ale-house servant girl, nevertheless persisted in it doggedly. "I know I'm a fool," said he; "and what's more, the girl does not care for me; but marry her I must, or I think I shall just die, and marry her I will." For very much to the credit of Miss Catherine's modesty, she had declared that marriage was with her a *sine quâ non*, and had dismissed, with the loudest scorn and indignation, all propositions of a less proper nature.

Poor Thomas Bullock was another of her admirers, and had offered to marry her; but three shillings a-week and a puddn was not to the girl's taste, and Thomas had been scornfully rejected: Hayes had also made her a direct proposal—Catherine did not say no, she was too prudent: but she was young, and could wait; she did not care for Mr. Hayes *yet*, enough to marry him—(it did not seem, indeed, in the young woman's nature to care for any body)—and she gave her adorer flatteringly to understand, that, if nobody better appeared in the course of a few years, she might be induced to become Mrs. Hayes. It was a dismal prospect for the poor fellow to live upon the hope of being one day Mrs. Catherine's *pis-aller*.

In the meantime she considered herself free as the wind, and permitted herself all the innocent gaieties which that "chartered libertine," a coquette, can take. She flirted with all the bachelors, widowers, and married men, in a manner which did extraordinary credit to her years: and let not the reader fancy such pastimes unnatural at her early age. The ladies—Heaven bless them!—are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upwards. Little shes of three years old play little airs and graces upon small heroes of five; simpering misses of nine make

attacks upon young gentlemen of twelve; and at sixteen, a well-grown girl, under encouraging circumstances, —say, she is pretty, in a family of ugly elder sisters, or an only child and heiress, or an humble wench at a country inn, like our fair Catherine—is at the very pink and prime of her coquetry: they will jilt you at that age with an ease and arch infantine simplicity that never can be surpassed in maturer years.

Miss Catherine, then, was a *franche coquette*, and Mr. John Hayes was miserable. His life was passed in a storm of mean passions and bitter jealousies, and desperate attacks upon the indifference-rock of Mrs. Catherine's heart, which not all his tempest of love could beat down. O cruel, cruel pangs of love unrequited! Mean rogues feel them as well as great heroes. Lives there the reader of this Magazine (in other words, the man in Europe) who has not felt them many times?—who has not knelt, and fawned, and supplicated, and wept, and cursed, and raved, all in vain; and passed long wakeful nights with ghosts of dead hopes for company; shadows of buried remembrances that glide out of their graves of nights, and whisper, "We are dead now, but we *were* once; and we made you happy, and we come now to mock you:—despair, O lover, despair," and die.—O cruel pangs! dismal nights!—Now a sly demon creeps under your night-cap, and drops into your ear those soft, hope-breathing, sweet words, uttered on the well-remembered evening—there, in the drawer of your dressing-table (along with the razors, and *Macassar oil*), lies the dead flower that Lady Amelia Wilhelmina wore in her bosom on the night of a certain ball—the corpse of a glorious hope that seemed once as if it would live for ever, so strong was it, so full of joy and sunshine—there, in your writing desk, among a crowd of unpaid bills, is the dirty scrap of paper, thimble-sealed, which came in company with a pair of muffetees of her knitting (she was a butcher's daughter, and did all she could, poor thing!), begging "you would ware them at collidge, and think of her who"—married a public-house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more now than she does for the pot-boy. But why multiply instances, or seek

to depict the agony of poor, mean-spirited John Hayes? No mistake can be greater than that of fancying such great emotions of love are only felt by virtuous or exalted men: depend upon it, Love, like Death, plays havoc among the *pauperum tabernas*, and sports with rich and poor, wicked and virtuous, alike. I have often fancied, for instance, on seeing the haggard, pale, young old-clothesman, who wakes the echoes of our street with his nasal cry of "Clo!" I have often, I say, fancied that, besides the load of exuvial coats and breeches under which he staggers, there is another weight on him—an *atrior cura* at his tail—and while his unshorn lips and nose together are performing that mocking, boisterous, Jack-indifferent cry of "Clo, Clo;" who knows what woful utterances are crying from the heart within? There he is chaffering with the footman at No. 7, about an old dressing-gown, you think his whole soul is bent only on the contest about the garment. Psha! there is, perhaps, some faithless girl in Holywell Street who fills up his heart; and that desultory Jew-boy is a peripatetic hell! Take another instance:—take the man in the beef-shop in Saint-Martin's Court—there he is, at this very moment that I am writing and you are reading this,—there he is, to all appearances, quite calm: before the same round of beef—from morning till sun-down—for hundreds of years very likely—perhaps when the shutters are closed, and all the world tired and silent, there is *he* silent, but untired—cutting, cutting, cutting: you enter, you get your meat to your liking, you depart; and, quite unmoved, on, on, he goes, reaping ceaselessly the Great Harvest of Beef. You would fancy that if Passion ever failed to conquer, it had in vain assailed the calm bosom of THAT MAN. I doubt it, and would give much to know his history,—who knows what furious *Ætna*-flames are raging underneath the surface of that calm flesh-mountain—who can tell me that that calmness itself is not *DESPAIR*?

The reader, if he does not now understand why it was that Mr. Hayes agreed to drink the corporal's proffered beer, had better just read the foregoing remarks over again, and if he does not understand *then*, why, small praise to his brains. Hayes could not bear that

Mr. Bullock should have a chance of seeing, and perhaps making love to, Mrs. Catherine in his absence; and though the young woman never diminished her coquetties, but, on the contrary, rather increased them in his presence; it was still a kind of dismal satisfaction to be miserable in her company.

On this occasion, the disconsolate lover could be wretched to his heart's content; for Catherine had not a word or a look for him, but bestowed all her smiles upon the handsome stranger who owned the black horse. As for poor Tummas Bullock, his passion was never violent; and he was content in the present instance to sigh and drink beer. He sighed and drunk, sighed and drunk, and drunk again, until he had swallowed so much of the corporal's liquor, as to be induced to accept a guinea from his purse also; and found himself, on returning to reason and sobriety, a soldier of queen Anne's.

But, oh! fancy the agonies of Mr. Hayes, when, seated with the serjeant's friends at one end of the kitchen, he saw the captain at the place of honour, and the smiles which the fair maid bestowed upon him; when, as she lightly whisked past him with the captain's supper, she, pointing to the locket, that once reposed on the breast of the Dutch lady at the Brill, looked archly on Hayes, and said, "See, John, what his lordship has given me;" and when John's face became green and purple with rage and jealousy, Mrs. Catherine laughed ten times louder, and cried, "Coming, my lord," in a voice of shrill triumph, that bored through the soul of Mr. John Hayes, and left him gasping for breath.

On Catherine's other lover, Mr. Thomas, this coquetry had no effect: he, and two comrades of his, had by this time quite fallen under the spell of the corporal; and hope, glory, strong beer, Prince Eugene, pairs of colours, more strong beer, her blessed Majesty, plenty more strong beer, and such subjects, martial and bacchic, whirled through their dizzy brains at a railroad pace.

And now, if there had been a couple of experienced reporters present at the Bugle Inn, they might have taken down a conversation on love and war—the two themes discussed by the two parties occupying the kitchen—which, as

the parts were sung together, duet-wise, formed together some very curious harmonies. Thus, while the captain was whispering the softest nothings the corporal was shouting the fiercest combats of the war; and, like the gentleman at Penelope's table, on it, *exiguo pinxit prælia tota bero*. For example:—

Captain, What do you say to a silver trimming, pretty Catherine? Don't you think a scarlet riding-cloak, handsomely laced, would become you wonderfully well?—and a gray hat with a blue feather—and a pretty nag to ride on—and all the soldiers to present arms as you pass, and say, there goes the captain's lady. What do you think of a side box at Lincoln's Inn playhouse, or of standing up to a minuet with my Lord Marquis at — *Corporal*—the ball, sir, ran right up his elbow, and was found the next day by Surgeon Splinter of ours,—where do you think, sir?—upon my honour as a gentleman it came out of the nape of his—*Captain*—necklace—and a sweet pair of diamond earrings, mayhap—and a little shower of patches, which ornament a lady's face wondrously—and a little leetle rouge—though, egad! such peach-cheeks as yours don't want it;—fie! Mrs. Catherine, I should think the birds must come and pick at them as if they were fruit — *Corporal*—over the wall; and three-and-twenty of our fellows jumped after me; by the pope of Rome, friend Tummas, that was a day! —Had you seen how the Mounseers looked when four-and-twenty rampaging he-devils, sword and pistol, cut and thrust, pell-mell came tumbling into the redoubt! Why, sir, we left in three minutes as many artillerymen's heads as there were cannon-balls. It was *Ah sacré!* d— you, take that; *O mon Dieu!* run him through; *Ventrebleu!* and it was ventrebleu with him, I warrant you: for *bleu*, in the French language, means through; and *ventre*—why, you see, ventre means—*Captain*—waists, which are worn now excessive long;—and for the hoops, if you *could* but see them—slap my vitals, my dear, but there was a lady at Warwick's assembly (she came in one of my lord's coaches) who had a hoop as big as a tent, you might have dined under it comfortably;—ha! ha! 'pon my faith, now—*Corporal*—and there we found the Duke of Marlborough seated along with Marshall Tallard, who was endeavouring to drown

his sorrow over a cup of Johannisberger wine; and a good drink too, my lads, only not to compare to Warwick beer. "Who was the man who has done this?" said our noble general. I stepped up. "How many heads was it," says he, "that you cut off?" "Nineteen," says I, "besides wounding several." When he heard it (Mr. Hayes, you don't drink) I'm blest if he didn't burst into tears! "Noble, noble fellow," says he, "Marshal you must excuse me, if I am pleased to hear of the destruction of your countrymen;"—noble, noble fellow!—"here's a hundred guineas for you," which sum he placed in my hand. "Nay," says the Marshal, "the man has done his duty:" and, pulling out a magnificent gold diamond hilted snuff-box, he gave me—*Mr. Bullock*. What, a gold snuff-box? Wauns, but thee wast in luck, corporal!—*Corporal*. No, not the snuff-box, but—a *pinch of snuff*,—ha! ha!—run me through the body if he did'nt! Could you but have seen the smile on Jack Churchill's grave face, at this piece of generosity—so, beckoning Colonel Cadogan up to him, he pinched his ear, and whispered—*Captain*—"May I have the honour to dance a minuet with your ladyship?" The whole room was in titters at Jack's blunder; for, as you know very well, poor lady Susan has a wooden leg: ha! ha! fancy a minuet and a wooden leg, hey, my dear?—*Mrs. Catherine*. Gigggle, giggle, giggle: he! he! he! O captain, you rogue, you.—*Second table* Haw! haw! haw! well you be a foony mon, serjeant, zure enoff.

This little specimen of the conversation must be sufficient. It will shew pretty clearly that each of the two military commanders was conducting his operations with perfect success. Three of the detachment of five attacked by the corporal, surrendered to him. Mr. Bullock, namely, who gave in at a very early stage of the evening, and ignominiously laid down his arms under the table, after standing not more than a dozen volleys of beer; Mr. Blacksmith's-boy, and a labourer whose name we have not been able to learn. Mr. Butcher himself was on the point of yielding, when he was rescued by the furious charge of a detachment that marched to his relief: his wife namely, who, with two squalling children, rushed into the Bugle,—boxed Butcher's ears, and kept up such

a tremendous fire of oaths and screams upon the corporal, that he was obliged to retreat; fixing then her claws into Mr. Butcher's hair, she proceeded to drag him out of the premises; and thus Mr. Brock was overcome. His attack upon John Hayes was a still greater failure; for that young man seemed to be invincible by drink, if not by love: and at the end of the drinking bout was a great deal more cool than the corporal himself, to whom he wished a very polite good evening, as calmly he took his hat to depart. He turned to look at Catherine, to be sure, and then he was not quite so calm: but Catherine did not give any reply to his good night. She was seated at the captain's table playing at cribbage with him; and though Count Gustavus Maximilian lost every game, he won more than he lost,—sly fellow!—and Mrs. Catherine was no match for him.

It is to be presumed that Hayes gave some information to Mrs. Score, the landlady, for, on leaving the kitchen, he was seen to linger for a moment in the bar; and very soon after Mrs. Catherine was called away from her attendance on the Count, who, when he asked for a sack and toast, was furnished with those articles by the landlady herself; and, during the half-hour in which he was employed in consuming this drink, Monsieur de Galgenstein looked very much disturbed and out of humour, and cast his eyes to the door perpetually, but no Catherine came. At last, very sulkily, he desired to be shewn to bed, and walked as well as he could (for, to say truth, the noble Count was by this time somewhat unsteady on his legs) to his chamber. It was Mrs. Score who shewed him to it, and closed the curtains, and pointed triumphantly to the whiteness of the sheets.

"It's a very comfortable room," said she, "though not the best in the house; which belong of right to your lordship's worship; but our best room has two beds, and Mr. Corporal is in that locked and double-locked with his three tipsy recruits. But your honour will find this here bed comfortable and well-aired; I've slept in it myself this eighteen years."

"What, my good woman, you are going to sit up, eh? It's cruel hard in you, madam."

"Sit up, my lord; bless you, no!

I shall have half of our cat's bed, as I always do when there's company." And with this Mrs. Score curtsayed and retired.

* * * *

Very early the next morning the active landlady and her bustling attendant had prepared the ale and bacon for the corporal and his three converts, and had set a nice white cloth for the captain's breakfast. The young blacksmith did not eat with much satisfaction; but Mr. Bullock and his friend betrayed no sign of discontent, except such as may be consequent upon an evening's carouse. They walked very contentedly to be registered before Doctor Dobbs, who was also justice of the peace, and went in search of their slender bundles, and took leave of their few acquaintances without much regret; for the gentlemen had been bred in the workhouse, and had not, therefore, a large circle of friends.

It wanted only an hour of noon, and the noble Count had not descended. The men were waiting for him, and spent much of the queen's money (earned by the sale of their bodies over night) while thus expecting him. Perhaps Mrs. Catherine expected him too, for she had offered many times to run up—with my lord's boots—with the hot water—to shew Mr. Brock the way, who sometimes condescended to officiate as barber. But on all these occasions Mrs. Score had prevented her; not scolding, but with much gentleness and smiling. At last, more gentle and smiling than ever, she came down stairs, and said, "Catherine, darling, his honour, the Count, is mighty hungry this morning, and vows he could pick the wing of a fowl; run down, child, to Farmer Briggs's, and get one: pluck it before you bring it, you know, and we will make his lordship a pretty breakfast."

Catherine took up her basket, and away she went by the back-yard, through the stables. There she heard the little horseboy whistling and hissing after the manner of horseboys; and there she learned that Mrs. Score had been inventing an ingenious story to have her out of the way. The hostler said he was just going to lead the two horses round to the door. The corporal had been, and they were about to start on the instant for Stratford.

The fact was that Count Gustavus Adolphus, far from wishing to pick the

wing of a fowl, had risen with a horror and loathing for every thing in the shape of food, and for any liquor stronger than small beer. Of this he had drunk a cup, and said he should ride immediately to Stratford; and when, on ordering his horses, he had asked politely of the landlady "why the d— *she* always came up, and why she did not send the girl." Mrs. Score informed the Count that her Catherine was gone out for a walk along with the young man to whom she was to be married, and would not be visible that day. On hearing this the captain ordered his horses that moment, and abused the wine, the bed, the house, the landlady, and every thing connected with the Bugle Inn.

Out the horses came; the little boys of the village gathered round; the recruits, with bunches of ribands in their beavers, appeared presently; Corporal Brock came swaggering out, and, slapping the pleased blacksmith on the back, bade him mount his horse while the boys hurraed: then the captain came out, gloomy and majestic; to him Mr. Brock made a military salute, which clumsily, and with much grinning, the recruits imitated. "I shall walk on with these brave fellows, your honour, and meet you at Stratford," said the corporal. "Good," said the captain, as he mounted. The landlady curtsayed; the children hurraed more; the little horseboy, who held the bridle with one hand, and the stirrup with the other, and expected a crown-piece from such a noble gentleman, got only a kick and a curse as Count von Galgenstein shouted, "D— you all, get out of the way!" and galloped off: and John Hayes, who had been sneaking about the inn all the morning, felt a weight off his heart when he saw the captain ride off alone.

* * * *

O foolish Mrs. Score! O dolt of a John Hayes! If the landlady had allowed the captain and the maid to have their way, and meet but for a minute before recruits, sergeants, and all, it is probable that no harm would have been done, and that this history would never have been written.

When Count von Galgenstein had ridden half a mile on the Stratford road, looking as black and dismal as Napoleon galloping from the romantic village of Waterloo, he espied, a few score yards onwards, at the turn of the

road, a certain object, which caused him to check his horse suddenly, brought a tingling red into his cheeks, and made his heart to go thump, thump, against his side. A young lass was sauntering slowly along the footpath, with a basket swinging from one hand, and a bunch of hedge-flowers in the other. She stopped once or twice to add a fresh one to her nosegay, and might have seen him, the captain thought; but no, she never looked directly towards him, and still walked on. Sweet innocent! she was singing as if none were near; her voice went soaring up to the clear sky, and the captain put his horse on the grass, that the sound of the hoofs might not disturb the music.

When the kine had given a pailful (sang she),

And the sheep came bleating home,
Poll, who knew it would be healthful,
Went a walking out with Tom.
Hand in hand, sir, on the land, sir,
As they walked to and fro,
Tom made jolly love to Polly,
But was answered no, no, no.

The captain had put his horse on the grass, that the sound of his hoofs might not disturb the music; and now he pushed its head on to the bank, where straightway William of Orange began chewing of such a salad as grew there; and now the captain slid off stealthily, and smiling comically, and hitching up his great jack-boots, and moving forward with a jerking tiptoe step, he, just as she was trilling the last o-o-o of the last *no* in the above poem of Tom D'Urfey, came up to her, and, touching her lightly on the waist, said,

"My dear, your very humble servant."

Mrs. Catherine (you know you have found her out long ago!) gave a scream and a start, and would have turned pale if she could. As it was, she only shook all over, and said,

"O Sir! how you *did* frighten me!"

"Frighten you! my rose-bud; why, run me through, I'd die rather than frighten you. Gad, child, tell me now, am I so *very* frightful?"

"Oh no, your honour, I didn't mean that; only I wasn't thinking to meet you here, or that you would ride so early at all; for if you please, sir, I was going to fetch a chicken for your lordship's breakfast, as my mistress said you would like one; and I thought, instead of going to Farmer Brigg's, down Birmingham way, as she told me,

I'd go to Farmer Bird's, where the chickens is better, sir—my lord, I mean."

"Said I'd like a chicken for breakfast, the old cat! why, I told her I would not eat a morsel to save me, I was so *drum*—I mean I ate such a good supper last night—and I bade her to send me a pot of small beer, and to tell you to bring it; and the wretch said you were gone out with your sweetheart."

"What! John Hayes, the creature? Oh, what a naughty, story-telling woman!"

"You were walked out with your sweetheart, and I was not to see you any more; and I was mad with rage, and ready to kill myself; I was, my dear."

"Oh, sir! pray, *pray* don't."

"For your sake, my sweet angel?"

"Yes, for my sake, if such a poor girl as me can persuade noble gentlemen."

"Well, then, for *your* sake, I won't; no, I'll live; but why live? Hell and fury, if I do live I'm miserable without you; I am,—you know I am,—you adorable, beautiful, cruel, wicked Catherine!"

Catherine's reply to this was "*La*, bless me! I do believe your horse is running away;" and so he was; for, having finished his meal in the hedge, he first looked towards his master and paused, as it were, irresolutely; then, by a sudden impulse, flinging up his tail and his hind legs, he scampered down the road.

Mrs. Hayes ran lightly after the horse, and the captain after Mrs. Hayes; and the horse ran quicker and quicker every moment, and might have led them a long chase; when, lo! debouching from a twist in the road, came the detachment of cavalry and infantry under Mr. Brock. The moment he was out of sight of the village, that gentleman had desired the blacksmith to dismount, and had himself jumped into the saddle, maintaining the subordination of his army by drawing a pistol, and swearing that he would blow out the brains of any person who attempted to run. When the captain's horse came near the detachment he paused, and suffered himself to be caught by Tummas Bullock, who held him until the owner and Mrs. Catherine came up.

Mr. Bullock looked comically grave

when he saw the pair ; but the corporal graciously saluted Mrs. Catherine, and said it was a fine day for walking.

"La, sir, and so it is," said she, panting in a very pretty and distressing way, "but not for *running*. I do protest—ha!—and vow that I really can scarcely stand. I'm so tired of running after that naughty, naughty horse!"

"How do, Cattern?" said Thomas, "zee, I be going a zouldering because thee wouldn't have me;" and here Mr. Bullock grinned. Mrs. Catherine made no sort of reply, but protested once more she should die of running. If the truth were told, she was somewhat vexed at the arrival of the corporal's detachment, and had had very serious thoughts of finding herself quite tired just as he came in sight.

A sudden thought brought a smile of bright satisfaction in the captain's eyes,—he mounted the horse which Tummas still held,—"*Tired*, Mrs. Catherine!" said he, "and for my sake? By Heavens, you sha'n't walk a step farther! No, you shall ride back with a guard of honour! Back to the village, gentlemen!—right about face! Shew those fellows, corporal, how to right about face. Now, my dear, mount

behind me on Snowball; he's easy as a sedan. Put your dear little foot on the toe of my boot; there now,—up! jump!—hurrah!"

"*That's* not the way, captain," shouted out Thomas, still holding on the rein as the horse began to move; "thee woant goo with him, will thee, Catty?"

But Mrs. Catherine, though she turned away her head, never let go her hold round the captain's waist; and he, swearing a dreadful oath at Thomas, struck him across the face and hands with his riding-whip; and the poor fellow, who, at the first cut, still held on the rein, dropped it at the second; and, as the pair galloped off, sate down on the roadside, and fairly began to weep.

"*March*, you dog!" shouted out the corporal a minute after; and so he did: and when next he saw Mrs. Catherine she *was* the captain's lady sure enough, and wore a gray hat with a blue feather, and red riding-coat trimmed with silver lace. But Thomas was then on a bare-backed horse; which Corporal Brock was flanking round a ring, and he was so occupied looking between his horse's ears, that he had no time to cry then, and at length got the better of his attachment.

This being a good opportunity for closing Chapter I., we ought, perhaps, to make some apologies to the public for introducing them to characters that are so utterly worthless; as we confess all our heroes, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, to be. In this we have consulted nature and history, rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that—bless the little dears!—their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we *are* to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathising with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the *Newgate Calendar*, which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues, at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtues. And if the British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, we shall be content,—we shall apply to government for a pension, and think that our duty is done.

I. S. JUN.

Cold Bath Fields, 15th April.

CHEVELEY ; OR, THE MAN OF HONOUR. *

It would be petty affectation if we were to pretend ignorance of the real intent of this book, in its most material parts. Lady E. Lytton Bulwer has made it a vehicle for displaying what, according to her feelings, justly or unjustly excited, is the character of her husband. Now, we are not generally accused of being particularly squeamish in our expressions of liking or disliking; and as it is no secret that for many reasons the new baronet is no favourite of ours, it may be expected that we should make an unscrupulous use of the materials here laid amply before us for the annoyance of a literary and political antagonist. But the very circumstance of our being on no good terms with the for-the-present Whig M.P. for Lincoln restrains our pen from touching too sharply on affairs unconnected with his public career. We shall therefore do our readers the injustice of making this article less piquant and peppery than, if we were not by some influence kept quiet, it would, we flatter ourselves, have been in our power to render it.

When this novel was announced, it was generally supposed that Sir E. L. Bulwer was intended to be the "hero;" an idea quickly dispelled when its second title, "The Man of Honour," was given by his lady to the public. The Man of Honour in the book is a gentleman of the name of Augustus Mowbray, who in due course of time becomes, by the ordinary lot of novels, the Marquess of Cheveley. He is somewhat of the Lord Byron sort of gentleman.

"Heir to a marquise and immense wealth, his father dying when he was little more than five years old, and his mother before he was twenty, Augustus Mowbray was the spoiled child of nature and fortune; consequently, at the age of eight-and-twenty (the period when this history commences), he had begun to consider mankind as divided into two great classes,—the boring and the bored; the first being formed by those who write and talk, and the latter by those who read and listen, 'blasé sur tout.' His creed was taken from that pithy line in the *Rejected Addresses*, which asserts that 'naught is every thing, and every thing is naught.' This truth, which he felt

every moment of his life, strange to say, only impelled him the more violently to be eternally in search of something. The unknown future was always to him 'that blest Canaan that should come at last;' and locomotion he deemed the only method by which it could be attained."

He travels to Italy in company with his friend Saville, stops on the road, encounters the usual wonders and calamities; and, while visiting Lord Byron's house on Lake Lemano, meets with a Major Nonplus, whose character we extract, as a specimen of the shrewd powers of observation of Lady Bulwer. The man is well known on the continent; where is it we do not meet him?

"Major Nonplus was one of those clever managing mortals, who, with little money or credit, always contrived to keep more carriages, horses, and houses, than any one else; he was also one of those innumerable 'best-natured creatures in the world,' always bent upon making every body comfortable, and therefore succeeding in making every body miserable. Had a dowager manœuvred so as her daughter should sit next a duke's eldest son, or a snobbish millionaire of a county member, at dinner, Major Nonplus instantly started up and divided them, on the gallant and facetious plea that he could not possibly sit next to Mrs. Nonplus (to whose tender mercies he had been purposely consigned). Was he admitted to a morning visit by some Johnny Raw of a footman (for, in all houses where he had appeared twice, a preventive porter was stationed, who knew him to be contraband), and saw two friends confidentially conversing, he invariably outstayed the first comer, thinking that the host or hostess would enjoy an agreeable 'tête-à-tête' with him 'when the coast was clear.' Did he encounter two lovers in a shady walk, he instantly joined them, 'fearing the young people might be dull.' Did the mother of five 'pelican daughters' (all unmarried) happen to observe, with a sigh, that she had never been at Clifton but once, when her youngest darling, Jemima, had the scarlet fever, the major instantly observed, with that chronological memory so dreadfully prevalent among common people, 'Ah, I perfectly remember: it was there I first had the pleasure of meeting you. Let me see: that was in the autumn of '98, and Miss Jemima was then a little

* Cheveley ; or, the Man of Honour. 8vo. Bull, London. 1839.

By Lady Lytton Bulwer. 3 vols. small

urehin of four or five years old ; and a remarkably clever, forward little thing she was too—any one would have taken her for seven or eight. True, I assure you ; I never flatter.

" Did he encounter an acquaintance in a packet, whose wife, some three years before, might have eloped from him, the major would instantly, before the assembled audience on the quarterdeck, grasp his hand, and, calling him by his name, assure him, though he had never written to him since poor Mrs. So-and-So's *misshap*, that he most sincerely pitied him. Did he venture to bet on a rubber, when congratulated upon his good luck in winning by the person he had betted upon, he would reply, with an amiable candour that baffles all description, ' My dear fellow, I owe it all to you : I saw you revoke when your adversary's queen was out, and then I knew the game must be yours, and so I hetted upon you.'

" The major, though no logician, was rich in proverbs, which he called to his assistance upon all occasions ; and one he practically illustrated in his costume, viz. that ' familiarity breeds contempt ;' for which reason there was always a species of Scotch divorce subsisting between his waistcoat and trousers, and between the latter and his Wellington boots ; though, to be sure, as ' coming events cast their shadows before,' in the shape of great rotundity of form, these garments had not altogether the merit of prescience in the respectful distance they kept from each other. There was one very remarkable circumstance attending Major Nonplus, which was, that no one ever yet met him, that he had not either just come into a legacy of 70,000*l.*, or just been defrauded out of a similar sum. The former solved the enigma of a house in Park Lane, and a stud at Melton ; while the latter as satisfactorily accounted for a cottage in the Tyrol. But whether the aforesaid 70,000*l.* was among the fashionable arrivals or departures in the major's fate, it made little difference in his hospitality, which, however, was always in the future tense ; and though *sure* of an invitation to his house, at which ever side of the Channel the invited found himself, yet he could only hail it, as the witches hailed Macbeth on his throne of Cawdor-ship, ' *that is to be.*' Among his other delightful attributes, he seemed to have realised Sir Boyle Roache's idea of a bird, and possess the power of being ' in two places at once ;' for no sooner had A left him, ' taking tea and toast upon the wall of China,' than B would write word he had encountered him

' Mid the blacks of Carolina.' "

From this busy gossip, whose con-

versation is most amusingly detailed, they learn that Lord and Lady de Clifford, with Miss Neville, are in Milan ; a piece of intelligence which seems to affect his companions in no small degree. They proceed on their journey, visiting Ferney, Coppet, Millerie, and so forth—passing the Simplon in due course ; and reaching Milan, as in duty bound, on " one of those bright, balmy, thoroughly Italian days, that make one feel very much as one fancies a chrysalis must feel when it is turning into a butterfly, and expanding into a new and happier existence." In a very short time, they join the circle of the De Cliffords. As we are not particularly interested in the loves of Mr. Saville and Miss Neville, we shall let them pass, to come to the introduction of Mowbray to Lady de Clifford. What sort of a person her ladyship was, or is, may be known from the following description :

" Lady de Clifford was taller than her sister ; her beauty was altogether of a different kind. Her head, and the manner in which it was placed upon her shoulders, was quite as classical as Fanny's ; but then the contour was more that of Juno than of Psyche. Her features, too, were small, yet perfect ; a little, a very little, less Greek than her sister's, but more piquant, with a nose that I can only describe by calling it epigrammatic : it could not have belonged to a fool, or even to a dull person. There was something queenlike about her, but then it was her air only ; for though dazzling was the word every one felt inclined to apply to her appearance, yet she had quite as much prettiness as beauty ; that is, she had all the feminine delicacy and fascination of a merely pretty woman, with all the dignity and splendour of a perfectly beautiful one. In short, prettiness might be said to be the detail of her features, and beauty their effect. Her eyes were ' darkly, deeply, beautifully blue ;' and the long dark fringes that shadowed them gave a Marillo-like softness to her cheek when she looked down. Her complexion would have been too brilliant, had it not changed almost as often as the rose clouds in an Italian sky ; for it varied as though each passing thought reflected its shadow upon her face. Her mouth and teeth would have baffled the imagination of a painter, or the description of a poet ; and her smile was bright,

' Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs
in the sun.'

To the greatest strength of character she united the mildest disposition; and with all was, what her sex so rarely are, 'though witty, wise.' Few women could boast her solid and almost universal information; yet was there nothing of the 'précieuse' about her, no attempt at display, no contempt for the ignorance of others; in short, good sense did for her manners what religion did for her character,—blent, purified, and harmonised each separate or opposing quality, without the main springs ever ruggedly or obtrusively appearing to taunt others with their lack of them."

With this "solid and almost universal" lady, Mowbray, of course, lost no time in falling in love; a proceeding very naughty, and by no means to be approved of, for there was a Lord de Clifford in the way—and a nice sort of man that same Lord de Clifford appears to have been.

"Lord de Clifford was a perpendicular, stately personage, aspiring towards seven feet: he gave one the idea of never even in sleep having been guilty of an easy position: the vulgar term of 'he looks as if he had swallowed a poker,' was completely exemplified in his appearance. He had straight, stiff, and obstinate (very obstinate) brown hair; very small, light, gray eyes; a nose so aquiline, that if it had appeared on paper, instead of on a human face, would have been pronounced a caricature. His upper lip was straight, and of that inordinate length which may be taken as the affidavit of the face to the obstinacy of the owner's character. It is, after this, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that he always wore a blue coat and gilt buttons of an evening, with a huge and very white stiff cravat, that looked cut out of stone, after the Tam O'Shanter order of sculpture.

"Nature seemed to have given him a sort of rag-bag of a mind, made up of the strangest and most incongruous odds and ends possible, with a clumsy kind of arrogance of all-work to arrange it, that was continually adding to its confusion. His information, such as it was (though he aimed at the universal), might be compared to the *Penny Cyclopædia* printed upside down; and the curious and gigantic pomposity with which he dealt out the smallest and most commonplace fact, reminded one of an elephant, with mighty effort, bowing out its trunk to pick up a pin's head or a piece of thread. Among his mass of information, geology, of course, had not been neglected; and having heard at school, or elsewhere, that, did the world lose but the smallest atom of its gravity, it would be at an end,

he always seemed impressed with the idea that he was the important atom on which its existence depended; and also was of opinion that so great a man should be governed by the same principles as the universe, and therefore took care never to lose an atom of his own gravity; for which reason, strange to say, he was never known to catch the infection when others were laughing at him. In politics, he was an ultra-Liberal (it gives more scope for declamation); in private life (as is the general pendant to public liberality), he was a tyrannical autocrat, a Caligula in his clemency, and a Draco in his displeasure. Whatever appertained to him was always the best and most faultless in the world—all excepting his wife: she was not of his immediate stock—merely a graft—which accounted for all her faults; that, among the rest, of his never being able (incessantly as he impressed it on her) to get her to feel and appreciate her wonderful good fortune in being wedded to him, which was the more extraordinary, as she had left the nursery at her mother's commands to marry him: not but what Lady de Clifford was, in thought, word, and deed, what any other man would have considered perfection for a wife; but, then, for such superhuman merits as his, what could be good enough? Still it might have puzzled even him to find a real fault in her; for had she, to her other rare qualities, added the rarest of all, that of being able to adore him, she could not have anticipated, and prevented, and studied every wish of his, with more scrupulous devotion and delicacy than she did. This his selfishness could not help feeling, though his heart, or his memory, never recollected it, or he could not have subjugated her so completely to the surveillance, interference, and petty tyranny of every member of his family, as he did. But then they were his family, and, consequently, must know better about every thing, from the dressing of a child to the drowning of a puppy, than any wife could possibly do. Not that he did not, imbruted as he was, see his wife's superiority—for no one could, when occasion required, make more use of her talents: but then he liked to try and make his family, the world, and especially herself, believe that she was as ignorant and inferior as, according to his opinions, every woman ought to be."

Having thus introduced the parties, it is almost unnecessary to go on with the story—so far as these characters are concerned. Saville, after the proper quantity of roughness incidental to the course of true love, is "united" to

Fanny Neville. De Clifford, after proving himself to be a great brute, a great bore, and a great ruffian, breaks his neck, like a dutiful bad husband; and his widow consoles herself for the loss by marrying Mowbray.

This is the main trunk; but a very considerable branch is to be found in the story of Mary Lee.

"Mary Lee, about three years before the present period of our history, had been the belle of the village. She was deservedly the pride of her father and brothers. Mother she had none. There was not a young man within ten miles round that was not, directly or indirectly, an admirer of hers; and every matron in Blichingly cited her as a patron of industry, goodness, and filial affection: and although she bore off the palm of beauty triumphantly from all her village rivals, yet such were her unvarying sweetness of temper, and active zeal to oblige, that there was not one amongst them who (even under that severest test of female friendship, the loss of an admirer on her account) could find it in their hearts either to envy or dislike her—two feelings, by the bye, which are generally synonymous in the human heart. Did any girl, more addicted to the culling of kingcups and the chasing of butterflies, desert the dull monotonies of hemming and sewing for green lanes and greener meadows, and so leave some task unfinished to the eleventh hour, when some angry grandam's or school-mistress's just displeasure was to be dreaded, it was ever avoided by Mary Lee's good-natured and prompt completion of the neglected work. Many a long-puzzled-over sum had she also cast up with a quickness and fractional correctness, that might have excited the envy, while it compelled the admiration, of Mr. Joseph Hume; she was, moreover, *écrivaine publique* to the whole hamlet; her garden boasted rarer and better cultivated flowers than any other cottage in Blichingly. No wonder, then, that her bees produced more honey than any of her neighbours'; her poultry, too, had gained a well-merited reputation, which made it sought after by every house-keeper far and near; while her hens always laid sooner and later than any one else's; yet all of these was she ready to give, or to lend, as the occasion might require, to her less fortunate neighbours."

This girl is seen by Lord De Clifford, and he takes a fancy to her.

"It would be a useless, as well as a disgusting task, to detail the minutiae of villany by which Lord De Clifford had effected poor Mary Lee's ruin. Suffice

it to say, that by passing himself off for the son of a Norfolk farmer, and personating the character in the alternate fascinations of velveteen shooting-jackets, and blue coats and gilt buttons, he contrived to meet her every where—but in her father's house—for three months, and at the end of that time to get her to consent to a secret, and, it is needless to add, a mock marriage. In vain poor Mary implored him to allow her to confide the secret to her father, even when, if she did not do so, her disgrace must become inevitable. Still he persisted that her doing so would ruin him with his father! And what misery, what ruin, what shame, will not the devotion of a woman's heart endure, to ward off a shadow of either from what she loves! And is man's return ever to be what it ever has been—insult, injury, and desertion? Ay, even so. When Mary Lee's child was born, in vain her poor heart-stricken father implored her only to let him know who was the author of her disgrace; in vain he promised pardon if she would: still was she inexorable, merely assuring him, with many bitter tears, that she was not disgraced, and that he should know all in good time.

"Meanwhile Lord De Clifford, the *soi-disant* William Dale, grew less punctual at their trysting-place, a green dell about three miles from old Lee's cottage, called the Fairies' Bath, from a rivulet that terminated in a little oval pond of crystal water, at the bottom of which the smooth pebbles were to be seen, looking round and white as daisies. On the summit of a rock rich in flowering shrubs, at the northern end of this dell, was the ruin of an old abbey, whose vaults were supposed to be the repository of the contraband treasures of a gang of smugglers, who, through the medium of their conductors, the gipsies, had them conveyed from a small seaport not fifteen miles distant. It was from the ruined aisle of this old abbey that Lord De Clifford was wont to announce his arrival to Mary, by throwing a stone into the little pond, as she stood beside it in the dell beneath. Three months (during a pretended absence of his into Norfolk) had now elapsed since they had met there. It was a beautiful summer evening. The sun was flooding the glen, and pressing it to her purple west with farewell looks of golden light, the distant lowing of the cattle was the only sound to be heard save the dreamy humming of insects, for

'Life in its myriad form was on the wing,

when Mary Lee, her child nestled in her bosom, and her heart beating high within it, once more repaired to the dell. She

waited some time listening intensely for the well-known signal, till the very silence became audible from the painful acuteness of her own anxiety; but at length, instead of the accustomed stone, a heavy packet fell at her feet,—she opened it, and beheld ten sovereigns enclosed in a paper, on which were written these words:—

“‘ Mary, — I cannot stay a moment, business of consequence prevents me; I send you ten pounds, for fear you should want money.

‘ Yours,

‘ WILLIAM DALE.’

“ Poor Mary’s first impulse was rapidly to ascend the little winding path that led to the ruins, but she was startled back by hearing the loud, quick echo of a horse’s hoofs, galloping along the upper road; and each echo seemed to rush through and trample on her heart. Again she looked at the few cold words contained in the letter she still held, — ‘ business of consequence!’ she repeated, ‘ what business could, what business ought to prevent him, for one moment only—for one moment from seeing me—from seeing his child—whom he has never yet seen? Money, why should he send me money? He never did so before: I don’t want money.’

“ Here poor Mary burst into a paroxysm of tears, which were only checked by the cries of her child, who was beginning to feel the increasing chilliness of the air. ‘ Poor little thing!’ said she, hushing it, ‘ no wonder you cry, you have cause to cry, when he would not stay even one moment to look upon you,—he who has never yet done so?’ And at this reflection her tears flowed afresh: but as she retraced her steps homeward, she recollected she must suppress her affliction before her poor father, who was already sufficiently aggrieved on her account; and then, with all the sophistry of a woman’s nature, which always endeavours to make excuses for what it loves, even when there are none to be made — ‘ He was busy, he was hurried, perhaps, and men are not like women, they never think of other people’s feelings when they are engaged or in a hurry. It was, it must be so, for even was he neglectful of her, he could not but be anxious to see his child whom he had never yet beheld.’ So argued poor Mary, till false hope again filled the aching void that disappointment had left in her heart. But again she repaired to the dell, and this time she waited till past midnight, drenched with rain, and almost blinded with lightning; but he never came.”

All kinds of misery, of course, follow; and when by chance Mary Lee

discovers that the *soi-disant* William Dale is Lord De Clifford, he plays villainous tricks by the dozen; denies his identity; endeavours to prove the girl insane; has her clapped, and her father too, into gaol; tried for an affair got up by his lordship in a Caleb Williams fashion; arraigned in miraculous style, and acquitted in a manner not to be found in any common law, and then let loose at the end of the novel to live and be happy, according to the usual authorities.

This, we believe, is a fair outline of the two stories of *Cheveley*. Lady Lytton Bulwer has done nothing better or worse than Sir Walter Scott in making real events subservient to the interest of a tale. In one of his most famous books, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, he confesses that he does no more than adhere to an old Scotch story.

“ By many,” he says, “ this tale may be deemed overstrained, romantic, and composed by the wild imagination of an author, desirous of gratifying the popular appetite for the horrible; but those who are read in the private family history of Scotland during the period in which the scene is laid, will readily discover, through the disguise of borrowed names and added incidents, the leading particulars of AN OWER TRUE TALE.”

The master of our modern novel-writing here admits that circumstances may be added, and incidents invented, which in spirit, though not in fact, harmonise with his tale; and in like manner we are to make due allowance for what is reality and what romance in the novel of *Cheveley*. We hope that there is but little or no truth for the harsher and darker features of the conduct of Lord De Clifford to Mary Lee, and that the event on which it is founded (for it is evident that there is *some* foundation for the story) is no worse than the commonplace calamity that happens so often,

“ When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And learns too late that men betray;”

which is bad enough without darkening it by projects of treachery, perjury, tyranny, contemplated murder, oppression, and baseness of every kind. If the person for whom Lord De Clifford is generally intended, could have ever behaved half as infamously as his representative in the novel, he is not merely

unfit for society or station, but, in the indignant words of Macduff, "unfit to live." We should also hope that the picture of Lord De Clifford's mother is overcharged, at least in the circumstance of her conniving at the profligacies, or rather openly pandering to the vices, of her sons. Instances of the kind may have occurred, but surely not to the shameless degree here exhibited. In like manner we must think that the Lady De Clifford of the novel is not in every respect identified with the lady who sits for the principal features of her character. There is, we should trust, no Mr. Mowbray in the real case, for he is a sadly dangerous neighbour to a married lady's toilet. The scene where he discovers her fainting from the effects of a blow given by her husband, is remarkably tender. While hanging over her in passionate love, and endeavouring to revive her, he finds about her neck,

"A very slight Venetian chain; he drew it out, and attached to it was the little purple enamel watch he had given young Julia. He touched the spring mechanically, the watch opened, and a white leaf dropped out: he raised it, thinking it might be a bit of paper that the child had placed there; but, on examining it, it proved to be the dried leaf of a water-lily, folded, and in small rose-coloured letters were painted on it the day and hour he had plucked it at Como.

"'By heavens she loves me!' cried he exultingly, as he kissed and replaced the silent tell-tale."

When she revives he bursts forth into the following flood of eloquence:—

"'Julia!' cried he, seizing her proffered hand, and kneeling passionately before her, 'all disguise is useless—the veil is rent—the idol has revealed its own mysteries—the dense masses of doubt—of danger—ay, and of duty, that concealed them, have crumbled around us, and the immutable truth has flooded my soul with a divine light, that neither time nor eternity can shadow nor extinguish.

"'Julia, you love me! Nay, tremble not, nor turn from me. Yes, you love me!—dear, dear words! It is your heart, and not your lips, which have pronounced them. That heart, which, in spite of yourself, is mine, will not, cannot conceal its minutest pulsation from me; and surely mine has not been in your possession so long, without convincing you that no other ever yet beat with the same devotion, the same truth,

the same purity of worship, towards any human being. I know all that you would say, and that others would suspect; for I know the fatal, the insurmountable barrier that exists between us; but is it because one shrine is richer than any other, that we cannot kneel at it, without being suspected of sacrilege? Were you like other women, I might love you with the ordinary love of men—if that more than brute selfishness, which destroys while it degrades, deserves that sacred name; but the moment I respected you less, I should love you less, think you, then?'

"'O God!' cried Julia, struggling to release her hand, 'have mercy on me. If you indeed love me, release me. You know I must not, ought not, to listen to such language from any human being. I know not what accident may have revealed to you my guilt, my unpardonable weakness! Despise me. I fear you must; but pity while you despise.'"

The love-letters that follow this discovery, are all of the same warm strain, and Julia has no notion of denying the soft impeachment. We are sure that there cannot be any thing of the kind in the real history on which this tale is founded.

We are, however, equally sure that the story related by Mowbray in his long letter in the second volume [pp. 224–254, it must have taken a quire of note-paper] has a very intimate connexion with the original of *dramatis personæ* here paraded. Mowbray tells it as of another lady, but it will not require any acute powers of perception to conjecture that its real application is to the lady shadowed forth as Lady De Clifford:—

"'I know,' says Mowbray, 'an instance, and only one, of a woman who had endured more, because she had loved more than you—and who was a better wife, because there was more scope for sacrifices and exertion in her lot than even in yours. Yes, Julia, that woman had loved her husband deeply and devotedly for years—had anticipated his every wish—concealed his every fault—promoted his every interest, real or imaginary—endured the violence of his temper, which vented itself in acts of personal brutality, that, even by his own acknowledgment, amounted to madness—had writhed severely, but silently, under the interference, jealousies, and falsehoods of his family; nay, more, had played the Griselda, when her hearth and home had been polluted by the presence of his mistresses—(when of her own sphere of life)—and, in point of money, had left

herself penniless to supply his extravagance. All this she did, and all this she bore, without a murmur for years, or without even letting her own mother guess at its existence; and, on one occasion, when he had committed a personal outrage on her, of so sanguinary and brutal a nature that he left his house and wrote to her, saying, 'that having eternally disgraced himself, he should fly the country, and announce ill health as the reason of his retirement from public life,' she, generously but foolishly pitying this Lucifer spirit in his fall, who never knew pity for, or remorse about, his conduct to her, brought him back, forgave, and hushed up every thing. But to be under such an obligation to a woman, and that woman his wife! was what his mean, sordid nature could never brook; and from that moment he organised a deep-laid plot against his poor victim.

"He spent a whole year in looking out for a mistress, as he would for a house or a horse, and when he found one to his mind (a low person, who, with her sisters, kept a school near a watering-place), the next thing was to take a villa for his wife, so as to have London to himself. This done, finding utter neglect not sufficient, and eternally telling her that they would be happier apart, he then spent six months in endeavouring to goad her into an open rupture, which, for the sake of her children, she was determined not to be goaded into.

"One day, in especial, she implored him, with tears, to tell her what she had done to displease him, or could do to please him: not in reality being able to say, his only answer was, '*the fact is, I never shall be able to get any thing out of my mother, as long as I am on terms with you!*'

"Against this there was, of course, no appeal. Time passed on, and having received his strict orders not to presume to go to London, which was within an hour's drive, she did as she was desired; till one day, her amiable husband having announced his intention of honouring her with his company at dinner, she waited till nine o'clock, when one of his grooms brought a letter from him, stating that he was dangerously ill. His wife, believing this, set off for town, whereupon, arriving at his house thus unexpectedly, she found not the invalid she expected, but unequivocal proofs of her husband's new and guilty *liaison*. Indignant and disgusted at the falsehood and wickedness of his whole conduct, she remained in town that night, and wrote him a letter, couched in pretty strong language; that is, calling him by the names he deserved—which, among the well-regulated

portion of society, whose words are always irreproachable, let their deeds be what they may, is, I believe, considered an unpardonable offence in a wife.

"Now mark the sequel. Upon the receipt of this violent letter, the husband went to a very distant relative of his wife's (for as he used to tell her in a manly and honourable manner, she had neither father nor brother, and therefore was completely in his power), and to this relation he declared upon oath (though the whole world knew to the contrary), that it was false about his having a mistress; and that the violence of his wife's temper made it impossible for him to live with her!—that he merely wished the separation to be temporary, as a short time might bring her to her senses. He then artfully proceeded to give her credit for every possible good quality—temper excepted—which was strange, as he had been for years in the habit of saying that he did not give her as much credit as others did, for the goodness and equanimity of her temper, as he considered it merely constitutional. However, it suited his purpose at this juncture that she should be a termagant, and, accordingly, such he declared her—adducing, as proofs of his assertion, the letters of an outraged and injured wife, who, after years of devotion and endurance, found, or rather knew herself, and her children, to be turned out of their home, to make way for an abandoned woman, and to save an adulterer the expense of two establishments. Of this she was at the time fully aware, and events have proved the truth of her information. But her relation, being a man of strict integrity and chivalric honour himself—though withal of a north-pole temperament, and a great respecter of the *commérage de société*, and cucumber convenances of martial authority, did not conceive that there could be any appeal from the solemn word of honour of a *sol-disant gentleman!* and therefore gave implicit credence to the husband's statements; negotiating the whole business much after the fashion of the worthy Scotch professor, who, being disturbed in the solution of his problems by a company of cats that held a concert under his window, threw up the sash, and in the most gentlemanlike and gentle manner, addressed them, as he would have liked himself and his family to have been accosted, by the civil appellations of ladies and gentlemen—accompanied by an equally courteous request that they would choose some other scene of action, and not molest him.

"Strange to say, this well-bred and pacific line of conduct had not the slightest effect upon his feline tormentors;

which induced him to proceed to what he thought a very strong and decisive measure; which was, again opening the window, and, in a clear and sonorous voice, reading the riot act to them; but, *mirabile dictu!* this also was unavailing; and the poor professor might have been suffering from their persecution till now, had not a friend opportunely come in and fired a pistol amongst them, which produced more effect than all the learned gentleman's bland remonstrances."

Why, certainly, this was rather too well-bred to be efficacious. One thrust of the bayonet, says Trim, tired of hearing the everlasting manœuvres of the tactical combatants. in *Rabclais*, is worth the whole of it. We are left in the dark as to the nature of the sanguinary outrage which called forth the anger of the lady, and the remorse, real or effected, of the gentleman; which made her cry out, like Zipporah to Moses, "A bloody husband thou art to me!" and him resolve to leave the land of his fathers, which he adorns by his virtues and talents; but we should think it must have been something as stern as what Horace complains of in the behaviour of Telephus to Lydia:—

"Sen tibi candidos

Turparunt humeros immodicæ mero

Rixæ; sive puer furens

Impressit memorem dente labris notam.

Non si me satis audias

Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbare

Ludentem oscula quæ Venus

Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit."

If she could have substantiated any thing like what she insinuates, we must say that the conduct of her relation was not what we should have thought according to Hoyle, or any thing rhyming thereunto. She and her husband separate, and in Mowbray's statement many petty insults and annoyances follow.

"She went with her children to a miserable and secluded village in Wales; there she remained for two years; her dear friends in London, of course, forgetting her with all possible expedition, and thinking it expedient to join forces with her husband,—he being a rising man, who kept a good *chef*, gave political dinners, and agreeable *soirées* to the most agreeable and notorious demireps in London. As for his immoralities, 'fellow feeling,' of course, made them 'wondrous kind' on that score; and for certain meannesses and brutalities, which the world, bad as it is, does not and cannot openly countenance, a few colossal and

skilful falsehoods soon gilded them into positive virtues or venial errors. Meanwhile his poor wife, added to the great and deep wrongs she had to bear, was surrounded by coarseness and vulgarity; which, while the miserable stipend her husband allowed her compelled her to endure, the habits of her life and her own natural refinement made almost unendurable. Still there were her children, and in looking forward to what they would be, from feeling justly proud of what they were, she endeavoured to forget the past, by living in the future; and the whole neighbourhood, vying with each other in kindness and attention to her, enabled her in some degree to wade through the present. But at length the difficulty of getting masters, and the vulgarity of the *locale*, induced her, for her children's sake, to return to England, and settle about two days' journey from London. This so infuriated her husband, who dreaded the truths that might transpire by returning so near her former ground, and which her absence and his diplomatic falsehoods had so successfully lulled to sleep, that he resolved upon the last cruelty and outrage in his power to inflict,—that of tearing her children from her; but not having a single thing to bring against her, this required even more than his usual caution and plausibility; for though the law of the land gives a father, however openly and notoriously profligate in his conduct, and careless of their interests, inalienable power over the persons of his children, yet the law of opinion always exacts certain dues, which, if not acceded to in truth, must be evaded by falsehood.

"Accordingly, his first pretext was, that he could not leave his children with her until he knew *where* she intended to live.

"Of course, had he really cared for his children, the *person* they were with, and not the *place* they were in, would have been the source of his anxiety; but, being a thorough-going Whig, *place* was naturally his only object. When informed of his wife's intended residence, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and said he thought it a very good place, and that he had no objection.

"Here, then, every one would have supposed the matter ended, and she was to have her children, but no,—next followed a set of frivolous, vexatious, and impossible—to-accede-to stipulations, which were, that if he allowed them to remain with her, she must never go out any where, as she had gone out more than he approved of in Wales, and had not devoted herself sufficiently, according to his notions, to her children. This, from such a father to such a mother, was

a little too much. The next stipulation was, that she must neither live in lodgings, nor at an hotel, nor in the house with any body else. Now, this latter stipulation he knew to be impossible; for from the miserable pittance he allowed her, while spending thousands on his own vices, had it not been for the kindness of friends, who permitted her to live with them, she could not have lived at all according to her sphere of life."

This is very sad work, and much more of the same kind of thing is behind. Mowbray, in conclusion, applying this evidently real story to the fate of the feigned heroine, adds:—

" ' Still, vague and sickening apprehensions crowd through my heart, when I think what *may* be; for a man that indulges in acts of personal violence towards his wife, must of necessity have recourse to so many falsehoods, and so much meanness, to retain his position in the world's opinion, that time infallibly obliterates even the shadow of respect which every virtuous woman wishes and tries to feel for her husband, be that husband what he may; and it is this stage of your married life that I dread; for the lady whose history I have just detailed to you I have known these ten years; and no two human beings ever differed more widely from each other, than that woman does now from her former self.

" ' When first I knew her, she was gay, happy, and confiding; ' with eyes that seemed to love whate'er they looked upon.' Now she knows no alternations but despair and frenzy; and the greatest proof of friendship any one could evince towards her would only make her ask, ' I wonder how soon they'll turn upon me? '

" ' There is something fearful in the breaking of a woman's heart. Her struggles against fate are so exhausting, yet so fruitless—her hopes of redress so impossible,—as well might a poor wretch, laden with irons in a condemned cell when a prison was on fire, hope or attempt to escape merely by their own crippled exertions, or by appeals to stone walls for mercy, as woman attempt to resist man's tyranny when he chooses to exercise it.' "

Now, this is much too sweeping a condemnation of all the male sex on account of the misdoings of one. The ladies may depend upon it that there are many very good people in the world, who, even though they are condemned to wear those innumerable garments, the mere allusion to which is sufficient to shock ears polite, are not guilty of tyranny in their own persons

against woman, individually or collectively, and would be found ready to protect her, if they found her exposed to it at the hands of others. We agree with those eminent expounders of canon law, Samson and Gregory, in *Romeo and Juliet*,—that the woman, being the weaker vessel, must go to the wall; and with an authority of a different kind, namely, John Milton, who lays it down in prose and verse, from *Te-trachordon* to *Paradise Lost*, that the woman should obey the marital rule, as she promised on receiving her wedding-ring; but then, on his side, the gentleman should so exercise his sway that his statutes should not be sharp, nor his commands biting.

Complaints, however, about the injustice of man, and the hopeless thralldom of women, are so abundant in *Cheveley*, that we become so much accustomed to them, as to pay them little attention, unless as melancholy marks of the angry feelings of its fair author. With only one or two pet exceptions, all her gentlemen are unamiable, or ridiculous. Those whom she met in the De Clifford circle appear to have been a queer crew; and it must be admitted that her sketches, if not very good-natured, are highly spirited and amusing, and evidently faithful. We can hardly conceive any thing more miserable than being obliged to herd with the tag-ends of a place-hunting clique, prating about liberality, and patriotism, and public virtue; while their hungry mouths are watering to be filled with any mess of garbage thrust into them by the dirtiest ministry that ever existed; and if, in addition to these offscourings of political society, there happen to be mixed up the low pretenders to literature,—the *vauntly* clever novelmonger,—the essayist on the state and prospects of society in Timbuctoo,—the little Pedlington critic on "theatricals"—the toadeater of playhouse stars who can afford eleemosynary admissions to "the houses,"—the men amazing in annual and celebrated in cyclopædia, with other rubbish of the same kind,—we should think the perfection of misery, so far as society is concerned, must be attained; but 'it is not fair, from such specimens, to be critical on all coteries, literary and political, whatever. As it is hardly worth while to waste our time on such poor game as Mr. Herbert Grimstone, Mr. Frederick Tredwell, Mr. Fuzboz, and so forth,

we shall pass them by, to make room for a sketch of Lord Melford, under which name is shadowed forth our illustrious premier, Lord Melbourne. He is made to apply to Cheveley, in the midst of some intrigues to get rid of Lord Denham, *i.e.*, Durham:—

“When Lord Cheveley reached — Street, it was about half-past three, but so dark, that the lamp in the hall was lit. The servant having given in his name before he got out of the carriage, the porter was duly prepared with his best bow; but to Cheveley's inquiry of whether any one was with Lord Melford, and if he could see him then? he remained silent; and the footman hesitated, till the groom of the chambers solved all difficulties by stepping forward from the inner hall, and saying, in a voice that might have brought over one-half the opposition.

“‘If your lordship will have the goodness to walk upstairs, my lord will be ready to receive you immediately.’

“So accordingly up he walked, and was shewn into a room, not over large, where blazed a bright fire of Kendal coal; on the table burnt a pair of candles in *or moulu*, or gilt library candlesticks; the groom of the chambers shook the cushions of a bergère, drew it to the fire, snuffed the candles, and withdrew. On the table were divers piles of printed foolscap packets, tied with red tape, such as bills passed, and to be passed, two or three volumes of parliamentary debates, *Smith's Wealth of Nations*, *Bentham on Popular Fallacies*, and a great curiosity, in the shape of a manuscript German-text copy of an unpublished work of Cicero's, *De Ordinandi Republica et de Inveniendis Orationum Exordiis*, the original of which was formerly in the possession of Cardinal Mazarin, and is at present, I believe, in the library at Vienna; there was also a most official profusion of envelopes, and huge sticks of red sealing-wax: under the former Lord Cheveley detected two other books.

“Upon drawing them forth, they proved to be the last *Book of Beauty*, and one of Paul de Kock's novels, *Le Mari*, *l'Amant*, *et la Femme*. Cheveley could not help smiling, as he remembered the practical knowledge the premier had had of all three characters, and how, under all the decencies and dignities of office, he had detected the nature of the man; but had scarcely replaced the books, sorry at having disturbed them, as they were evidently not intended for public view, when his attention was arrested by the loud opening of a door in the passage, and a voice exclaiming, rather above cabinet pitch, ‘Remember, I am either with you or against you, my lord:’ this

was followed by a forced cough from another person, and Lord Melford's voice calling loudly over the stairs for Lord Protocol's carriage. Lord Protocol was the utterer of the prophetic ‘remember,’ and the whole speech was in answer to Lord Melford's last attempt to get him to resign in favour of Lord Cheveley; however, no sooner had the sound of Lord Protocol's chariot-wheels died away in Park Lane, in their homeward course, than the folding-doors in the room where Lord Cheveley sat were opened by Lord Melford himself, who advanced with many smiles, and that two-handed cordiality which costs nothing, and often buys a great deal.

“‘I'm delighted to see you, my dear marquis, and hope I have the pleasure of being the first to call you so,’ said he, as he conducted Lord Cheveley through an inner room to a third, and closed the door. Cheveley took the fauteuil next the fire, that Lord Melford pointed to, but the latter stood opposite to him, his elbow leaning on the mantel-piece. Standing is a much more diplomatic position than sitting,—for if any thing occurs during a conference to disconcert or embarrass, it is much to shift one's position, and tutor one's countenance.

“‘The courier found you at Venice, did he not?’ recommenced Lord Melford.

“‘Yes,’ was the laconic reply.’ Here an awkward pause ensued, during which Lord Melford looked at the nails of his right hand. His lordship had been, what was called in the war, a remarkably handsome man, in those happy days when male attire was shapeless and voluminous as a balloon when the gas is out, and figure was of no account; indeed, his face was still handsome, and his eyes, though blue, had all the effect of being dark, and were not unlike the most beautiful eyes in the world, those of a Blenheim dog. The chief source of a long career of popularity had been a sort of triple bob-major laugh, in which he indulged, on all occasions, even when he did not win, and having been a promising young man for forty years, it was not easy, when, at length, he began to perform the part of a great man, to disencumber himself of this undignified laugh, which, then, like many other of his early friends, he would gladly have been rid of, and the effect of it was often ludicrous in the extreme,—for sometimes in the midst of a merry peal, the recollection of his present dignity would cause him to check it suddenly, which had precisely the same ridiculous effect as the sudden stop of the sudden laugh of the magician's trunkless head in ‘Zee, zi, zo, zoo,’ or the ‘Bronze Horse,’ as con-

verted into an Easter piece; and the instantaneous rigidity of the premier's muscles when he reined himself in, nearly threw every one else into convulsions. Montaigne says that 'fear sometimes adds wings to the hills, and sometimes nails them to the ground, and fetters them from moving,' and so it is with the tongue in the present instance: the fear of defeating his object, by being too precipitate, kept Lord Melford silent for a few seconds, and then made him resort to indifferent questions, to avoid coming too directly to the point.

"The De Cifords were at Venice, were they not?" asked he.

"Ye-s; it was with them I was staying."

"She's a handsome person, don't you think so?"

"Ve-very;" and Cheveley got a most troublesome fit of coughing.

"He's clever in a way; writes good political articles," persisted Lord Melford.

"I can't fancy his doing any thing well; but then I dislike him so very much, that I am not an impartial judge."

"He's a disagreeable man certainly; such a pompous, stilted manner."

"I think him an egregious fool besides."

"I believe he is somewhat of a fribble," conceded his ally, the premier; dabbles in carving and gilding, and fusses about tables and chairs."

This is very good indeed, and so are all the touches descriptive of the utter meanness, fribble frivolity, and intensely low life of the puff-hunting clique of Whig litterateurs. We cannot make room, however, for further extracts. It is plain that Lady Lytton Bulwer has been disgusted, if not ill used; and we wonder not, therefore, that "man delights not her." We are sorry to add, "nor woman neither." It was, perhaps, impossible not to have a satiric fling at the Dowager Lady de Clifford, who, whether correctly or not, is made as amusing as Mrs. Malaprop; but it is quite unfair that other ladies, whose only crime appears to have been their acquaintance with the author of *Pelham*, should be caricatured without ceremony. The sketch of Lady Stepney [vol. iii. p. 81, &c.], for example, is quite unjustifiable. Sneers and jests, sarcasms and sobriquets, are heaped upon her; and yet the worst fault of which we find her ladyship accused is, that she has for a "number of years thoroughly wormed herself by falsehood, flattery, and accommodating

conduct, into the good graces of every one, either in society or literature, whom she thought worth toadying; her plan being, like that of the illustrious Roman [*Alban, Lady Bulwer*], who stood aloof on the top of the hill, till he saw which side victory favoured, to be neuter in all differences, conjugal or otherwise, till she saw which party was the strongest, and then join that." Now, there is just so much truth in this sarcasm, that Lady Stepney has thoroughly won the good graces of every one, either in society or literature—and she has mixed with the highest names of both—who have had the pleasure of her acquaintance. If a constant desire to confer graceful obligations, or material service, to the utmost of her power, be flattery, falsehood, or toadying, to these charges Lady Stepney must plead guilty; but certainly in no other sense. And we are strongly of opinion that ladies in general will find it much happier for themselves, and much more conducive to the interests of the persons concerned, not to interfere in differences, conjugal or otherwise, even though one, or perhaps both, of the parties, may be inclined to construe a neutrality, dictated at once by good sense and good nature, into a leaning to the opposite side. We are sure that the fashionable world would run more smoothly if the rule of "accommodating conduct," here sneered at as a blemish, were adopted by many a lady, who with higher pretensions to wit and brilliancy, does not think it worth while to add to her accomplishments that kindness and courtesy which have rewarded Lady Stepney with "the good graces of every one in society or literature." The ladies, after a little practice, would find it personally far pleasanter, as well as more agreeable to those who have the honour of associating with them.

Lady Stepney's novels also come in for a share of critical censure:—

"As I have never yet met with any one who had succeeded in reading her ladyship's books, it may be interesting to people to know the style of her writings: this they may do through a very delightful medium, that of reading the ninth number of *Nicholas Nickleby*, as the *Chamberlain's Daughter*, and the *Old Road to Ruin*, were precisely in the same milk-and-water-run-mad school of the *Lady Flabella*,—that charming novel which Kate Nickleby read out to Mrs. Wit-

terley, and which that lady thought 'so soft,' while Kate (a point in which most persons will be likely to agree with her) thought it 'very soft.'"

No criticism could be more unfair. Mere accident made us omit noticing the *Courtier's Daughter* at the time of its appearance, and it is now too late to remedy the defect. We may say, however, that its story is interesting, abounding in diversified incident, and well preserving its secret to the critical moment. If it be milk-and-water, its milk is that of perfect kindness, and its water

"Those streams which pity doth delight to raise."

The characters are skilfully drawn from the real life in which her ladyship has mixed; and we were particularly struck by the truth and correctness of the handsome and honourable tribute which is paid there to the late Duke of York. It came upon us as the voice of an old friend.

At all events there is no chance that any one will accuse *Cheveley* of being milk-and-water. We perceive, indeed, in some quarters already a bitter complaint of the hardness of heart, the recklessness, the want of feeling, the *et-ceteras* of all cruel kinds displayed in it. These accusations Lady Bulwer must have expected when she meddled with the wasps of the press, and

they only prove that her hits have told, else there would have been no such lamentation in the circles to which we refer. As to the remorse with which we perceive they destine her to be visited, we rather think she may take that very easily. We candidly confess, however, that we wish talents like hers were directed to higher and less embittering efforts, and that her *husband* was not selected as the principal study for satire. We are sure that Sir Edward is by no means so bad as the character given to De Clifford; but not being here called upon to pronounce an opinion on domestic differences, we shall not say how far he may have gone to deserve it from his lady. Some traits and incidents in *Cheveley* do certainly afford a key to many strange things in his late novels, which will be valuable to future commentators upon those national works, some hundred years hence.

We saw it asserted that, in the classical quotations, which are unnecessarily abundant in this novel, Lady Bulwer was assisted by a gentleman. We should hope not. A lady may be pardoned for making slips in a language which she cannot have habitually studied; but really if a man was concerned in the affair, his head would be in a sad plight if it were knocked about as often as he has broken that of Priscian.

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN.

No. IV.

CHARON; OR, THE LOOKERS-ON.

SCENE I.

MERCURY meeting CHARON emerging, near Olympus, from the infernal regions.*

Mercury. Why art thou laughing, Charon? on what errand
Hast thou come hither to the light of day,
Leaving thy bark? It little is thy wont
To intermeddle with affairs above.

Charon. I wished, O Mercury, to see the course 5
Of things in life, and what men do in it;
And what it is they lose when it departs
That sends them groaning to the nether world;
For no man sails across unwet with tears.
I therefore begged from Pluto that I might, 10
Like that Thessalian lad, ascend to earth,
Leaving my boat deserted for a day.
And by good luck methinks I've met with thee;
For I am sure that thou wilt lead me round,
Guiding my stranger steps, and pointing out 15
All that I seek to know.

Mer. Good ferryman,
I have no leisure; for, upon the bidding
Of the supernal Jupiter, I go,
Bent on a message relative to men.
And he is quick of temper; and I fear 20
That if I loiter on my task, he may
Make me yours altogether,—to the realms
Of darkness banished; or, as late he did
To Vulcan, seize me also by the foot,
And from the heavenly threshold fling me sheer; 25
So that I, too, as limping cupbearer,
Should be a mark for laughter.

Cha. Wilt thou, then,
Neglect me thus wandering in vain on earth,
Thine old companion, and thy brother-sailor;
Thy colleague in the transport service?^b Nay, 30
Offspring of Maia, better 'twould become thee
To call to memory that I ne'er required
Thine aid to pump, or pull an oar with me.
Stretched on the thwarts, thou, a broad-shouldered fellow,
Snored at thine ease; or if among the passengers 35
We had some prating ghost, chattered with him
Through all the voyage, leaving it to me,
Old as I am, to pull a pair of oars,
Rowing alone. But, for thy father's sake,
Dear little Mercury, don't leave me here; 40
But take me round, and shew me every thing
The living world contains, that so I may
See something ere I travel back again.
If thou shouldst thus abandon me, in nothing
Would I excel the blind, who in the dark 45
Stumble and slip, as, on the contrary,
The daylight makes me blink. So grant this favour,

Cyllenius, which for ever shall I store
In grateful memory.

Mer. This affair, methinks,
Will be a case of beating : I foresee 50
This tour will bring me a reward of bumps ;
But I comply. When a friend urges so,
What other can I do ? But, ferryman,
As for an accurate view of every thing,
'Tis quite impossible ; it would require 55
A stay of many years, and I should be
Proclaimed in hue-and-cry a runaway
From Jupiter ; and thou the tasks of death
Should leave undone, not ferrying o'er the shades
For such a length of time, defrauding so 60
Pluto's exchequer, to the discontent
Of Æacus, his chancellor, who would miss
The customary penny. We must think
How I can point thee out the chiefest matters.

Cha. Be'thine, good Mercury, to plan what's best ; 65
For I know nothing of the things on earth,
Being but a stranger.

Mer. Charon, then, in brief,
We want some lofty place, whence every thing
Could be discerned. If it were possible 70
For thee to mount to heaven, the thing were easy ;
For from that pinnacle thou all the world
Could in its circuit accurately view.
But since it is not consonant that thou,
Habitual dweller with the shadowy dead,
Should mount into the regal domes of Jove, 75
We must seek out some lofty mountain.

Cha. Mercury,
Thou knowest what I was wont to say to thee
When we have sailed together. If the wind
Should strike the sail athwart ; or when the wave
Was boisterous, and ran billows, ye would then, 80
Out of your ignorance of sea affairs,
Bid me take in the sail, or slack the sheet,
Or run before the wind ; then would I bid ye
Keep your tongues quiet, for I best could judge.
Take the same course thyself, and do whate'er 85
Seems to thee right, as thou art now the helmsman ;
While I, as passengers should do, will sit
In silence, all obedience to thine orders.

Mer. Thou sayest right ; I know what should be done :
I'll find a proper spot for observation. 90
[*To himself.*] Is Caucasus fit ? or is Parnassus higher ?
Or this Olympus here surpassing both ?—
Ay ! and Olympus brings into my head
A notion not to be despised.—But thou [*To CHARON*]
Must take thy share of toil, and help my labour. 95

Cha. Command. I'll help thee to my utmost power.

Mer. Homer, the poet, tells us that the sons
Of Aloëus—two, as we, in number,—
Being but mere boys, tore Ossa from its roots,
And piled it on Olympus ; and upon it 100
Planted Mount Pelion ; thereby, as they thought,
Making a ladder to ascend the heavens.
These impious youths with fitting punishment
Were chastened. Cannot we, who mean no harm
Against the gods, build up a similar pile ; 105

Rolling up mountain upon mountain, so
To have from loftier spot a clearer view ?

Cha. And can we, Mercury, being only two,
Lift Pelion upon Ossa ?

Mer. Why not, Charon ?
What ! are we weaker than a pair of brats—
Both of us gods ?

110

Cha. No ; but the thing appears
Somewhat incredible—a swelling vaunt
Of power exaggerated.^c

Mer. Ay ! like enough
Thou art plain commonplace, and not at all
Versant in poesy. But noble Homer
Made in two lines heaven scalable, with ease,
Bringing the hills together. And I marvel
That this should seem so wonderful to thee,
Who know'st that Atlas, merely singlehanded,^d
Alone upholds the globe, carrying us all.
And thou hast heard, perhaps, how Hercules,
My brother, once relieved this very Atlas
A short time from the weight, slipping himself
Beneath the burden.

115

120

Cha. Yes, I heard of it ;
But thou, good Mercury, and the bards must know
If all these tales are true.

125

Mer. Most true, O Charon !
On what account should men so wise as they
Tell falsehoods ? Let us, then, with levers lift
First Ossa, as the master-builder, Homer,
Does in his verse direct us.

130

“ On Ossa, Pelion rustling with its leaves.”

[They place Pelion on Ossa.]

Look ! how at once with ease and poetry
We have our work effected ! I shall mount
And see, if 'twill suffice, or if there be
Need of a further piling. Whew ! we're yet
Down at the root and bottom of the sky.
For to the east Ionia scarce and Lydia
Appear in sight ; and to the west not more
Than Italy and Sicily : on the north
Only the lands about the Danube. Down
Southward I see but Crete, and that not clear.
We must, it seems, move Ceta also, Charon,
And then Parnassus over all.

135

140

Cha. Let's do so ;
But pray take care we do not make our work
Too slender, lengthening it beyond proportion ;
For if it topple down, we shall experience
The bitterness of Homer's architecture
Fracturing our skulls.

145

Mer. Take courage : all is safe.
Bring hither Ceta ; roll me up Parnassus.

[Piles the mountains.]

I mount once more. All's right, for the whole world
Can now be seen. Come, ferryman, climb up.

150

Cha. Give me thy hand, for, Mercury, thou makest me
Ascend no petty structure.

Mer. If thou wilt
See the world, Charon, thou must not expect
To shun all danger, and indulge at once
Thy curious disposition. Hold me by

155

The right hand, and take care thou dost not step
 Upon a slippery spot. Well done! Thou also
 Hast gained the summit ; and, as Mount Parnassus
 Is double-topped, we each can choose a peak ; 160
 And, seated there, we now on all things round
 May cast our eyes, and pass them in review.

SCENE II.

Summit of Parnassus. MERCURY on one peak. CHARON on the other.

Cha. I see much land outspread, and a large lake
 Flowing around it ; mountains, too, and rivers,
 Than Pyriphlegethon or Cocytus wider ; 165
 And men of petty stature, and their dens.

Mer. What seem to thee their dens, in fact, are cities.

Cha. Knowest thou, O Mercury, our labour's lost ?
 It is in vain we have disturbed Parnassus,
 It's Castaly, and Ceta.

Mer. How is this ? 170

Cha. Naught can I see distinctly from this height ;
 I wished to see not merely town and mountains,
 As in a map, but men themselves, and what
 They say and do ; just as when first you met me,
 And asked me why I laughed. A thing I heard 175
 Had tickled me extremely

Mer. What was that ?

Cha. A man invited by some friend to supper,
 I fancy, for to-morrow, in reply
 Said, " I shall surely come ; " and, as he spoke,
 A tile fell tumbling, moved I know not how, 180
 Off of a roof and killed him. So I laughed
 To find him break his promise. Let's get down,
 That I may see and hear what's going on.

Mer. Keep quiet : I shall remedy thy need ;
 And, in a twinkling, make thee sharp of sight. 185
 And for this purpose, also, I shall take
 My charm from Homer. When I speak the verses,
 Thou must no longer blink with eye bedimmed,
 But see all plainly.

Cha. Then pronounce the words.

Mer. " I purge the mist once spread before thine eye,
 That gods and men thou clearly mayest descry." 190

Cha. What's this ?

Mer. Thou now canst see ?

Cha. Most wonderfully !

Lynceus himself was blind compared to me.
 Now come, commence the lecture, answering
 Whatever I inquire. But dost thou wish 195
 My questions should be put in Homer's style,
 To shew I am not ignorant of Homer ?

Mer. What couldest thou know of him, who all thy life
 Hast been a sailor, tugging at the oar ?

Cha. Look you ! I stand no insults on the craft. 200
 After his death I ferried him across ;
 And of the verses that he spouted forth,
 Some I can still remember. As it happened,
 No trifling tempest caught us ; and he straight
 Commenced a chant, that sounded not delightful 205
 To those who then were sailing ; for he sang

How Neptune, gathering the clouds, disturbed
 The deep, and, with his trident for a ladle,
 Stirred up the sea, arousing all his tempests.[†]
 But as the song proceeded, on a sudden 210
 There came a darkening squall, which had well-nigh
 Upset the boat. It made the poet sea-sick ;
 And he threw up a flood of rhapsodies,
 Of Scylla, and Charybdis, and the Cyclops.

Mer. It was not hard, from such a copious vomit, 215
 To save some verses.

Cha. Wilt thou, then, inform me,
 "Who is that thick and brawny wight, of wondrous strength and size,[‡]
 Who doth above his brother men by head and shoulders rise?"

Mer. Milo, of Croton he, the wrestler, whom
 The Greeks are now saluting with applause 220
 For lifting up a bull, and carrying it
 Through the mid stadium.

Cha. With much greater justice
 Should they applaud me, Mercury, who ere long
 Will lift, and carry to my little skiff,
 Milo himself, when he comes down to us, 225
 Thrown in a wrestling-match by Death, that most
 Unconquered of antagonists, not knowing
 How he was laid by the heels. He then will groan,
 Calling to mind his crowns, and these loud plaudits.
 But now, while proud of heart, and mark of wonder 230
 For bearing off the bull, can we suppose
 That he imagines he shall ever die?

Mer. How can he think of death at such a time,
 In his full flower of strength?

Cha. Let him alone ;
 He shall afford us soon a hearty laugh. 235
 When, in my boat, he shall have strength no longer,
 Even to lift a gnat, much less a bull.
 Now turn we to another. Who is he,
 That man of grave aspect? By his attire
 He does not seem a Greek.

Mer. That man is Cyrus, 240
 Son of Cambyses, who has to the Persians
 Transferred the empire which the Medes once held.
 And he has lately vanquished the Assyrians,
 And taken Babylon ; and now he seems
 Bent on invading Lydia, there to gain, 245
 By conquering Cræsus, universal sway.

Cha. And where is Cræsus?

Mer. Cast thine eyes upon
 That lofty city with the triple wall.
 'Tis Sardis. Cræsus there thou mayst behold,
 Seated on golden throne, and holding converse 250
 With Solon, the Athenian. Dost thou wish
 To hear what they are saying?

Cha. Yes, by all means.

SCENE III.

Vision of Sardis. Palace of CRÆSUS.

SOLON and CRÆSUS conversing. MERCURY and CHARON listening from
Parnassus.

Cræs. "Athenian guest, since thou hast seen my wealth,
 My treasures, and my stores of unstamped gold,

- And all the other splendours that surround me, 255
 Say truly which of mankind dost thou hold
 To be the happiest?"
- [*Cha.* What will Solon say?
Mer. Be not afraid. Nothing unworthy, Charon.]
- Sol.* "O Cræsus, few are happy; but of those 260
 Whom I have met with, Cleobis and Biton,
 Sons of the priestess, I esteem most happy."
 [*Cha.* Sons of the Argive priestess, those who lately
 At the one moment died, after they had drawn
 Their mother in her chariot to the temple.]
- Cræs.* "So be it: let them hold the foremost place 265
 Of happiness. Whom settest thou in the second?"
Sol. The Athenian Tellus; excellent in life,
 And dying for his country.
- Cræs.* Why, thou wretch!
 Dost thou not count me happy?
- Sol.* Not until
 Thy final day has come can I decide 270
 That question, Cræsus: for the certain test
 Of human things is death, and to have lived
 Happily to the last."
- [*Cha.* Well answered, Solon—
 We do not scape thy memory—the boat
 By thee is deemed criterion best of life! 275
 But who are those whom Cræsus sends away?
 What bear they on their shoulders?
- Mer.* Golden ingots,
 Intended for the Pythian, as the price
 Of oracles by which he soon will be
 Lost like his gold. The man is prophet-mad. 280
- Cha.* Is that, then, gold—that shining thing, that glistens
 Of yellow colour, with a reddish tinge?
- Mer.* Yes, Charon, that is gold; the object of
 So many battles, and so many songs!
- Cha.* And yet I do not see what use it serves 285
 Save to oppress the bearers with its weight.
- Mer.* Thou knowest not, then, what wars that metal breeds—
 What treasours, perjuries, murders, robberies,
 Prisons, long voyages, slavery, and traffic.
- Cha.* For that which differs scarce at all from brass! 290
 With brass I am acquainted, as thou know'st,
 Taking an obolus from those I ferry.
- Mer.* But brass is plenty, therefore not much valued,
 And miners dig of this but scanty portions
 Out of the depths of earth—for from the earth 295
 It comes, like lead, or any other metal.
- Cha.* Strange human folly, to admire with love
 So passionate this heavy, yellow thing!
- Mer.* But Solon, there, does not appear to love it,
 As thou perceivest, for he laughs at Cræsus, 300
 And all the pompous airs of the barbarian.
 But now, methinks, the Athenian means to speak:
 Let's listen, therefore.]
- Sol.* "Tell me, Cræsus, think'st thou
 The Pythian wants thine ingots?"
- Cræs.* Yes, by Jove!
- In Delphi is there no such offering. 305
- Sol.* Thou thinkest, therefore, that the god will be
 By thee made happier, if, 'mid other stores,
 He numbers golden ingots?
- Cræs.* And why not?

Sol. Thou tellest me of much poverty in heaven,
If the gods, Cræsus, when they wish for gold, 310
Must send for it from Lydia.

Cræs. Whence elsewhere
Can so much gold be found as is with us?

Sol. Answer me this in turn. Is iron found
In Lydia?

Cræs. Not in general.

Sol. Then ye want
The better metal.

Cræs. How? Is iron better 315
Than gold?

Sol. If thou wilt answer without anger,
I'll teach thee.

Cræs. Then interrogate me, Solon.

Sol. Which are the better, they who save, or they
Who are by others saved?

Cræs. The saviours, doubtless.

Sol. Well, then, if, as some tell us, Cyrus falls 320
Upon the Lydians, wilt thou then provide
Thy troops with swords of gold; or wilt thou need
The help of iron?

Cræs. Of iron, doubtlessly.

Sol. If that be not provided, then thy gold
Will go to Persia captive.

Cræs. Speak not words 325
Of evil omen.

Sol. May the gods forbid
Such things to happen; but thou art convicted
Of owning iron nobler far than gold.

Cræs. Dost thou then order that I should recall
The golden ingots I have sent the god, 330
And send him iron instead?

Sol. He wants them not,—
Iron, or brass, or gold. Whate'er thou offerest
Will be a booty, and a spoil for others,
From Phocis, or Bæotia, ay, or Delphi;
Or for some tyrant-robber; but the god 335
Cares nothing for thy gold-artificers. [Sardis vanishes.

Mer. The Lydian, Charon, cannot bear this truth
And liberty of speech. It seems to him
A matter passing strange to hear plain facts
Spoken by a poor man freely without dread; 340
But, before long, he will remember Solon,
When he must needs ascend the funeral-pile
Captive to Cyrus. For I lately heard
Clotho herself reading the several fates
Destined to men, in which these things are written,— 345
That Cræsus should be captive unto Cyrus;
And that the conqueror, Cyrus, should be slain
By her of Massagetia. Seest thou not
That Scythian woman on a white horse mounted?

Cha. I do, by Jove.

Mer. Her name is Tomyris; 350
With her own hand doomed to lop Cyrus' head,
And then to cast it in a bag of blood.
Thou seest the son of Cyrus, too, a youth?
He is Cambyzes. On his father's death
He will be monarch, and a thousand blunders 355
Commit in Lybia and in Æthiop-land;

And, at the last, with madness seized will die,
After destroying Apis.

Cha.

Store of laughter!

But now we scarcely dare to look on them,
With haughty scorn regarding all the world :
Who can believe that in a little time
One shall be captive, and the other's head
Laid in a bag of blood?

360

(To be continued.)

^a See v. 92, 3. ^b v. 30. *συνδιάκτορες*. Hemsterhuys interprets the word *διάκτορες*, as "messenger;" but that can hardly apply here. It must signify a "conductor," viz., of the dead; one employed *διαγὰν τὰς ψυχάς*. ^c v. 113. *τὸ πρᾶγμα δοκίμοι ἀπίθανον τινα τὴν μεγαλοεργίαν ἔχουσιν*. Translated by Petr. Mosellanus, "res ipsa incredibilem quandam magnifici operis ostentationem continere videtur." ^d v. 119. In some editions, *ὡς ἔμμεν*; but *ὡς ἔμ* is necessary for the contrast here intended. ^e v. 179. The words spoken by the invited guest are merely "*μάλιστα ἔξω*;" *ἐς τὴν ὑστέραιαν* should not be united with them as in many editions, but with *κλεῖσις*. "A man invited by a friend for to-morrow, to supper I suppose, replied: 'I'll come by all means.'" ^f v. 190. Hom. *Il.* i. 127. ^g v. 209. The text in the ordinary editions needs transposition. The words, *κυκλῶν τὴν θάλασσαν*, must apply to the action of Neptune in stirring the sea, and not at all to Homer, whose verses could not have had the effect of occasioning the storm on the Styx. We have transposed them; and *ὕπὸ τῶν ἰσῶν* must connect with *ἱμνιστῶν*. ^h v. 217. Hom. *Il.* v. 226. Parodying *Ἀχαιῶς* by *πάχιστος*. ⁱ v. 284. *τὸ ἀοιδόμον ὄνομα, καὶ περιμάχητον*. The *ἀοιδόμον* probably refers to the praises bestowed on gold in the first lines of the first Olympic of Pindar; *ὄνομα* seems to be an interpolation.

THREE SONNETS BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

I.

SAGACITY OF THE XXII.

FIVE nights! five nights! A hundred columns full!
 In weary, weary drowsiness dragged on!
 As at the birth of Og—see glorious John*—
 "The midwife laid her hand on his fat skull,
 With this prophetic blessing, *Be thou dull.*"
 So it would seem Reform has laid upon
 Our Whig majority like benison.
 But as of *twenty-two* (forgive the bull)
Thirty-and-six are placemen, we must own,
 In spite of all this muddy mass of prose,
 No lack of self-preserving wit was shown,
 When the division-moment came, by those
 Whom cross-bun rhymes would call "the pretty elves,"
 Not *buying* (they are *bought*), but "voting for themselves."

II.

ELOQUENCE OF THE XXII.

Even the bright flashing of George Sinclair's wit
 Failed to illumine this dense, dull debate;
 'Twas wasted after Russell's priggish prate—
 Rice's small gabble from the robes of Pitt.
 Shiel's tawdry tropes, for Tipperary fit
 (As murdering the queen's English), the big brogue
 Brayed from each tail-composing fool or rogue;
 The drivelling venom by O'Connell spit,
 And Bulwer's leaden periods. Such the style
 Of ministerial speaking; one alone,
 John Temple Leader, took a loftier tone,
 Spurning the Whig impostors, base and vile.
 But to what purpose, when at last his vote
 In the division went with grovelling Grote?

III.

TRIUMPH OF THE XXII.

And joy is spread through Downing Street,—such joy
 As in the convict cell the trembling thief
 Feels when he hears the respite's short relief,—
 Sure of the rope at last. With like alloy
 Is Whig rejoicing mixed. But, John, my boy,
 Take thou this soothing solace in thy grief,
 Though thy majority is rather brief,
 It will allow thee (and themselves) to enjoy
 Another quarter's salary, the end
 And object of the vote. Thy Tory foes,
 Being in no hurry, can the time attend,
 Strengthening their numbers every hour that goes.
 [As for rats Gibson, Goddard, and Bob Ingham,
 Ipswich, South Shields, and Cricklade, sure must fling 'em.]

M. O'D.

Bellamy's, April 20, 1839.

* Absalom and Achitophel.

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No. IV.

THE KNIGHTS OF ARISTOPHANES.—NO. I.

It is the glorious privilege of Poetry, that the cloud of years works no change in the beauty of her architecture; and that while the civil tempest, or the moral hurricane, rages and sweeps over the agitated surface of society, she can close her gates upon Time, and listen unmoved to the war of elements and the desolation of nature. The flowers of fancy, nursed in the stimulating and noxious atmosphere of fashion—the little shrines erected by admiring coteries to the memory of some sentimental sonneteer—may, indeed, be rooted up by the blast of detraction, or undermined by the powerful current of popular prejudice. But the verdant strength of the tree of genuine poetry lifts up its luxuriant beauty uninjured, though shaken; and when all around is dark and sorrowful, continues to give its blossoms and its perfume to the common air. Even the sins and the errors of those who pluck its fruits, take nothing from its precious influences; the earth of paradise seems still to enrich its root, and the dew of blessing seems still to fall upon its branches. The tamarind-tree, in the stories of the East, has its attendant fairy; and poetry, also, possesses its train of spiritual beings, radiant as that company which shone upon the eyes of Chaucer. The Muses of Pathos and of Mirth pitch their tents under its boughs; and Fancy, the Lady of the

Leaf, makes a perpetual brightness in the shady places.

All the fruit of poetry is, in one sense, incorruptible and undying; but some of its clusters appear to retain a fresher bloom and fragrance. It cannot be denied that the serious delineations of the human mind and character have descended to us in the most perfect preservation; and that the colours which the imagination produces out of tears, are more lasting than those which it derives from the sunshine of the bosom. Butler is admired—in tradition; Gray is revered—in the heart. Occasional and temporary deviations from this rule may probably be suggested, and we may name a remarkable one. Etheredge flourished while Oblivion prepared to lay himself down upon the hearse of Milton; the sportive banter of Farquar rang in the popular ear, when the harp of Dryden was silent; and the dissonant clamours of a carnival drowned the majestic eloquence of Taylor, and almost stifled the wood-notes of Shakspeare. But these wanderings of taste were indulged but for a little season. The flashes of summer lightning only played along the horizon; the mist soon melted away, and the intellectual Daylight was seen standing jocund upon the mountain-top.

To preserve the perfect savour of wit, is almost as difficult as to define

it. Nothing, says the most famous humorist in English literature, is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, or so apt to suffer in the carriage. Wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent Garden; and such a one, that is nowhere intelligible beyond Hyde Park. These are the words of Swift, whose own inimitable satires have long ago begun to feel the changes of fashion and of time; and whose luxuriant imagination loses half of its richness and verdure, in the uncongenial atmosphere of modern habits and education. The same remark applies with equal force to the pleasantry of Lucian, the buffoonery of Rabelais, the malignity of Martial, and the urbane gaiety of Horace. In proportion to the personality of the wit, seems to be the rapidity of its evaporation. The brilliant portraits of Dryden—the poetical Rembrandt of his age—and the more delicately finished miniatures of Pope, require the reviving hand of the accomplished annotator. They must be hung in the light of criticism, before the character or the individuality of the picture can be ascertained. So it is with the sparkling dramatists of the reign of Charles the Second, those fire-flies, whose airy evolutions and glancing plumage emit an unhealthy lustre in that night of all that is noble and inspiring in our literature. The leprosy of vice has, indeed, eaten into and corroded the richest colours of their pencil; but this disease, venomous and deadly as it is, would not alone have obscured the vividness of their wit, or benumbed the vivacity of their invention. Their costume and conversation, their puns and their paintings, their sallies and their scandal—all wear a faded look; and the Pelham, of the nineteenth century, scarcely recognises the Sir Fopling Flutter of the seventeenth.

Cowper, in one of his admirable letters to Unwin, touches very happily upon the change of our habits:—"When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and

painted casements, the Gothic porch smothered with honey-suckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edging, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their tastes, should resemble us in any thing else." The poet adds, that in every other respect they were our exact counterparts; and that time, though it has sewed up the slashed sleeve, has left human nature just where it found it.

But there is one painful feeling which perpetually suggests itself during our perusal of the works of the illustrious departed—the oblivion of themselves.

While the mental history of genius may be studied in its works, the personal history of genius is too often sought for in vain; age, more inexorable than the Emathian conqueror, overthrows the poet's dwelling, and the sunshine no longer reflects, upon the grass of the Sabine farm, the form of its famous possessor. Even the torch of criticism scatters only a glimmering and feeble ray into the darkness, and frequently misleads our footsteps by the uncertainty of its shining. We pursue an image, and find it to be a shadow; but these disappointments, instead of deadening, only serve to quicken and revive our curiosity. We continue to recall, from their silent beds, the early monarchs of the kingdoms of the mind, and to gaze with reverential awe upon the gray fathers of the intellectual world. It is, indeed, a saddening thought, that of them who ever speak to us in their writings, we should know nothing even from tradition; and that, like the pre-Adamite princes in the Hall of Eblis, their features should be faintly and ghastly discerned by our eyes, while their fame, like the rush of many waters, is resounding in our ears. The traveller beholds, with melancholy recollections, the pelican breeding tranquilly in the city of a hundred gates; and

"The Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the East once grasped in lordly paw,"

supplanted by the black tent of the wandering Arab; the historian sighs over the faded pageantry of the iron field, and the silent chamber of the barbaric castle; but the student has the heaviest eye, who mourns the bene-

factors of mankind for ever excluded from his mortal contemplation, and only lingering upon the memory, like the face of a guest who tarrieth but a single day.

Whichever way we turn, the same melancholy reflection oppresses us. Look, for example, at Homer: of the sixteen lives of the poet recorded by Tatian, that by Herodotus alone remains, and of this the spuriousness is generally admitted. We have also a short account attributed to Plutarch, certainly of very ancient date, but of very doubtful reputation. If we inquire the origin of his name, what is the reply? Because he was blind, says Ephorus; because he followed the Lydians out of Smyrna, says Aristotle; because he was delivered up as a hostage, declares Proclus; because he had a mark upon his thigh, affirms a fourth: Joshua Barnes proved him to be King Solomon; and Coleridge arrived at the conclusion that Homer is a concrete name for the rhapsodies of the *Iliad*. After all, we know a single fact which is beyond dispute; and this we gather from the poems themselves, that the author was born and lived in Asia Minor. This is the summary of all his biographies,—if we would be acquainted with Homer, we seek him before the walls of Troy, or in the chamber of Penelope.

So again, glance for an instant from the founder of the epic, to the founder of the drama, and examine how far your acquaintance with *Æschylus* exceeds your intimacy with Homer; and how many fragments can be gathered up of the history of Pindar, of Sophocles, or of Menander. The same, and even a thicker mist, hangs over the page of the ancient historians. Of their private life we possess no information. The most beautiful incident in the history of Thucydides, his weeping when he heard Herodotus recite his history at the Olympic games, a circumstance which Dodwell assigned to his fifteenth year, has been rejected by the more incredulous spirit of modern inquiry. The utility of this subterranean criticism, which undermines so many beautiful structures, grown gray in the lapse of centuries, may at least be questioned. Every thing is unsettled, and nothing proved; and in the place of a faith that decorated, as it were, the ruins of the earlier ages, we are driven into a cold

and unfruitful scepticism. In our own time, the lives of Surrey and Shakspeare have thus been stripped of their most pleasing ornaments. Unfortunately for us, Thucydides was not an egotist, and never mentions himself, if he can avoid it. Of his education, little is recorded; of his marriage, different accounts are given; of the place of his burial, conjecture speaks; of his only child, history has not preserved even the name. Thucydides, in a remarkable manner, to employ the emphatic expression of Smith, succeeded in annihilating himself: it is an art, unfortunately, with which all great men have been abundantly endowed.

Descending into modern times, and into the golden age of Italian literature, how might we rejoice to have obtained a sketch, by some ingenious Boswell, of the domestic economy, the table-talk, the opinions and manners, of the author of the *Divine Comedy*; an interior, after the fashion of Flemish art; to have been admitted into the study of the starry Galileo; to have beheld Ariosto arming his knights; or Tasso illuminating, with his sacred chivalry, the desolation of Jerusalem; or Petrarch weeping harmonious tears over the hearse of Laura. The poet of Arqua has, indeed, in his beautiful letters, furnished a most delightful, though fragmentary, account of his mind and his pursuits; and the satires of Ariosto receive a value from their personal allusions. What an inestimable treasure should we have possessed in a similar legacy from the Father of English Poetry! How gay would have been the humour, how graphic the illustrations, how forcible and joyous the sentiment and the style! Of Chaucer, indeed, we know nothing, except what he has told us,—that he was fat, had a mirthful temper, and walked with his eyes upon the ground. So again, to come to the sweetest and most musical of our poets, and one especially who delighted to honour Chaucer, in whose gentle spright he said,

“The pure well-head of poesy did dwell.”

Who can tell any thing of Spenser? His mind is, of a truth, reflected in his exquisite stanzas, and his human features may be admired in the combination-room at Pembroke College; but what elucidations of his mysterious

history has the industry of Todd succeeded in producing?

We may ask the same question, with even a deeper truth, respecting a greater than Spenser. Of Shakspeare, it was remarked by Stevens, that we know absolutely nothing, except that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon; that he was married, and had children; that he came to London, acted, and wrote plays; and that he returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried. A few traces of his personal history have, indeed, been recovered, since these observations of his most industrious commentator; and the romantic story of his having commenced his London career by holding horses at the door of the play-house, has been virtually disproved by a recent contributor of some new facts regarding his life, who has discovered his name among the proprietors of the Blackfriars theatre in 1596. Shakspeare's circumstances were undoubtedly flourishing; and Mr. Collier seems to have ascertained that at one period his annual income amounted to nearly fifteen hundred pounds of our present money. But he was the only member of that poetical company of wits, who brightened the close of the sixteenth century, of whom the same belief can be entertained. Then again of Ben Jonson—of that lofty spirit, who anticipated in his poetry and his prose the learned visions and the fiery declamation of Milton—our knowledge is absolutely a shadow.

If we are thus ignorant of the history of men whose ashes sleep in English earth, and whose names are familiar even to the lips of our childhood, we cannot be surprised that so few facts have been gleaned respecting one upon whose tomb more than two thousand suns have risen and set; or that to those illustrious persons, of whom no adequate memorial has been preserved, we have now to add the comic poet of Athens.

"Was Aristophanes," asks Mr. Mitchell, "a man of rank?" The historian assigns no authority for his assertion, nor do I believe that any direct one is to be found; yet it seems highly probable for the following reasons:—1. In giving away his dramatic pieces to Callistratus and Philonides; whether they were mere actors, or, what is more probable,

indigent men of merit, who wrote for the stage (RANKE, *Vit. Aristoph.* pp. 236–8, 245), it is obvious that he must have given also the public gratuity dependent on success. This denotes the possession of some pecuniary resources on the part of Aristophanes, and it is to be observed, that this conduct he pursued not merely at the commencement, but more or less through the whole of his dramatic career. 2. With the profits of the play, Aristophanes gave up what to many would have been far more alluring, the high honours which attended the exhibition of a successful drama in Athens. The triumphal chariot, the professional pomp, the feast, inscription on the sacred tripod,—all these things had but a secondary charm for him. To select some important object in politics or literature, and to work incessantly till his drama wore an appearance best calculated to effect the purpose which he had in view: such appear to have been the leading characteristics of the dramatic career of Aristophanes. 3. Freely as the poet indulged at times in remarking on the birth of others, whether as altogether mean in itself, or as not of true Attic blood on both sides, is it likely that a similar retort would not have been made upon himself, had there been any opening for it? But none such is to be found. The contemporary bards laughed, indeed, at his magnanimity in not availing himself of the rewards and honours of his profession, and applied to him the Greek proverb which they had applied to Hercules and Mercury before him, that of being born to labour for the good of others (Suid. in *εἰσπράδι γύγους*, Plat. Schol.); but no taunt was ever thrown out, that his necessities or his station in society required him to act otherwise. 4. The family name, *φίλωνος*; (for the name which his own father and eldest son bore, and which, according to Athenian custom, that son's grandson would have borne, may well be called the family name), is eminently equestrian (*Nub.* 63, 64); and coupled with some further observations in this play (490–94), lead, I think, to a fair conclusion that the author belonged to this very order. Whether this possession, or supposed possession, of rank and affluence will remove another difficulty connected with the dramatic career of Aristophanes, and which has hitherto perplexed his commentators, the reader will consider for himself."*

We should find a strong inducement to this diligent investigation of the Aristophanic remains in the hope it would afford us of discovering the

* Note to the *Knights*, p. 56, ed. 1836.

true meaning of the writer, and of reconciling the poet to himself; for, although we can scarcely affirm of the dramatist, as Hobbes said of the great historian, that he carries with him his own light throughout, and that the reader may continually see his way before him, and anticipate that which follows, by that which precedes; yet, in one respect, the parallel holds between Aristophanes and Thucydides; they both supply the lamp to read their obscurest passages; and the reader who wanders out of Aristophanes to read Aristophanes, will assuredly be left in the dark. But to return. The historian to whom Mr. Mitchell alludes, is Mitford, who had spoken of the poet without hesitation as a man of rank; and, therefore, in his attack upon Cleon, certain of support from all the most distinguished families of the republic. Like the most illustrious object of his satire, Aristophanes seems to have been afflicted with a domestic Xantippe; and

he has himself declared that he was ashamed of his wife, as many other authors have been, and continue to be. His two or three sons, for the number is uncertain, appear to have inherited the maternal virtues. Milton is not the only poet who has complained of the neglect of his children.

One of the noblest passages in the plays of Aristophanes is the Parabasis in the *Wasps*, where he not only reprehends the injustice with which he had been treated, but enters into a brief and eloquent review of his dramatic career. Ancient poetry contains nothing more interesting, and the animated translation of Mitchell will enable the reader to appreciate its excellence. We copy it with the greater pleasure because that gentleman's edition of Aristophanes has long been out of print, and his present series of single plays, scholarlike though it be, is necessarily stripped of much of its original fruit.

To a round unvarnished tale, if aught such may here avail, our poet now claims your attention;
 And let it ope no breach, though the tenour of his speech point to anger and sharp reprehension.
 On this presence here, at large, flat injustice he dares charge; and that, too, when large love and honour
 Had more fairly been his due, for bright largesses which you enjoyed, though unknown who their donor.
 Priests and prophets, as they say, into objects oft convey voice and diction where both are deficient;
 So of many a bard, I ween, your appellant here hath been the mouthpiece, though secret, efficient.
 But this task soon thrown aside, his own proper steeds he tried, to their mouths fitting curb, bit, and snaffle;
 Then charioted along, with the foremost in the throng bore the heat and the front of the battle.
 Raised and swelled with honours great (such on bard yet never sate), with meekness and modesty he bore him;
 And while his laurels grew, he kept ever in his view the heights yet unconquered before him.
 When the swell of private rage foamed indignant, that the stage dared upbraid lawless love and affection:
 And will'd our poet's speech (guilty pleasures not to reach) should assume a more lowly direction;
 Did he heed the loud reproof? No, he wisely kept aloof, and spurned at Corruption's base duress;
 For never could he choose to behold his dearest Muse in the dress of a wanton procuress.
 When first the scenic trade of instruction he essayed, monsters, not men, were his game, sirs;
 Strange leviathans, that asked strength and mettle, and had tasked Alcides their prey to tame, sirs.
 In perils and alarms was his 'prenticeship of arms, with a shark fight and battle essaying;
 From whose eyes streamed baleful light, like the blazing balls of sight, which in Cinna's fierce face are seen playing.
 Swathed and banded round his head, five score sycophants were fed, ever slavering, and licking, and glueing;
 While his voice rose loud and hoarse, like the torrent's angry course, when death and destruction are brewing.

Rude the portent, fierce and fell, did its sight your poet quell? was he seen to a
 bribe basely stooping?
 No; his blows still fell unsparing that and next year, when came warring with foes
 of a different trooping.
 Then the vigour of his hand checked those fevers of the land,—those distempers and
 plagues of the nation;
 Who, when day had quenched its fires, had stout halters for their sires, and for
 granddads worked close suffocation.
 Bed and couch by day they kept, but a tempest from them swept of the law's utmost
 pains,—inquisitions,
 Warrant, summons, witness-pleas,—frightening such as loved their ease, or had milk
 in their soft dispositions.
 To the magistrates outright fled the many in their fright; while you in our bard
 though possessing
 A cathartic to the hand from these evils of the land, turned traitors, and spurned at
 the blessing.
 Hence his drama of last year, crushed before 'twas ripe of ear; for the seed, being
 quite a new sample,
 Scarce pushed head above the ground ere a thousand feet were found on the delicate
 stranger to trample.
 Yet, in spite of such an end (so may Bacchus be my friend, at my cups and libations
 I'll swear it),
 Of all our bards have writ, for conception and for wit, no comedy hath yet come
 near it.
 'Twas in quite a novel strain, rich and varied in its vein, unexampled for cunning
 invention:
 And with you the shame now sits, that in hearing it your wits were gravelled, and
 lacked comprehension.
 The wise will hold the bard not the less in high regard, and mourn his unmerited
 disaster;
 True, his chariot came not whole, nor unbroken to the goal, yet in speed say what
 rival had passed her?

Taught by this example,
 My good friends, no more trample
 On such poets as reach,
 In their plots and their speech,
 At a course hold and free,
 And a fair novelty.

Let their diction and fiction,
 Met by no contradiction,
 Claim a place in the chest
 Of your apples possessed.
 This believe if ye do,
 Vest and cloak the year through,
 Will rich odours dispense,
 Hitting keenly the sense
 With a smell of ability,
 Wit, and gentility.

The comedy of the *Knights*, or, as Wieland always entitles it, of the "Demagogues," contains few characters. Two slaves, Demosthenes and Nicias; a sausage-seller; a tanner, representing Cleon; a chorus of Athenian knights; and a personification of the Athenian people, compose the *dramatis persona*. Athens is the house of which Demus is the master; whose "confidential servant and slave-driver" is Cleon. "The plot of the piece," says Mr. Mitchell, "is still more meagre; it consists merely of a series of humiliating pictures of Cleon, and a succession of proofs to Demus, that this favourite

servant is wholly unworthy of the trust and confidence reposed in him. The manners are strictly confined to Athens, and might almost be thought to belong to a people who imagined, with the Indian, that his own little valley comprehended the whole world, and that the sun rose on one side of it only to set again on the other." It is not, indeed, as a drama that the present work should either be admired or censured. The author appears before us, not as the poet, but the politician; not as the embellisher of history, but the satirist; not as Shakspeare, but as Junius.

At the period of the representation of the *Knights*, Mr. Mitchell supposes three great objects to have awakened and absorbed the political hatred of Aristophanes: 1, the unprincipled prolongation of a war ruinous and melancholy in its probable termination; 2, the avaricious and degrading conduct of those persons who preferred private emolument to the public welfare and service; 3, the irruption of the uneducated and low-born into the offices and duties of the honourably connected and distinguished citizens. The comic poet of Athens, as we have previously remarked, was the journalist, the epigrammatist, the satirist, of the age.

What the pulpit was in our own country in the time of Latimer, the stage was in Greece in the days of Aristophanes. The public voice spoke by the mouth of the dramatist, as it speaks now by the editor of a newspaper. Sydney Smith, instead of corresponding with Archdeacon Singleton, would have played off his jokes from the lips of a chorus; and the virulence of Isaac Tomkins would have worked itself out in a parabasis, instead of a pamphlet. It was the distinguishing feature in the character of Aristophanes, that he carried his censorship into the secretaries of political faction; and that wherever a busy and dishonest swarm was collecting honey, he was sure to be seen hovering round the hive. It would have been very strange if he had always escaped without a sting.

But the great political adversary whom he delighted to scourge through a comedy, was the notorious Cleon, the O'Connell of his times; who, by the arts so familiar to the member for all Ireland, had raised himself to be the idol of the mob. Other demagogues smarted under an occasional lash,—such as Eucrates the tow-seller, and Lysicles, the cattle-dealer; but against Cleon, alone, could Aristophanes be said to have sworn eternal hatred at the altar of his country. He commenced his attack in the *Babylonians*, for which he appears to have been punished; and continued it in the *Knights*. In the *Wasps*, the characters seem to have been named with reference to the democrat; Philocleon, the Athenian di-cast, signifies a friend and partisan of Cleon; and Bdelycleon, his son, expresses an enemy of Cleon. Sosias, in the same play, describing his vision of the Pnyx, represents Cleon under the emblem of a ravenous sea-monster, addressing the sheep assembled there. We meet with him in the *Peace*; and, finally, in the amusing comedy of the *Frogs*, Cleon and Hyperbolus, the lamp-maker, are both discovered in Hades. After pursuing him through life, he leaves him in purgatory. Perhaps Junius's malignant persecution of the Duke of Bedford will recur to the reader, as the most obvious parallel to this pertinacity of dislike. But, without entering into any examination of the traits of resemblance between these remarkable persons, one wide and striking distinction immediately suggests itself. The author of the *Letters of Junius* never lifted his visor. All

his fierce contortions of rage and hatred were hidden behind that iron mask, which the hand of criticism has never succeeded in stripping off. The appalling denunciation,—the withering sarcasm,—the reckless defiance,—all proceeded from a mysterious and unseen individual. The sword swung to and fro over the head of the victim, but the avenger was unknown; the writing flashed upon the chamber of the statesman, but the finger that traced the burning characters was sought for in vain. There is something, even to us, peculiarly solemn and tremendous in the spectacle of this champion of liberty dashing, as it were, into the very centre of political tumult, and hewing down his adversaries on every side,—himself invincible, and unwounded; now bending his bow at the Duke of Grafton; now trampling under foot, with menace and contumely, the luxuriant power and the swelling pride of the house of Russell; at one time startling the ear of Majesty with a blast which chilled even the blood of Burke; at another, showering into the eyes of Draper the concentrated virulence of his flaming scorn and invective. The hatred of Junius, we repeat, glares with an intenser brightness out of the very shadows which surround his character. The Jupiter of politics might have been laughed at if he had hurled his thunderbolts in the daylight. But the Greek comedian dared to do what would never have been ventured upon by the English alarmist. When the apprehensions, awakened by the power and the vengeance of the great demagogue, deterred every artist from attempting the representation of his features, the poet himself came forward; he who had fashioned the spear, prepared to use it; he who had blown the challenge, offered himself in the lists; he who had filled the quiver, announced his intention of emptying it. Aristophanes performed the part of Cleon, endeavouring to supply, with the daubings of lees of wine, the intemperate flushings of that countenance which no person had courage enough to copy in a mask. This was, indeed, taking the lion by the beard; it was confronting the Athenian O'Connell in the midst of his precursors. He was at this period upon the pinnacle of prosperity, and seemed ready to place his foot upon the neck of the Athenian aristocracy. A particular circumstance had blown his popularity into a blaze. Our informa-

tion respecting this important passage in his history is derived from the faithful pen of Thucydides.

Glancing our eye over a map of the Peloponnesus we discover upon the seashore a little city, denominated Pylos. Having been abandoned during the war with the Lacedemonians, it was subsequently occupied and fortified by the Athenians, at the instigation of Demosthenes, who foresaw that it would supply a very convenient station for molesting the enemy. The Lacedemonians soon began to feel the dangerous proximity of the Athenian troops; and, with a view of effecting the evacuation of the place, they landed a body of soldiers upon the neighbouring island of Sphacteria. But the presence of the Athenian fleet intercepted the communication of the troops, who suffered severely from the scarcity of provisions. In this emergency, the Lacedemonians despatched an embassy to Athens, proposing, upon certain conditions, to withdraw their army from Sphacteria. Thucydides admits the justice of their demand: they offered peace, friendship, and alliance, in return for the permission for their citizens to depart from the island. The proposal was rejected by the Athenians, chiefly, as we are informed by the great historian, through the influence of Cleon; at this time, he adds, "most in credit with the people." It was required of the Lacedemonians, as a preliminary step to any accommodation, that Nisæa, Pæzæ, Trœzene, and Chalcis, should be given up; and that the Spartans in Sphacteria should surrender their arms, and be brought to Athens. The departure of the embassy terminated the temporary truce which had been made, and hostilities recommenced. Demosthenes, meanwhile, being pressed for provisions and supplies, sent home his colleague, Nicias, to urge the propriety of negotiating with the Lacedemonians. The popular feeling, impatient of opposition, immediately began to set against Cleon; who, in the public assembly, taunted Nicias with indecision and timidity. If the generals, he said, were men, it would be a very easy thing to sail to the island, and take and capture the Spartans. "Nay," added the demagogue, "if I had been employed, I would have done it." Nicias took his adversary at his word, and desired him to make the attempt, with whatever force he might think necessary. Cleon,

at first, seemed anxious to evade the undertaking; but Nicias only urged him the more vehemently to make the experiment,—at the same time vacating his own command at Pylos. Cleon at length declared himself ready for the voyage; and, requiring only the Lemnians and Imbrians who happened to be at hand, with the targeteers who were expected from Ænus, and four hundred archers from other places, added to the troops already at Pylos, he promised, in the space of twenty days, either to bring the Lacedemonians captive to Athens, or to kill them upon the spot. Thucydides says that this magnificent style of talking occasioned a laugh among the people. It was just such a harangue as Colonel Evans (who, however, would never have found his way among the knights of Aristophanes) might have delivered at the Horns, at Kennington. Smith, the learned and eloquent translator of Thucydides, supposes the assembly to have imposed this important commission "upon Cleon purely as a joke." He was the idol of the mob; who, according to Plutarch, admired his impertinent and humorous manner of speech. Of his impudence, an anecdote has been related. An assembly of the people had been waiting for him a long while; when, at length, he made his appearance, he wore a garland upon his head. "Have the kindness to adjourn until to-morrow," said he; "for at present I am not at leisure, since I have sacrificed to-day, and must entertain my friends." But Cleon, with the vulgarity and insolence of his Irish imitator, possessed, also, in a large measure, his artful and crafty sagacity. He associated Demosthenes in the military command; and by the wise and courageous conduct of that general the whole expedition was brought to a successful termination; and Cleon was enabled to return in triumph to Athens, within twenty days, bringing with him the Lacedemonian captives. The merit, therefore, was due to his colleague; but Cleon carried away the reputation. It was at this moment, and in the very flush of his full-blown dignity, that Aristophanes determined to renew his attack.

The history of literature contains no specimen of indignant verse to be compared with this daring comedy of the Greek poet. We have, however, discovered, with considerable surprise, in

Von Raumer's history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a very curious illustration of the freedom of dramatic censorship of public characters, in the golden age of our own poetry. The passage occurs in a despatch from the French ambassador, Beaumont, and relates to one of the plays of Chapman.

"April 5, 1606.

"I caused certain players to be forbid from acting the *History of the Duke of Biron*; when, however, they said that the whole court had left town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the queen of France, and Mademoiselle de Verneuil. The former, having first accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit, three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped. One or two days before, they had brought forward their own king and his favourites in a very strange fashion. They made him curse and swear, because he had been robbed of a bird; and beat a gentleman because he had called off the hounds from the scent. He has made an order that no play shall be henceforth acted in London; for the repeal of which order they have already offered 100,000 livres. Perhaps the permission will be again granted; but upon the condition that they represent no recent history, nor speak of the present time."

Mr. Collier remarks that this is the only record of the alleged prohibition of theatrical amusements; and that the characters of the French queen and

Mademoiselle Verneuil, alluded to by the ambassador, must have been omitted when Chapman's plays were printed in 1608.

The scene of the *Knights* is laid at Athens, before the house of Demus; and the action of the drama commences with the entrance of Demosthenes and Nicias, in the garb of slaves, who complain, with serio-comic vehemence, of the miseries they have undergone since the admission of the newly purchased Paphlagonian. The selection of Paphlagonia, as the country of Cleon, was not without its point,—that province of Asia Minor being notorious for the factious character of its inhabitants. But the poet, in the word Παφλαγονία, conveyed a more ingenious allusion to the qualities of Cleon, by calling to mind the signification of the verb *παφλαζω*, which was employed by Homer to express the boiling and angry tumult of the ocean. His style of oratory was coarse, vehement, fiery, and insulting; and his action energetic, scenical, and impressive,—full of ungraceful, but striking attitudes. Plutarch describes him grasping his garment, and striking his thigh. Demosthenes and Nicias, having commiserated their mutual misfortunes, seek to devise some remedy for them; and Nicias, after a pleasant hit at Euripides (a favourite theme of ridicule upon the Aristophanic stage), suggests the propriety of escaping from their servitude.

ARISTOPHANES.

WALSH.

Prose,
by an Oxford Graduate.

ΝΙ. λίγὴ δὲ "μολῶμιν,"
ἔστιχες ὅδε ξυλλαβῶν.
ΔΗ. Καὶ δὲ λίγω "μολῶ-
μιν." ΝΙ. Εἴσοισθι νῦν
"Αὐτο" φάσι τοῦμολῶμιν.
ΔΗ. "Αὐτο." ΝΙ. Πανυ
καλῶς.
— νῦν ἀστρίμα
πρωτον λίγι.
Το "μολῶμιν," ὡς δ' "αυ-
το," κατιστάγων συν-
νῶ.
ΔΗ. "Μολῶμιν," "αυ-
το," "μολῶμιν," αὐτο-
μολῶμιν.
ΝΙ. Ἦν
Οὐχ ἤν; ΔΗ. Νη Δία·
ἀπὸν γιγίτι τῷ διεματί
Διδοικα τούτων τῶν οἰωνῶν.

"Nic. Then, do you say,
'sert,'
Pronouncing it as I do.
Dem. Well, then, 'sert.'
Nic. Now add a 'de' at
the 'sert's' crupper.
Dem. 'Sert-de.'
Nic. Well done! And
now, like a well-rid-
den racer,
Go gently first, and then
repeat the 'sert-de'
Like lightning.
Dem. Sert-de, sert-de,
sert, DESERT!
Nic. Was it not plea-
sant?
Dem. Yes, by Jove, it
was!
But my hide tingles at
your simile."

Nic. Speak in a breath,
and briefly, in the way I
do now, Μολῶμιν.
Dem. Well, then, I do:
Μολῶμιν.
Nic. Now, after the
word Μολῶμιν, pronounce
αὐτό.
Dem. Αὐτό.
Nic. Excellently well!
Now, then, slowly pro-
nounce the word Μολῶμιν,
and then subjoin αὐτό.
Dem. Μολῶμιν αὐτο, μο-
λῶμιν, αὐτομολῶμιν.
Nic. Is it not delicious,
eh?
Dem. Yes, by Jove: but
as touching the skin, I fear
this omen.
Nic. Why so?
Dem. Because the skin
in such cases is apt to
depart.

"The timid lips of Nicias," says Mr. Mitchell, "cannot at once open upon such a word as *αυτομελιν*, to desert, to run away. He therefore prepares those of his brother slave to come upon it by stealth. *Λιγι συνεχης*, i. e. *συνεχως*, say forthwith—*ωδι*, in the same way that I do—*μολωμιν*, let us go—*ξυλλαβων* (i. e. *ξυλληβδων*), pronouncing the word successively and quickly. The pupil having repeated the word *μολωμιν* a sufficient number of times, the tutor proceeds with his lesson. *Εξοπισθι του μολωμιν*, after the word *μολωμιν*—*αυτο φασ*, repeat the word *αυτο*. The obedient pupil does as he is directed; and the bold soldier at last finds himself sur-

prised into a word, the most abhorrent to a soldier's ears."

Demosthenes now turns to the audience, and delivers the following humorous and graphic account of the Athenian people, which Mitchell supposes to have been assigned by the poet, with great justice, to one who was so high in favour with the public. We beg to lead forward, to the gaze and admiration of all our readers, the Grecian general, supported on either side by his interpreters, Mitchell and Wheelwright:

MITCHELL.

"With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate
To have a testy, cross-grain'd, bilious, sour
Old fellow for our master; one much given
To a bean-diet; somewhat hard of hearing;
Demus his name, sirs, of the parish of Pnyx here.
Some three weeks back, or so, this lord of ours
Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,
Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with
As nimble fingers, and as foul a mouth, As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows. This tanner Paphlagonian (for the fellow Wanted not penetration) bow'd and scraped,
And fawn'd and wagg'd his ears and tail, dog-fashion;
And thus soon slipp'd into the old man's graces.
Occasional douceurs of leather-pairings, With speeches to this tune, made all his own.
' Good sir, the court is up—you've judged one cause;
'Tis time to take the bath. Allow me, sir; This cake is excellent; pray, sup this broth;
This soup will not offend you, though crop-full;
You love an obolus:—pray, take these three.
Honour me, sir, with your commands for supper.'
Sad times, meanwhile, for us! With prying looks,
Round comes my man of hides; and if he finds us
Cooking a little something for our master, Incontinently lays his paw upon it, And modestly in his own name presents it. It was but t'other day these hands had mix'd
A Spartan pudding for him; there—at Pylus:

WHEELWRIGHT.

"Straight will I tell it—for we have a lord,
Savage of nature, bean-devouring, hasty;
By tribe Pycnitian; a morose old man, And hard of hearing. In the late new moon, He bought a slave, a Paphlagonian tanner, A most audacious and traducing rogue; Who, knowing well the old man's disposition,
The Paphlagonian, cringing to his lord, In doglike guise, fawn'd, flatter'd, and beguiled,
Offering his strips of leather, with these words:
'O Demus, having after judgment bathed, Drink, eat a morsel, take three oboli: Is it your wish that I lay supper for you?' Then having snatch'd what any one of us Chanced to prepare, the Paphlagonian slave Presented this to gratify his lord.
And when I lately the Laconian dough Kneaded in Pylos, he then, running up In most audacious fashion, snatch'd it off, And served himself the dish that I had cook'd.
Us he drives off, nor suffers any other To wait upon the master; but erect Holding his leather fly-flap, he repels The rhetoricians from his supping lord. He chants forth oracles, while the old man Is enger for Sibylline prophecies. But when he sees him stupified, the knave Shews off his tricks; for publicly he slanders
The inmates—then we're lash'd: while, running round,
This Paphlagonian begs of the domestics, Alarms them, and gets bribes by speaking thus:
'D'you see how Hylas is chastised through me?
If you appease me not, this day you die.' We give them—for if not, we should have been
Eight times as much trod down and emptied out
By the old man. Now, therefore, friend, let's think

Slyly and craftily the knave stole on me,
Ravish'd the feast, and to my master
bore it.

Then none but he, forsooth, must wait
at table

(We dare not come in sight); but there
he stands

All supper time, and with a leathern
fly-flap

Whisks off the advocates. Anon the
knave

Chants out his oracles; and, when he sees
The old man plunged in mysteries to the
ears,

And scared from his few senses, marks
his time,

And enters on his tricks. False accusations
Now come in troops; and at their heels
the whip.

Meanwhile the rascal shuffles in among
us,

And begs of one, browbeats another,
cheats

A third, and frightens all.

Wherefore befits it that we think what
course

To take, or where to look for help.

Nic. No course
So good as that I first advanced you:
flight—

Immediate flight.

Dem. Marry, but how avoid
The Paphlagonian? He hath ubiquity,
As 'twere, about him. One leg rests on
Pylus,

The other takes firm footing in th' as-
sembly:

With either hand the varlet grasps Ætolia!
And for his mind, it hath fit habitation
In Clodidæ."

Which way, and towards whom, 'twere
best to turn.

Nic. The best is that we said, friend,
'Let us fly.'

Dem. But nothing can escape the
Paphlagonian,

For he sees all. One leg he stretches out
In Pylus, while the assembly holds the
other.

And as he strides with legs so wide apart,
Truly his hinder parts are in Chaonia,
His hands with the Ætolians; and his
mind

In the Clodidian territory lies."

The reader will probably admit, with Wheelwright, the admirable humour of this picture of Cleon bestriding the world like a Colossus. He seems to be sketched with that pencil which has peopled our own theatre with all the progeny of Laughter. The Greek name of the countries occupied by the Paphlagonian have a peculiar force, not to be diffused into a translation. Thus, to follow Wheelwright, Chaonia reminds us of *χαῖνος*, to gape; Ætolia, of *αἰτός*, to demand; and the Clodidian territory, of *κλοψή*, a thief; and so successively express the avarice, the ambition, and the dishonesty of the demagogue's disposition. Walsh, endeavouring to preserve the play upon the word, says his hands are at "Askham, and his mind at Stealwell." Mitchell quotes from Ben Jonson:

"Born first at Niglington,
Bred up at Filobhington," &c.

He also refers to Boccaccio, and especially to the tales of Frate Cipolla and Maestro Simone, for similar fabrications of the names of countries.

At the conclusion of this address, which it would be vain for us, in so limited a space, to illustrate, Nicias proposes to terminate their sorrows and their lives in a manner worthy of brave men; and, for that purpose, recommends an imitation of Themistocles, who, according to tradition, had poisoned himself with a cup of bullock's blood. Demosthenes, however, ventures to hope that a flask of wine might be equally beneficial in its operations; and, after an animated eulogy of the grape, sends Nicias into the house for a pitcher. Returning from his errand, he announces that the Paphlagonian is asleep upon a heap of hides; and is again despatched by his companion to bring out the oracles belonging to the

Paphlagonian. These he delivers to Demosthenes; who begins, with great delight, to decipher their contents, reading and drinking at the same time. It may be supposed that Cleon partook of the vulgar credulity to which his birth would naturally have inclined him; and such a feature in his character might be expected to lend an edge to the poet's description. The sketches of the tow-vender (*στρωπυπωλης*), the sheep-seller (*προβατοπωλης*), and the skin-seller (*βυρσοπωλης*), are satirical portraits of the three demagogues, Eucrates, Lysicles, and Cleon, who succeeded Pericles in the direction of public affairs. Eucrates is conjectured by Ranke to have been one of the heroes of the *Babylonians*; and Lysicles is related by Plutarch to have raised himself from the lowest to the highest station. They were both persons of very great opulence. These, as the oracle is expounded by Demosthenes, successively obtain office, and are successively dispossessed. The tow-vender is driven out by the sheep-seller, and the sheep-seller by the tanner, who is himself to be expelled by the most degraded creature in the world—by a sausage-seller; who, at the same moment, is seen gradually approaching, with a stand, says Walsh, suspended round his neck, on which are placed sundry knives, sausages, and black-puddings. Demosthenes invites the sausage-seller to come up, and the two slaves gaze with mute wonder upon the personage who is to rescue their country from the thralldom of Cleon.

"A colossal figure," says Mitchell, "sides in whose obesity the fists might embed themselves, without any chance of reaching the ribs, and that look of stolidity from which nothing but the word 'Anan!' seems capable of being extracted, form the *tout ensemble* of the future demagogue of Athens. The two slaves look at each other almost in despair; but the oracles are too decided to admit of their doubting; and the reflection that a demagogue may be formed out of any materials encourages them to proceed. The political catechism, accordingly, soon begins; and the mode in which a pupil, sluggish and inapt at first, gradually warms into a bold and impudent demagogue, and finally ends in a statesman, such as might have done credit to democracy in her best and palmiest days, is among the most amusing features of this interesting and instructive drama."

While the sausage-seller is lost in amazement, Demosthenes requests him to put down his culinary furniture upon the ground,—the mincing-knife, the chopping-block, and the ladle,—and to thank the gods for his good fortune. The sausage-seller does as he is directed, and is saluted by Demosthenes as the premier of Athens. Not comprehending these marks of respect, he expresses a desire to proceed to market; but Demosthenes gradually opens to his eyes the magnificent prospects of his future power, and shews, by convincing arguments, that his low birth and ignorance, so far from rendering him unfit for a ruler of the democracy, form in reality his most efficacious claims to that distinction. He is only afraid that the sausage-seller is too well acquainted with his letters, and is, in fact, too accomplished a person for that elevated station. While Demosthenes is instructing him how to discharge the important duties about to devolve upon him, the Paphlagonian himself enters from the house of People, and the sausage-seller takes to his heels, but is stopped by Demosthenes. At the same instant, the Chorus of Knights rush forward with great vehemence, and commence a furious attack upon Cleon.

The chorus in this comedy has been justly observed to differ from any other employed by the poet: "He has written their parts with gall, and armed their hands with a dagger." The Knights, of whose body the chorus is composed, occupied the second rank in the Athenian aristocracy, and derived their appellation from the horse which each individual furnished to the state. Their number amounted to about a thousand, as Aristophanes informs us; but some interesting notices of them will be found in Boeck's *Public Economy*. Mitchell has ingeniously compared the Aristophanic chorus, in relation to the general tone of the comedies, with the female faces in Hogarth's pictures,—the object of both being the relief of the sterner and coarser delineations. Gleams of golden light often break, indeed, through the driving clouds and storm of the poet's invective; but the arrowy sleet of his sharp satire frequently dashes into our eyes in the midst of the sunshine. His transitions are rapid, violent, and unexpected. The principal distinction to be drawn between the satire of the

chorus, and the other persons in the dramas of Aristophanes, seems to be this: in the first he speaks with the malignant audacity of the anonymous pamphleteer; in the second, with the modified indignation of a gentleman. The chorus is to the comedy, what the machinery is to the epic, or the scenery to the farce, or the sunshine to a country fair; it relieves, variegates, and brightens the story, and presents the spectator with little spots of garden-ground for refreshment and amusement. It is as if Grisi were to sing an air from the *Romeo and Juliet* between the acts of the *Critic*; or Taglioni were to glide through the bustle of *Tom and Jerry*, with the graceful motion of the *Baya-dère*. The occasional beauty of the poetry is heightened by the contrast. We behold Ariel by the side of Cali-

ban; Proserpine hanging upon the neck of Pluto.

The first appearance of the chorus in the present comedy is very successfully contrived; and some ingenious sparring takes place between the parties, in which an English reader would imagine J. Hume and O'Connell to have been engaged. Walsh renders some part of this scene with the lyric fervour of a Pindar of Moseley Hurst. Mitchell, also, is full of vigour, and bounds along in a fiery, dashing metre. Wheelwright is more sedate and literal. Cleon, in dismay at the treatment he experiences, implores the protection of his friends of the *Helixæa*, the judges who deliberated in the open air. The chorus, however, assure him that his scourging is perfectly just; and fully due to his unquestioned merits as a rascal.

MITCHELL.

" 'Tis with reason—'tis in season—'tis as you
yourself have done :
Thou fang, thou claw—thou gulf, thou maw—
yielding partage fair to none.
Where's the officer of audit, but has felt your
cursed grips?
Squeezed and tried with nice discernment whe-
ther yet the wretch be ripe.
Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful
to discern
Which is green and which is ripe, and which is
just upon the turn.
Is there one well-pursed among us, lamblike in
his heart and life,
Linked and wedded to retirement, hating bus'ness,
hating strife?
Soon your greedy eye's upon him, when his mind
is least at home—
Room and place, from furthest Thrace, at your
bidding he must come.
Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and
shoulder in your grip;
To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite
him on the hip."

WALSH.

" You deserved it; for you steal
the
Public goods, and gulf them
down;
And, like pigs, you squeeze and
feed the
Men who've lately served the
town;
Trying which is green or mellow,
Ripe, or barely ripe; and then,
If you find a gaping fellow,
New to all the ways of men,
From the peaceful joys of wedlock,
Home he's lugg'd across the
sea;
Then you seize him at a dead-lock,
Put his head in chancery.
And, just wrenching back his
shoulder,
With a sudden jerking roll,
To the surprise of each beholder,
Ope your jaws, and bolt him
whole!"

Mitchell has kept closest to the Aristophanic sentiment; but Walsh has very well translated *παροτρύνει τον ὄμω*, *wrenching, or twisting, the shoulder*. The remainder of the line he has also rendered in the true comic spirit. Mitchell says, in a note to his new edition of the *Knights*, that a double signification has been assigned to *εὐκαλασθῆναι*; one commentator explaining it, *to swallow as it were a*

καλαβας, a small wheaten cake; and another supposing it to be equivalent to *καταπατιν*, *to throw a man down and trample on him*. The former interpretation he thinks more Aristophanic, and the latter more agreeable to analogy, and more harmonious in its metaphorical relation. The sausage-seller's contest with Cleon is very characteristic and curious: the interchange of compliment is highly elegant and edifying.

ARISTOPHANES.

ΚΑ. Αποθανέοντες αυτοί καὶ
μαλαί.

ΑΑ. Τριπλασίονι κικρεῖσμαι
σου.

ΚΑ. Καταβήσονται βρονοί.

ΑΑ. Κατακικρεῖσμαι σὶ κρη-
ζών.

ΚΑ. Διαβαλῶ σ', ἵαν στρε-
ψηγῆς.

ΑΑ. Κυριοκτενῶ σου το ἰω-
τόν.

ΚΑ. Πιρίλῳ σ' ἀλαζονίσαις.

ΑΑ. Τποτιμῶμαι τὰς οδοὺς
σου.

ΚΑ. Βλέψον ἐς μ' ἀσκαρδα
μυκτός.

ΑΑ. Ἐν ἀγορῇ πάγῳ τίθεμαι
μαί.

ΚΑ. Διαφύσσω σ', εἰ τι
γυνῆς.

ΑΑ. Κατρυφύσσω σ', εἰ
λαλήσεις.

ΚΑ. Ομολογῶ κλιστίν' συ
δ' εὐχῆ.

ΑΑ. Νη τὸν Εὐμην τὸν
ἀγροαῖον, κἀτὶερῶ
γὶ βλάπτων.

V. 296.

SHAKSPEARE.

"Tim. I had rather be
a beggar's dog than Ape-
mantus.

Ap. Thou art the lap of
all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert
good enough to spit upon
—a plague on thee!

Ap. Thou art too bad to
curse.

Tim. All villains, that
do stand by thee, are pure.

Ap. There is no leprosy
but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,
I'll beat thee; but I should
infect my hands.

Ap. I would my tongue
could rot them off.

Tim. Away, thou issue
of a mangy dog! Choler
does kill me, that thou art
alive! I swoon to see
thee!

Ap. Would thou wouldst
burst!

Tim. Away, thou te-
dious rogue! I am sorry
I shall lose a stone by
thee.

Ap. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Ap. Tond!

Tim. Rogue, rogue,
rogue!"

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"How rich the Aristo-
phanic Greek is in the
eloquence of abuse!

Ὁ βδελυγρὸς, κἀναισχυντὶς,
καὶ πολυμῆρις συ,
καὶ μικρὸς, καὶ σαρμαρῆς,
καὶ ρικινωτάτης.

We are not behindhand
in English. Fancy my
calling you, upon a fitting
occasion, fool, sot, silly,
simpleton, dunce, block-
head, jolterhead, clumsy-
pate, dullard, ninny, nim-
compoop, lackwit, nump-
skull, ass, owl, loggerhead,
coxcomb, monkey, shal-
low-brain, addle-head,
tony, zany, fop, fop-
doodle; a maggot-pated,
hare-brained, muddle-
pated, muddle-headed
Jackanapes! Why, I
could go on for a minute
more!" — *Table Talk*, 2d
edition, pp. 78, 9.

Aristophanes sports with the delineations of the tragic pen, as Pulci plays with the heroes of Tasso; and the domestic manners of the Grecian statesman in the Greek comedy, and of the giants in the *Morgante Maggiore*, seem to be dashed off by the same pencil. Perhaps the familiar student of the dramatist will also admit an occasional, though fainter, resemblance to the most popular of Italian poets. We certainly discover in Aristophanes the same happy negligence, the same harmonious extravagance, the same disregard of the laws of taste, which criticism censures in Ariosto. It was remarked by Gravina, in a passage quoted by Mr. Hallam, that the rhymes of Ariosto seem to rise up spontaneously from the thought; that his diction—flexible, lucid, melodious—not only reflects the sentiment, but corresponds to it; and that the clearness of his description seems to enlarge the object which it represents. Sismondi observes very

prettily, that the eyes of the reader follow him through every adventure. We think that a large measure of similar praise may be extended to Aristophanes. No reader can have forgotten that delightful ease, that engaging simplicity, that wandering at its own sweet will, which impart such an ever-living charm to the diction of the Italian. Delille said that he laughed at his art, at his reader, and at himself; but it is the laughter of one of those sunny spirits, that glisten at once with mirth and tears, and whose mild and changeable temper—the union of rain with sunshine—produces the sweetest flowers and verdure. And although it would not be possible to find in the plays of Aristophanes any touching episode like the story of Olympia, yet we may confidently refer to the dramatic romance of the *Birds*, for his possession of all the refinements of the poetic art.

THE DEVIL'S DIARY; OR, TEMPTATIONS.

My father was a German nobleman; but marrying an English heiress of rank, the estates and property of both descended to me, their only surviving child. Thus I was born what they call a patrician. I inherited rank—I smile at the vain distinction! Are we not all germs from one parent plant? As well might grains of sand vaunt themselves for superior greatness because they happen to glisten a little in the sunbeams from being uppermost, and catching the rays of light. But let me not stop to moralise, the value of all things is as they are estimated by their possessors; because I, from peculiar circumstances, look down upon and despise high-sounding names and emblazoned ancestry, little chance have I of persuading others of their insignificance. Let me on with my recital.

I happened to be the youngest of my family. Six brothers had all died, from some cause or other, in their infancy; thus I was a seventh son, and without any female child having interrupted our succession.

It came out by accident, one day when I was about fourteen years old, that my father also happened to be the *seventh* male child born to his noble house, which boasted of no female birth until after his own, then twin-girls (such are the caprices of nature) were bestowed upon it.

Well do I remember the undefined look that passed between my father and my mother when I informed them that old Siward, a kind of bard and chronicler on our estate, had assured me that I was a wonder, and should work wonders, "since I was the seventh son born of a seventh son."

"And how knew Siward that?" inquired my father, affecting an air of indifference.

"From me," answered I. "Often do I converse with Siward, and, as soon as I learned it from the conversation of my mother, I informed him of it. What could the old man mean by telling me I should work wonders?"

"Siward is growing childish," said my father, after a long pause. "I would advise you, Waldorf (his own name also), not to hold such frequent discourse with him. He was ever an enthusiast—a sort of dreamer; super-

stitious to a degree. I should not wonder if he were to build some wild theory upon the accidental circumstance of your birth; I wish you had not told him."

"Did Siward hint at all in what way you would act such wonders?" inquired my mother, looking up from her work and gazing wistfully into my face. "Did the garrulous old man tell you no more, Waldorf?"

"Siward," said I, "is not a vain prater; he often speaks as if inspired. Age may have blunted his faculties as regards this world, mother, but only to give him a clearer insight into another."

"Indeed!" exclaimed my mother, exchanging glances with my father: "you grow eloquent in his praise. What did he tell you further?"

"He said that I should have a peculiar gift, and that it was unfolding. An extra faculty, I think he called it."

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated my father; "the old man is becoming insane."

"He never was quite right," added my mother; "he has always fancied himself a minstrel or bard, and chants out old chronicles to his hum-drum bagpipes in a most extraordinary way, as if all that sort of nonsense was not over."

And here let me remark, how very injudicious parents are before their children. The constrained manner of my mother, her unnatural tone of voice, and the excessive anxiety depicted on my father's features during the preceding scene, lived in my remembrance for years after it, and gave an importance to the prediction of the old man which otherwise I should most likely have forgotten. It awakened in me a craving desire to know why they should so have looked and acted; and then the thought, whether there might not be some truth in what Siward had asserted; if so, why did my parents so evidently wish to hide it from me? Children reason deeply, and draw deductions most acutely. It is of the utmost consequence that the thinking faculties of a child should be set to work in a right manner, so that he lose not these opening powers, the energies of a divine nature, on "trifles light as air."

From the moment of the preceding scene with my weak but indulgent parents, the clear waters of my soul

became turbid,—it was a fountain troubled at its source. I felt that there was some mystery about me, and pondered deeply and constantly in order to unravel it. I took good care to inform myself with regard to the fact of my being really a seventh son. My mother reluctantly acknowledged that she had lost six little boys before my birth; but when I questioned her with regard to my father, I did not find her equally explicit. "She knew but little with regard to his family," she answered; "but she was sure there was a sister born that came, she thought, between two of the male children—my aunt Kaufmann, who was so fond of me. She is just two years older, I think, than your uncle Wilhelm, who has promised you a gold watch. It is a long time coming, Waldorf," continued she, with an awkward attempt to turn the current of my inquiries, but it only served to make me sift this matter to the bottom with a pertinacity that is almost certain of success. I attacked my uncle Wilhelm himself the next day, for he was on a visit from Germany with us, and told him bluntly, "that I would give up all claim to the long-expected gold watch, if he would tell me truly respecting all my uncles and aunts." Suspicion is the offspring of mystery; here it was in the bosom of a child that ought to be as clear and unclouded as a lake in summer—all above it, all around it, all within it—calm and unruffled.

I extracted from my uncle Wilhelm, but with much difficulty, when I got him apart from my parents, that my aunt Kaufmann, one of the twins, was born *after* my father, who really was the seventh son in a consecutive line.

"It is true, then," said I to myself, some time after, "what this old man has told me. I am the seventh son of a seventh son; let them try to hide it from me as much as they can: but I will see old Siward again."

To him I went; and, with assumed carelessness (how soon do we practise artifice), I asked him what he meant by the gift or faculty he had talked to me about? but old Siward had received his lesson; the fountain was sealed; not another word could I get from him, saving, "That he must have been dreaming, or a little beside himself."

Did this satisfy my curiosity? No; it added flames to it; I might truly be said to burn inwardly to know more.

The tree of knowledge has two kinds of fruit, that of good and evil; the former is refreshing to the soul; it is its moral element; it grows, extends, and improves thereby; the latter is as a devouring thirst, an inflaming, pungent stimulative, that brings on disease and death.

How often did I repeat to myself, "Why should my father be displeased with poor old Siward for telling me there was a certain gift attached to me? What could be the nature of this gift?" I brooded over this until my health declined; I left off all youthful sports; became moody and melancholy; had no confidence in my parents, no joy in any thing. I longed to possess this predicted faculty, yet feared what effect it might produce on me.

As I grew older and approached manhood, this malady of my mind increased. I hated society, yet felt no pleasure in solitude; I was as if in constant search of some unknown thing, ever in expectancy of I knew not what. I buried myself in the profound forests that surrounded my mother's princely domain, and often was lost amidst their intricacies; yet so wayward and perverse was I now become, that if I heard our huntsman's shrill clarion through these wide woods, the signal that my anxious parents were sending in search of me, I purposely entangled myself still deeper in the thickets, or secreted myself in some dark cave or jungle, where I remained, moody and listening, even until midnight, with the unhallowed joy of feeling that I was giving extreme anguish to those hearts that loved me best. Yet was I not naturally cruel or unkind; but I knew that I enjoyed not my parents' confidence, and this thought generated in me enmity and gloom.

One night I had indulged myself in this unworthy practice of giving alarm to my parents, I had concealed myself in a yawning cavern until the shades of night came on me unawares. For the first time in my life I had lost myself entirely, and knew not which way to return home when my fit of sullenness had passed away. I thought I had known all the windings of that interminable forest, but I had deceived myself; and, after many fruitless attempts to find my way home, I resolved to climb up into a tree and pass the remainder of the night there. Just as I was removing from the cavern, I felt

my coat slightly pulled, and saw, by the uncertain light of the stars, Siward's young grandson, Albert, who had come out alone in search of me, and who, by some rare instinct peculiar to himself, never had failed to do so when he attempted it.

This poor boy was totally dumb, and had become so attached to me from the time I had rescued him from some wild animal in the forest, that it had produced in me a corresponding affection for the bereaved creature almost equal to his own. He was now the only being I would ever endure in my frequent wanderings, and even then he was permitted more than encouraged to track my footsteps, to sit himself down near me, hour after hour, alternately gazing on my face, and then upon the clouds that hung over us.

Albert was, indeed, a most interesting being; his pale features were delicate almost to effeminacy; his bright, soft hair hanging about his shoulders like one of Guido's angels; then his eyes were so soft, so eloquently tender, yet so full of intellect. Hard was thy fate, unhappy youth! singled out to be the sport of demons, to endure temptations that St. Anthony himself could scarcely have conquered. Beloved, ill-fated Albert! thou hast vanquished, and art at rest—the eternal rest of unspeakable blessedness. But I anticipate.

There is nothing that injures the sanity of a human mind so much as constantly dwelling upon one fixed idea; I felt my own beginning to waver—to tremble on its balance, for I was ever thinking on the time when this new faculty would be developed in me, especially as I saw my father watch every action of mine with intense interest, whilst the look of my mother became absolutely painful to me, by its searching and tearful expression.

"I can endure this no longer," I exclaimed one day aloud. "Father, I must travel, or madness will be my portion!"

Quite a scene followed; it shook my nerves to the very centre. It is no agreeable thing to behold a mother in hysterics, a father in tears. "Why have you not been candid with your child?" said I, reproachfully; "all this agony is the fruit of mystery." I hated myself for my own hardness at that moment, but still the sense of injury deadened every filial feeling.

"Am I such a wretch," I thought, "that I cannot be trusted with the knowledge of my own destiny? Why have I been kept as a fool from my very cradle? Wherefore did they attempt to deceive me? Why hide from me that there is something peculiar hanging over me? Oh, what a different being had I been if candour and truth had been dealt out to me from my infancy; but I have lived in an atmosphere of deception from my birth! I languish for a purer moral air, and I will seek it before another week, or die!"

It was at length agreed that I should visit Vienna, my father's imperial city, and preparations were made accordingly. I rejected, with firmness, the proposal of my parents to accompany me; it would have been to have carried my disease along with me. No; I panted for freedom, for at home I was a hypocrite, trammelled, bound. Love for my parents was not extinguished in my breast, although I played so harsh a part to them; it was a kind of love that lay at the very bottom of my heart, choked almost with my angry feelings. Often had I longed to embrace them; to call them by the most endearing names; but ever was I checked by the conviction that I had been kept as an alien from the sanctuary of their real thoughts; that I had no portion or lot with them in the blessed home of mutual confidence.

I was stepping into the handsome travelling-carriage that had been sent down to our castle for my use; I had shaken hands with my father, and received his blessing, and letters of introduction; I had tenderly embraced my mother, for my heart smote me as I looked upon her pale features, and read the anguish of her heart at parting thus with her only child, when the dejected countenance of the dumb youth, Albert, met my gaze. Oh, with what expression did those dark blue eyes of his meet mine! Inexplicable was that look, irresistible its appeal! "He shall go with me!" I exclaimed, and the carriage was sent away until a few hasty preparations could be made for his use, chiefly from my own wardrobe. His aged grandfather, my old friend Siward, bent nearly double with infirmity, hobbled to the carriage-door on its second arrival; and, as he muttered his benedictions on us both, he exclaimed, in a tone oracular and

wild, "I knew it would be so! He could not depart without my Albert, I told them all so! but faith—faith is of slow growth, and quickly withereth away. Albert, be firm! and remember thou hast a sacred mission to perform!" I heard all this as it was whispered into the ear of the dumb boy; who answered it by gracefully placing his hand upon his heart, and casting his celestial eyes up towards heaven. Thus we departed, and I had now more food for reflection. The web of mystery seemed to be thickening; I felt as if every living thing around me knew more of me, and for what purpose I lived and breathed, than I did myself. There was a charm, a spell that seemed to bind me at this moment; and so morbid was my mind become, that I would gladly have exchanged my destiny with the poor English peasantry who bowed to me obsequiously as I passed along from my father's castle,—my future tenants. They seemed free to go or to remain, but I was the slave of destiny. Had not old Siward, he who was deemed a seer,—had he not declared "he knew it would be so?" What did he know? "Fool that I am!" said I aloud, "why did I not consult him about this second sight—this secret so carefully concealed? But no, pride and sullenness forbade me."

I was interrupted by a sigh so deep, so plaintive, from my dumb companion, that I absolutely started. "Albert," cried I, "for what am I reserved? Boy, thou knowest more than I do; I conjure thee, tell me." With a trembling hand the bereaved youth tore open his habit, and pointed to his snowy breast. My eye followed the motion of his hand; there, upon that delicate skin, I saw a blue mark, strange and peculiar; it resembled a small serpent coiled up, and holding in its mouth a figure of 7. I shuddered and fell back in the corner of the chaise, for precisely such a mark was graven either by the hand of art or nature upon my own bosom. I became lost in various conjectures; my head and my heart throbbled with agitation; and, crying out in my strong excitement, "Then, Albert, we are brothers! Brothers in fate, if not in blood; and as such, from this moment shalt thou be to me!" Albert took my hand, and soothingly caressed it.

This sudden burst of feeling on my

part seemed as if it had broken down the barriers habit had placed about my heart; a flood of unrepressed tenderness now broke forth; for the first time in my life I felt that my own spirit was in full and entire communion with another's; that dark misgivings, uncongenial suspicions, hovered not between the soul of this interesting youth and my own; they were, as it were, in perfect *rapproch* together, and I felt the influence of this pure, affectionate, impassioned being, upon my own.

Giving way to these new and delightful sensations, I sank into a soft reverie, which terminated in a profound sleep. I am persuaded it was what they call a magnetic sleep; for, on my awakening some hours after, Albert put into my hand his little note-book, which contained the following astonishing words, written by himself:—

"My dear Waldorf, for I will not call you master now, since there is no such name amongst spiritual beings; besides, you have called me brother: learn, then, that I feel and know our equality; nay, perhaps in some things I am your superior, because I know more of what is the intention of Providence in sending us twin-spirits into this mortal existence. We are yoke-fellows, and have to accomplish one end; let us then be ever united."

"During the preternatural sleep in which you are now lying by my side, you have pronounced some words that I have taken down; for you will yourself, on your awakening, recollect nothing of them, as you are now a somnambulist; that is, your spirit is disencumbered from its material part more than in common sleep. Whilst in this state the spirit gets glimpses of supernatural, as well as prevision, of earthly things; it gains, but in low degrees, somewhat of an angel's intelligence, and can range round the world beholding and judging of all it sees. Let us then, Waldorf, my friend and brother, be guided by that feeble ray of light shed around our path by means of the state in which you are now lying."

"Waldorf, you are naturally of a suspicious character; beware of thinking that I am now practising on your credulity, and have invented all that follows for purposes of my own: fatal to us both may be such scepticism. Look in my eyes, Waldorf, when you are awake and have finished reading

this, which will so astonish you ; search them deeply, fully ; mark if they seek to avoid the strictest scrutiny ; or whether, like the stars of heaven, they meet not your gaze undisturbed by emotion, calm in their eternal brightness, for it is the soul within that makes them what they are, the medium of communication between itself and thee.

"These were thy words, and they have conveyed fresh information to myself, although previously instructed of much that Waldorf never dreamed of. I swear to thee they fell from thy lips when interrogated by myself. Start not ! Thinkest thou that spirits can converse only by words ? Although thou hast never heard the voice of Albert, I have, during thy magnetic sleep, produced by my volition, had full conversation with thee, and I have answered thee in language far transcending that of ordinary speech.

"Thus didst thou reply to me ; no matter by what method I took to communicate my wishes.

"*'*Albert, thou art the son of the Baron Von L——, my own father ! Thou art the fruit of an illegitimate amour. Thou wast born precisely at the same moment as myself. Thy mother still lives, and is in Vienna. Thy grandfather is leagued with the powers of darkness for thy father's destruction, out of revenge for his daughter's seduction. Beware of her thyself, Albert, for thou hast provoked her often : thou art too virtuous to do her bidding. The mark upon thy breast was made by her in thy infancy, and not by nature : mine came with me into life. There is an old papyrus manuscript, lying within the sarcophagus of an exhumed Egyptian mummy, in the museum at Vienna—it is written in an unknown language—no mortal hand has traced those characters. Albert, we must get possession of that scroll—it must be purchased at any price—if not purchased, it must be taken !"

I had enough to ruminate on during our journey onwards. No circumstance occurred worth mentioning, until Albert and myself arrived at the imperial city. The courier my father had sent with us was a German. We had no trouble as regarded our route, our payments, or what accommodations we should select in Vienna. We were both fatigued, and retired early.

On the morrow, taking my half-brother by the arm—for such I now believed him—I set forward to have a look at the imperial city of Germany. As we were lodged close to the residence of Prince Letchtenstein, we went thither the first, to inspect its paintings and its sculpture. But Albert seemed restless and uneasy : his thoughts I saw were with the old manuscript of papyrus, spoken of by me during my magnetic sleep in my travelling-carriage. But on the contrary, I knew not why, I had a strange antipathy to begin this search—to unfold a record that perhaps would agitate and involve me in a thousand new sensations,—perchance most painful ones. I answered, therefore, the appealing eyes of my companion, whose every look and gesture I by habit fully comprehended, "That we would wait a few days before we visited the museum." He had nothing to do but to acquiesce ; so I purchased many little articles of dress and ornament for him. I presented some of my letters of introduction to the ancient noblesse, and was overpowered with civilities and invitations. But these latter I got soon tired of, as Albert, from his bereaved condition, would not accept of any, and I could not endure to leave him alone. Besides, there was something ever stirring at my heart,—the excitement of my peculiar situation, my despair almost of ever receiving the long-expected faculty I had been promised, and an indefinite dread of the future.

Vienna, therefore, seemed to me nothing but a crowded desert ; its narrow and crooked streets shutting out the blue expanse of sky, and the pure light of heaven. Three hundred thousand inhabitants are too many, I thought, thus to congregate together. But I loved to walk in the gardens of the imperial palace, and in those of the Prince Eugene ; or to stroll about in that verdant belt, or circle, which surrounds the city, and is kept in the highest state of cultivation, as no one is allowed to build nearer to this glacis than six hundred feet ; so that the whole circle is one great ornamented pleasure garden, adorned with marble vases, statues, fountains, and the choicest trees and flowering shrubs, with chairs and garden-seats in great abundance.

Our favourite haunt in this Arcadia was at the confluence of the two rivers, the Vien and the Danube—that en-

chanted stream, of which every German child has heard so much, and of the fabled nymphs that are reported to present themselves to human eyes at sunset, or at the full of the moon.

Here, beneath a natural arbour, composed of the silver beech, the graceful birch, the smooth ash, and the graceful acacia, Albert and myself accustomed ourselves to sit for hours, each with a book in his hand, but our eyes generally fixed upon the glittering, amatory course of the before-mentioned streams towards each other, or we listened to the notes of the thousand singing birds that were keeping their concert around us.

I think I have before mentioned the extreme beauty of my unfortunate brother, whose voice I pined to hear. Nothing could exceed the light gracefulness of his form; but it seemed too fragile for the buffetings of life. His brow was high and fair—too fair, I thought, for our rough sex, and fit only for a woman. Then his hair had the glossy softness and redundancy that men seldom possess. Those blue eyes, too—they were so tender in their expression, so marked by chastity and meekness, that I could not help contrasting them with my own,—so dark, so bold, oftentimes, I fear, so sullen also. Then my form was athletic; my hair short and curling in my neck, black as the wing of night. “How little do we look like brothers, Albert!” I exclaimed, after contemplating him in silence many minutes, as we sat together in the circle, as it was called, and there saw ourselves reflected in the placid Vien that mirrored itself at our feet—“How is it that we are so much unlike each other?”

The question seemed to distress poor Albert. He wrote upon a slip of paper: “My form has taken the resemblance of my mother’s; yours has done the same. Our spirits, I trust, are of the same nature.” And he pointed towards the heavens. He was not thinking of the Baron Von L——, our father; nor did I wish my spirit to resemble his.

“Your mother must have been exceedingly beautiful, Albert,” said I. “Have you no wish to see her, now you are in Vienna? for it seems she resides here at present. Know you her address?”

A deep blush covered the delicate features of Albert at this question, and he sighed profoundly; but my cu-

riosity was excited, and all my passions and desires were under no control. They had not been disciplined by a judicious father, nor soothed into tenderness and charity by the example of an excellent mother. So I repeated the question, disregarding the distress I caused.

Albert wrote his answer on a leaf of his tablet: “You saw my mother yesterday, Waldorf, sitting by the side of the emperor, in the imperial carriage. You noticed her beauty and her dignity. But, alas, she is not the empress; my mother is mistress to the Emperor of Austria. Her son feels shame in mentioning her name and such promotion!”

“What!” cried I, “the celebrated Theresa Hoffner?” But I was shocked at my own coarseness in thus forgetting the feelings of poor Albert. He covered his face with his hands, and burst into a convulsive agony of grief.

Here, again, were more wonders for me to brood over. The boy who had lived unacknowledged on my father’s estate for at least five years, unnoticed except by myself, in penury, and, as I believed, quite uneducated—all at once this youth claimed affinity with me—even hinted at his superiority; and shewed his power over me, by throwing me at his pleasure into a charmed trance, and extracting from my own mouth the most astonishing revelations, without my knowing any thing of the matter, or even remembering I had spoken aught concerning them. That youth I deemed once so illiterate, now writing with precision and elegance! That low-born vassal, as I had before considered him, now swelling with mortification, oppressed with shame, for being the illegitimate son of the proud Baron Von L—— and the most beautiful woman in Germany—one so much honoured by the emperor, that it was believed he intended soon, now he was a widower, to marry her with the left hand, and thus allow her the privileges of a court and the homage of the people. “Am I not still dreaming?” I exclaimed, as all these circumstances passed in review before me; “or am I, as I have long thought, insane?”

At this moment, drawn by four cream-coloured ponies, and reclining in a sort of elegant garden-chair, surrounded by a numerous train of young and ambitious courtiers, the far-famed and still most lovely Theresa

passed slowly by us, for her evening drive, enjoying the fragrance of the flowers and the melody of the birds. The emperor himself, on a high-mettled Arabian, rode by her side, and seemed much amused by some description she was giving him, with infinite humour, of one of the old courtiers, who either felt or feigned himself in love with one of her young attendants. As the gay *cortège* wound by the sylvan spot in which we sat, Theresa, who was driving, and had a young boy by her side, known to be the emperor's child, happened to meet the deep blue eye and singular expression of young Albert, my companion, who had mechanically turned his head at hearing the trampling of horses' feet. A sudden shriek succeeded ; and the fair form within that splendid garden-carriage was inanimate.

A great bustle succeeded. Theresa was borne in the emperor's own arms to the little grove in which we were ensconced, and placed on a seat near us. Every restorative within his reach was administered. She slowly opened those dark fringed eyes, and they sought about for Albert. Incoherently she exclaimed, "Give him to me! Where is my child?" The beautiful little boy, who was still in the carriage, was brought immediately to her by the courtiers around. "Collect yourself, dearest Theresa," whispered the emperor : "our child is safe—is here, my love—behold him! Leopold, embrace your mother."

Recovering in some degree her self-possession, the favourite of her sovereign affected to be satisfied, and embraced the little creature, who nestled near her bosom. Still her eyes wandered round in search of her other son—for to me this scene brought conviction that he was so—but Albert had vanished. I witnessed not the moment of his departure ; it must have been when my attention was taken up by the fainting of Theresa, and the anxiety of the emperor for her restoration.

Soon this splendid pageant was over. The lady was lifted again into her gilded car. The emperor himself took the reins, placing the child between them ; and the place was soon deserted, every one in the circle following the route of his majesty's suite. I looked after them as they took their circuitous course, and then returned to our hotel.

I found Albert pale and feverish.

His cheek was flushed, his hands were cold, his eye looked disturbed, and flashed with strange expression. He handed me his tablets. The writing there seemed done by an unsteady hand ; but fixed determination, high resolve, breathed in every line there written. Thus did it say :—

"The sight I have beheld to-day, I will behold no more! Does Waldorf purpose to search the museum of Vienna? If so, well ; if not, Albert must seek himself for that document. Yet can he not decipher the mysterious writing, should he be so fortunate as to obtain it. Every thing in nature is double—they should act together. Waldorf and Albert thus are constituted. Why should they be separated?"

"We will commence to-morrow, dearest Albert," said I, regarding him with tenderness ; "but to-day you must be attended to. Your pulse beats too violently—your cheek has too much colour. You must have advice."

He snatched a pencil and wrote thus : "Remove the cause, and the effect will cease. I cannot breathe freely in this imperial city, except in the museum. The path of duty has no thorns : let us enter it." And we set off immediately for the museum.

Albert and myself inspected none of the specimens that were laid out so scientifically in the apartments dedicated to minerals, animals, and fossils ; the Egyptian mummies, and their sarcophagi, engrossed our only research. By the dint of handsome bribes to the attendants, we were allowed to inspect, as *virtuosi*, every fragment of papyrus that was visible ; but nothing was found that I could read, or that at all resembled the ancient roll I had, it seems, myself described in my sleep. We employed three consecutive days in making our acquaintance with the mummies and their envelopes. Inquiry was baffled. The attendants became weary of us and our questions ; and we returned home utterly dispirited.

The next morning, I proposed leaving Vienna ; but, instead of acquiescing instantly with this proposal, Albert contented himself with laying his hand on mine, and looking on me with that peculiar expression I had before experienced in the carriage. I might have resisted this mystic influence, but I gave myself freely up to it. For what

purpose I was to be thrown into another fit of somnambulism I knew not, I cared not. A stream of cold fluid seemed to be passing into me, through me—then it became warm, genial, delightful. By degrees I felt my eyes grow heavy, but it was with a delicious languor. Soon my senses became confused: yet had I a strange sensation of lightness, as if I walked on air, or was floating on a sunshiny lake. This soon ceased. My head fell upon my bosom, and I sank into unconsciousness.

I knew nothing more; but when I awoke, I was sitting in the same place: on one side of me was Albert, on the other a huge stone sarcophagus, covered inside and out with hieroglyphics, perfectly empty, for so it seemed to me.

"We have got the treasure that we sought, dear Waldorf." These words were handed to me instantly, with a look of ecstasy, by my loved brother; and, in addition: "You have been to the museum, Waldorf, whilst in your magnetic sleep. There you have selected instantly this stone coffin, and offered a large sum for this seemingly empty tomb. You have written your order for the payment of that large sum, and given it with your name to the director there. You have desired it to be sent immediately to these apartments. At the bottom of this stone coffin, you have said the roll has been deposited for scores of centuries. I feared to break in, dear Waldorf, on this most interesting crisis of your somnambulism; nor did I choose to let any hand but yours, my brother, take the treasure from its secret cell. Yet such is my faith, my assurance, that I know it is there. I am impatient to behold it."

By the assistance of some instruments we had by us, Albert and myself removed a black slab that was cemented in the very middle of the bottom of the tomb. It cost us some hours of manual labour to pick away the firm cement, that was as hard as the stone itself. We raised it at length; and I uttered a cry of joy, for, carefully inclosed in coverings of resinous cloth, we drew forth the precious relic from the place that had been artfully hollowed out for its reception.

This ancient manuscript now lies before me, spread out upon a frame, and covered with plate-glass. Every character there (and there are thou-

sands) is of so comprehensive a construction, and is wrought with so many minute touches, invisible to the common eye, that it contains a mighty revelation of the past, the present, and the future. My life has been employed in deciphering them; and I have made myself master of them, by that faculty which was predicted. Every syllable, if syllables they can be called, where all is universal, and totally unintelligible to every other person in the world save myself, I can decipher.

What extraordinary information have I gained by this ancient record, which is antediluvian, and was preserved by Noah in the ark most carefully. It is written in that language our first ancestors spoke, before it was confounded, or as it were broken to pieces, at the building of that famous tower, which was intended by the ambition of man to reach up "even unto heaven." It commences with the *second* temptation of the Father of Evil upon our race, and practised successfully on the first child of this earth, shewing that, almost from infancy, the fratricide Cain hated his brother Abel, from the suggestions of the great tempter, who instilled into him even then the thought that the youngest child of his mother, the beautiful infant on her knee, the fair and tender Abel, was preferred to him, the elder born. It relates how this envious, this bitter feeling, "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;" how it poisoned every hour of his boyhood, and gnawed upon his heart in youth, as the vulture preyed upon the vitals of Prometheus.

It is impossible to describe the thrilling interest this relation excites; the more than mortal eloquence with which the whole of this grand epic poem (for such it is, and the first and best that ever was seen on earth, although not written in verse—for Satan, the author of it, who invented writing, only wrote poetry when engaged in tempting women) is pervaded.

I give a short extract from it here:—"When Cain beheld his brother on the ground, and saw that livid paleness death alone could give upon his beautiful features, he remained immovable, transfixed, his eyes gazing wildly on the now lifeless corpse. At length there broke forth a cry of horror; and it gave me joy, for I knew his agonies were at that moment equal to my own. 'Speak to me!' at length broke from

his convulsed lips. "Tell me that thou art not gone for ever!—that to-morrow, or the next day, or the next, I shall see thee again leading thy flocks to water! Speak but one word, though it be to curse me! Curse me!—no, thy lips were made for blessings! I am cursed! Blood is on my hands!"

To spiritual beings, there is no such thing as *time*, no such thing as *succession*—it is one eternal *present*; therefore the events that have taken place upon the theatre of this world since the death of the young and beloved pastoral poet, Abel (some of his beautiful lyrics I shall hereafter give), and those yet to be enacted thousands of centuries to come, are equally alluded to and described, without any chronological order. I possess but a fragment of the "Devil's Diary;" other parts of it will yet be found in the great pyramids of Egypt; but, alas, they will never, I fear, be read, unless the science of animal magnetism be treated in a far different way from what it is at present, merely as making it a quackery and a public exhibition. Not for such low purposes was such a faculty bestowed on man!

Yet was there nothing supernatural in the last act I have described, that I performed whilst a somnambule, respecting the Egyptian sarcophagus—nothing that should astonish the reflecting mind. I can account for this particular act, I think satisfactorily. But should my readers still not be satisfied, let me tell them that there are shut up in the bosom of nature a thousand phenomena, much more incomprehensible than this, which no doubt Isis, the mother of the universe, will at some future time reveal to her children.

Let me then explain this one alluded to. During my search in the Vienna museum, in my natural state, I perfectly well remember that my eye rested for a moment on the bottom of that particular stone trough, or tomb, which contained the MS., and that a transient perception flitted across my brain, too slight to be acted on, that the appearance of a join there might be for some particular purpose—perhaps for the concealment of the document I was in search of; but stronger impressions obliterated for the moment this slight one, or, at any rate, suffered it not to be felt then. More probable places were searched, and disappointment

after disappointment ensued. But during this magnetic sleep, when my mind was clear of the impressions that had, so to speak, been used and done with, than the former one, as yet not brought out into action, came fully into broad relief; and, under its influence, I stopped suddenly before the sarcophagus that was the subject of that idea. My subsequent conduct in bargaining for its purchase, causing it to be sent immediately to my hotel, walking by the side of it as it was conveyed there, and all the other details, they only followed as a matter of course, and flowed from the same source. One idea set all the rest in motion.

But then it will be told me, "How do you account, in the *first* instance, for your knowing, whilst in a state of somnambulism, that any such document existed at all?" I can only answer, that of this I am myself ignorant. Whether it came from the second sight that had been foretold I should possess, whether from the prevision of animal magnetism, or that Albert himself was the prophet and the seer, I know nothing. *Clairvoyance*, they say, belongs to magnetism; I wish they would explain what they mean by the word. My business is not to enter into metaphysical disquisitions, but to relate facts. Can we give a reason why the sun should rise to-morrow? or why this pen I now hold in my hand should so far obey the orders of my mind as to trace these characters? The pen is but an agent to my hand, and my hand is an agent to something else, and my conceiving, acting spirit, is at the bottom of all this; for every letter I trace must be conceived within my mind before it can be born, and this conceiving mind must receive its power from some other cause—and here we all are lost. Let us account for the thousands of events that we hourly see passing before our eyes, and that we think nothing of, before we venture to pronounce this is impossible.

We often see a dog sent into the river to fetch out a stone at the bidding of his master. The stone has been previously marked and handled by him. How is it that this brute animal ever returns with it in his mouth? It is sufficient, for this end, that the stone be touched by the hand of the master, which preserves, even under the water, the emanation, or odour, call it what

you like, of that hand, so that the dog can distinguish it amongst a thousand others, and without the aid of vision ; for it is not necessary that the dog should have seen the stone to perform this operation. Account for this, ye philosophers, and then wonder not that instinct, or the divine principle, should be stronger in man than in the brute—that is, when not distracted by the senses.

Enough of these vain reasonings ; we entangle ourselves deeper in them every step we take. We know nothing of causation, nor can give explanation regarding the formation of a single grain of sand, or the motion of an insect's wing.

Metaphysicians, what know ye, after all, about the human mind ? Physiologists, can ye explain which part of the human frame is first endued with vitality ? The Chinese say, the nose ; and I conclude they know about as much of the matter as the rest of the world. By a singular chance (for, as I said before, I possessed only a fragment of that manuscript, the most ancient in the world—a record of the temptations to which men would be subjected by him who was permitted thus to try them), I caught a sight of my own name, “Waldorf, the fortieth baron of Von L——.” With trembling interest I began the narration, and had proceeded as far as the name of Eva, which seemed connected with my own throughout, when Albert, sitting by my side, and attending to it, snatched away the extended papyrus I was poring over, and wrote hastily these words, which he held up before my eyes : “Beware of searching into your own destiny ; you have not strength to bear it.”

“And wherefore not ?” I asked, with much impatience. But at that moment my eye was caught with the strange appearance that floated before my window. It was night, and the constellation Orion blazed out fully with unusual brightness. I put out the candles, and walked towards the open casement. The three stars, composing what is called “the Belt of Orion,” seemed of excessive magnitude. Then the two outer ones became dim, and suddenly disappeared. Then the shadowy outlines that had before struck me thickened, and with thrilling horror I saw, as if painted upon the air, the forms of my father and my mother, yet not clearly defined. I could per-

ceive the lace hood that my mother always wore, the rich satin dress, but not the features of her face. I recognised the flowing, pompous curls of my father's wig, and the peculiar shape of his military hat ; but only the misty outline of his high and prominent nose was visible—even that seemed more a shadow than a substance. Indeed, the whole was more like a cloud escaped from the heavens, and knowing not where to rest, than palpable form : yet the resemblance to my parents could not be denied.

There they stood, hand in hand, moving slightly up and down, or rather waving, before my eyes. The creeping terror in my veins assured me that I gazed not on particles of condensed water, but on the spiritual shapes of those who had departed from hence for ever. I dropped on my knees before them, and motioned Albert to do the same ; but calm and erect he stood, his eyes riveted on me, wondering at my rapt emotions : he beheld nothing.

“They are dead ! both dead, my brother !” cried I in agony. “They are gone, and I shall never see them more ! They lose now part of the resemblance,” cried I ; “and now Orion is blazing out anew ; the two exterior stars of the belt are visible again ; there is no cloud, no appearance now. I shall see them no more.”

As soon as despatches could arrive, I learned that my father and my mother had, according to custom, gone out upon the lake ; that the boat had sprung a leak, no one knew how ; it had filled instantly, and carried them both to the bottom.

On returning to England, judge of my surprise on seeing, in the handwriting of the baron, my father, a document, declaring that Albert was his only legitimate child, and consequently the heir to all his property, except a small legacy that he left to him, known by the name of “Waldorf.”

This document settled the affair at once. All my father's relatives and friends believed this statement ; all his vassals came to do honour to the young heir, and bow themselves before the speechless son of their late master. He was by the courts put in full possession of his estates and fortune.

And how did the heir himself behave on this sudden reverse of fortune ? Did he change in love and attention to his disinherited brother ? Most mysterious

was his conduct; calm and self-possessed, he heard all that was passing, and protested not against it; not a look of exultation came from those pure, deep eyes of his, that were constantly fixed on me, as if carefully scrutinising all my thoughts. He affected no pity for my change of circumstances; it seemed to him a thing of no moment, that I should lose so large a revenue, and so ancient a title. I could make nothing of him, and was almost provoked at his indifference. "No matter," cried I aloud, "I can amuse myself with reading the '*Devil's Diary*' now, unmolested with the cares of a large patrimonial property, and my little annuity will suffice for every want. I will finish the history of my '*Temptations*,' that I had just begun, and see where I am to find this *Eva*, who I suppose is to be my future wife."

"Have faith in me, brother," wrote Albert; "justice shall be done you. There are many machinations abroad, but you shall still be righted. Suffer affairs to stand as they are at present,—it will save my life, and — but I can say no more."

"What matters it," I thought, "which of us is the real heir? I have his affection, and shall share in all his fair possessions. Let him bear the name of Baron Von L——; from henceforth I will quietly carry the simple one of Albert, until he chooses to unravel this mystery, and restore me to my name and rights." Business took us again to Germany, and we went to our old quarters; the very first evening of our arrival, there came a party of soldiers from the Emperor of Austria, for the apprehension of "Albert, the pretended son of Theresa, the duchess of St. Almar." A report had reached the ears of his majesty, that a young man existed who laid claim to such relationship. He was determined to see him, and to question him himself; and should he be struck with the great likeness it was said subsisted between them, the favourite and beloved Theresa was to be disgraced and abandoned for ever. For the emperor would never have suffered such a stain upon his own honour, and would have seen her no more.

In one moment, it struck me that by my going in the character of Albert I should most likely save his mother from exposure, and himself from probable imprisonment for life. On the other hand, how should I appear my-

self before my imperial sovereign,—I, one of the first nobles in the empire? Why, as either a base impostor, or as the son of an imprudent woman,—the child of disgrace, of unlawful love. I turned to my half-brother, expecting to find his looks appealing to me; but, no,—they were dignified, calm, and mournful. The last expression there determined me. "I am ready," cried I; "take me instantly!"

I was brought into the palace of the emperor—into his very presence. Lying on a couch, pale and disordered, was Theresa, lately created a duchess, and on the very eve of receiving the rites of marriage, so long promised her by her doating lover, should the empress die; when it came to his ears that she had borne a son to the late Baron Von L——, when she was almost a child: the likeness, he was informed, was so very extraordinary between the mother and her offspring, that no doubt could rest upon his mind of the fact of their relationship when he saw him; and it was to scrutinise his features that he sent for him.

The emperor was pacing restlessly up and down the elegant apartment; his arms folded across his breast, his cheeks inflamed, his eyes fierce and impatient; yet still there was a look of extreme tenderness cast every now and then towards the beautiful supposed delinquent, as if he feared this trying scene would be too much for her, and she would die under its agitation. I saw all this as I stood guarded at the door of the apartment.

"You have brought him, then, Colonel Lindorf?" inquired the emperor; "you may now retire. I thank you for your promptness." And the emperor took another turn, not casting his eye towards me.

The beautiful Theresa raised herself on one arm to look upon me, with all the fondness of a doating mother beaming from those exquisite eyes. Love had here, indeed, cast out fear. As she leaned upon one arm, and her long hair half concealed it, and the finely-proportioned form it supported, I wondered not at the power she possessed over her sovereign's heart. She certainly was the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Approach!" said the emperor; but his voice was tremulous. "Young man, let me look upon you." The lady uttered a short cry as I came for-

ward, and fell again upon her pillows. I heard her sobs, and am assured disappointment at not seeing her first-born child then occasioned them.

The emperor took a wax-light, and carefully perused my face; every line in it was scrutinised. "There has been some mistake," he uttered; but there was hope in the accent. "I have been imposed upon, either by Colonel Lindorf, or by that plotting miscreant Keimer, thy enemy, Theresa, whom I shall detest, even if his affirmation be true. What is thy name?"

I answered, without hesitation, "I am called Albert; I have no other name."

"Who was thy father? Look up, Theresa! be not dismayed; I feel thou art calumniated. Speak, young man; answer my question."

"I am the reputed son of the late Baron Von L——; but not born in honourable marriage bonds."

"Who was thy mother? Nay, droop not thus, dearest! Thou shalt have justice on thy detractors, my Theresa!"

"Let me behold him nearer, Leopold," said the most melodious voice in the world. I approached the sofa, and knelt before it.

"Kneel not to me!" almost shrieked this lovely woman; whilst a deadly paleness passed across her features,— "thou art no child of mine."

"I know it, madam," I replied with calmness; "but I kneel because you are the beloved of my king, and resemble beings of another world; for sure naught on earth was ever yet so fair!"

The emperor smiled, and said, "Young man, thou hast good taste; and art, besides, of the same opinion as thy sovereign. But knowest thou not who brought one so bold and handsome, too, into this world? Thou art an honour to thy mother, be she who she may."

I bowed to the compliment. This was said good-humouredly. I saw all the danger was over. And we were dismissed.

Before I quitted Vienna, I was admitted to a private audience of this far-famed beauty, so well known in German history. She desired all her attendants to leave her, with the exception of the chief lady of the bed-chamber.

"So, you are returning to the châte-

teau of L——," said she, looking upon me with those dovelike eyes, that ever made the heart thrill beneath their magic influence. She had a knot of blue ribbon that confined her redundant tresses, and the long ends floated down from behind her head. Her dress was simple in the extreme, but of the finest texture, and of the purest white muslin, soft and full, which fell into the richest drapery. She had the portrait of the king set in brilliants that adorned her arm, it being fastened with several chains of the most exquisite workmanship in gold. She rose from her harp on my entrance, and gave me her hand to kiss. Never before had I seen a hand so perfect. Although the mother of a son of twenty years of age, she looked not more than that herself, from the fairness of her skin, and the youthfulness of her form.

"Your grace, I set off to-morrow."

"Have the kindness to present this ring to the young baron, your friend," said she, with much emotion, handing me one made from a table diamond, and engraved with, "Such is my affection." "Tell your friend that the Duchess of —— No; say not the duchess, but that Theresa sends him that, as a pledge of ——"

"I think I know all madame would say," said I, interrupting in my turn.

"Stay," cried the duchess; "give it me back a moment;" and it was restored. I saw a tear fall on it. "Tell him, sir," she said, "that you saw a glistening drop upon that pure surface; but that ——" She stopped, and hesitated.

"I will tell him, madam, that the tear I saw upon that diamond was far more precious than the gem it honoured. Oh, that it might never evaporate, but live there, as it now stands, the most sacred drop that is on earth. And I placed the ring reverentially within its case, and deposited it in my bosom."

There was a pause of some moments. Theresa was overcome with the depth of her feelings, nor did she seek to restrain them. At length, taking an emerald ring from her own finger, in the shape of a heart, she held it towards me. "This, sir," she said, "is for one of the most disinterested men on earth." I hesitated to hold out my hand to receive it, coupled with such terms of praise. "Waldorf!" she softly uttered, "this is for you, my Albert's faithful friend."

The emperor entered as she spake ; but delight and confidence were upon his brow. " Ah, my new colonel ! " he exclaimed ; " what, kissing hands on your promotion ? "

" Colonel Richestein is departing from Vienna ; he goes at day-break. I am giving him this token for his — "

" Gallantry," interrupted the monarch ; " for as yet, our lady-love, you know but little else of his merits or demerits. But he admires thee, Theresa, and he has had courage enough to say so before his king, who might have taken such an avowal another way ; but, by my father's bones, I like the lad the better for his taste. Here, sir colonel, wear this sword, and tell the people who admire it, thy sovereign took it from his own side to give it thee. And now farewell, for I am engaged to play with this lady a game of picquet."

My heart languished to see again my brother. I set off early the next morning, but had not proceeded far when I met, or seemed to meet—for it was nothing but an illusion, the young Baron Von L——, as he was now openly acknowledged to be, on my favourite Arabian horse. He drew up close to my carriage, put his white hand upon the window—the horse pawing all the time, as was his wont,—and said openly, as plainly as if he had spoken from his cradle,—“ Why did you take that ring from her who was Theresa, but who is now a sovereign's bride ? Wear it, Waldorf ; wear it yourself, for you deserve it. I am going in search of ' Eva,' the destined wife of my friend. There can be but one such Eva in all the world, and I have obtained a clue to find her."

His voice—that is, the voice of this apparition—in tone and modulation much resembled that of his mother ; but, knowing his infirmity, it filled me with terror. " Is he, too, dead ? " I cried aloud, clasping my hands, and throwing myself back into the carriage. A long fit of somnambulism followed, and when I awoke, it was in a place I had never seen before—a romantic cottage on the borders of the Danube. My brother was hanging over me, whilst at a short distance stood a young creature fairer even in my eyes than the beautiful Theresa herself. She was not more than sixteen years old, and had the innocent look of a child.

At first I believed that I was again the sport of illusions ; but, no,—my brother actually spoke, and presented to me Eva,—yes, spoke, clearly, eloquently, affectionately. I put my hand to my head, for all seemed dream-like. I questioned whether I myself was alive or not. Wonders after wonders were crowding upon me. " Surely," cried I, " I am the sport of madness, — I am, I feel I am, insane ! "

" One of my temptations is over, my beloved Waldorf," said my brother, tenderly. " Through you means the stain is taken from the character of my mother. When I was a mere boy, before you ever knew me, I had become acquainted with her shame, and my own illegitimacy. I learned, no matter how, that if I would abjure the use of speech for ten entire years, without articulating a single word, means would be found to retrieve my mother's honour, and bring her into high station, and the favour of her sovereign. This task I have performed, and my mother is what you have seen her. Repentance has washed away her offences ; and though I dare not openly see her, as my resemblance to her would betray me, yet here, in this sweet retirement with her young friend, the Baroness Eva of Scagonvold, I may sometimes be blest in her society,—for my mother in heart is virtuous. It was *her* mother who sold her, when almost an infant, to — him now gone to give an account of that seduction. It was she who had her also introduced to the emperor, and accomplished her second fall. She can do no more ; death has interrupted her plotting ; she died on the same day you left Vienna."

Like the shifting scenes of a drama had lately been my life. Here was I located in the same delightful country retreat with Theresa, the wife of the emperor, her son, and the charming young baroness, during the absence of the emperor, who was gone to pay a visit to the Elector of Bavaria, and had allowed his Theresa to recruit her health with that of her youngest child, in company with her favourite maid of honour, Eva de S——.

This was the happiest period of my life. A new and absorbing passion seized me for the young baroness. I proposed and was accepted ; for though no longer possessed absolutely of the estates and barony of my late father,

all its revenue was at my disposal. Besides, Theresa had undertaken to provide for me, and my young mistress was an heiress of very large possessions.

All went on most delightfully, at least to me,—for I was too much engrossed to think much of others; when the emperor returned, and Theresa and her youngest son were recalled to the imperial palace. Eva accompanied her mistress; and my brother and myself, to break a little this painful separation, went forward for a little tour.

The varied beauties of that majestic river the Rhine have been so often described and painted, that I shall say nothing more than that we enjoyed them together. Eva was the subject of our constant conversation, and the unceasing theme of my own thoughts. Not content with following up the margin of the Rhine, we branched off, to pursue the course of some of its tributary streams. The Moselle, celebrated for its wine, broad and violent; the clear and silver Meuse; and the silent Maine, with its thousands of nightingales in its fairy islands; and numberless little groves. Then the tempestuous foaming Aar, dashing along, as if to demand superiority by its incessant noise; yet of them all the most shallow and turbid,—an emblem of the prating consequential people we meet with in the world. The man of sense and the philosopher never speaks until he has something to say either to instruct or to amuse.

"My dear brother," at length I said, "I am most anxious to know what says that mysterious ancient record concerning Eva. I have been reluctant to look at it since that evening I saw the spirits of my parents. Let us return and consult it now."

"It is better not," returned my brother, whom when we were alone I ever loved to address by the name of Albert; "all is delightful to you at present,—dive not into futurity." But my wilfulness returned; I resolved that I would read the record, and, as Albert predicted, my peace was broken by it.

I there learnt that my beloved brother was languishing with a fatal passion for the girl I loved; that she was made the instrument of a deadly temptation to him,—for I found he had but to declare his passion to her, and she would instantly prefer him to me: that pique, more than love, had made

her consent to accept me, as Albert never sought her affection, and that he knew this well; but, rather than undermine my happiness, was sinking quietly into the grave.

I must here observe, that in the wondrous record of the Devil's Diary, only the temptations worked by the Prince of Darkness were to be found. The result of such temptations it was not permitted this fallen angel to discern; for man, being a creature of free-will, he had the power to resist them, or to suffer himself to be overcome; consequently there were two chains of events laid out, as in a chart, that followed such selection. I traced this divaricating chain, and read as follows:—

"If he (Waldorf) gives way to selfishness, and marries Eva, from that moment I gain a march upon him. His heart will become deadened; he will lose all human sympathies; he will in all things disregard the feelings of others; himself will become his own idol: even the cherished prize herself will be at length disregarded; he will not care for her tears, he will be callous to her sufferings. He will feel a passion for other women, and will become a seducer, a voluptuary, an assassin; and he will fall ultimately under my sway, losing his allegiance to — the name I dare not utter. But, if he relinquishes this girl, another and a happier course for him opens upon him —" Here age had totally eradicated the characters in the manuscript; but I had read enough, and took my steps accordingly.

"My brother!" cried I, after looking for some time at the altered cheek and languid air of him so inexpressibly dear to me, "I have been thinking that this beautiful girl introduced to me by yourself, and your mother's dearest friend, would suit you much better than myself. Tell me openly, candidly, should you like to marry Eva?"

"Tempt me not, my own Waldorf," answered Albert, "with such a question; mock me not with such a thought. She is beloved by you, and you are affianced. Forgive me, for a faintness overpowers me; I am often so of late," and he would have departed.

"Oh, what a selfish wretch have I been!" said I, vehemently, "not to have divined this before. Endowed, too, with second sight, yet suffer my brother to die, all unmoved? What is

the use of faculties if they are not used? Albert, I swear to you that your life is dearer to me even than my love of Eva. Tell me that it is not yet too late,—that you will recover, Albert, and that I shall see you united to —”

“Oh name her not!” said the poor youth, almost dying with confusion. “How learned you the weakness of my nature? But why ask this of you, who have such gifts? It cannot be. Who would be selfish then?”

“Not you, dear brother; you have sufficiently proved that; but hear me swear: I relinquish from this moment every right in that fair girl. She is yours, and may you both be happy!”

It is far easier to make one great sacrifice, dazzled by its very splendour, than to think afterwards of what we have lost. Great actions may be achieved as if by the force of a thunderbolt; but difficult is it to keep up a constant succession of them, or to hold the mind steady to the point of greatness. The charms of Eva were constantly before my eyes, and sometimes (being naturally a sceptic) I had doubts whether all that I had read in this strange roll might be true. “The devil is the father of lies,” I would often say; “and this very record may be thrown into my way only to cheat me of my happiness.” Then, too, so weak is human nature, I was con-

stantly thinking of the sacrifice I had already made to Albert's peace. Might I not by a single word, when before the emperor, have brought disgrace upon Theresa, ruin upon himself? Had I but said “Sire, he who has ever been called Albert, and is this lady's son, now revels in my name, my property; send for him, and satisfy yourself.” Had I said this, or less than this, what would have become of their fine device? For the monarch's wrath would have been so excited, that incarceration or death would have been the consequence. Had I not taken his position all unasked, totally disregarding self? Was I not considered, in consequence, without name, parentage, connexions, or real inheritance,—a dependant, and a mark for scorn?

Whether I continued firm to my first resolve, or, with the backsliding of human infirmity, thought more of present gratification than future good, will be seen in the sequel. Should it be found that the baser part of my nature prevailed, that the evil principle predominated, surely there will be nothing wondrous in my choice. How many are there who, knowing as well as I did that one path presented to them would lead to virtue and future blessedness, the other to vice and certain misery, yet wilfully prefer the latter. I have much more to say.

DOMESTIC JESUITISM.*

WE believe that the British public is too little aware of the nature and efforts of Jesuitism in this country. What is here called Roman Catholicism may be, and no doubt is, in the estimate of the Romish laity, the great majority of which is made up of the illiterate, a religion in which they have embarked their souls; but in the hands of the Romish hierarchy, Popery is another name for Jesuitism, and Jesuitism the process by which they anticipate the immolation of Protestantism as a holocaust, and the surrender of the liberties and freedom of England to the papal power. The Romish priests are many of them sheer infidels, and others mere mechanical tools in their employment; and a few so strongly persuaded of the

truth and inspiration of the absurdities they teach, that they are ready to do or dare any thing to perpetuate them. The one grand end of every Jesuit, from those of Stoneyhurst to those of Rome, —from M'Hale to Ignatius Loyola, is the supremacy of the papal church and authority. Toward this they must bend every energy, and for this they are at liberty to prostrate truth, and honesty, and chastity, and all the graces. The pope wrote to Henry IV. of France, desiring him to revoke the edict which banished the Jesuits of France. To this, Henry IV., Roman Catholic as he was, replied in the following words:—

“Sur la demande pour les Jésuites, j'ai répondu au légal ingénument, que

* The State of Popery and Jesuitism in England, from the Reformation to 1829. By the Rev. Thomas Fathbury, M.A. London, 1838. Leslie.

si j'avais deux vies, j'en donnerais volontiers une au contentement du Saint-Père, mais que n'en ayant qu'une je la dois conserver pour la sainteté et la Chrétienté; puisque ces gens se montraient encore si passionnés et entreprenants où ils étaient demeurés en mon royaumes, qu'ils étaient insupportables continuant à séduire mes sujets à faire leurs menées, non tant pour convaincre et convertir ceux de la religion que pour prendre pied et autorité en mes états, et s'enrichir et accroître aux dépens d'un chacun, pouvant dire mes affaires n'avoit prospéré, ni ma personne avoir été en sureté que depuis que les Jésuites ont été bannis d'ici. Il serait impossible qu'en France ils fussent vus de bon œil, et soufferts par ceux qui aiment ma vie et mon repos."

We wish our queen may also add what a historian of the order of Loyola subjoins to this extract:—"Ce que le meilleur des rois pensait des Jésuites nous le pensons aussi."

M. Thomas, in 1826, published, at Paris, a valuable compendium of Jesuitism, under the title of *Etrennes aux Jésuites*. In this work he publishes a calendar of the deeds canonised and authorised by the Jesuits.

The commemoration for the 13th of February is as follows:—In 1583, Father William Crichton, a Jesuit, requested Robert the Bruce to engage an assassin for the murder of the Scottish chancellor. The impious Bruce refused, and Father Crichton denounced him to the Inquisition. The chancellor was confined five months in it, and the reverend father quietly pursued his noble designs.

For April, we find the following commendatory notices:—

1. The fête of the Gunpowder Plot, a plenary indulgence.

2. The martyrdom of the reverend brothers Garnet and Oldecorne, the authors of this *courageous enterprise*, the object of which was to annihilate at a blow the Protestantism of England. An indulgence for all their assistants.

3. The *arrêt* of parliament, which condemned them to be hanged. *Misere-re mei*, &c.

August 3. Saint Escobar proves that a man proscribed by the pope may be put to death over all the world. A long and brilliant panegyric on the reverend father.

October 17. Suarez, in his book entitled a *Defence of the Catholic Faith*, concludes that a king excommunicated by the pope may be put to death.

November 3. An attempt on the life of Louis XIV. by one of the Holy Society. At this period the Jesuits published their doctrines, pointing out the propriety of putting heretic kings to death.

Tambourinus says,—“A son may desire the death of his parent, to enjoy more speedily his property; because he does not rejoice in the death of his parent, but in the succession; because he does not wish evil to his parent, but good to himself.”

But by their fruits the holy brotherhood will be best known.

In 1582, an attempt was made to assassinate the Prince of Orange, under the direction of the Jesuits.

In 1584, William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was assassinated by a villain who was taught, by the Jesuits, that for this angels would receive him in heaven.

In 1593, Jean Chatel made an attempt to murder Henri IV., under the direction of the Jesuit Guignard.

In 1604, the Jesuits were driven from Milan, on account of their impurities.

In 1605, the Jesuits kindled a civil war in Russia.

In 1606, they tried the Gunpowder Plot in England, and Garnet and Oldecorne received the crown of martyrdom.

In 1610, the Jesuits were expelled from India, and from China, for their dishonesty and their crimes.

In 1616, they were driven from Bohemia, as the disturbers of the country.

In 1615, the holy fathers were implicated in a conspiracy against the Life of Louis XIII. They tried, also, to poison Louis XIV. and the Dauphin. A priest denounced their conduct; and, at the age of 82, the loyal priest was cast into the Bastille, for having tried to save his king and the heir-presumptive to the throne.

In 1643, they were driven from Malta for their depravity.

In 1713, they procured the infamous bull Unigenitus, which Drs. Doyle and Murray, of the Irish papal hierarchy, and of the company of Jesus, declare to be obligatory on the priests of Ireland.

And, at the same time, the Jesuit Jouveney, the historian of the order, confers the names of martyrs and saints on the assassins of kings and princes.

In 1729, they were expelled the Savoy.

In 1755, the Jesuits of Paraguay enlisted the inhabitants against their sovereign.

In 1758, the Jesuits were convicted of having murdered Joseph I., the king of Portugal. Father Malgrida was put to death, and the society banished the realm.

In 1761, they were driven from France.

In 1767, they were expelled, for their crimes, from Spain and the Sicilies.

In 1768, they were banished from the duchy of Parma.

In 1773, Clement XIV. was driven to dissolve the order of Jesuits, after they had murdered four kings, and attempted the lives of five more; after crimes and depravities too execrable to be enumerated.

After this catalogue, and with all the experience of their unmanageable depravities, Pope Pius VII., in the year 1801, *re-established* the order; and in 1814, they received letters apostolical, restoring them all their privileges. They tried their old tricks in Russia; but the autocrat was too shrewd to allow them space for many experiments, and prudently expelled them. They next entered on France, and while they concealed their real principles, and restrained themselves from convenient murders, deposition of princes, &c., they multiplied their colleges, schools, chapels, &c.

In 1817, the Jesuits in Ireland published, for private circulation, the Bible of Macnamara, with notes embodying the worst and most wicked principles of their school; and within a few years back, they ushered into all their schools and colleges in Ireland, except Maynooth, which is open to public inspection, the filthy and murderous writings of Peter Dens.

We refer to that reverend dominie for a full exposition of the tenets held by Drs. Murray, McHale, and other archiepiscopal Jesuits in Ireland. The holy fathers are prosecuting in England the plan they pursued in France: they are laying a broad foundation of influence, and population, and power, in every parish and town; and as soon as they can make themselves be sufficiently felt, the principles contained in the writings of Emmanuel Sà, Maldonatus, &c., &c., will be brought into full operation. We now bring our readers to the clear and satisfactory

sketch of Mr. Lathbury, than which we do not know a modern work of the same size more opportune or more valuable. We were prepared to expect this from the author of the *English Episcopacy*. His views on ecclesiastical matters are so superior to those entertained by the semi-Dissenters at the one extreme, and the semi-Jesuits at the other, who infest the establishment, that we hope to see them fully and widely appreciated.

The historical view which our author presents of the great contending parties, during some of the most interesting periods of English history, is exceedingly good. We have been much struck with the remarks which Mr. Lathbury makes on the conduct of the Nonconformists in the very heat of the Papal controversy. Many have been accustomed to regard the earlier Dissenters as men of an utterly opposite stamp to their professed descendants. In some respects they were so. But with all their superiority in one point of view, they were marvellously equal and akin in many. On the Popish controversy, the Nonconformists displayed almost universal apathy, while the clergy of the church spoke out with uncompromising boldness. There appears to be an essentially deteriorating effect produced on the minds of the most conscientious, by schism,—an anxiety to depress the church, and to exalt the sect, is invariably generated; and, rather than fall short in these two objects and aims, sectarians are prepared to amalgamate with the most heterogeneous heretics. The attitude of opposition to the church is practically made, to warrant and sanctify any coalition with the enemies of universal religion. Mr. Lathbury observes:—

“It is remarkable, too, that the Nonconformists were silent on the Popish controversy, while the clergy were using the pulpit and the press with the greatest effect. During the reign of James II. and the latter part of that of his brother, two hundred and thirty distinct works were published against Popery by members of the Church of England. These were not mere tracts, but works of considerable size. Even the lists of the titles form pamphlets of no small bulk. During the same period, two works only proceeded from the pens of Nonconformists, who were most unaccountably silent at this critical moment. These writings were instrumental in the deliverance of the nation: yet the Dis-

senters of that day, when the danger was imminent, were unconcerned spectators of the struggle between the Church and the Papists. It is admitted that the Dissenters concurred with the Revolution when it actually took place; but it must in justice be stated that they contributed nothing by their efforts towards its accomplishment. The men who first dared to oppose the illegal proceedings of the monarch were bishops; and by their efforts, seconded by those of the clergy and the members of the Church of England generally, was that glorious event brought about.

"No one, as far as I know, has ventured a justification of the Nonconformists in their silence at this eventful period. Calamy offered an apology, but it is a very weak one. 'And if' (says he) they did not now preach so much against Popery as the Churchmen, they may the more easily be excused, because their people did not so much need it. They had little reason to fear that any of their persuasion would be perverted. And the truth of it is, though I have not the least word to say, to the lessening that glorious defence of the Protestant cause that was at this time made by the writings of the divines of the Church party, yet the Dissenters may be well allowed to have taken no small pleasure in seeing those gentlemen baffle the Papists, and in such a case to have offered to take the work out of their hands had been over-officious, and an indecent intermeddling.' It is painful to transcribe such language from so respectable an author as Calamy; but when many writers refer the Revolution to the acts of the Dissenters, it is necessary to shew what their conduct really was, and that the event was brought about by the instrumentality of the Church. The vigilance of the clergy was remarkable; scarcely a week elapsed without producing one or more works on Popery. When Popish pamphlets were in the press, they procured copies of the sheets from the workmen, as they were struck off; and thus, when the work appeared, an answer was frequently ready to appear with it, so that the antidote was circulated as soon as the poison. It would have been well if the Nonconformists, many of whom were well qualified for the task, had pursued the same course. Neal assigns some reasons for their silence, some of which may be admitted to possess force, while others are as weak as those of Calamy. He states that they had little time to study, and were not so well prepared with arguments as the clergy, who lived in ease and retirement. Yet on inquiry it will be found that the men who wrote most in this

controversy were men who neither lived in ease nor retirement — men with large parishes or in important stations, which required their whole time, and their undivided attention. He then remarks that they were not so much concerned as the church party, as they had nothing to lose. This is a most marvellous assertion. Neal admits that the king's design was to introduce Popery. Surely, then, the Nonconformists had their liberty to lose,—for no one can imagine that that would have been secured any longer than the period of the establishment of the Papacy in England. Burnet very justly remarks, 'it were great injustice to charge all the Dissenters with the impertinencies that have appeared in many addresses of late, or to take our measures of them from the impudent strains of an Alsop or a Case, or from the more important and now more visible steps that some among them of a higher form are every day making.'

"I have another motive for entering upon this subject in the present little work. It is this:—The present conduct of a large majority of Dissenters. It strikes me, and will, I think, strike my readers, that the Dissenters, so far from opposing Popery at present, are really contributing by their actions to spreading it among their countrymen. They will not oppose it from the pulpit nor from the press. Prior to the Revolution the Nonconformists sat still: the Dissenters are doing worse; for, to gain a political object—a purely political object—they will unite with the Papists, and support those men who entertain notions on religious subjects, to say the least of them, bordering very closely on infidelity. We have an awful instance of the spirit that now animates even respectable Dissenters in the conduct of Dr. Pye Smith, in his apology for voting in favour of Mr. Joseph Hume. How few again will act in opposition to Popery in any way! Protestants, on the contrary, are called upon by Dissenters to leave the Papists alone. To what is this indifference to be attributed? Doubtless to the deteriorating influence of modern liberalism. The Dissenters of the last century would be horror-struck at such proceedings. In their estimation, Popery was a deadly evil; and so far from joining for any purpose with its advocates, they contended that it was their duty to oppose it with all their might. I have expressed my readiness to excuse the Nonconformists for the part they took prior to the Revolution; but no possible excuse can be pleaded for Dissenters in the present day in combining with Papists for political purposes. Their conduct must be contemplated with deep sorrow by the

sincere Protestant. I shall again allude to it in a future page.

"To return to the proceedings of the Popish party in the Court. They expected to gain the assistance of the Dissenters; nor were they disappointed. The Declaration was artfully framed. 'The Nonconformists,' says Burnet, 'are now invited to set an example to the rest: and they who have valued themselves hitherto upon their opposition to Popery, and that have quarrelled with the Church of England, for some small approaches to it in a few ceremonies, are now solicited to rejoice, because the laws that secure us against it are all plucked up—it is visible that those who allow them this favour, do it with no other design, but that, under a pretence of a general toleration, they may introduce a religion which must persecute all equally.' Again he observes, 'The Dissenters, for a little present ease, to be enjoyed at mercy, must concur to break down all our hedges, and to lay us open to that devouring power, before which nothing can stand that will not worship it.'"^{*}

If they did these things in the green tree, they cannot be expected to do less than they now do in the dry. In fact, Dissent—English, Irish, and Scotch—is, to a considerable extent, the offspring of a Diotrephes spirit, a love of pre-eminence and ecclesiastical power, which is, in its most rampant form, but another name for Popery; and this being the case, it needs no great sagacity to see that between the parentage of the mass-house and the meeting-house, there is much closer consanguinity than either may be disposed to allow. In Babylon, a bog-trotter from Tipperary rises to be the mitred despot of Braganza, who signs himself the Archbishop of Tuam. In Redcross Street, some Jonathan Dip, or mousetrap and other dealer, is blown up into a lord-deacon. Both hate the fly-wheel of the Establishment, which regulates, restrains, and balances; and both, accordingly, merge their *minor* differences in a united crusade against the "old hag." If men would imbibe a larger portion of humility, and think less of SELF, both Popery and Dissent would find fewer patrons, and conscience would be saddled with a lighter load of those restless impertinences, vulgarly christened grievances, in this age of spurious registrations.

There is a most ominous and striking coincidence between the assaults made on our Protestant church and institutions in the reign of the Popish James, and those now directed against them *instrumentally* by a liberal ministry, under the dictation and direction of the Papal priesthood. This parallel will satisfy the most sceptical that Popery has changed neither her principles nor her anticipations, and that the only preventive of the full development of her intolerant *régime* is, the yet powerful ascendancy of Protestantism. The following extract will also shew, that there must be encouragement from the higher powers to induce the Irish Papists to set themselves so openly against the institutions of the country. If a king encouraged the slaves of the Roman bishop to grasp at the property of the Protestant church in his days, a prime minister, whose royal master should have been James, and whose royal mistress should never have been Victoria, and an Irish lord-lieutenant, who loves any *articles*, save the thirty-nine,—these *duo juncti in uno* do the same in their day.

"Though James had professed such regard for liberty of conscience in England, at a time when he hoped to succeed in introducing Popery by policy, yet in Ireland, when it was found that the people of England were not to be seduced by specious appearances and fair promises, and when he had resolved to recover his throne and to set up his religion by force of arms, liberty of conscience was denied, and he appeared in his real character, that of a Popish bigot, who, true to the principles of his church, would keep no faith with heretics, but who would use all possible means to suppress them. From the commencement of his reign, his acts in Ireland had been one continued series of attacks on the civil and religious privileges of his Protestant subjects. His whole conduct demonstrated that every Popish prince, if sincere in his creed, feels it to be his duty to subdue his Protestant subjects; for every act of his government in Ireland tended to this end.

"On arriving in that country he summoned a parliament, and care was taken that both houses should be composed of Papists; and these men were to legislate for Protestants. Their measures were just such as might have been expected—such as were in strict accordance with

^{*} Burnet's *Reflections on His Majesty's Declaration.*

the principles from which they emanated. In short, they were such as Papists, whenever invested with authority, must, from the nature of their principles, adopt towards Protestants—such as would again be practised in Ireland, if the sword of authority should ever be wielded by the Popish faction. The liberties of Protestants can never be safe under the ascendancy of Popery. As in England, he had commenced his attacks upon Protestantism by invading the rights of the universities, so in Ireland, the members of Trinity College, Dublin, were expelled, and a Popish provost was appointed. Several bishoprics became vacant by death during his stay in the country, but instead of nominating Protestants, he pursued the course which he had adopted in England, by seizing upon their revenues, and appropriating them to the support of Popish bishops in defiance of the laws of the land. It was not his intention to appoint any more Protestants to the vacant sees. Though the laws protected the Protestant Church, and remained unrepealed, yet the priests declared that the tithes belonged to them, and prohibited their people from paying any to the Protestant clergy. So tyrannical, indeed, had been the government of James in Ireland, that for two years even before the Revolution, the same practices had been resorted to by the priests and connived at by the state, and the clergy had been deprived of their legal income; but now when the Popish parliament was assembled, an act was immediately passed taking away from the clergy all tithes payable by Papists, and awarding them to the support of the priests. The latter were allowed to recover them by an action at common law, yet the Protestant clergy were denied this privilege in those cases where tithes were still allowed to be paid to them, and they were told that no injury was sustained by them, as they could still resort to the old means of recovery through the Ecclesiastical Courts. This was most insulting, as well as cruel, since the power of the Ecclesiastical Courts was completely paralyzed. Thus by this Popish parliament the Protestant clergy could not receive tithes paid by Papists, but the Popish priests were permitted to receive them from Protestants. The Protestant clergyman could not even demand the payment of tithes from a Papist. Hence no clergyman had any means of support until the battle of the Boyne demolished the government of King James, and made way for the establishment of that of King William and Queen Mary.*

"While occupied in writing the preceding paragraph, the conduct of the Papists in Ireland, on the question of tithes, was strongly forced on my notice. A striking resemblance is discernible in the conduct of the Papists at the two periods. In the present day the Popish priests command their people not to pay tithe, and numbers of Protestant clergymen have in consequence been placed in a state of starvation. The very same measures that were adopted by Papists in Ireland under King James were resorted to under the late King William, and are still practised under her present majesty; and it is clear to demonstration that Popery in Ireland is exactly what it was prior to the Revolution, and that if it possessed the power, it would still exercise the same tyranny over English and Irish Protestants.

"The same parliament also passed another act to render the Popish bishops and priests capable of holding bishoprics and benefices. Many Protestant churches were accordingly seized, though the act did not award them to the Papists, and used for the celebration of Popish worship. But just as this act was carried, the forces of Schomberg landed in the country, and prevented the Papists from carrying their intentions generally into operation. However, though their circumstances did not permit them to occupy all the churches, yet they stirred up the rabble to break in and deface them, destroying the windows, the pulpits, the communion-tables, and their furniture. It was soon perceived, however, by James, that the seizing of the churches by the Papists was a violation of his promise for liberty of conscience, and a free toleration, and he began to imagine that it might have some influence in England and Scotland in alienating the affections of those Protestants who might be disposed to depend upon his word; he, therefore, issued a proclamation, in which he acknowledges that the seizure was a violation of the act for liberty of conscience, which also had been passed by his Irish parliament, and prohibits the Papists from taking possession of any more churches, though he does not command the restitution of those which they already occupied. Even in this business the genius of Popery was displayed; for the Papists were made acquainted with the proclamation before it was issued, and thus took the precaution to seize upon as many of the parochial churches as possible during the interval. The act for liberty of conscience had previously been pleaded by the Protestants to the king, as being

* See Archbishop King's *State of Ireland under King James*.

violated by the seizure of their churches ; when his majesty replied that they were seized during his absence, and without his consent ; but that still his obligations to his Catholic subjects were so great, that he could not dispossess them, and that, moreover, they alleged a title to the churches which they had seized.

" Such was the treatment which the Protestants of Ireland received from King James, who pretended to be the advocate of liberty of conscience. Popery is essentially opposed to religious liberty. In that age, liberty of conscience was merely used as a cloak to cover over the designs of the Court ; and in the present day it is a moral impossibility for a true Papist, whatever may be his avowed sentiments, to be a sincere friend to religious toleration. He may adopt the sentiment for a season, and for a particular purpose ; but it cannot be the genuine feeling of his soul, because it is opposed to the very genius of Popery. In June, 1690, the Protestants of Ireland were prohibited from attending divine worship in the churches ; accordingly, all their assemblies were closed ; and it was intimated that in the event of victory crowning the efforts of James, they would no more be opened for Protestant worship. It was wisely ordered by Providence that the Papists, after all King James's professions in England, should have an opportunity of discovering their real sentiments, and thereby of undeceiving those Englishmen who might hitherto have been too ready to trust to the promises of the king. The churches and places of assembly were closed during the space of a fortnight, when it pleased God to open them, and to deliver the Protestants from their danger, by the glorious victory at the Boyne, a victory that banished James from the country. To this victory were the Protestants of Ireland indebted for the restoration of their churches and of the public worship of Almighty God. These facts certainly demonstrate an intention on King James's part to suppress Protestantism. They certainly prove, taken in connexion with the proceedings in England, from the period of James's accession to the Revolution, that Protestants could never be safe, either in their liberties or their persons, under the ascendancy of Popery."

Power alone has kept Popery down. Let that system rise again to empire, and it will disfranchise us of the glorious privileges of the Reformation, unroof the country of the Revolution of 1688, and demand battles more bloody than that of Boyne, to restore to us our departed freedom. We say it de-

liberately, and after sober investigation, the coming war of opinions, many of which now cast their shadows before, will be between Protestantism and Popery. **POPERY MUST BE EXTIRPATED, OR PROTESTANTISM MUST SEEK A SHELTER FAR FROM THE SHORES OF BRITAIN.**

The one or the other must be ascendant, exclusively ascendant. Whether our country is to enjoy the mild and gladdening sway of Church of England Christianity, or the sanguinary and Draco-like superstition of the foul hierarchy of Rome, rests mainly with the Protestants of the hour that now passes. Should they prove unfaithful and indifferent, they will bequeath a melancholy treasure to their offspring—a throne without dignity ; an altar without glory ; a country without comfort ; a nation without religion ; and names of forefathers despised, rather than honoured or revered.

We have already, during the period that has elapsed from 1829 to 1839, reaped, to our grief, the fruits of concession. The Emancipation-act has been almost suicidal: the expectations of its advocates have been utterly blasted, and the fears of its opponents have been more than realised. A few gifted spirits foresaw and predicted, with prophetic accuracy, all that has followed. Even in 1826, Southey wrote as follows:—" Had it lain within the scope of my immediate purpose, I would have shewn that what is insidiously termed Catholic emancipation, is not a question of toleration, but of political power ; that the disqualifications which the government is called upon to remove are not the cause of the disordered state of Ireland, and, consequently, that their removal could not effect the cure ; that further concession would produce further demands, as all former concessions have done ; and that if the desperate error were committed, of conceding what is now required, the agitators would pursue their darling scheme of overthrowing the Irish church, and separating the two countries, with new zeal and heightened hopes, and with far greater probability, not indeed of ultimate success, but of bringing on Ireland the horrors of a civil and religious war. It would, therefore, be a solecism in policy were we to entrust those persons with power in the state, who are bound by conscience to

use it for subverting the church, for undoing the work of the Reformation, and of the Revolution, for bringing us again into spiritual bondage, and re-establishing that system of superstition, idolatry, and persecution, from which the sufferings of our martyrs, and the wisdom of our ancestors, by God's blessing, delivered us. It is worthy of especial consideration, that they have for their immediate allies every faction which is banded against the state, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and insidious enemy to monarchy and Christianity."

These anticipations of Southey may now be engrossed as historical facts. The Emancipation-bill has *raised*, not *laid*, the demons of the Vatican. Had it been withheld, the Agitator had been practising in the four courts, and the priests had been studying *Dens*, and practising his pandects in the confessional. The deed has been done, and the only point left us is to originate, and prosecute with vigour, every correct plan of arresting the further influence of Popish tyranny. Were all Protestants truly so, Ireland would, in five years, be Protestant. We want more decided measures. The King of the Sandwich Isles is a very Luther, in comparison with some. His majesty's late royal decree, to keep the priests at bay from his territories, is most admirable. Nothing short of such an edict could avert the infliction of these unclean locusts. Should the King of the South Sea Isles be a bachelor, we should propose for his royal consort Charlotte Elizabeth, the first and finest female Protestant in the empire; and when England, from the influence of O'Connell and the priests, becomes too hot for our residence, we shall rejoice in being able to find shelter in the Protestant isles of the South Sea.

We have been much pleased with the sound reflections of Mr. Lathbury, in the eleventh chapter of his sketch. The practical and seasonable thoughts which are therein set forth, will be our apology for ample quotation. We fear few Dissenters have the good sense to read sound Protestant and Conservative writing. If they are at liberty to learn any thing more useful than Voluntary and Anti-church-rate tirades, we recommend the following to their especial notice. Indeed, it would be a better intimation from their pulpits,

and by far more successful, than some of their ludicrous gambols about the lectures of their Scotch leviathan, Dr. Wardlaw.

"Having carried my narrative through the various periods of our history, down to the era of the Roman Catholic Relief-bill in 1829, I propose in this chapter to offer such reflections as naturally arise from the foregoing observations, with some suggestions as to the means to be adopted in the present day to counteract the machinations of the Papists. I have given a pretty large abstract of Popish practices since the Reformation; nor have I hesitated to express my most decided conviction that their principles are unchanged. This conviction is founded on their practices, which do not materially differ from those of their ancestors. They do not, indeed, use the fire and the faggot, because they have not the power; but in Ireland they employ the lead and the dagger of the secret assassin. The working of the system in Ireland is an evidence of unchanged principles: it proves that the safety of Protestantism would be endangered by their possession of political power; and their disregard of the spirit and letter of an oath shews that the Papists of the present day cannot be trusted by Protestants any more than those of a preceding age. Should the reins of power ever be assumed by the Papists, is there any reason to believe that they would be more observant of their oaths and promises than James II. was in Ireland, subsequent to his desertion of the English throne, when, as is related in a preceding chapter, all his professions of a desire for toleration were forgotten, and the most severe measures were practised against the Church, and against Protestantism? Would the Papists, in the supposition of their acquisition of power, be acting in opposition to their creed, if they should walk in the steps of King James, and find it convenient to forget their previous promises? No! They would be acting in strict accordance with the principles of Popery. It is constantly asked, Where is the danger from Popery? The persons who ask such a question must, however, be ignorant both of its principles, as developed in the recognised works of the church, and also of its practices, as recorded in the pages of history. Is it not a fact, that it is labouring by all possible means to extend itself throughout the length and the breadth of the British isles? And must not the most thoughtless be aware that its principles are destructive of those of the Protestant Church?

"The readers of the preceding chapters will remember, that when James II.

issued his treacherous declaration of indulgence, many of the Nonconformists, nay, most of them, were unaccountably silent on the subject of Popery, while some actually proceeded so far as to flatter James in their addresses, and thus give their sanction to those schemes which James had in contemplation, and which, but for the opposition of the Church of England, would have been carried into effect. It is with pleasure that I record the fact, that the Nonconformists eventually recovered from this apathy, and united with the Church in counteracting the machinations of the Papists. But who does not discover a resemblance between the conduct of some of the Nonconformists prior to the Revolution, and that of many of our Dissenting brethren in the present day? I wish I could add that, like the Nonconformists, they had discovered their error, and were disposed to unite with Churchmen against the enemies of both. How few Dissenters objected to the Emancipation-bill—few, I mean, in comparison, for there were many exceptions. But what is still worse, how many Dissenters concur in all the measures of Mr. O'Connell, and other popular members of the House of Commons, and concur with them against the Church of England. It is to be feared that the religion of some amongst them consists in nothing but opposition to the Church, and the support of a certain party in politics. One Dissenting minister, during the distresses of the Irish clergy, generously made a collection in his chapel, and forwarded the amount to the general fund; and for this act of brotherly kindness and Christian charity, he was persecuted by the leading members of what is termed the Dissenting interest, and at this moment there are but few pulpits in London into which he would be admitted by his brethren: yet this gentleman is a man of undoubted piety; but he was against Roman Catholic emancipation, and is altogether opposed to the liberalism of the age. Such circumstances as these are painful to record, but they are unfortunately too common in the present day.

"It will be seen, from the foregoing arguments, that in all their attempts the emissaries of Rome aimed at the destruction of the Church of England. Why? Because they dreaded her influence over the people; because she was the chief bulwark, in the reigns of Elizabeth and the four Stuarts, against the re-establishment of Popery. When the Church of England was voted down in the time of Charles I. by the Long Parliament, there were great rejoicings in the Popish councils at Rome. They hoped that the removal of the Church would lead to endless divisions among Protestants, and

that the people would eventually take refuge in Popery. There is not a single sentence in Holy Writ more regarded by Papists than this: 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' Upon this maxim they have ever acted; nor did they conceive that any more effectual method of dividing Protestants could be resorted to than the destruction of the national Church, and the prevention of Nonconformists from uniting with its members.

"There is scarcely any room to doubt that the Jesuits are resorting to the same practices as in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, for the purpose of undermining Protestantism. A circumstance of very recent occurrence may here be mentioned, in corroboration of the above supposition. A clergyman wished to engage a gentleman to assist in the duties of his church, and, amongst other applications, was one of a young man from Ireland. The clergyman had adopted a rule, from which he never departed, to inspect the letters of orders of the individual with whom he was about to enter into a treaty. On this particular occasion the letters of orders were required, when the applicant hesitated, and at length stated that he was not in Protestant orders, but that he had been ordained in the Church of Rome. He was asked if he had publicly recanted, and the reply was in the negative. The clergyman of course stated that he must apply to the bishop of the diocese, who would point out to him how he should act. However, he heard nothing further on the subject. In this instance, but for the precaution respecting the letters of orders, the individual might have been appointed to the vacant post, as it was one in which the bishop's license was not necessary. Yet, as this man had never recanted, he was evidently a Papist when the application was made.

"In short, it is easy to perceive that the Papists are playing over their old game with our Dissenting brethren. They are not fearful of the Dissenters; while many of the latter have not shrunk back from an unholy alliance with Rome against the Church of England. I would remind these men of their departure from the principles and practices of the Dissenters of former generations. From the Revolution, down to the commencement of the present century, the orthodox Dissenters (for I leave the Socinians and other kindred sects out of the question) were animated with a spirit of unflinching opposition to Popery. Both Churchmen and Dissenters agreed in their opposition to the Church of Rome. Numerous sermons are extant, preached by Dissenting ministers, on the errors of Popery, in which they deprecate any

alliance, of whatever sort, with Papists. Many extracts might be made to shew that Popery was the object of their abhorrence and dread. 'Famine or pestilence,' says one, 'is a less judgment than Popery; and we ought to be more solicitous to keep out the one than the other.'² But what a change have we witnessed within the last few years! Dissenters can scarcely be said in the present day to offer any opposition to Popery. Whatever may have been the errors, at various periods, of some members of the English Church, the great majority of them have at all times been uniform in their opposition to the Church of Rome—though differing from each other on many other questions, the most remarkable unanimity of sentiment has ever been evinced on this important subject; while, on the other hand, Dissenters are acting in concert with men, whose principles would have been viewed with grief by their ancestors, who would have shrunk back with horror from such an unholy alliance. The Papists have an end to accomplish, but the Dissenters can gain nothing by their union with the Church of Rome. As in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, the Papists did not dread the Puritans, so neither in the present day do they entertain any apprehensions from the Dissenters; but as during the period alluded to they were alarmed at the influence of the Church of England, so now their fears arise from the very same quarter. Their efforts are consequently, as in time past, all directed against the Church of England; and were their exertions to be successful, they would reap an abundant harvest from those endless divisions which would be consequent on the destruction of the Church, and which would lead many to shelter themselves under the wing of Popery. The papacy is making rapid advances in England in the present day; but how much more rapid would they be, were it not for the existence and the efforts of the Church of England! In every town, and in every village of the land, notwithstanding the unfaithfulness of some of her ministers, and the carelessness and indifference of others, the Church still, in her liturgy, her articles, and services, raises a bulwark against Popery, which all their efforts are unable to shake.

"The Dissenters of the present day may not probably see any cause for apprehending danger from the destruction of the Established Church. They may, perhaps, imagine that they should unite in one common bond against Popery. In this expectation they would undoubtedly be deceived. The Jesuits are sagacious men; and they would easily succeed in

creating divisions, sufficient to occupy their undivided attention. There are in the very principles of dissent the elements of discord; and the Jesuits would speedily find the means of managing those elements so as to effect the destruction of Dissenters. Every one knows that the Dissenting body is a disunited body. The various sections of Dissent differ from each other on many points of material importance, as well as on many others of no consequence at all. And how fiercely has the war of controversy been frequently waged between different denominations, and even among members of the very same community. Witness the controversy on the subject of open and close communion among the Baptists. The crafty Jesuit would doubtless find abundant materials for strife in the various, and in many respects conflicting, creeds of Dissenters, to keep them in a state of perpetual war among themselves. Amid such scenes, the Church of Rome would be the gainer; and, in consequence of the divisions of Protestants, her ranks would daily be augmented by the accession of new converts. It may be asserted, indeed, that the points at issue among Dissenters are comparatively trifling, and that they would never be so infatuated as to waste their strength in unprofitable discussions. In reply to such a supposition, it may be sufficient to remark that most of the controversies, by which the peace of the Church in all ages has been broken, have related not to fundamentals, but to points of minor importance. Have the Dissenters reflected on the consequences that would result from success in their present union with the Papists against the Church of England? They now act in concert with O'Connell, while they are blind to his ulterior objects. They imagine that all his efforts are directed towards nothing more than a perfect equality for men of all creeds; and that, when this object is accomplished, O'Connell might be cast off. The Agitator must smile at their simplicity. James II. found it convenient to talk of equality, liberty, and toleration; yet as soon as he landed in Ireland, the mask, being no longer necessary, was thrown aside. Mr. O'Connell's professions would probably be forgotten when the object was gained. Having, by means of the assistance of Dissenters, accomplished the destruction of the Church, he would experience little difficulty in involving them in the same ruin. He has in public exclaimed, 'Let us destroy the Church, and we can easily dispose of the Dissenters.' When the Spanish armada was about to invade England, James of Scotland was applied

² Benjamin Bennet, an eminent Dissenter, on Popery.

to by some of Elizabeth's council, to ascertain how he stood affected towards Spain. He signified his intention of rendering what assistance he was able; for, said he, it was quite certain that all the favour he should experience, if they should be successful in England, would be to be destroyed last. This is the favour which the Dissenters would enjoy, in the event of the destruction of the English Church and the elevation of the Papists to power. The Romanists would take advantage of the divisions consequent upon the fall of the Church of England, as they did in the days of the first Charles, and with equal, if not higher, prospects of success. We learn from the pages of history, that the divisions amongst the ancient Britons rendered them an easy prey to the Romans. 'Dum singuli pugnabant omnes vincebantur,' is the testimony of Tacitus. Nor would the result be different, if the Church was removed, and the country left to the spiritual superintendence of contending sects.

"Would that our Dissenting countrymen would recollect the principles and practices of their ancestors, and unite with us against the enemy of both! The Papists are in reality as much opposed to the principles of the Dissenters as to those of the Church of England, though their designs are cloaked under the transparent guise of an equality for men of all creeds. In the preceding pages, I have pointed out some of those methods resorted to by our ancestors to counteract the machinations of the Papists. The pulpit was one chief means of awakening the people to a sense of their danger. Let the same engine be still employed, both by Churchmen and Dissenters. We may attack the errors of Popery, while we feel the greatest tenderness towards the persons of the Papists.

"While the pulpit is employed on one hand, the press may be used with great effect on the other. The present is a reading age—not, indeed, a thinking one. Nor are the people generally disposed to read abstruse and profound treatises on any subject; but still certain works must be produced to satisfy the appetite that has been created. It is an age for cheap publications; and a wide and very important field is open to Protestants. We may also rest assured that, unless we occupy the ground, it will be occupied by the emissaries of evil. If we do not sow the good seed, the enemy will sow tares. Hence the necessity of making use of the press to counteract the machinations of the Papists, and to make the people acquainted with Protestant principles. Tracts and cheap periodicals

would find buyers and readers, if well-informed Protestants would take the trouble, in their respective spheres, to direct the attention of the people to them.

"It may be well for Protestantism that Popery has begun to raise its head in our land; for it is possible that Protestants might have sunk into a lethargy more profound even than that which evidently has seized upon numbers of our countrymen. The activity of the Papists must at length rouse the Protestants of this country to exertion: and perhaps, when the danger becomes imminent, our Dissenting brethren will recover from their present apathy, buckle on their armour, and fight, as in days past, side by side with Churchmen. It is the duty of every Protestant to stand on his guard against the enemy of his faith."

We close our observations on this useful compendium. It combines research and perspicuity, places many neglected facts in bold and prominent relief, and renders fresh and more striking some truths we are prone to miss or undervalue. We hail any contribution to the cause of Protestant Conservatism. We regard every such writer as a patriot of the best kind. Whoever kindles in the breasts of his countrymen warm and glowing recollections of its noblest features—whoever fixes in the national mind deep and prolific principles, does sacred service to Heaven and to earth. The author who successfully demonstrates Popery to be a curse, and Protestantism to be indeed and enduringly a blessing to the world, has a claim to be entered in the roll of the benefactors of his country and the age. Much of real churchmanship depends on a correct estimate and intense antipathy to Popery. The stability of the church hangs on this. Let the Romish leaven get within the sacred inclosures of the national church, and the dry-rot is rapidly at work at its core; or let latitudinarian and sectarian irregularities prevail among its clergy, and its power to reach afar is crippled. Let our church remain the Church of England—Catholic and Protestant—as far from Popish heresy as she is from Voluntaryism and Independent confusion; and she will continue to cheer the present, irradiate the future, and shower down on our whole population national and enduring blessings. *Exto perpetua!*

CROKER'S POPULAR SONGS OF IRELAND.*

OUR old friend, Crofton Croker, has liberally treated us with the bottle—not merely in song, but shape; for, besides giving us drinking ditties, he, in imitation of Knight's plan of illustrating Shakspeare and others, pictorially supplies us with diagrams of drinking instruments. In one group, we have the deoch-an-durrus, the poteen bottle, the modern whisky bottle, the poteen glass, the modern whisky glass, and the extempore substitutes, the egg-shell, and the shell of the clusheen. Of these the first, the stirrup-cup, is a formidable machine, far more nearly resembling that now almost antiquated instrument, a coach-guard's horn, than a champagne glass; and as it was to be taken from hand to hand, in the hasty hospitality of a rolling departure, not placed on any table for the regular doing of a night's business, terminates in a round knob, not a flat bottom. Close by it stands, or rather sits, the poteen bottle, in all the easy elegance of sultan or sophy reclining in luxury on his graceful throne,

“Where the gorgeous east
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and
gold,”

contrasting with the clumsy and awkward figure of the modern bottle behind, which looks like one of the gruff and muffled attendants of the divan—or, to travel westward, not unlike a new policeman on duty. A contrast equally striking exists between the poteen glass and its modern representative, the stem of the one decorated by its delicate white vein, that gracefully curls upwards to remind us of Venice, with all its combinations of romance, and supporting a substantial and capacious frustum of no small-based cylinder; while the other, mean in proportion and finnikin in shape, looks as lowly in comparison as Falstaff's page looked in presence of his rotund master. It is evident at the first glance, even to the most inexperienced drinker, that the one was made to pass the pearly fluid which it held into no other recipient than the mouth of him who poised its

delicate stem between his forefinger and thumb; while the other is but the intermediate agent, the secondary measure to convey its contents into other quarters, and send “the diluted spirit to bathe in fiery floods” [see *Hamlet*] of what the natives of the Emerald Isle call “screeching hot wather.” The other adjuncts of the interesting sketch we have been describing—the shell of the clusheen, which we take to be the scallop, may, according to the different temperament of those who use it, evoke ideas of scalloped pilgrims or scoloped oysters; and the egg-shell suggest to the cosmogonist cogitations on the mundane egg of Ocellus Lucanus, Sauchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus, whence the world was hatched—to the admirer of the rustic scenery of England, endless visions of eggs and bacon—to the more travelled philosopher, room for speculation on those three hundred and sixty-five ways of dressing that indispensable ingredient of culinary art, which, according to Bob Fudge, would have successfully pleaded for the salvation of Paris in particular, and the merciful consideration of France in general, before the most incensed Antijacobin in the moment of triumph; and to the dismayed Whig ministers dire apprehensions of the long-merited and destined pillory. We doubt not that these shells are the primitive instruments of drinking, and should willingly dissertate upon the subject if we had time. Not being in that predicament, we recommend it to the serious attention of Professor Babbage for his next lecture on the progress of machinery.

In his plate, Mr. Croker supplies us with his liquors in the wood; and it will be acknowledged that, like those who are too diligent customers of the things depicted, they are very well cut. But when he comes to help us in another department, we must complain that the flavour is too *corky*. Or, to drop the pun—not that we could not continue to cut pun upon Cork for a sheet of the Magazine—the metropolis of Munster has an undue share of space and attention in those “popular songs

* The Popular Songs of Ireland. Collected and edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. London, Colburn. 1 vol. 1839.

of Ireland." Mr. Croker is conscious of this :

"It would scarcely escape the reader's notice, even if I had failed to point it out, that so many of the songs in the present collection are of southern origin. But Munster, it has been remarked, 'produces annually a far greater crop of poets and potatoes than the rest of Ireland.' And Cork is said to afford the Muses 'the Parnassian hill, and the Tempean vale; while, for founts of Helicon and Castaly, there flow streams of 'mountain dew,' rarely adulterated by the cooler waters of earth or sky.'"

Supposing this to be true, we do not think that the poetic crop of the southern province exceeds that of the other three in any thing like the ratio which appears in this volume; or, again, that

Cork itself so much monopolises the Muses of Munster as its readers would be inclined to believe. The volume contains 64 pieces — three of them, "The Entrenchment of Ross" (60), "The Mayor of Waterford's Letter" (63), and "The Praise of Waterford" (64), merely antiquarian. Some are no more than casual effusions for dinners, theatres, or newspapers, as "St. Patrick's Day in Paris" (4), "The green little Shamrock of Ireland" (6), "Erin's Whisky" (12), "Rock's Po-teen" (13), &c.; and two or three more, again, do not bear very peculiarly on Irish manners. Of the remaining fifty, let us see how many are, either by author or subject, connected with Cork :—

No.

1. St. Patrick's Arrival From the 'Cork' Southern Reporter.
2. St. Patrick was a Gentleman By two Cork men.¹
3. St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear By a Cork man.²
5. The Shamrock Cockade Song for the Cork Volunteers.
16. Bounce upon Bess In praise of Cork whisky.
17. Had I the Tun which Bacchus used.. By a Cork man.³
18. The Night Cap By a Cork man.⁴
19. Bumpers, bumpers By a Cork man.⁵
21. Barry of Macroom Macroom is a town in the Co. Cork.
23. The Sprig of Shillelah..... By a Cork man.⁶
27. Sweet Avondu By a Cork man.⁷
29. The Groves of Blarney Blarney is a village in the Co. Cork; and the song is written by a Cork man.⁸
30. O Blarney Castle, my darling! From the Cork Southern Reporter. Song quoted in the notes is written by a Cork man.⁹
31. The Victorious Goalers of Carrigaline and Kilmoney } Carrigaline is a village in the Co. Cork.
32. The Carrigaline Goalers defeated .. Again in the Co. Cork.
33. Cork's own Town From the Cork Southern Reporter. Song quoted in preface is written by a Cork man.¹⁰
34. Cork's good-humoured Faces In praise of a Cork shaving mixture, by two Cork men.¹¹ Verse in preface, probably by a Cork man.¹²
35. The Court of Conscience in Cork .. On Cork affairs.
36. The Groves of Blackpool Blackpool is a suburb of Cork. Song written by a Cork man.¹³
38. The Doneraile Litany Doneraile is a small town in the Co. Cork.
39. Dublin after the Union By a Cork man.¹⁴
41. Glashen-Glora Is a mountain in the Co. Cork. Song from the Cork Constitution.
42. Gougane Barra..... A lake in the Co. Cork. From Bolster's Cork Magazine, by a Cork man.¹⁵
43. Young Kate of Kilmummer..... From Bolster's Cork Magazine.
47. The Praise of Kinsale..... Kinsale is a borough in the Co. Cork. Song by a Cork man.¹⁶

¹ Messrs. Toleken and Bennett.

² Dr. Maginn.

³ Mr. R. A. Millikin.

⁴ Mr. T. H. Porter, A.M. ⁵ As appears by the context.

⁶ E. Lysaght, Esq.

⁷ Mr. J. J. Callanan.

⁸ Mr. R. A. Millikin.

⁹ The Rev. Francis Mahony.

¹⁰ Mr. Toleken.

¹¹ Rev. Mr. Chester, and Mr. John Lander.

¹² T. C. Croker, Esq.

¹³ Mr. R. A. Millikin.

¹⁴ E. Lysaght, Esq.

¹⁵ Mr. J. J. Callanan.

¹⁶ Mr. John Lander.

No.

48. Kinsale versus Mallow.....Two borough-towns in the Co. Cork.
 49. The River Lee.....The river that runs through Cork. Song by a Cork man.¹⁷
 50. The Bells of Shandon.....A church in Cork. Song by a Cork man.¹⁸
 51. The Silvery Lee.....The Cork river. "By a juvenile Cork poet."¹⁹
 55. Dear Mallow.....A borough-town in the Co. Cork.
 56. The Rakes of Mallow.....Again Cork.
 57. Darling Neddeen.....A town in Kerry; but the song is by a Cork poet,²⁰ in a Cork paper, the *Freeholder*.
 58. The Town of Passage.....A port in the river of Cork. There are three songs under this head by Cork men.²¹
 59. The Fair Maid of Passage.....By a Cork man.²²
 61. Shandrum Boggoon.....By a Cork man.²³

And though Shannon's Flowery Banks, No. 62, sings the praises of a river not touching any part of Cork, nor is the song written by a Corcagian bard, yet the music is composed by Mr. Carter, chorister in the cathedral of Cloyne, in the Co. Cork.

This is a large proportion, indeed; and the local partiality it displays would justify the editor in assuming the title of Croft the Corker, instead of Croker. His native town has certainly, for many generations, been productive of rhymers, as well as fertile in libellers, a class of gentlemen very abundant therein. We could without much difficulty gather from ordinary sources an infinite number of songs on Cork matters, besides what are here collected. Some of them are very good; but many not intelligible or interesting beyond the locality. Mr. Croker supplies us with slight sketches of some of their authors, as Richard Millikin, J. J. Callanan, E. Lysaght, &c.; but he ought not to have forgotten Dr. De la Cour, a short extract from a droll song by whom is published in p. 176. The best known of the Corcagian ditties is "The Groves of Blarney," long the favourite of the stage, and most polyglotally rendered in our own pages by Father Prout. Millikin, it appears, repented him of his work, and offered a palinode:

"Little did Millikin foresee the extended celebrity of his 'Groves of Blarney;' and it would seem that he even felt some regret at having written this song, from the following lines, which were found, after his death, among his papers, and were probably composed by him with the idea of introducing them as an apology into his poem of 'The River-side':"

'O Blarney! in my rude, unseemly rhymes,

Albeit abused, lo! to thy bowers I come—

I come a pilgrim to your shades again,
And woo thy solemn scenes with votive pipe.

Shut not your glades, nymphs of the hollow rock,

'Gainst one who, conscious of the ill he did,

Comes back repentant! Lead me to your dens,

Ye fays and sylvan beings—lead me still

Through all your wildly tangled grots and groves,

With nature and her genuine beauties full;

And on another stop, a stop thine own,
I'll sound thy praise, if praise of mine can please,—

A truant long to Nature, and to thee!"

A vain apology! for the "River-side," and all belonging to it, is quietly consigned to oblivion; while, in the mouth of Power, "The Groves of Blarney" convulses audiences with laughter; and will continue to do so, in the mouths of many a successor of the inimitable Irish Lion. We may add that it will outlive the memory of the song to the same tune, written by the original lion, Tom Moore himself; and that "the last rose of summer will be faded and gone," while

"The daisy, and the sweet carnation;
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
The daffydown-dilly, besides the lily.
Flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air"—

¹⁷ Mr. R. A. Millikin.

¹⁸ So says the introduction to the song, p. 239.

¹⁹ Very possibly the editor, Mr. John Boyle. See p. 265.

²¹ One is unknown. The first is by Mr. Simon Quin; the third by the Rev. Francis Mahony.

²² Mr. R. A. Millikin.

²³ The Rev. Francis Mahony.

²³ Mr. Edward Quin.

will breathe undying perfume over the parterre of the pit.

The Lee, of course, which, with due nationality, Mr. Croker assures us is, "beyond all question, a lovely river," comes in for its share of laudation, down from Father Prout, who sings sonorously of

"The bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee,"

to the anonymous and juvenile bard, who, after having preferred it to all other rivers, concludes by saying,—

"Tis not the voice that tongues the
stream,
In winter hoarse, in spring time
clearer,—

That makes my own dear river seem
Above all other rivers dearer;
But 'tis her voice, who whispers me
'How lovely is the silvery Lee!'

We have seen another poem in its humour, written by a person signing himself "Paddy from Cork" [Counselor M. J. Sullivan], which we would recommend to Mr. Croker's attention. It begins with—

"I've strayed through many a foreign land
from where the sun, with ardent smile,
Beams brightly from a cloudless sky upon
the fertile banks of Nile,
To where the Ganges' sacred flood rushes
to meet the mighty sea;
But still within my heart of hearts, I
dearer love my native Lee.
The Lee!—the Lee!—the river Lee!—
thy silvery waves glide fair and free;
Of all the streams that ever flowed, give
me my own, my lovely Lee," &c.

The name of the author of the above supplies Mr. Croker with an anecdote:—

"An anecdote, for example, is told as the origin of the name of Sullivan, that is, the one-eyed,*—

'Who gave his bright eye as a proverb
to shine.'

"So great was the reputation of this old gentleman for hospitality, that it was asserted he would refuse to his guest no request, however unreasonable. This was tested by a stranger whom he entertained, asking his host to put out his eye, into which he immediately thrust his finger; and, from thenceforward, was

distinguished as O'Sullivan, while the fame of the act passed into the proverb of—

'Nulla manus,
Tam liberalis,
Atque generalis,
Atque universalis,
Quam Sullivanis!'

But, as he had mentioned the name at all, he should not have omitted a keen invective upon the death of Morty Oge, one of the sept, translated from the Irish by Mr. J. J. Callanan, a brief biography of whom is given by Mr. Croker (p. 130), and who has supplied some songs to this volume. Sullivan had been treasonably engaged in enlisting recruits for the French service, and on resisting the soldiers sent to seize him, was shot. His body was tied to the stern of a boat, and so brought from the coast where he was killed, for some seventy miles through the sea, into the harbour of Cork. His nurse poured forth an indignant lament over his death, and the treatment which his remains experienced; which Callanan translated and published, many years ago, with a few other versions from the Irish. These versions are, in general, very good; but the dirge on O'Sullivan appears to us to be the best thing which the Irish language has supplied us. It certainly surpasses in the energy of cursing:—

"A curse, blessed ocean,
Be on thy green water,
From the harbour of Cork
To Ivara of Slaughter."

As for those who were engaged in the deed,—

"One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never:
May the hearthstone of hell
Be their best bed for ever!"

From which charitable prayer we may conceive, that the worst bed destined for the culprits cannot be peculiarly comfortable. On the whole, Crofton ought to have given us something from the Irish; these songs by Callanan, for instance. We confess, however, that we find scarcely any thing in the lumbering collection of Hardiman worth the slightest attention.

Mr. Croker tell us that his original "intention was to submit to the Eng-

* "Sul means the 'sun;' hence *suil*, the 'eye,' because it is the light of the body."—O'BRIEN.

lish reader a series, which would have told the history of Ireland from the battle of the Boyne to the present time, in a novel, impartial, and, according to my view, interesting and instructive form. From the genuine contemporary evidences of popular feeling, I am satisfied that many curious and some important deductions might have been derived. For what has been said of French songs, applies perfectly to those Ireland. 'The Frenchman' (and so does the Irishman) 'sings his conquests, his prosperity, his defeats, even his miseries and misfortunes. Conquering or conquered, in plenty or want, happy or unhappy, sorrowful or gay, he always sings; and one would say that the song is his natural expression. In fine, in all situations in which we would speak of the French' (or the Irish), 'we might always ask, as the late King of Sardinia did, 'Well! how goes the little song?' The chronological series which I had originally proposed (notwithstanding the utmost compression), would have extended to three or four volumes; a work which, for a mere collection of Irish songs, alarmed my publisher. In compliance, therefore, with his wishes, rather than in accordance with my own opinion as to the interest likely to attach to the undertaking, I now submit to the public a selection, not of the historical, but of the popular songs of Ireland."

The projected series would, no doubt, be interesting, though not so much as might be imagined. The contest which stirred and divided Great Britain in the couple of generations succeeding the battle of the Boyne did not much affect Ireland. There was no rising in favour of either of the Pretenders, and the general tranquillity which resulted from the penal laws was not favourable to party song-making. The Protestant ascendancy, content with its victory, did no

more than repeat the songs, and they are not many, celebrating the events of the Revolution. The most famous among them is "July the First," still the prime favourite of the Orangemen; but it is sad doggerel. There is no mistake in it, however; it is genuine English-Irish.

"A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's ar-rum
[i.e. arm].
They thought his majesty was slain;
But it did him little har-rum [i.e. harm]:"

Or,

"The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
Because they were not killed that day —
They being but a handful;" —

are prime specimens of the dialect.* Of the defeated party, the more energetic spirits emigrated, and forgetting, or, at all events, not mixing in mere Irish feuds, connected themselves with the fortunes of France, Austria, or Spain. Those who remained were too cautious to make any noisy display of their politics, and were, besides, in general, extremely poor and ignorant. If they vented their feelings in verse, the language almost universally chosen was Irish, a tongue despised by their antagonists. Hardiman's dull collection, to which we have already alluded, contains, we suppose, a sufficient collection of those songs; and extremely stupid they are. The Jacobite songs in English addressed to the Irish partizans of the house of Stuart are extremely few; the *Reaping of Thude Leary's Acres*, a song of no merit or point, is the only one we ever heard. The political squabbles in the Dublin parliament excited no popular attention until 1782; and from that time, up to the Union, party squibbing was not very brilliant. Those who had the mob with

* The ballad now sung by the Orangemen is not exactly the original, and some poetical antiquary of the order should endeavour to restore the charter anthem to its pristine purity. One verse, which the more modern copy wants, always struck us as being infinitely good:—

"This did the Iniskillingers bring
At once to cross the water,
And every man took off his hat to the king,
Before he marched to the slaughter."

The mixture of politeness and "slaughter" is excessively national, or, perhaps, Orange. A Latin hexameter translation of the ballad, or part of it, appeared in print many years ago:—

"Ad veteris pontis vicum Julique kalendis," &c.

them, found it far more profitable to keep their jokes or sarcasm, their wit or venom, for the House of Commons, where they found a readier market and higher wages. There are, however, some good songs connected with the volunteers; and the *loyalist* songs during the rebellion of 1798, and the events which sprung from it, were often marked with spirit. On the other side the best are in Irish; those in English are only such matters as Tom Moore's "O breathe not his name," which may be poetic, but are not the extensive and original sense of the word popular. They were made for the drawing-room, not the camp, the table, the field, or the street. To our taste, such songs as that which has for its burden,—

"And we'll go up and we'll go down,
And we'll see who'll dare oppose us;
And this Orange crew we will pursue,
With the green flag flyin' afore us,"

are far more popularly expressive and inspiring than the wire-drawn and emasculate lyrics of the *Melodies*. The best of the polished productions which the Rebellion called forth is, "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin," and that is written by a Scotchman, if Tom Campbell be its author, which some people most pertinaciously deny, claiming it for the Right Hon. George Ogle, the author of "Molly Astore," and other pleasing songs.

The Union, in spite of the noise we have since heard about it, did not much affect the popular mind of Ireland at the time. The defeat of the Rebellion had scattered or cut off its more active and spirited partizans, and its less daring members were trembling and dispirited. As there was nothing in the measure directly calculated to injure the interests of Popery, it was not worth the while of the priests to stir their flocks, who remained therefore generally quiescent; their reverences, too, had a somewhat personal interest in keeping quiet for a while. The Irish democrats cared little for any arrangement which did not tend to produce a revolution in the style of Robespierre and Marat; and, in fact, the deepest feeling against the measure was to be found among the middling and lower classes of the Orangemen; men who, always really valuing liberty and independence, were grieved to be deprived of even a phantom of either. But they were then too much ex-

asperated by the Rebellion, and horror-stricken by the barbarous atrocities of the savage insurgents, to make such a feeling manifest; and the great majority among them knew that the Union was an act of urgent state necessity, calculated to promote the general interests of the empire, and to advance in civilisation and real dignity their own native portion of it, to which they were truly and loyally devoted. On these and other accounts the Union passed over almost unsung, except in mere *jeu d'esprit*, such as "Dublin after the Union" (in this collection, p. 191), or in the paltry growls of disappointed jobbers, not better worth recording than the vow of Plunkett, who, after dedicating in the manner of Hamilcar his Hannibals to eternal hatred of England, has quartered himself and them upon every administration that has ruled in the so accursed country ever since.

An *Irish* commentary on Swift (in Irish lore Sir Walter Scott was wanting) would be a good vehicle for giving a view of Irish popular song, from the Revolution to the middle of the last century. The Volunteers, the Rebellion, and the Union, would afford some harvest; but on the whole, we should not expect very much. The songs in the Irish language are polluted with Popery, which, however grateful to the present tenants of the Vatican, is not calculated to please the "*Vaticani montis imago*" of a more poetic day. Henry VIII. and Martin Luther occupy the attention of their authors fully as much as the affairs of Ireland, or, indeed, a great deal more. The English song-writers on the anti-English side labour, in general, under the disadvantage of hypocrisy. They are obliged to conceal their treason under a pretence of liberality which they are incapable of feeling, and of consulting, very much to their disinclination, the taste of the great mass of the speakers of the language in which they write. Like the Romish bishops of Ireland in the last century, who, while professing loyalty to the House of Hanover, were in reality bound in sworn allegiance to the Pretenders, the rebel songster's tongue went one way and his heart another.

Crofton shall inform us what he supplies:—

"I have endeavoured thus to place characteristic samples of Irish song be-

fore the English reader; I trust that I have not been insensible to the strong feeling and fine bursts of poetry occasionally to be found in the minstrelsy of my country. Of the bad taste with which true poetry is often associated with indifferent prose—of the manner in which gold and lead are sometimes amalgamated, I have not avoided giving a specimen in the song entitled 'The Court of Cahirass.' However, that some unexceptionable lyric poetry exists will, I think, be conceded by the readers of 'Sweet Avondu,' 'Gougane Barra,' and 'The River Lee by Moonlight.'

"As an Editor of the Songs of Ireland which it has been my amusement for many years to collect, I trust the reader will not consider my observations very trifling, or, what is far worse, very tedious; although I cannot help fearing that I have sometimes subjected myself to both these grave charges. It only remains for me to explain, that it was the wish of my publisher that I should make not merely a collection of songs which had been popular, but of Irish songs which should be popular; and I hope that, in the execution of my task, I may not have disappointed him."

Many of the songs are good, but not many of them original, and some never could be called popular. Such slang things as "An Irishman's Christening," particularly when they are not well executed; as "St. Patrick for Ireland, my dear," "St. Patrick's Arrival," &c., are fitter for a jest-book than a popular garland. Some of the drinking songs are not peculiarly Irish. Millikin supplies several of the ditties, the most known of which is "The Groves of Blarney;" but it is not better than "The Return of Cork City Militia," which is scarcely intelligible out of that city. There are many imitators of the strange rhythm and odd learning of "The Groves of Blarney"—some of them given here,—all from Cork, and addressed to places in its neighbourhood, Passage, Cove, &c. This species of wit appears indigenous among the Corcagians, and is sometimes successful. Of the other songs, "The Irish Hunt" is the most renowned; and Crofton gives us a map of the country, most to-

pographically and hydrographically depicted. This was a favourite song of Canning's; and it is a fact, that he and the late Lord Dudley endeavoured, for a whole day, but not successfully, to translate it into Latin rhymes, which shews that they had not the talent of Father Prout or ourselves. One distich, which they particularly gave up, we shall versify, to shew our superiority:

"Owen Bray balked a leap; says Hal Preston, 'Twas odd!'
'Twas shameful!' cried Jack, 'by the great living ——!'"

Which is thus in Latin:—

Braio saltum neganti ait Presto, "Rem novam!"

Clamat Jackius, "Est pudor, per magnum Jehovam!"

Mr. Croker's notes and introductory remarks are very entertaining; in fact, the collection, like every thing proceeding from his pen, is a most agreeable addition to Irish popular literature; and we have no doubt that the book itself will become popular too. One of its most remarkable contents is the old French poem on the entrenchment of New Ross (Harleian Catal. No. 913, art. 43),—

"Talent me prend de rimaunceir,
S'il vous plet de escoteir;"

"I have a whim to speak in verse,
If you will list what I rehearse,"

written about 1265; and Miss Landon, of whom Crofton speaks with deep feeling, so translated it, as to show that that accomplished lady could, if she had turned her attention to such poetry, have rivalled Frere or Ellis. It is, indeed, a singularly faithful expression of the original, not merely in words and metre, but in style and manner of thinking; and we all must regret, with Mr. Croker, particularly after reading her gay and playful letter, by which it is introduced, that it should be a posthumous publication, and posthumous under such unhappy circumstances.

Mr. Croker should go on. In what he has omitted there are materials for at least another series.

THE MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.*

THESE volumes contain the life and works of a gentleman to whom the public has owed much amusement, and accorded no small portion of its favour, under the title of the "Modern Pythagorean." To him, now no more, and to his biographer, we are ourselves bound particularly to be grateful; for some of the contributions in our columns, which have been deservedly popular, have borne the signatures of both; and we take shame to ourselves for not having earlier noticed this their joint performance. Such a notice would have been given much earlier, but for circumstances over which we had no control. We had hoped to have received from a personal friend of poor Macnish some account of him and his works; as it is, the few pages which we devote to the subject must be compiled by us, who were always admirers of his genius, and have learned to love the man only through the pages of his friend's simple and touching biography.

The reader must not expect to find in it any extraordinary adventures, or any interest beyond that which results from the study of a man's character. Macnish followed all his life no very romantic occupation. His father is a Glasgow surgeon of some eminence, as his father's father had been before him; and Robert Macnish shared in his father's labours, and lived and died under his roof. His harassing and incessant professional labours gave but little scope to his genius; and he died when this had reached its maturity, and much more might have been expected from it. The books, however, he has left us, and the circumstances in which he wrote them, shew what he *might* have done, had his time and opportunities been greater,—had not his professional employments so much shackled his extraordinary fancy and humour, and Death untimely closed his career.

"Es sind ja viel fröhliche leute," says old Kotzebue, "die vor uns gelebt und gelacht." Many a good fellow has lived and has laughed before us, and it would be an ill compliment to their manes to indulge in useless senti-

mentalisms over their fate. We do not admire lamentations in print, and love much better to think of Macnish's hearty, cheerful, manly ways of thought and action, than to write mournfully of his end. It is, we take it, in the contemplation of these that the reader will find his benefit. We have plenty of books about the infirmities of genius, and plenty of weak men to follow them. Macnish's life has none of these passionate eccentricities—these dazzling comet-flights, to recommend it; the greater part of it was passed in cheerful labour. Simple, shrewd, kindly, and straightforward, he did his duty by his family, his neighbour, and his own station. He had the *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*; he had a very tender heart, too, for his friends, but they were few; and indulged in no freaks of exuberant love or hatred for mankind, such as have been often played by his brethren of the *genus irritabile*. He was merry, he did his duty, and died when his time came. It matters not whether a man of whom this can be said be an emperor or an humble Glasgow surgeon, a blockhead or a genius;—his life is always good to write or to read.

Dr. Macnish was born in 1802, and died in January 1837. The only words of sorrow which Mr. Moir permits himself to utter on the occasion are,—*"I loved him as David loved Jonathan—with almost more than a brother's love."* The few words of this simple testimonial speak volumes in favour of the man regarding whom they were written, and few need desire a better epitaph. Macnish received the rudiments of his classical education at the school of the Rev. Mr. Easton, at Hamilton; returned to Glasgow, and was apprenticed to his father; went through the college during his apprenticeship, and at eighteen received the degree of *Magister Chirurgie*.

He was then despatched in the quality of assistant to Doctor Henderson, of Clyth; and in the midst of the long solitary rides which he took, and the romantic districts which he visited in his professional capacity, began, like

* The Modern Pythagorean; a Series of Tales, Essays, and Sketches, by the late Robert Macnish, LL.D. With the Author's Life, by his friend, D. M. Moir. Edinburgh, 1838. 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons.

most other young men who have talents, and some reading, to *poetic*. A number of his pieces are scattered through the volume, and some are praised by his warm-hearted biographer; we confess we think without much reason. His poetical talent is nowhere beyond the average,—oftener, as it appears to us, below it. He wrote short poems, however; projected greater pieces; and imitated Byron, Moore, and Scott, by turns,—as for instance:

" Song of the Spirit of the Flowers.

Where young Summer reposes on bowers
of bloom,
Where the vales of Canara are rich with
perfume,
Where the dew-drop is sleeping within
the blue-bell,
Where the rose-bud bursts forth from the
womb of its cell,—
There, cradled to rest by the hum of the
bee,
I sleep in the vineyards of fair Ulalee.'

Or,

" My father's house is guarded well,
And the tumultuous clash of Zel
Shall ring alarm to the sky,
If midnight danger lurketh nigh.
But what doth lover care for this?
He flies upon the wings of bliss,
And finds his way at any hour
To Moïna, in her harem-tower."

&c., &c., &c. "*Aliquando bonus*," or, perhaps, in this instance, Homer had not awakened at all, and did not know where his strength lay. Macnish's humour overbalanced entirely his other powers; and he never could indulge it as he did, and be a poet. After eighteen months' residence in Caithness (where the gloomy loneliness and wildness of the scenery, in the midst of which he dwelt, produced in his mind some of those mystic impressions which mystery with his humour afterwards formed the *fantastic* style which characterises all his works), Macnish went to Paris for a year, and returned to Glasgow, where he joined his father. In 1825, in taking his diploma from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, he gave in as his inaugural thesis an "Essay on the Anatomy of Drunkenness," the sketch of his afterwards celebrated work; in 1826, began his career in the path of literature properly, by the publication of his celebrated story of the "*Metempsychosis*."

It appears to us to be the best fic-

tion of its kind in our language. The humour is exquisite,—rich, easy, flowing, and unforced. There is nothing like antithesis or point in the sentences; and so much the better, for such sparkles and tricks of wit take away very much from the general effect of the whole piece; and, to repeat the old maxim, the perfection of style is "*de ne pas en avoir*." There is a fine *faith*, too, about the narrative, which, strange and wild as it is, from the earnest manner in which it is related, has a convincing air, and bears the character of a truth. Hoffmann's *diableries* have this merit in a great degree; and perhaps Macnish was a little indebted to him for his fantastical notions, and his manner of treating his subject. The reader doubtless knows "*The Metempsychosis*." The commencement is admirably startling and mysterious:—"A slight shudder came over me as I entered the inner court of the college of Göttingen," writes the new Pythagorean; "and, on recovering from it, I felt both taller, heavier, and altogether more vigorous than the instant before." He has, in fact, just undergone the metempsychosis, and his soul has been magically whisked out of his body, to take up its habitation in another corpus, which the spiritual tenant has exchanged for his. Poor Frederick Stadt goes about in the body of Wolstang, which Wolstang, by some diabolical art, has managed to transfer from himself. All sorts of mistakes and misfortunes fall on Stadt; and no scene is finer, more exquisitely humorous and absurd, than that in which, after unheard-of miseries, he again meets with his body, and attacks the person who has usurped it.

"Thanks to Wolstang's long legs, they were better than the short ones with which my antagonist was furnished, and I caught him by the collar as he was about to enter a wood. I grasped my body with Herculean gripe, so terrified was I to lose it. 'And now, you villain,' said I, as soon as I could recover breath, 'tell me the meaning of this. Restore me my body, or by heaven I will —'"

"'You will do what?' asked he, with the most insolent coolness. This question was a dagger to my soul, for I knew that any punishment I inflicted upon him must be inflicted upon myself. I stood mute for a few seconds, still holding him strongly in my grasp. At last, throwing pity aside, by one vast effort, I cried out, 'I declare solemnly, Wolstang, that if

you do not give me back my body I shall kill you on the spot.'

" 'Kill me on the spot!' replied he. 'Do you mean to say that you will kill your own body?'

" 'I do say so,' was my answer; 'I will rather destroy my dear body, than it should be disgraced by a scoundrel like you.'

" 'You are jesting,' said Wolstang, endeavouring to extricate himself.

" 'I shall shew you the contrary,' rejoined I, giving him a violent blow on the nose, and another on the ribs. These strokes almost drew tears from my eyes: and when I saw my precious blood flowing, I certainly would have wept aloud, but for the terrible energy which rage had given me. The punishment had its evident effect, however, upon Wolstang, for he became agitated and alarmed, grew pale, and entreated me to let him go. 'Never, you villain, till you return me back my body! Let me be myself again, and then you are free.'

" 'That is impossible,' said he, 'and cannot be done without the agency of another person, who is absent; but I hereby solemnly swear that, five days after my death, your body shall be your own.'

" 'If better terms cannot be had, I must take even these, but better I shall have; so prepare to part with what is not your own. Take yourself back again, or I will beat you to mummy.' So saying, I laid on him most unmercifully, flattened his nose (or rather my own), and laid him sprawling on the earth without ceremony. While engaged in this business, I heard a sneeze; and looking to the quarter from which it proceeded, who did I see emerging from the wood but my old acquaintance, with the snuff-coloured surcoat, the scarlet waistcoat, and wooden leg. He saluted me as usual with a smile, and was beginning to regret the length of time which had elapsed since he last had the pleasure of seeing me, when I interrupted him. 'Come,' said I, 'this is not a time for ridiculous grimace: you know all about it, so help me to get my body back from this scoundrel here.'

" 'Certainly, my dear friend. Heaven forbid that you should be robbed of so unalienable a property. Wolstang, you must give it up. 'Tis the height of injustice to deprive him of it.'

" 'Shall I surrender it, then?' said Wolstang, with a pitiable voice.

" 'By all means: let Mr. Stadt have his body.'

" In an instant I felt great pains shoot through me, and I lay on the ground, breathless and exhausted, as if from some dreadful punishment. I also saw the little

gentleman, and the tall, stout figure of Wolstang, walk away arm in arm, and enter the wood. I was now myself again; but had at first little cause of congratulation on the change, for I was one heap of bruises, while the unprincipled author of my calamities was moving off in his own body without a single scratch."

The humour is magnificent here: the gravity, the droll pathos, the natural *unnaturalness* of the incidents, are all grand in their way, and reach almost to the sublime. Perhaps, if one were called on to define the character of such humour as this, one might call it the sublime turned *topsy-turvy*. "The Man with the Nose," "The Man with the Mouth," "The Man-Mountain," "Punch and Judy," are stories which resemble each other in construction, but are full of the genuine absurd, the sublime of the ludicrous, as it were. "Who are you?" says the landlord of the Golden Lion Inn, to a stranger who enters the parlour. The stranger's reply is magnificent in its simplicity: "*I am the man with the nose.*" What is there essentially ludicrous about a nose? *Why* should a nose be ludicrous? *Why* should *any thing* at all be ludicrous? Who can tell us? These are the secrets of the humorous genius, born with him, as the notions of the sublime are born with the poet. Mr. Burke has tried to discover the sources of the latter, and has failed signally: let us not attempt to seek the origin of the former, which has its beginning quite out of our ken. Some passages of "The Man-Mountain" are worthy to be learned by heart. Witness the vision of him through the window-blind. Milton's Satan is scarcely more tremendous.

"I paused for a moment, uncertain whether to enter; and, in the meantime, turned my eyes to the window, where, upon the white blind, I beheld the enormous shadow of a human being. My flesh crept with horror on witnessing this apparition, for I knew it to be the shadow of the Man-Mountain—the dim reflection of Mr. Tims. No other human being could cast such a shade. Its proportions were magnificent, and filled up the whole breadth of the window-screen; nay, the shoulders shot away latterly beyond its utmost limits, and were lost in space, having apparently nothing whereon to cast their mighty image. On beholding this vast shade, my mind was filled with a thousand exalted thoughts. I was carried away in imagination to the mountain

solitudes of the earth. I saw Mont Blanc lifting his white, bald head, into cold immensity, and flinging the gloom of his gigantic presence over the whole sweep of the vale of Chamouni—that vale in which the master-mind of Coleridge composed the sublimest hymn ever sung, save by the inspired bards of Israel. I was carried away to the far-off South Sea, where, at sunset, the Peak of Teneriffe blackens the ocean for fifteen miles with his majestic shadow dilated upon the waves. Then the snowy Chimborazo, cleaving the sky with his wedgelike shoulders, arose before me; and the exalted summit of volcanic Cotopaxi—both glooming the Andes with shade.

“Then Ida, and Pindus, and Olympus, were made visible to my spirit. I beheld the fauns and satyrs bounding and dancing in the shadows of these classic mountains, while the Grecian maids walked in beauty along their sides, singing to their full-toned lyres, and perchance discoursing of love, screened from the noontide sun. Then I flew away to the vales of Scotland—to Corrichoich, cooled by the black shade of Morven; to the GREAT GLEN, where, at sunset and sunrise, the image of Bennevis lies reflected many a rood upon its surface, and the Lochy murmurs under a canopy of mountain cloud.

“I paused at the door for some time, uncertain whether to enter. At last my mind was made up, and I knocked, resolved to encounter the Man-Mountain a second time, and, if possible, recover the lost glances of Julia.”

The Man-Mountain, too, is in love with Julia; and superb to witness are the love-throes of this sentimental Polyphemus.

“‘She shall be mine,’ responded he, with a deeply drawn sigh. ‘You cannot, at least, prevent her image from being enshrined in my heart. No, Julia! even when thou descendest to thy grave, thy remembrance will cause thee to live in my imagination, and I shall thus write thine elegy:

‘I cannot deem thee dead—like the perfumes

Arising from Judea’s vanished shrines,
Thy voice still floats around me—nor can tombs

A thousand, from my memory hide the lines

Of beauty, on thine aspect which abode,
Like streaks of sunshine pictured there by God.’

She shall be mine,’ continued he, in the same strain. ‘Prose and verse shall woo her for my lady-love; and she shall blush and hang her head in modest joy, even as the rose when listening to the music

of her beloved bulbul beneath the stars of night.’

“These amorous effusions, and the tone of insufferable affectation with which they were uttered, roused my corruption to its utmost pitch, and I exclaimed aloud, ‘Think not, thou revivification of Falstaff, thou enlarged edition of Lambert, thou folio of humanity, thou Titan, thou Briareus, thou Sphynx, thou Goliath of Gath, that I shall bend beneath thy ponderous insolence!’ The Mountain was amazed at my courage: I was amazed at it myself; but what will not love, inspired by brandy, effect?

“‘No,’ continued I, seeing the impression my words had produced upon him, ‘I despise thee, and defy thee, even as Hercules did Antæus, as Sampson did Haraphs, as Orlando did Ferragus. ‘Bulk without spirit vast,’ I fear thee not—come on!’ So saying, I rushed onward to the Mountain, who arose from his seat to receive me. The following passage from the *Agonistes* of Milton will give some idea of our encounter:—

‘As with the force of winds and waters pent,

When mountains tremble, these two massy pillars,

With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugged, he shook, till down they came,
and drew

The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath.’

“‘Psha!’ said Julia, blushing modestly, ‘can’t you let me go?’ Sweet Julia! I had got her in my arms.

“‘But where,’ said I, ‘is Mr. Tims?’

“‘Mr. who?’ said she.

“‘The Man-Mountain.’

“‘Mr. Tims! Man-Mountain!’ resumed Julia, with unfeigned surprise: ‘I know of no such persons. How jocular you are to-night—not to say how ill-bred, for you have been asleep for the last five minutes!’

“‘Sweet—sweet Julia!’”

Hoffmann has done nothing better than this. The mad grappling of Julia’s lover with the Titan—the latter’s soft allusion to the rose and the bulbul,—is it not poetry upside down, and very fine poetry too?

Let us be pardoned for giving one more extract, not from these volumes, but from a book called the *Scottish Annual*; which was not successful, although it contained the following sublime story:—

“A PSYCHOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

“By James Hogg.

“In an article in a number of *Black-*

wood's Magazine, published little more than a year ago, a circumstance is mentioned which, psychologically speaking, is highly remarkable. It is as follows: Seven individuals dine together, when one of them, who was seldom in the habit of speaking, suddenly opens his mouth, and relates, at great length, an anecdote which one Humphries told him. Next day, the six listeners, on comparing notes, are astonished to find that not one of them can tell what the story was about. The same party meet again, the story-teller once more relates his anecdote, and, strange to say, the result upon the six is the same. They all heard it, yet none of them can give the slightest idea of its nature: they can recollect nothing but the words, 'Humphries told me,' with which the speaker always commenced his story. This relation may appear strange, and, very likely, is the mere coinage of the author's brain, for the purpose of making a good magazine article. Be that as it may, I do not look on the fact which it communicates as of so very unprecedented a nature as to be incredible; for a circumstance within my own knowledge, and in which I was one of the parties, is not a whit less strange, and yet, in every respect, equally incapable of explanation upon any known principle.

"Four years ago, I was invited to dine with Mr. John Bland, a respectable merchant in Glasgow. The company, besides the landlord and myself, consisted of Mr. Bennet, editor of the *Free Press*; Mr. Macnie, the distinguished painter; Mr. Robert Maxwell, Mr. Reid, merchant, and another individual whose name I do not recollect. In all there were seven of us. Mr. Bland, being a bachelor, did not keep house, but lodged with one Mrs. Haliburton, a respectable widow lady, in Union Street. We sat down to dinner at five o'clock precisely, and the company was arranged in this manner: Mr. Bland sat at the head of the table, Mr. Bennet at the foot; the side of the table, to the chairman's right, was occupied by Messrs. Macnie and Reid; that to his left by Mr. Maxwell, myself, and the individual already referred to, who sat between us. The conversation, as might be expected in a company consisting principally of bachelors, and intimately known to each other, was of the most gay, pleasant, rattling description; the gentleman who sat between Mr. Maxwell and myself being particularly good-humoured and facetious, and keeping us all in a roar with well-directed sallies of wit. We broke up early—I think about half-past eight o'clock; and, having some letters to write, I went home for that purpose, and retired to bed at eleven.

On awaking next morning, I reflected with pleasure on the pleasant evening I had spent, and was particularly struck with the recollection of the many ludicrous things which were said by the above gentleman; but somehow, although I was intimate with him, I could not bring his name to my memory. This, however, made little impression upon me at the moment, and I did not doubt that I should soon be able to recollect it. I got up, dressed myself, and took breakfast; but just as I was finishing this meal, the door opened, and Mr. Maxwell made his appearance.

"'You will think this visit an early one,' said he, 'and the purpose of it exceedingly foolish; but the truth is, I have been torturing my brain since six o'clock this morning to get at the name of the individual who sat between us yesterday at dinner. He is well known to me; I have spoken to him frequently, and met him at parties, and yet I cannot for my life say who he is. I know you will laugh at me, but I cannot help it. I am determined to know the man's name, and so you must help me to it.'

"I was a good deal struck with what he said, nor was he less so when I mentioned that that very subject had been also engrossing my thoughts, and that I was precisely in the same dilemma. 'It is most singular,' said he, 'that we should both forget the name of this person. I must ask Bland the first time I see him.' So saying, he left the house.

"The same forenoon, going along Argyle Street on some business, I met Mr. Bennet. 'By the bye,' said he, 'what do you call the gentleman who sat between you and Mr. Maxwell? I know him very well, but, somehow, I have forgotten his name.' I then mentioned what had occurred to Mr. Maxwell and myself, and he was, as you may naturally suppose, not a little surprised at the circumstance.

"This curious affair made such an impression upon my mind that I could think of nothing else; and with the view of solving, if possible, the enigma, I went immediately after dinner to the house of Mr. Reid, whom I found seated at his fireside discussing a tumbler of brandy toddy along with Mr. Macnie. Mr. Reid asked me to join them, to which I readily assented; and a tumbler having been set before me, the liquor prepared, and the healths of the two gentlemen drunk, I told them honestly the purpose of my visit, not forgetting to mention what had taken place upon the subject between Maxwell, Bennet, and myself. In making this communication, I fully expected to have been heartily laughed at; but so far was this from be-

ing the case, that they both looked at me, then at each other, with the most unfeigned astonishment.

"Is it a fact," said Mr. Reid seriously, "that you do not remember the name of the gentleman who sat next you?" I assured him it was so.

"And that both Messrs. Bennet and Maxwell are in the same predicament?" I repeated my assurance.

"You have met with the person before?" said he.

"Several times."

"And are acquainted with him?"

"Perfectly."

"And do Maxwell and Bennet say that they have met him before, and are acquainted with him?"

"They both say so."

"Well," continued he, "this is the most extraordinary event that ever happened. Macnie and I have just been marvelling at, and discussing this very subject. It has been running in our heads this whole day, and has puzzled us beyond imagination. In fact, Macnie came here on the very same errand as yourself. Both he and I have met with this person before: we are intimately acquainted with him, at least such is our impression, and yet, who he is, where he is from, and what his name may be, the Lord only knows! It is most amazing."

"The interest of the case was now increased beyond measure. That one individual might forget the name of another, whom he notwithstanding knew well, was in itself possible enough; that two might do so was not incredible; but that the name should slip through the memories of five seemed as unlikely and miraculous, as that a camel should pass through the eye of a needle. It struck us exceedingly; there was no way by which it could be rationally accounted for, and it was agitated by us all with a feeling of strange and painful anxiety. To unravel the mystery was now an object of paramount importance: to solve this riddle, more enigmatical and perplexing than that of the Sphinx, became imperative; and we all sallied forth to the lodgings of Mr. Bland, not doubting that, as he was the person by whom the individual had been invited, he must needs know all about him. On entering Mr. Bland's dining-room, we found not him only, but Messrs. Maxwell and Bennet. The trio were in the act of drinking tea, and the room smelt strongly of tobacco, Bland being a great smoker. After partaking of a cup of the wholesome beverage, Mr. Macnie stated briefly the object of our visit, detailed the incredible anxiety which we felt to fathom the mystery, commented on its strange character, and, in conclusion, asked the name of the re-

markable individual who had set us all by the ears. But how much was our astonishment increased when Bland gave us to know that he was in precisely the same predicament as ourselves. The man's name was to him as inscrutable as the Eleusinian mysteries, and he could throw no light whatever upon the subject. He informed us that Messrs. Bennet and Maxwell had come on the very business, and that he, as well as the rest of us, had been exerting his faculties to no purpose in pursuit of this object, which had been to him a source of inconceivable astonishment and perplexity. I then ventured to inquire if he had invited the individual orally, or by letter; because, in the latter case, he would probably receive a written answer, which would necessarily contain the author's name; and which document, if he had it still in his possession, would set the business at rest. "Bless me," said he, "I never thought of that, and I am glad you have mentioned it; for I did write him a note the day before yesterday, and he sent me a written reply, which I believe I have got in my pocket." And, putting his hand into his breeches' pocket, he brought out a card, written on fine wove gilt-edged paper, sealed with perfumed blue sealing-wax, the seal bearing the impression of a snake, and the motto *Anguis in herba*. Its contents were as follows:—

"Dear Bland,—I shall, with great pleasure, dine with you to-morrow.

Yours truly ———."

"There was no name to it—Bland had unfortunately torn away the portion of the card which contained the name, for the purpose of lighting his cigar. We were thunderstruck. To have the cup of bliss dashed from our lips, when in the point of enjoying it, was horrible, and we all cursed our unlucky stars, and wondered more and more.

"Such facts seem so incredible, that I am afraid to state any others connected with this strange affair, lest the accuracy of the whole should be called in question. Truth, however, compels me to mention, that the hand-writing of the note was familiar to us all. We had seen it before, and at once recognised it as that of the man without a name. This added still more to the singularity of this most singular business; and, to crown the whole, the landlady had forgotten the person's name, although she admitted that it was once familiar to her, and that he had formerly been in her house, dining with Mr. Bland.

"Several years have elapsed since the events above recorded took place, and no circumstance has occurred to

throw light upon the mystery. How it is to be explained I know not; but it certainly affords a curious picture of the human mind, and is well worthy of being preserved, as perhaps the most remarkable psychological curiosity on record. Probably the reader may experience some difficulty in giving credit to so extraordinary and apparently absurd a narrative; and, to tell the truth, I should myself, did I encounter such a story in my reading, be strongly tempted to set it down as the idle fiction of some ingenious brain; but of its truth I can speak in the most positive terms, and the other gentlemen who were parties to the case are also willing to give their unequivocal testimony in its behalf. My own impression is, that there is yet much to learn in the philosophy of the mind,—that we are only on the threshold of mental science, and that a time will yet arrive when the causes of such phenomena as the above will be made perfectly manifest. At present the public, finding it impossible to explain these phenomena, deny them altogether, for the same reason that Alexander cut asunder the Gordian knot, the disentanglement of which baffled all his efforts. People have hitherto laughed at animal magnetism, metallic tractors, and homœopathy, in the face of facts brought forward and attested by some of the ablest scientific men in Europe. In the same way, the above statement will probably be ridiculed, and treated as a fiction; and not unlikely those who bear evidence of its truth be reviled as having palmed a preposterous fabrication upon the credulity of the public.

"The only thing I can recollect about the mysterious character is, that he was a capital mimic and ventriloquist. Perhaps this may lead to a discovery of his identity."

There is not only humour in this story, but a wonderful art—the art of story-telling in perfection. The incidents of *Robinson Crusoe* are not more accurate, or more supernaturally natural. The incident is within the limits of the commonest truth, and yet plunges into the most profound mystery. The tale we remember to have read many years ago, and received it with a proper degree of awe, as a real adventure which had befallen the honest Shepherd, and had been described by him. The style is his accurately, and the circumstance just such a one as would have impressed itself deeply on his mind, and provoked his reverence and wonder. If a successful hoax be a sign of talent, the author of this is an undoubted genius, and a hoax it is.

Macnish, as we learn by his memoirs, was the author of the tale; and, hoax though it be, it is a psychological curiosity nevertheless—most curious, if one allows, as we do, that it inspires an extraordinary degree of interest, and examines the sources from which the interest is derived. How the awe increases as the story goes on! How the familiar increases the supernatural! "Mr. Bennet, editor of the *Free Press*; Mr. Macnie, the distinguished painter; Mr. Robt. Maxwell, Mr. Reid, merchant, and another individual whose name I do not recollect," are only common mortals in the first page. They part, and an awful destiny invests every member of the Glasgow dinner-party with a supernatural dignity. Hogg (*le soi-disant*) lies awake, thinking of the "individual." He gets up, and takes breakfast. At that moment the door opens, and in steps Maxwell. Maxwell is no longer the common man of yesterday: Fate has been with him. Since he swallowed that last tumbler of whisky punch, Unseen Influences have seized upon him. He is Maxwell, and something else—Maxwell with the dreadful query: "Who was the man we met last night at Bland's?"

Away, after breakfast, go the two men, urged by the Unseen Influence, victims of the Irresistible Fear—down goes Hogg through the Lawnmarket, the Grassmarket, or whatever may be the name of the street, square, alley, or wynd (we never were in Scotland, much less, then, in Glasgow, although we hear much good reported of the punch drunk in that village)—away he goes down the street, and meets—Bennet. Even Bennet of the *Free Press* (that celebrated journal, which knows every country and individual in Europe) does not know this individual. The horror goes on deepening by a geometrical progression; and the appearance of Bennet—Bennet, entirely ignorant!—absolutely frightens one. Three out of the five fated guests are here enveloped in the black windings of this unfathomable, inextricable—

* * * * *
Night comes. In despair Hogg rushes to the abode of Mr. Reid. As it is known that the prisoners in the French Revolution danced, dined, acted plays, and were merry, although the guillotine was ready for them, and in the very midst of the reign of terror—as, too, Mr. Dickens has finely por-

trayed Mr. Fagin (the Israelitish gentleman), when listening to his sentence of death, calmly employed, likewise, in counting the buttons on the sheriff's coat, and the number of spikes on the railings—as, we say, the mind, under the pressure of vast terror, divides itself, as it were, and thinks of common trifles, while, at the same time, the great *Wo* is still ever present and unforgotten—in like manner Mr. Reid is found in the company of Mr. Macnic, portrait-painter, drinking brandy-toddy. Fools! as if *FATE* could be drowned in toddy; and as if the awful question, “Who was the man at Bland’s, last night?” will not come bounding up to the surface of the liquor, awful, beckoning, with glassed eyes, like the undrownable corpse of Prince Caracolo, or Caraccioli, whom Nelson hung! “Is it a fact,” said Mr. Reid, seriously, “that you do not remember the name of the gentleman who sat next you?” Not a letter of it.

And so these *four*—they are four now—rush forth to seek Bland, the innocent cause of all this misery.

What happened at Bland’s, the reader knows—the tea they were drinking, the smell of tobacco in the room (disgusting habit!), the card written on gilt-edged paper, and sealed with blue perfumed wax, and note ending

“Yours truly,
—.”

The — falls upon one, like the earth on a coffin-lid. It is all over. All, after this, is hopeless, irretrievably dark and cold. We feel as if we would give a thousand pounds for the original letter.

We have traced the identity of the “mysterious character” who figures in the preceding sketch to a man now in London. He is the — on whom Macnish founded the story. Mr. Leitch, of Waterloo Place, is the individual—a man distinguished for his chest, his wine, his polyglott accomplishments, and his great colloquial and ventriloquial powers. In the latter art (which we need not say he exercises only *en amateur*) he is unrivalled, and Alexandre the Great himself cannot produce so many changes of voice and feature as this modern Proteus. To return, however, to Macnish’s life, and to speak in somewhat a graver tone, we recommend to it our readers—to literary men especially—

as one which will give them no small pleasure, as well as instruction. There is much clever gossip about Macnish’s literary contemporaries, who, not so high in name, perhaps, as that jovial set whose doings at the Mitre were chronicled by Boswell, have yet their genius and their fame. A few days hence, some of these interesting, lifelike sketches will be read with interest by the curious in literary history; just as the etchings of our own worthy Croquis will be examined by them. Most amiably, we are sure quite undesignedly, Mr. Moir appears in his own volume; and nothing is more simple, kindly, and affectionate, than the intercourse between the two friends. We have said that, to literary men especially, Macnish’s memoirs would be instructive; from example, we mean—example as to application to a harassing profession, and honest, cheerful labour in a reputable calling (wise man! he had the good sense not to make his pen his bread-winner)—example, above all, of singular modesty as to his own powers, and an honest appreciation of other men’s. We find him—O, rare eccentricity!—on one or two occasions, acknowledging that he was too well paid for his labours, and once actually returning the money which a publishing house had transmitted. Such principles we do not recommend (for the precedent is dangerous), but they are worthy of admiration, at any rate, as shewing the modesty and simplicity of Macnish’s nature.

To Mr. Blackwood he writes, *à propos* of a sum of money despatched to him by that gentleman, for the *Metempsychosis*,

“I send you my best thanks for your very handsome order: this is so unlooked for: I am afraid it is unmerited. When I wrote my piece, I had not the most distant eye to remuneration, and would have been highly flattered by its insertion in a work of such celebrity, without any thing in the shape of a reward.”

The continence of Scipio was nothing to this. Let all young contributors who forward to this and other magazines, poor poems, and poor prose, with a modest hint that “twenty guineas is the price of the enclosed ballad,” or “the accompanying tale will be followed by twenty others, at so much per sheet,” take warning by poor

Macnish, who writes the best story where there have been so many good ones (we are above envy, and willingly allow that Ebony has many merits) — who writes the best story, and trembles and blushes at being paid for it!

About this time, Mr. Moir became acquainted with him. "I found him," says Delta, "so full of generous enthusiasm, so benignant in feeling, so playful in fancy, so correct in principle, so single in purpose, and so ardently bent on intellectual enterprise, that before he parted, the seeds of our friendship were sown."

The friendship straightway becomes very close; and then passes between the two gentlemen much amusing literary gossip and criticism. Macnish's humour is great in these criticisms: he had a noble appreciation of an ass, which alone was enough to make a great man of him. He pleased himself in watching the gambols of the donkeys; he listened gravely to their brays; sometimes he brayed gravely in his turn — an imitation as correct as Sancho's, and taken, by the long-eared tribe, for the genuine hee-haw. "My sublime acquaintance, Tom Atkinson,* has published his *Chameleon*. I believe I am answerable for the publications, for he sent me all the MSS. to read, and I returned them to him with the

highest commendations, without having read a single word. You see the advantage of a good wide conscience: I now make a practice of praising every thing written by asses."

Squeamish persons will cry, Fie on the want of candour! but for donkeys, candour is not made. Macnish shewed his judgment in his first treatment of the poor *Chameleon* editor. He received, the next year, a second vast supply of manuscript. "To get rid of the annoyance, I have changed my tactics, and abused them up hill and down dale. I assured him they were quite unworthy of his genius and reputation, and that he ought by no means to print the same." What did Tom Atkinson do? He printed, to be sure, after the manner of his race.

Some silly people had attributed the *Diary of a Physician*, a work which had an amazing popularity (only equalled by Montgomery's *Omnipresence*), to Moir. Macnish at once saw rightly; he neither admired the book, nor did he believe that a physician had written it.

We cannot follow poor Macnish any further, through his merry gossip about his literary friends, his manifold *schwärmereien*, his discoveries of the Great Chestic system: — let others look to the work itself, they will find it is fully worthy of their perusal.

* If this should be read and disliked by the friends of Mr. Tom Atkinson, we beg to state that we only use the name of that gentleman to illustrate our position. We never before heard of the *Chameleon*, or of its editor.

CATHERINE : A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR.

CHAP. II.

In which are depicted the pleasures of a sentimental attachment.

It will not be necessary, for the purpose of this history, to follow out very closely all the adventures which occurred to Mrs. Catherine from the period when she quitted the Sun and became the captain's lady; for, although it would be just as easy to shew as not, that the young woman, by following the man of her heart, had only yielded to an innocent impulse, and by remaining with him for a certain period, had proved the depth and strength of her affection for him,—although we might make very tender and eloquent apologies for the error of both parties, the reader might possibly be disgusted at such descriptions and such arguments, which, besides, are already done to his hand in the novel of *Ernest Maltravers* before-mentioned. Sir Edward is a mighty man, but even he cannot prove black to be white; no, not if he were to write a hundred dozen of volumes on the point, instead of half a dozen. We, too, are not small beer in our way. After all, Solomons is somebody. Sir Ikey Solomons would not sound badly; and who knows whether, some day or other, another batch of us literary chaps may not be called upon by a grateful sovereign to kneel gracefully on one knee, majesty waving over our heads a glittering cut-and-thrust, and saying with sweet accents, "Rise up, Sir Something Whatdycallum!"—who knows? Egad! if the Whigs remain in, I, for my part, will be content with nothing less than a blood-red hand on the Solomons' seal. But this is sheer talk, and we are flying away from the real subject; the respectability, namely, of the connexion between Mrs. Hall and his Excellency the Count von Galgenstein.

From the gentleman's manner towards Mrs. Catherine, and from his brilliant and immediate success, the reader will doubtless have concluded, in the first place, that Gustavus Adolphus had not a very violent affection for Mrs. Cat; in the second place, that he was a professional lady-killer,

and therefore likely at some period to resume his profession; thirdly, and to conclude, that a connexion so begun, must, in the nature of things, be likely to end speedily.

And so, to do the count justice, it would, if he had been allowed to follow his own inclination entirely; for (as many young gentlemen will, and yet no praise to them) in about a week he began to be indifferent, in a month to be weary, in two months to be angry, in three to proceed to blows and curses; and, in short, to repent most bitterly the hour when he had ever been induced to present Mrs. Catherine the toe of his boot, for the purpose of lifting her on to his horse.

"Egad!" said he to the corporal one day, when confiding his griefs to Mr. Brock, "I wish my toe had been cut off before ever it served as a ladder to this little vixen."

"Or perhaps your honour would wish to kick her down stairs with it," delicately suggested Mr. Brock.

"Kick her! why the wench would hold so fast by the banisters, that I *could* not kick her down, Mr. Brock. To tell you a bit of a secret, I *have* tried as much—not to kick her—no, no, not kick her, certainly, that's ungentlemanly; but to *induce* her to go back to that cursed pot-house where we fell in with her. I have given her many hints —"

"O yes, I saw your honour give her one yesterday—with a mug of beer. By the laws, as the ale run all down her face, and she clutched a knife to run at you, I don't think I ever saw such a she-devil! That woman will do for your honour some day, if you provoke her."

"Do for *me*? No, hang it, Mr. Brock, never! She loves every hair of my head, sir; she worships me, corporal. Egad, yes! she worships me; and would much sooner apply a knife to her own weazand, than to scratch my little finger!"

"I think she does," said Mr. Brock.

"I'm sure of it," said the captain. Women, look you, are like dogs, they like to be ill-treated; they like it, sir, I know they do. I never had any thing to do with a woman in my life

but I ill-treated her, and she liked me the better."

"Mrs. Hall ought to be *very* fond of you then, sure enough!" said Mr. Corporal.

"Very fond! — ha, ha! Corporal, you wag you—and so she is very fond. Yesterday, after the knife-and-beer scene — no wonder I threw the liquor in her face, it was so dev'lish flat that no gentleman could drink it, and I told her never to draw it till dinner-time —"

"Oh, it was enough to put an angel in a fury!" said Brock.

"Well, yesterday after the knife business, when you had got the carver out of her hand, off she flings to her bed-room, will not eat a bit of dinner, forsooth, and remains locked up for a couple of hours. At two o'clock after-noon (I was over a tankard), out comes the little she-devil, her face pale, her eyes bleared, and the tip of her nose as red as fire with sniffing and weeping. Making for my hand, 'Max,' says she, 'will you forgive me?' 'What!' says I, 'forgive a murderess?' says I; 'no, curse me, never!' 'Your cruelty will kill me,' sobbed she. 'Cruelty be hanged!' says I; 'didn't you draw that beer an hour before dinner?' She could say nothing to *this*, you know, and I swore that every time she did so, I would fling it into her face again; whereupon back she flounced to her chamber, where she wept and stormed until night-time."

"When you forgave her?"

"I *did* forgive her, that's positive. You see I had supped at the Rose along with Tom Trippet, and half a dozen pretty fellows; and I had eased a great fat-headed Warwickshire land-junker — what d'ye call him? — squire, of forty pieces; and I'm dev'lish good-humoured when I've won, and so Cat and I made it up; but I've taught her never to bring me stale beer again — ha, ha!"

This conversation will explain, a great deal better than any description of ours, however eloquent, the state of things as between Count Maximilian and Mrs. Catherine, and the feelings which they entertained for each other. The woman loved him, that was the fact; and, as we have shewn in a former chapter, how John Hayes, a mean-spirited fellow as ever breathed, in respect of all other passions a pigmy, was in the passion of love a giant,

and followed Mrs. Catherine with a furious longing which might seem at the first to be foreign to his nature; in the like manner, and playing at cross-purposes, Mrs. Hall had become smitten of the captain; and, as he said truly, only liked him the better for the brutality which she received at his hands. For it is my opinion, madam, that love is a bodily infirmity, from which human kind can no more escape than from small-pox; and which attacks every one of us, from the first duke in the peerage down to Jack Ketch inclusive; which has no respect for rank, virtue, or roguery in man, but sets each in his turn in a fever; which breaks out, the deuce knows how or why, and, raging its appointed time, fills each individual of the one sex with a blind fury and longing for some one of the other (who may be pure, gentle, blue-eyed, beautiful, and good; or vile, shrewish, squinting, hunchbacked, and hideous, according to circumstances and luck); which dies away, perhaps, in the natural course, if left to have its way, but which contradiction causes to rage more furiously than ever. Is not history, from the Trojan war upwards and downwards, full of instances of such strange inexplicable passions? Was not Helen, by the most moderate calculation, ninety years of age when she went off with his Royal Highness Prince Alexander of Troy? Was not Madame La Vallière ill-made, bleary-eyed, tallow-complexioned, scraggy, and with hair like tow? Was not Wilks, not Wilks late of Boston, nor the celebrated Wilks of Paris, but Wilks of No. 45, the ugliest, charmingest, most successful man in the world? Such instances might be carried out so as to fill a dozen double numbers of *Fraser*, but *cui bono*? Love is fate, and not will; its origin not to be explained, its progress irresistible, and the best proof of this may be had at Bow Street any day, where, if you ask any officer of the establishment how they take most thieves, he will tell you at the houses of the women. They must see the dear creatures, though they hang for it; they will love, though they have their necks in the halter. And with regard to the other position, that ill-usage on the part of the man does not destroy the affection of the woman, have we not numberless police-reports shewing how,

when a bystander would best a husband for beating his wife, man and wife fall together on the interloper, and punish him for his meddling?

These points, then, being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the reader will not be disposed to question the assertion, that Mrs. Hall had a real affection for the gallant count, and grew, as Mr. Brock was pleased to say, like a beefsteak, more tender as she was thumped. Poor thing, poor thing! his flashy airs and smart looks had overcome her in a single hour; and no more is wanted to plunge into love over head and ears, no more is wanted to make a first love with (and a woman's first love lasts *for ever*, a man's twenty-fourth or fifth is perhaps the best): you can't kill it, do what you will; it takes root, and lives and even grows, never mind what the soil may be in which it is planted, or the bitter weather it must bear — often as one has seen a wall-flower grow — out of a stone.

In the first weeks of their union, the count had at least been liberal to her; she had a horse and fine clothes, and received abroad some of those flattering attentions which she held at such high price. He had, however, some ill-luck at play, or had been forced to pay some bills, or had some other satisfactory reason for being poor, and his establishment was very speedily diminished. He argued that, as Mrs. Catherine had been accustomed to wait on others all her life, she might now wait upon herself and him; and when the incident of the beer arose, she had been for some time employed as the count's housekeeper, with unlimited superintendence over his comfort, his cellar, his linen, and such matters as bachelors are delighted to make over to active female hands. To do the poor wretch justice, she actually kept the man's *ménage* in the best order; nor was there any point of extravagance with which she could be charged, except a little extravagance of dress displayed on the very few occasions when he condescended to walk abroad with her, and extravagance of language and passion in the frequent quarrels they had together. Perhaps in such a connexion as subsisted between this precious couple, these faults are inevitable on the part of the woman. She must be silly and vain, and will pretty surely therefore be fond of dress;

and she must, disguise it as she will, be perpetually miserable and brooding over her fall, which will cause her to be violent and quarrelsome.

Such, at least, was Mrs. Hall; and very early did the poor vain, misguided wretch, begin to reap what she had sown.

For a man, remorse under these circumstances is perhaps uncommon. No stigma affixes on *him* for betraying a woman; no bitter pangs of mortified vanity; no insulting looks of superiority from his neighbour, and no sentence of contemptuous banishment is read against him; these all fall on the tempted, and not on the tempter, who is permitted to go free. The chief thing that a man learns after having successfully practised on a woman, is to despise the poor wretch whom he has won. The game, in fact, and the glory, such as it is, is all his, and the punishment alone falls upon her. Consider this, ladies, when charming young gentlemen come to woo you with soft speeches. You have nothing to win, except wretchedness, and scorn, and desertion; consider this, and be thankful to your Solomons for telling it.

It came to pass, then, that the count had come to have a perfect contempt and indifference for Mrs. Hall, and how should he not for a young person who had given herself up to him so easily? and would have been quite glad of any opportunity of parting with her. But there was a certain lingering shame about the man, which prevented him from saying at once and abruptly, "Go!" and the poor thing did not choose to take such hints as fell out in the course of their conversation and quarrels; and so they kept on together, he treating her with simple insult, and she hanging on desperately by whatever feeble twig she could find, to the rock beyond which all was naught or death to her.

Well, after the night with Tom Tripet and the pretty fellows at the Rose, to which we have heard the count allude in the conversation just recorded, Fortune smiled on him a good deal; for the Warwickshire squire, who had lost forty pieces on that occasion, insisted on having his revenge the night after; when, strange to say, a hundred and fifty more found their way into the pouch of his excellency the count. Such a sum as this quite set the young nobleman afloat again,

and brought back a pleasing equanimity to his mind, which had been a good deal disturbed in the former difficult circumstances, and in this, for a little and to a certain extent, poor Cat had the happiness to share. He did not alter the style of his establishment, which consisted as before, of herself and a small person who acted as scouter, kitchen-wench, and scullion; Mrs. Catherine always putting her hand to the principal pieces of the dinner; but he treated his mistress with tolerable good-humour; or, to speak more correctly, with such bearable brutality as might be expected from a man like him to a woman in her condition. Besides, a certain event was about to take place, which not unusually occurs in circumstances of this nature, and Mrs. Catherine was expecting soon to lie in.

The captain, distrusting naturally the strength of his own paternal feelings, had kindly endeavoured to provide a parent for the coming infant, and to this end had opened a negotiation with our friend, Mr. Thomas Bullock, declaring that Mrs. Cat should have a fortune of twenty guineas, and reminding Tummas of his ancient flame for her; but Mr. Tummas, when this proposition was made to him, declined it with many oaths, and vowed that he was perfectly satisfied with his present bachelor condition. In this dilemma Mr. Brock stepped forward, who declared himself very ready to accept Mrs. Catherine and her fortune, and might possibly have become the possessor of both, had not Mrs. Cat, the moment she heard of the proposed arrangement, with fire in her eyes, and rage—oh, how bitter!—in her heart, prevented the success of the measure by proceeding incontinently to the first justice of peace, and there swearing before his worship who was the father of the coming child.

This proceeding, which she had expected would cause not a little indignation on the part of her lord and master, was received by him, strangely enough, with considerable good-humour; he swore that the wench had served him a good trick, and was rather amused at the anger, the outbreak of fierce rage and contumely; and the wretched, wretched tears of heart-sick desperation which followed her announcement of this step to him. For Mr. Brock, she re-

pelled his offer with scorn and loathing, and treated the notion of a union with Mr. Bullock with yet fiercer contempt. Marry him, indeed! a workhouse pauper carrying a brown Bess! She would have died sooner, she said, or robbed on the highway; and so, to do her justice, she would; for the little minx was one of the vainest creatures in existence, and vanity (as I presume every body knows) becomes the principle in certain hearts of women, their moral spectacles, their conscience, their meat and drink, their only rule of right and wrong.

As for Mr. Tummas, he, as we have seen, was quite as unfriendly to the proposition as she could be; and the corporal, with a good deal of comical gravity, vowed that, as he could not be satisfied in his dearest wishes, he would take to drinking for a consolation, which he straightway did.

"Come, Tummas," said he to Mr. Bullock; "since we *can't* have the girl of our hearts, why, hang it, Tummas, let's drink her health!" to which Bullock had no objection. And so strongly did the disappointment weigh upon honest Corporal Brock, that, even when, after unheard-of quantities of beer, he could scarcely utter a word, he was seen absolutely to weep, and, in accents almost unintelligible, to curse his confounded ill luck, at being deprived, not of a wife, but of a child: he wanted one so, he said, to comfort him in his old age.

The time of Mrs. Catherine's *couches* drew near, arrived, and was gone through safely. She presented to the world a chopping boy, who might use, if he liked, the Galgenstein arms with a bar sinister; and in her new cares and duties had not so many opportunities as usual of quarrelling with the count; who, perhaps, respected her situation, or, at least, was so properly aware of the necessity of quiet to her, that he absented himself from home morning, noon, and night.

The captain had, it must be confessed, turned these continued absences to a considerable worldly profit, for he played incessantly; and, since his first victory over the Warwickshire squire, Fortune had been so favourable to him, that he had at various intervals amassed a sum of nearly a thousand pounds, which he used to bring home as he won, and which he deposited in a strong iron chest, cunningly screwed

down by himself under his own bed. This Mrs. Catherine regularly made, and the treasure underneath it could be no secret to her. However, the noble count kept the key, and bound her by many solemn oaths (that he discharged at her himself) not to reveal to any other person the existence of the chest and its contents.

But it is not in a woman's nature to keep such secrets; and the captain, who left her for days and days, did not reflect that she would seek for confidants elsewhere. For want of a female companion, she was compelled to bestow her sympathies upon Mr. Brock; who, as the count's corporal, was much in his lodgings, and who did manage to survive the disappointment which he had experienced by Mrs. Catherine's refusal of him.

About two minutes after the infant's birth, the captain, who was annoyed by its squalling, put it abroad to nurse, and dismissed its attendant. Mrs. Catherine now resumed her household duties, and was, as before, at once mistress and servant of the establishment. As such, she had the keys of the beer, and was pretty sure of the attentions of the corporal; who became, as we have said, in the count's absence, his lady's chief friend and companion. After the manner of ladies, she very speedily confided to him all her domestic secrets; the causes of her former discontent; the count's ill treatment of her, the wicked names he called her; the prices that all her gowns had cost her; how he beat her; how much money he won and lost at play; how she had once pawned a coat for him; how he had four new ones, laced, and paid for; what was the best way of cleaning and keeping gold lace, of making cherry-brandy, pickling salmon, &c., &c. Her *confidences* upon all these subjects used to follow each other in rapid succession; and Mr. Brock became, ere long, quite as well acquainted with the captain's history for the last year as the count himself,—for he was careless, and forgot things; women never do. They chronicle all the lover's small actions, his words, his headaches, the dresses he has worn, the things he has liked for dinner on certain days,—all which circumstances commonly are expunged from the male brain immediately after they have occurred, but remain fixed with the female.

To Brock, then, and to Brock only (for she knew no other soul), Mrs. Cat breathed in strictest confidence the history of the count's winnings, and his way of disposing of them; how he kept his money screwed down in an iron chest in their room; and a very lucky fellow did Brock consider his officer for having such a large sum. He and Cat looked at the chest; it was small, but mighty strong, sure enough, and would defy picklocks and thieves. Well, if any man deserved money, the captain did ("though he might buy me a few yards of that lace I love so," interrupted Mrs. Cat),—if any man deserved money, he did, for he spent it like a prince, and his hand was always in his pocket.

It must now be stated, that Monsieur de Galgenstein had, during Cat's seclusion, cast his eyes upon a young lady of good fortune, who frequented the assembly at Birmingham, and who was not a little smitten by his title and person. The "four new coats, laced, and paid for," as Cat said, had been purchased, most probably, by his excellency for the purpose of dazzling the heiress; and he and the coats had succeeded so far, as to win from the young woman an actual profession of love, and a promise of marriage, provided Pa would consent. This was obtained,—for Pa was a tradesman; and I suppose every one of the readers of this Magazine has remarked how great an effect a title has on the lower classes. Yes, thank Heaven, there is about a free-born Briton a cringing baseness, and lick-spittle awe of rank, which does not exist under any tyranny in Europe, and is only to be found here and in America.

All these negotiations had been going on quite unknown to Cat; and, as the captain had determined, before two months were out, to fling that young woman on the *pauv*, he was kind to her in the meanwhile: people always are when they are swindling you, or meditating an injury against you.

The poor girl had much too high an opinion of her own charms to suspect that the count could be unfaithful to them, and had no notion of the plot that was formed against her. But Mr. Brock had; for he had seen many times a gilt coach, with a pair of fat white horses ambling in the neighbourhood of the town, and the captain on his black steed, caracolliug majestically

by its side; and he had remarked a fat, pudgy, pale-haired woman treading heavily down the stairs of the assembly, leaning on the captain's arm: all these Mr. Brock had seen, not without reflection. Indeed, the count one day, in great good-humour, had slapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he was about speedily to purchase a regiment; when, by his great gods, Mr. Brock should have a pair of colours. Perhaps this promise occasioned his silence to Mrs. Catherine hitherto; perhaps he never would have peached at all; and, perhaps, therefore, this history would never have been written, but for a small circumstance which occurred at this period.

"What can you want with that drunken old corporal always about your quarters?" said Mr. Trippet to the count one day, as they sat over their wine, in the midst of a merry company, at the captain's rooms.

"What!" said he, "old Brock? The old thief has been more useful to me than many a better man. He is brave in a row as a lion, as cunning in intrigue as a fox; he can nose a dun at an inconceivable distance, and scent out a pretty woman be she behind ever so many stone walls. If a gentleman wants a good rascal now, I can recommend him; I am going to reform, you know, and must turn him out of my service."

"And pretty Mrs. Cat?"

"O curse pretty Mrs. Cat! she may go too."

"And the brat?"

"Why, you have parishes, and what not, here in England. Egad! if a gentleman were called upon to keep all his children, there would be no living; no, stop my vitals! Cræsus couldn't stand it."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Trippet; "you are right; and when a gentleman marries, he is bound in honour to give up such low connexions as are useful when he is a bachelor."

"Of course; and give them up I will, when the sweet Mrs. Dripping is mine. As for the girl, you can have her, Tom Trippet, if you take a fancy to her; and as for the corporal, he may be handed over to my successor in Cutts's,—for I will have a regiment to myself, that's poz; and to take with me such a swindling, pimping, thieving, brandy-faced rascal as this Brock will never do. Egad! he's a disgrace

to the service. As it is, I've often a mind to have the superannuated vagabond drummed out of the corps."

Although this *resumé* of Mr. Brock's character and accomplishments was very just, it came, perhaps, with an ill grace from Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, who had profited by all his qualities, and who certainly would never have given this opinion of them, had he known that the door of his dining parlour was open, and that the gallant corporal, who was in the passage, could hear every syllable that fell from the lips of his commanding officer. We shall not say, after the fashion of the story-books, that Mr. Brock listened with a flashing eye, and a distended nostril; that his chest heaved tumultuously, and that his hand fell down mechanically to his side, where it played with the brass handle of his sword. Mr. Kean would have gone through most of these bodily exercises, had he been acting the part of a villain, enraged and disappointed like Corporal Brock; but that gentleman walked away without any gestures of any kind, and as gently as possibly. "He'll turn me out of the regiment, will he?" says he, quite piano; and then added (*con molto espressione*), "I'll do for him."

And it is to be remarked, how generally, in cases of this nature, gentlemen stick to their word.

CHAP. III.

In which a narcotic is administered, and a great deal of genteel society depicted.

When the corporal, who had retreated to the street door immediately on hearing the above conversation, returned to the captain's lodgings, and paid his respects to Mrs. Catherine, he found that lady in high good-humour. The count had been with her, she said, along with a friend of his, Mr. Trippet; had promised her twelve yards of the lace she coveted so much; had vowed that the child should have as much more for a cloak; and had not left her until he had sat with her for an hour, or more, over a bowl of punch, which he made on purpose for her. Mr. Trippet stayed, too. "A mighty pleasant man," said she, "only not very wise, and seemingly a good deal in liquor."

"A good deal, indeed!" said the corporal; "he was so tipsy just now,

that he could hardly stand. He and his honour were talking to Nan Fantail, in the market-place ; and she pulled Trippet's wig off, for wanting to kiss her."

"The nasty fellow!" said Mrs. Cat, "to demean himself with such low people as Nan Fantail, indeed! Why, upon my conscience now, corporal, it was but an hour ago that Mr. Trippet swore he never saw such a pair of eyes as mine, and would like to cut the captain's throat for the love of me. Nan Fantail indeed!"

"Nan's an honest girl, Madam Catherine, and was a great favourite of the captain's before some one else came in his way. No one can say a word against her—not a word."

"And pray, corporal, who ever did?" said Mrs. Cat, rather offended. "A nasty, angry slut! I wonder what the men can see in her."

"She has got a smart way with her, sure enough; it's what amuses the men, and —"

"And what? You don't mean to say that my Max is fond of her *now*?" said Mrs. Catherine, looking very fierce.

"O no; not at all; not of *her*,—that is —"

"Not of *her*!" screamed she; "Of whom, then?"

"O, psha! nonsense; of you, my dear, to be sure; who else should he care for? And, besides, what business is it of mine?" And herewith the corporal began whistling, as if he would have no more of the conversation. But Mrs. Cat was not to be satisfied,—not she, and carried on her cross questions.

"Why, look you," said the corporal, after parrying many of these,— "why, look you. I'm an old fool, Catherine, and I *must* blab. That man has been the best friend I ever had, and so I was quiet; but I can't keep it in any longer,—no, hang me if I can. It's my belief he's acting like a rascal by you: he deceives you, Catherine; he's a scoundrel, Mrs. Hall, that's the truth on't."

Catherine prayed him to tell all he knew; and he resumed.

"He wants you off his hands; he's sick of you, and so brought here that fool Tom Trippet, who has taken a fancy to you. He has not the courage to turn you out of doors like a man, though in doors he can treat you like a

beast. But I'll tell you what he'll do. In a month he will go to Coventry, or pretend to go there, on recruiting business. No such thing, Mrs. Hall, he's going on *marriage* business, and he'll leave you without a farthing, to starve or to rot, for him. It's all arranged, I tell you; in a month, you are to be starved into becoming Tom Trippet's mistress; and his honour is to marry rich Miss Drippings, the twenty-thousand-pounder from London; and to purchase a regiment;—and to get old Brock drummed out of Cutts's, too," said the corporal, under his breath. But he might have spoken out, if he chose; for the poor young woman had sunk on the ground in a real honest fit.

"I thought I should give it her," said Mr. Brock, as he procured a glass of water; and, lifting her on to a sofa, sprinkled the same over her. "Hang it! how pretty she is."

When Mrs. Catherine came to herself again, Brock's tone with her was kind, and almost feeling. Nor did the poor wench herself indulge in any subsequent shiverings and hysterics, such as usually follow the fainting fits of persons of higher degree. She pressed him for further explanations, which he gave, and to which she listened with a great deal of calmness; nor did many tears, sobs, sighs, or exclamations of sorrow or anger, escape from her; only when the corporal was taking his leave, and said to her, point-blank,— "Well, Mrs. Catherine, and what do you intend to do?" She did not reply a word; but gave a look which made him exclaim, on leaving the room,—

"By heavens! the woman means murder! I would not be the Holophernes to lie by the side of such a Judith as that—not I;" and he went his way, immersed in deep thought. When the captain returned at night, she did not speak to him; and when he swore at her for being sulky, she only said she had a headach, and was dreadfully ill; with which excuse Adolphus Gustavus seemed satisfied, and left her to herself and her child.

He saw her the next morning for a moment; he was going a-shooting.

Catherine had no friend, as is usual in tragedies and romances,—no mysterious sorceress of her acquaintance to whom she could apply for poison,—

so she went simply to the apothecaries, pretending at each that she had a dreadful toothach, and procuring from them as much laudanum as she thought would suit her purpose.

When she went home again, she seemed almost gay. Mr. Brock complimented her upon the alteration of her appearance; and she was enabled to receive the captain at his return from shooting in such a manner as made him remark, that she had got rid of her sulks of the morning, and might sup with them, if she chose to keep her good-humour. The supper was got ready, and the gentlemen had the punch-bowl when the cloth was cleared, — Mrs. Catherine, with her delicate hands, preparing the liquor.

It is useless to describe the conversation that took place, or to reckon the number of bowls that were emptied, or to tell how Mr. Trippet, who was one of the guests, and declined to play at cards when some of the others began, chose to remain by Mrs. Catherine's side, and make violent love to her. All this might be told, and the account, however faithful, would not be very pleasing. No, indeed; and here, though, we are, only in the third chapter of this history, and feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through. But how can we help ourselves? The public will hear of nothing but rogues; and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram; or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasant ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin; or prate eternally about *το καλόν*, like that precious capting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die white-washed saints, like poor Biss Dadsy, in *Oliver Twist*. No, my dear madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathise with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney. Men of genius, like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no busi-

ness to make these characters interesting or agreeable; to be feeding your morbid fancies, or indulging their own, with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them, on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history: they are all rascals, every soul of them, and behave "as sich." Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it: don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there.

Just, then, have the kindness to fancy that the conversation, which took place over the bowls of punch which Mrs. Catherine prepared, was such as might be expected to take place, where the host was a dissolute, dare-devil, libertine captain of dragoons, the guests for the most part of the same class, and the hostess, a young woman originally from a country alehouse, and for the present mistress to the entertainer of the society. They talked, and they drank, and they grew tipsy; and very little worth hearing occurred during the course of the whole evening. Mr. Brock officiated, half as the servant, half as the companion of the society. Mr. Thomas Trippet made violent love to Mrs. Catherine, while her lord and master was playing at dice with the other gentlemen; and on this night, strange to say, the captain's fortune seemed to desert him. The Warwickshire squire, from whom he had won so much, had an amazing run of good luck. The captain called perpetually for more drink, and higher stakes, and lost almost every throw. Three hundred, four hundred, six hundred, all his winnings of the previous months, were swallowed up in the course of a few hours. The corporal looked on, and, to do him justice, seemed very grave, as, sum by sum, the squire scored down the count's losses on the paper before him.

Most of the company had taken their hats and staggered off. The squire and Mr. Trippet were the only two that remained, the latter still remaining by Mrs. Catherine's sofa and table; and as she, as we have stated, had been employed all the evening in mixing the liquor for the gamblers, he was at the head-quarters of love and drink, and had swallowed so much of each as hardly to be able to speak.

The dice went rattling on ; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks. Mr. Trippet could hardly see the captain, and thought, as far as his muzzy reason would let him, that the captain could not see him ; so he rose from his chair as well as he could, and fell down on Mrs. Catherine's sofa. His eyes were fixed, his face was pale, his jaw hung down ; and he flung out his arms, and said, in a maudlin voice, " O you byoo-oo-oo-tiffle Cathrine, I must have a kick-kick-iss."

" Beast !" said Mrs. Catherine, and pushed him away. The drunken wretch fell off the sofa, and on to the floor, where he stayed ; and, after snorting out some unintelligible sounds, went to sleep.

The dice went rattling on ; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks.

" Seven's the main," cried the count. " Four. Three to two against the caster."

" Ponies," said the Yorkshire squire. Rattle, rattle, rattle, rattle, clatter, *nine*. Clap, clap, clap, clap, *eleven*. Clutter, clutter, clutter, clutter : " Seven it is," says the Yorkshire squire ; " that makes eight hundred, count."

" One throw for two hundred," said the count. " But, stop ; Cat, give us some more punch."

Mrs. Cat came forward ; she looked a little pale, and her hand trembled somewhat. " Here is the punch, Max," said she. It was steaming hot, in a large glass. " Don't drink it all," said she ; " leave me some."

" How dark it is," said the count, eyeing it.

" It's the brandy," says Cat.

" Well, here goes ! Squire, curse you ! here's your health, and bad luck to you !" and he gulped off more than half of the liquor at a draught. But presently he put down the glass, and cried, " What infernal poison is this, Cat ?"

" Poison !" said she, " it's no poison. Give me the glass ;" and she pledged Max, and drunk a little of it. " 'Tis good punch, Max, and of my brewing ; I don't think you will ever get any better." And she went back to the sofa again, and sate down, and looked at the players.

Mr. Brock looked at her white face and fixed eyes with a grim kind of curiosity. The count sputtered, and

cursed the horrid taste of the punch still ; but he presently took the box, and made his threatened throw.

As before, the squire beat him ; and having booked his winnings, rose from table as well as he might, and besought Corporal Brock to lead him down stairs, which Mr. Brock did.

Liquor had evidently stupified the count ; he sat with his head between his hands, muttering wildly about ill-luck, seven's the main, bad punch, and so on. The street door banged to ; and the steps of Brock and the squire were heard, until they could be heard no more.

" Max," said she ; but he did not answer. " Max," said she again, laying her hand on his shoulder.

" Curse you," said that gentleman, " keep off, and don't be laying your paws upon me. Go to bed, you jade, or to —, for what I care ; and give me first some more punch — a gallon more punch, do you hear ?"

The gentleman, by the curses at the commencement of this little speech, and the request contained at the end of it, shewed that his losses vexed him, and that he was anxious to forget them temporarily.

" Oh, Max !" whimpered Mrs. Cat, " you — don't — want — any more punch ?"

" Don't ! Shan't I be drunk in my own house, you cursed whimpering jade, you ? Get out !" And with this the captain proceeded to administer a blow upon Mrs. Catherine's cheek.

Contrary to her custom, she did not avenge it, or seek to do so, as on the many former occasions when disputes of this nature had arisen between the count and her ; but now Mrs. Catherine fell on her knees, and clasping her hands, and looking pitifully in the count's face, cried, " O count, forgive me, forgive me !"

" Forgive you ! What for ? Because I slapped your face ? Ha, ha ! I'll forgive you again, if you don't mind."

" Oh, no, no, no !" said she, wringing her hands, " it isn't that. Max, dear Max, will you forgive me ? It isn't the blow — I don't mind that ; it's —"

" It's what ? you — maudlin fool !"

" It's the punch !"

The count, who was more than half-seas-over, here assumed an air of much tipsy gravity. " The punch ! No, I

never will forgive you that last glass of punch. Of all the foul, beastly drinks I ever tasted, that was the worst. No, I never will forgive you that punch."

"Oh, it isn't that, it isn't that!" said she.

"I tell you it is that, — you. That punch, I say that punch was no better than paw—aw—oison." And here the count's head sunk back, and he fell to snore.

"It was poison!" said she.

"What!" screamed he, waking up at once, and spurning her away from him, "what, you infernal murderess, have you killed me?"

"O Max!—don't kill me, Max: it was laudanum—indeed it was. You were going to be married, and I was furious, and I went and got——"

"Hold your tongue, you fiend," roared out the count; and with more presence of mind than politeness, he flung the remainder of the liquor (and, indeed, the glass with it) at the head of Mrs. Catherine. But the poisoned chalice missed its mark, and fell right on the nose of Mr. Tom Trippet, who was left asleep and unobserved under the table.

Bleeding, staggering, swearing, indeed a ghastly sight, up sprung Mr. Trippet, and drew his rapier: "Come on," says he; "never say die! What's the row? I'm ready for a dozen of you." And he made many blind and furious passes about the room.

"Curse you, we'll die together!" shouted the count, as he too pulled out his toledo, and sprung at Mrs. Catherine.

"Help! murder! thieves!" shrieked she: "save me, Mr. Trippet, save me!" and she placed that gentleman between herself and the count, and then made for the door of the bedroom, and gained it, and bolted it.

"Out of the way, Trippet," roared the count, "out of the way, you drunken beast! I'll murder her, I will—I'll have the devil's life." And here he gave a swinging cut at Mr. Trippet's sword, which sent the weapon whirling clean out of his hand, and through a window into the street.

"Take my life, then," said Mr. Trippet: "I'm drunk, but I'm a man, and, damme, will never say die."

"I don't want your life, you stupid fool. Heark you, Trippet, wake and be sober, if you can. That woman

has heard of my marriage with Miss Brisket."

"Twenty thousand pound," ejaculated Trippet.

"She has been jealous, I tell you, and poisoned us. She has put laudanum into the punch."

"What, in my punch?" said Trippet, growing quite sober, and losing his courage; "O Lord! O Lord!"

"Don't stand howling there, but run for a doctor; 'tis our only chance." And away ran Mr. Trippet, as if the deuce were at his heels.

The count had forgotten his murderous intentions regarding his mistress, or had deferred them, at least, under the consciousness of his own pressing danger. And it must be said, in the praise of a man who had fought for and against Marlborough and Tallard, that his courage in this trying and novel predicament never for a moment deserted him, but that he shewed the greatest daring, as well as ingenuity, in meeting and averting the danger. He flew to the sideboard, where were the relics of a supper, and seizing the mustard and salt pots, and a bottle of oil, he emptied them all into a jug, into which he further poured a vast quantity of hot water. This pleasing mixture he then, without a moment's hesitation, placed to his lips, and swallowed as much of it as nature would allow him. But when he had imbibed about a quart, the anticipated effect was produced, and he was enabled, by the power of this ingenious extemporaneous emetic, to get rid of much of the poison which Mrs. Catherine had administered to him.

He was employed in these efforts when the doctor entered, along with Mr. Brock and Mr. Trippet, who was not a little pleased to hear that the poisoned punch had not in all probability been given to him. He was recommended to take some of the count's mixture, as a precautionary measure; but this he refused, and retired home, leaving the count under charge of the physician and his faithful corporal.

It is not necessary to say what further remedies were employed by them to restore the captain to health; but after some time the doctor, pronouncing that the danger was, he hoped, averted, recommended that his patient should be put to bed, and that somebody should sit by him, which Brock promised to do.

"That she devil will murder me, if you don't," gasped the poor count. "You must turn her out of the bedroom, or break open the door, if she refuses to let you in."

And this step was found to be necessary; for, after shouting many times, and in vain, Mr. Brock found a small iron bar (indeed, he had the instrument for many days in his pocket), and forced the lock. The room was empty, the window was open, the pretty barmaid of the Bugle had fled.

"The chest," said the count, "is the chest safe?"

The corporal flew to the bed, under which it was screwed, and looked, and said, "It is safe, thank Heaven!" The window was closed. The captain, who was too weak to stand without help, was undressed and put to bed. The corporal sat down by his side; slumber stole over the eyes of the patient; and his wakeful nurse marked with satisfaction the progress of the beneficent restorer of health.

When the captain awoke, as he did sometime afterwards, he found, very much to his surprise, that a gag had been placed in his mouth, and that the corporal was in the act of wheeling his bed to another part of the room. He attempted to move, and gave utterance to such unintelligible sounds as could issue through a silk handkerchief.

"If your honour stirs or cries out in the least, I will cut your honour's throat," said the corporal.

And then, having recourse to his iron bar (the reader will now see why he was provided with such an implement, for he had been meditating this *coup* for some days), he proceeded first to attempt to burst the lock of the little iron chest in which the count kept his treasure; and failing in this, to unscrew it from the ground, which operation he performed satisfactorily.

"You see, count," said he, calmly, "when rogues fall out, there's the deuce to pay. You'll have me drummed out of the regiment, will you? I'm going to leave it of my own accord, look you, and to live like a gentleman for the rest of my days. *Schlafen sie wohl*, noble captain, *bon repos*. The squire will be with you pretty early in the morning, to ask for the money you owe him."

With these sarcastic observations Mr. Brock departed, not by the win-

dow, as Mrs. Catherine had done, but by the door, quietly, and so into the street. And when, the next morning, the doctor came to visit his patient, he brought with him a story how, at the dead of night, Mr. Brock had roused the hostler at the stables where the captain's horses were kept—had told him that Mrs. Catherine had poisoned the count, and had run off with a thousand pounds; and how he and all lovers of justice ought to scour the country in pursuit of the criminal. For this end Mr. Brock mounted the count's best horse—that very animal on which he had carried away Mrs. Catherine; and thus, on a single night, Count Maximilian had lost his mistress, his money, his horse, his corporal, and was very near losing his life.

CHAP. IV.

In which Mrs. Catherine becomes an honest woman again.

In this woful plight, moneyless, wifeless, horseless, corporalless, with a gag in his mouth and a rope round his body, are we compelled to leave the gallant Galgenstein, until his friends and the progress of this history shall deliver him from his durance. Mr. Brock's adventures on the captain's horse must likewise be pretermitted; for it is our business to follow Mrs. Catherine through the window by which she made her escape, and among the various chances that befel her.

She had one cause to congratulate herself,—that she had not her baby at her back,—for the infant was safely housed under the care of a nurse to whom the captain was answerable. Beyond this her prospects were but dismal; no home to fly to, but a few shillings in her pocket, and a whole heap of injuries and dark revengeful thoughts in her bosom: it was a sad task to her to look either backwards or forwards. Whither was she to fly? How to live? What good chance was to befriend her? There was an angel watching over the steps of Mrs. Cat—not a good one, I think, but one of those from that unnameable place, who have their many subjects here on earth, and often are pleased to extricate them from worse perplexities.

Mrs. Cat, now, had not committed murder, but as bad as murder; and as she felt not the smallest repentance in her heart, as she had, in the course of

her life and connexion with the captain, performed and gloried in a number of wicked coquetries, idlenesses, vanities, lies, fits of anger, slanders, foul abuses, and what not, she was fairly bound over to this dark angel whom we have alluded to; and he dealt with her, and aided her, as one of his own children.

I do not mean to say that, in this strait, he appeared to her in the likeness of a gentleman in black, and made her sign her name in blood to a document conveying over to him her soul, in exchange for certain conditions to be performed by him. Such diabolical bargains have always appeared to me unworthy of the astute personage who is supposed to be one of the parties to them, and who would scarcely be fool enough to pay dearly for that which he can have in a few years for nothing. It is not, then, to be supposed that a demon of darkness appeared to Mrs. Cat, and led her into a flaming chariot, harnessed by dragons, and careering through air, at the rate of a thousand leagues a minute. No such thing: the vehicle that was sent to aid her was one of a much more vulgar description.

The "Liverpool carryvan," then, which in the year 1706 used to perform the journey between London and that place in ten days, left Birmingham about an hour after Mrs. Catherine had quitted that town; and as she sat weeping on a hill-side, and plunged in bitter meditation, the lumbering, jingling vehicle overtook her. The coachman was marching by the side of his horses, and encouraging them to maintain their pace of two miles an hour; the passengers had some of them left the vehicle, in order to walk up the hill; and the carriage had arrived at the top of it, and, meditating a brisk trot down the declivity, waited there until the lagging passengers should arrive; when Jehu, casting a good-natured glance upon Mrs. Catherine, asked the pretty maid whence she was come, and whether she would like a ride in his carriage. To the latter of which questions Mrs. Catherine replied truly yes; to the former, her answer was that she had come from Stratford, whereas, as we very well know, she had lately quitted Birmingham.

"Hast thee seen a woman pass this way, on a black horse, with a large bag of goold over the saddle?" said Jehu, when he, the passengers, and Mrs. Cat, were mounted upon the roof of the coach.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Cat.

"Nor a trooper on another horse after her — no? Well, there be a mortal row down Birmingham way about sich a one. She have killed, they say, nine gentlemen at supper, and have strangled a German prince in bed. She have robbed him of twenty thousand guineas, and have rode away on a black horse."

"That can't be I," said Mrs. Cat, *naïvely*, "for I have but three shillings and a groat."

"No, it can't be thee, truly, for where's your bag of goold; and, besides, thee hast got too pretty a face to do such wicked things as to kill nine gentlemen and strangle a German prince."

"Law, coachman," said Mrs. Cat, blushing archly, "law, coachman, do you think so?" The girl would have been pleased with a compliment even on her way to be hanged; and the parley ended by Mrs. Catherine's stepping into the carriage, where there was room for eight people at least, and where two or three individuals had already taken their places.

For these Mrs. Catherine had in the first place to make a story, which she did, and a very glib one for a person of her years and education. And being asked whither she was bound, and how she came to be alone of a morning sitting by a road-side, she invented a neat history suitable to the occasion, which elicited much interest from her fellow-passengers; one in particular, a young man, who had caught a glimpse of her face under her hood, was very tender in his attentions to her.

But whether it was that she had been too much fatigued by the occurrences of the past day and sleepless night, or whether the little laudanum which she had drunk a few hours previously now began to act upon her, certain it is that Mrs. Cat now suddenly grew sick, feverish, and extraordinarily sleepy; and in this state she continued for many hours, to the pity of all her fellow-travellers. At length the carryvan reached the inn, where horses and passengers were accustomed to rest for a few hours, and to dine; and Mrs. Catherine was somewhat awakened by the stir of the passengers, and the friendly voice of the inn servant welcoming them to dinner. The gentleman who had been smitten by her beauty now urged her very politely to

descend, which, taking the protection of his arm, she accordingly did.

He made some very gallant speeches to her as she stepped out; and she must have been very much occupied by them, or wrapt up in her own thoughts, or stupified by sleep, fever, and opium, for she did not take any heed of the place into which she was going, which had she done, she would probably have preferred remaining in the coach, dinnerless and ill. Indeed, the inn into which she was about to make her entrance was no other than the Bugle, from which she set forth at the commencement of this history, and which then, as now, was kept by her relative, the thrifty Mrs. Score. That good landlady, seeing a lady, in a smart hood and cloak, leaning, as if faint, upon the arm of a gentleman of good appearance, concluded them to be man and wife, and folks of quality too, and with much discrimination, as well as sympathy, led them through the public kitchen to her own private parlour, or bar, where she handed the lady an armchair, and asked what she would like to drink. By this time, and, indeed, at the very moment she heard her aunt's voice, Mrs. Catherine was aware of her situation; and when her companion retired, and the landlady with much officiousness insisted on removing her hood, she was quite prepared for the screech of surprise which Mrs. Score gave on dropping it, exclaiming, "Why, Law bless us, it's our Catherine!"

"I'm very ill, and tired, aunt," said Cat; "and would give the world for a few hours' sleep."

"A few hours, and welcome, my love, and a sack-possett, too. You do look sadly tired, and poorly, sure enough. Ah, Cat, Cat! you great ladies are sad rakes, I do believe. I wager now, that with all your balls, and carriages, and fine clothes, you are neither so happy nor so well as when you lived with your poor old aunt, who used to love you so." And with these gentle words, and an embrace or two, which Mrs. Catherine wondered at, and permitted, she was conducted to that very bed which the count had occupied a year previously, and undressed, and laid in it, and affectionately tucked up, by her aunt, who marvelled at the fineness of her clothes, as she removed them piece by piece; and when she saw that in Mrs. Catherine's pocket

there was only the sum of three and fourpence, said, archly, "there was no need of money, for the captain took care of that."

Mrs. Cat did not undeceive her, and deceived Mrs. Score certainly was,—for she imagined the well-dressed gentleman who led Cat from the carriage was no other than the count; and, as she had heard, from time to time, exaggerated reports of the splendour of the establishment which he kept up, she was induced to look upon her niece with the very highest respect, and to treat her as if she were a fine lady. "And so she is a fine lady," Mrs. Score had said months ago, when some of these flattering stories reached her, and she had overcome her first fury at Catherine's elopement. "The girl was very cruel to leave me; but we must recollect that she is as good as married to a nobleman, and must all forget and forgive, you know."

This speech had been made to Doctor Dobbs, who was in the habit of taking a pipe and a tankard at the Bugle, and had been roundly reprobated by the worthy divine; who told Mrs. Score that the crime of Catherine was only the more heinous, if it had been committed from interested motives; and protested that, were she a princess, he would never speak to her again. Mrs. Score thought and pronounced the doctor's opinion to be very bigoted; indeed, she was one of those persons who have a marvellous respect for prosperity, and a corresponding scorn for ill-fortune. When, therefore, she returned to the public room, she went graciously to the gentleman who had led Mrs. Catherine from the carriage, and with a knowing curtsy welcomed him to the Bugle, told him that his lady would not come to dinner, but bade her say, with her best love to his lordship, that the ride had fatigued her, and that she would lie in bed for an hour or two.

This speech was received with much wonder by his lordship, who was, indeed, no other than a Liverpool tailor going to London to learn fashions; but he only smiled, and did not undeceive the landlady, who herself went off, smilingly, to bustle about dinner.

The two or three hours allotted to that meal by the liberal coachmasters of those days passed away, and Mr. Coachman, declaring that his horses were now rested enough, and that they had

twelve miles to ride, put the steeds to, and summoned the passengers. Mrs. Score, who had seen with much satisfaction that her niece was really ill, and her fever more violent, and hoped to have her for many days an inmate in her house, now came forward, and casting upon the Liverpool tailor a look of profound but respectful melancholy, said, "My lord (for I recollect your lordship quite well), the lady up stairs is so ill, that it would be a sin to move her: had I not better tell coachman to take down your lordship's trunks, and the lady's, and make you a bed in the next room?"

Very much to her surprise, this proposition was received with a roar of laughter. "Madam," said the person addressed, "I'm not a lord, but a tailor and draper; and as for that young woman, before to-day I never set eyes on her."

"What!" screamed out Mrs. Score, "are not you the count? Do you mean to say that you a'n't Cat's ——? Do you mean to say that you didn't order her bed, and that you won't pay this here little bill?" And with this she produced a document, by which the count's lady was made her debtor in a sum of half-a-guinea.

These passionate words excited more and more laughter. "Pay it, my lord," said the coachman; "and then come along, for time presses." "Our respects to her ladyship," said one passenger; "Tell her my lord can't wait," said another; and with much merriment one and all quitted the hotel, entered the coach, and rattled off.

Dumb—pale with terror and rage—bill in hand, Mrs. Score had followed the company; but when the coach disappeared, her senses returned. Back she flew into the inn, overturning the hostler, not deigning to answer Dr. Dobbs (who, from behind soft tobacco fumes, mildly asked the reason of her disturbance), and, bounding up stairs like a fury, she rushed into the room where Catherine lay.

"Well, madam!" said she, in her highest key, "do you mean that you have come into this here house to swindle me? Do you dare for to come with your airs here, and call yourself a nobleman's lady, and sleep in the best bed, when you're no better nor a common trumper? I'll thank you, ma'am, to get out, ma'am. I'll have no sick paupers in this house, ma'am. You

know your way to the workhouse, ma'am, and there I'll trouble you for to go." And here Mrs. Score proceeded quickly to pull off the bedclothes; and poor Cat arose, shivering with fright and fever.

She had no spirit to answer as she would have done the day before, when an oath from any human being would have brought half-a-dozen from her in return; or a knife, or a plate, or a leg of mutton, if such had been to her hand. She had no spirit left for such reparates; but in reply to the above words of Mrs. Score, and a great many more of the same kind, which are not necessary for our history, but which that lady uttered with inconceivable shrillness and volubility, the poor wench could say little,—only sob and shiver, and gather up the clothes again, crying, "O, aunt, don't speak unkind to me! I'm very unhappy, and very ill!"

"Ill, you strumpet! ill, be hanged! Ill is as ill does, and if you are ill, it's only what you merit. Get out! dress yourself—tramp! Get to the workhouse, and don't come to cheat me any more! Dress yourself—do you hear? Satin petticoat, forsooth, and lace to her smock!"

Poor, wretched, chattering, burning, shivering, Catherine huddled on her clothes as well as she might: she seemed hardly to know or see what she was doing, and did not reply a single word to the many that the landlady let fall. Cat tottered down the narrow stairs, and through the kitchen, and to the door, which she caught hold of, and paused awhile, and looked into Mrs. Score's face, as for one more chance. "Get out, you nasty trull!" said that lady, sternly, and arms akimbo; and poor Catherine, with a most piteous scream, and outgush of tears, let go of the door-post, and staggered away into the road.

"Why, no—yes—no—it is poor Catherine Hall, as I live!" said somebody starting up, shoving aside Mrs. Score very rudely, and running into the road, wig off, and pipe in hand. It was honest Doctor Dobbs; and the result of his interview with Mrs. Cat was, that he gave up for ever smoking his pipe at the Bugle; and that she lay sick of a fever for some weeks in his house.

Over this part of Mrs. Cat's history

we shall be as brief as possible; for, to tell the truth, nothing immoral occurred during her whole stay at the good doctor's house, and we are not going to insult the reader by offering him silly pictures of piety, cheerfulness, good sense, and simplicity, which are milk-and-water virtues after all, and have no relish with them like a good strong vice, highly peppered. Well, to be short : Dr. Dobbs, though a profound theologian, was a very simple gentleman; and, before Mrs. Cat had been a month in the house, he had learned to look upon her as one of the most injured and repentant characters in the world; and had, with Mrs. Dobbs, resolved many plans for the future welfare of the young Magdalen. "She was but sixteen, my love, recollect," said the doctor; "she was carried off, not by her own wish either. The count swore he would marry her; and, though she did not leave him until that monster tried to poison her, yet think what a fine Christian spirit the poor girl has shewn! she forgives him as heartily—more heartily, I am sure, than I do Mrs. Score for turning her adrift in that wicked way." The reader will perceive some difference in the doctor's statement and ours, which we assure him is the true one; but the fact is, the honest rector had had his tale from Mrs. Cat, and it was not in his nature to doubt, if she had told him a history ten times more wonderful.

The reverend gentleman and his wife then laid their heads together; and, recollecting something of John Hayes's former attachment to Mrs. Cat, thought that it might be advantageously renewed, should Hayes be still constant. Having very adroitly sounded Catherine (so adroitly, indeed, as to ask her "whether she would like to marry John Hayes?"), that young woman had replied, "No. She had loved John Hayes—he had been her early, only love; but she was fallen now, and not good enough for him;" and this made the Dobbs's family admire her more and more, and cast about for means to bring the marriage to pass.

Hayes was away from the village when Mrs. Cat had arrived there; but he did not fail to hear of her illness, and how her aunt had deserted her, and the good doctor taken her in. The worthy doctor himself met Mr.

Hayes on the green; and, telling him that some repairs were wanting in his kitchen, begged him to step in and examine them. Hayes first said no plump, and then no gently; and then pished, and then pshawed; and then, trembling very much, went in; and there sate Mrs. Catherine, trembling very much too.

What passed between them? If your ladyship is anxious to know, think of that morning when Sir John himself popped the question. Could there be any thing more stupid than the conversation which took place? Such stuff is not worth repeating; no, not when uttered by people in the very genteelst of company; as for the amorous dialogue of a carpenter and an ex-barmaid, it is worse still. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hayes, who had had a year to recover from his passion, and had, to all appearances, quelled it, was over head and ears again the very moment he saw Mrs. Cat, and had all his work to do again.

Whether the doctor knew what was going on, I can't say; but this matter is certain, that every evening Hayes was now in the rectory kitchen, or else walking abroad with Mrs. Catherine; and whether she run away with him, or he with her, I shall not make it my business to inquire; but certainly at the end of three months (which must be crowded up into this one little sentence), another elopement took place in the village. "I should have prevented it, certainly," said Dr. Dobbs, whereat his wife smiled; "but the young people kept the matter a secret from me." And so he would, had he known it; but though Mrs. Dobbs had made several attempts to acquaint him with the precise hour and method of the intended elopement, he peremptorily ordered her to hold her tongue. The fact is, that the matter had been discussed by the rector's lady many times. "Young Hayes," would she say, "has a pretty little fortune and trade of his own; he is an only son, and may marry as he likes; and, though not specially handsome, generous, or amiable, has an undeniable love for Cat (who, you know, must not be particular), and the sooner she marries him, I think, the better. They can't be married at our church, you know, and ——" "Well," said the doctor, "if they are married elsewhere, I can't help it, and know nothing about it,



THE INTERRUPTED MARRIAGE

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look you," and upon this hint the elopement took place, which, indeed, was peaceably performed one early Sunday morning about a month after; Mrs. Hall getting behind Mr. Hayes on a pillow, and all the children of the parsonage giggling behind the window-blinds to see the pair go off.

During this month Mr. Hayes had caused the banns to be published at the town of Worcester, judging rightly that in a great town, they would cause no such remark as in a solitary village, and thither he conducted his lady. Oh, ill-starred John Hayes! whither do the dark fates lead you? Oh, foolish Dr. Dobbs, to forget that young people ought to honour their parents, and to yield to silly Mrs. Dobbs's ardent propensity for making matches!

The *London Gazette* of the 1st April, 1706, contains a proclamation by the queen for putting in execution an act of parliament for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of her majesty's fleet, which authorises all justices to issue warrants to constables, petty constables, headboroughs, and tything-men, to enter, and if need be, to break open the doors of any houses where they shall believe deserting seamen to be; and for the further increase and encouragement of the navy, to take able-bodied landsmen when seamen fail. This act, which occupies four columns of the *Gazette*, and another of similar length and meaning for pressing men into the army, need not be quoted at length here, but caused a mighty stir throughout the kingdom at the time when it was in force.

As one has seen or heard, after the march of a great army, a number of rogues and loose characters bring up the rear, in like manner, at the tail of a great measure of state, follow many roguish personal interests, which are protected by the main body. The great measure of Reform, for instance, carried along with it much private jobbing and swindling, as could be shewn were we not inclined to deal mildly with the Whigs; and this Enlistment Act, which, in order to maintain the British glories in Flanders, dealt most cruelly with the British

people in England (it is not the first time that a man has been pinched at home to make a fine appearance abroad), created a great company of rascals and informers throughout the land who lived upon it, or upon extortion from those who were subject to it; or, not being subject to it, were frightened into the belief that they were.

When Mr. Hayes and his lady had gone through the marriage ceremony at Worcester, the former concluding that at such a place lodging and food might be procured at a cheaper rate, looked about carefully for the meanest public-house in the town, where he might deposit his bride.

In the kitchen of this inn, a party of men were drinking; and, as Mrs. Hayes declined, with a proper sense of her superiority, to eat in company with such low fellows, the landlady shewed her and her husband to an inner apartment, where they might be served in private.

The kitchen party seemed, indeed, not such a lady would choose to join. There was one huge lanky fellow, that looked like a soldier, and had a halbert; another was habited in a sailor's costume, with a fascinating patch over one eye; and a third, who seemed the leader of the gang, was a stout man in a sailor's frock and a horseman's jack-boots, whom one might fancy, if he were any thing, to be a horse-marine.

Of one of these worthies, Mrs. Hayes thought she knew the figure and voice; and she found her conjectures were true, when, all of a sudden, three people without "With your leave," or "by your leave," burst into the room, into which she and her spouse had retired. At their head was no other than her old friend, Mr. Peter Brock; he had his sword drawn, and his finger to his lips, enjoining silence, as it were, to Mrs. Catherine. He, with the patch on his eye, seized incontinently on Mr. Hayes; the tall man with the halbert kept the door; two or three heroes supported the one-eyed man; who, with a loud voice exclaimed, "Down with your arms—no resistance! you are my prisoner, in the queen's name!"

And here, at this lock, we shall leave the whole company until the next chapter, which may possibly explain what they were.

PARIS PASTIMES FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

Paris, May 16, 1839.

MY DEAR FRASER,—Did you ever hear the *rappel*, or the “row, dow, dow,” of a French drummer, when calling out the national guards to meet their co-“heroic Parisians” on the field of battle? If you were never thus either privileged or cursed, according to your taste for this parchment music, you can scarcely enjoy to the full extent “our Paris pastimes for the month of May.” And yet, as you have an harmonious soul, as well as no bad ear for “sweet sounds,” I cannot debar myself the pleasure of at least attempting a description. The *rappel* is the drumming together of the shopkeepers to fight the workmen, to disperse mobs, to recapture great guard-houses and military posts in possession of the *canaille*; and, in one word, is the war-drum of the city, and the music of the barricades. The wretched drummer of the company is sent in the district where his “worthy masters” reside, and is ordered by the captain on duty to “row, dow, dow,” sometimes out of their beds at midnight, at other times from their *cubarets* and *cstaminets* in the afternoon, and, finally, from their counters and workshops at noon, the immortal heroes of many a conflict in the Rue St. Denis, or at the Porte St. Martin. As the enemy is generally represented to be advancing, and as the capital is “in imminent peril,” the solitary drummer walks away at double quick time, simply beating three notes on his tormenting instrument, first a loud note, then a low note, and then a loud note again. There is not a more irritating, nervous, cholera morbus sort of music under heaven than is that drum, when, as on Sunday last, it called “To arms, to arms!” the unprepared, discontented, half-reposing, and half-revolting Parisians. Up and down the same street, into all the cross passages, round all the dirty corners, does each unfortunate drummer proceed, beating away his three notes as loud and as harsh, as cross and as severe, as he can; while the dogs bark, the people rush to their doors, the women question him from their windows as rapidly as possible (for he is always on a walking trot), until from the Porte St. Antoine to the Barrière d’Enfer,

and from the Père la Chaise to the Champ de Mars, every street is “row, dow, dow,” by the hundred drummers who malignantly perambulate the quays, lanes, rues, and passages of this most detested and detestable capital. I hate the filing of a saw, the screeching-scratching of two knives together, the squeaking-creaking of an un-oiled pair of hinges,—all these sounds are irritating and savage; but the Parisian *rappel*, calling the greasy citizens to arms, is the most maddening sound in the whole explored universe. When its detested notes are heard, every door is thrown open—the sick man gathers strength, even in his exhaustion, to rush to the window—the child knows that disorder and trouble, anarchy and bloodshed, are involved in such sounds—the young and old, the hale and the halt, all, all, quit their studies, labours, pains, pleasures, and occupations, to see the miserable drummer, and hear his wretched call. In ten minutes, Paris is in the streets. Then come the immediate consequences. Neighbours, who have never spoken in their lives, though living on the same flats, ask each other, “What can this mean?” and, “Where is the scene of battle?” Servant maids, and serving men too, are at once “Hail fellow, well met!” with their mistresses and masters. Never mind the temperature, whether 100 below zero, or 90 above boiling heat (we have had these transitions in this delicious climate within four days!), all the windows are thrown open. The valet jostles his master; the *femme de chambre* and cook make a little room at their window for madame, that she may see the drummer to advantage, and hear all the “wise saws” of her new companions and noisy neighbours. As cooks, whether male or female, have generally most to lose from a Paris insurrection, since, when the markets are closed, the profits they make out of their well-robbed employers must necessarily be much less than when they are open, these culinary creatures are almost always the first and the loudest in their inquiries of the drummer; and it is almost amusing to see two or three at a time keep up a sort of dog-trot by his side, whilst, as he “row, dow, dow’s” the national guards to battle,

he informs mademoiselle the *cuisinière*, and monsieur the *chef*, that the republicans have taken the Hôtel de Ville, disarmed the posts at the Palais de Justice, and threaten to sound the tocsin at the Notre Dame. Thus supplied with news from the "fountain-head," they rush back to their anxious and tiptoe expecting employers; and the news soon spreads, that Paris is burning at its four corners. The courageous portion of the population regain their dwellings, seize their hats and their sticks, and, with cigars in their pockets and handkerchiefs in their beavers, they sally forth "to see the fun!" The national guards come to very different decisions. As their service is to a certain degree voluntary, on such occasions as those of last Sunday, many maintain "that the better part of valour is discretion;" and not unfrequently the wife protests against being left alone to the mercy of the brigands. She rarely thinks of her husband—makes small account of his being merely shot, or simply wounded—and would by no means interfere with his noble enthusiasm for his king and country; but she looks first at home, and attends to her own interests, and has no notion of having to pass hours of solitude in her dwelling, with her shop closed, and her servants in a sort of demi-revolt, whilst her husband is enjoying all the amusement, by witnessing all the bloodshed. Sometimes, indeed, the national guard pleads fatigue of body, lameness with corns, soreness from chilblains, a shoulder afflicted with rheumatism, approaching gout, great lassitude, and other equally well-founded disorders, as his excuse for not putting on his regimentals, and marching to kill "the empire," or shoot "the republic." Now and then, political opinions prevent him! He is "dissatisfied with the march of the government;" he "thinks it necessary to shew the ministry that he is not pleased with its foreign or domestic policy;" and he resolves not to risk his life, or to shed his blood in a conflict with his fellow-citizens! Noble and disinterested champion of thy country's rights, repose in peace, whilst thy brethren attack the wooden barricades of the Rue Neuve St. Méry! In some cases, also, moral considerations prevent his having the pleasure of being present at the entertainments. "I am a married man," says the pork-butcher

in the Faubourg St. Honoré, "and I cannot think of leaving my young bride." "I have five children," exclaims the bookseller in the Rue Vivienne; "and a father of a family has something else to do than to fight the *gamins* of Paris." "I am an enemy to civil war," proclaims the royalist of the Faubourg St. Germain; "and as I did not fight, for even Charles X. in 1830, I certainly shall not take up arms for Louis Philippe in 1839." So these moral considerations keep the national guards in question to their shops or their houses; and the drummer finds, at the end of an hour, that he has to re tramp the same streets, repeat the same *rappel*—a little louder and a little harsher, it is true, for no one has listened to his sweet sounds, or replied to his most alluring and melodious invitation. When the *rappel* proceeds a second time along and about the streets and alleys of the capital, the case becomes alarming. The patriots seize their helmets, buckle on their best broadswords, shoulder their fusils, and, after having eaten and drank before starting (an invariable custom with all civic heroes), proceed to the headquarters of their legion, under the strong influence of *vin ordinaire*, or the exciting sentiment produced by two or three small glasses of *eau de vie*. The colonel, the captains, and all the officers and sub-officers, are there (except those indisposed or absent in the country); and then is recited, in the hearing of all, "how that those eternal enemies of the public order, those daring disturbers of the public peace, those ragged and purseless representatives of the republic, or the empire, have dared to proceed to the Hôtel de Ville in hackney coaches, have disarmed the posts, pillaged Captain Lepage's manufactory of one hundred and fifty muskets or guns, shot some blank cartridges at Ensign Cochon of the Marché St. Honoré, turned over a cart in the Rue Grenetat, kissed the wives and daughters of fifty national guards (oh, horror!) in the Marché des Innocens, and threaten to storm the Louvre, Tuileries, and a baker's shop." When the recital is concluded, ball-cartridges are distributed, these brave defenders of their carts, wives, and shops, are exhorted to "finish with the *canaille*"—"not to spare one of them" to tell the sad tale. And before the word "March" is

uttered, the Colonel Paper-hanger says "En avant;" the Captain Cutler cries "Death to the Republicans!" And so, some with their bayonets at the points of their guns, and others with charged muskets and bayonets too, rush on pell-mell to destroy the hydra of the republic. The drummer "row, dow, dow's" no longer. Slow and silent is the march of these heroes of the "boutiques." They appear afraid of rousing, even by the tread of their feet, the republicans who may be concealed behind the lamp-posts; and on they march, "with their hearts in their mouths," to meet the republic, and attack the barricades. But of a sudden they stop. The drummer, who is the sentinel both for himself and others, has heard a solitary "bang" in the distance; and as the awful moment approaches, and as no doubt the bang was the report of a musket of the enemy, they all stop to take courage, as well as breath, and then march with more rapidity in the direction of the firing. As, however, I propose, my dear Fraser, to supply you with a sketch of the Paris pastimes of last Sunday, I shall here close all general descriptions, and proceed to the revolt and rebellion of the 12th and 13th of this very pretty month of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

"There is no accounting for taste," said Edward Ellice, when last at Paris, when a Frenchman who sat next him at Dupin's table admired "the roast beef of Old England" much more than the "ragouts and entremets of his own country." "For my part," said Ned, "I prefer the hind legs of frogs to the hind leg of a bull; and see more merit in one 'Charlotte Russe' than in a hundred plum puddings. This was Whig nationality, and a fair specimen of the John Bullism of a Melbourne cabinet. However, as Edward Ellice says, very truly, "there is no accounting for taste;" and no doubt it is for this reason that Whig ladies in waiting are preferred at St. James's to conscientious, enlightened, patriotic, and Conservative ministers. *Vive la bagatelle!* And for no better reason the French are great lovers of *émeutes*, insurrections, rebellions, barricades, shooting at each other through cart-wheels, out of windows, through key-holes; and take a deep and lively interest in visiting the Morgue, the receptacle for all dead, unclaimed bodies;

and there counting how many stabs the young man with gray eyes received from the butcher-captain of the national guards, of the third company, of the second legion; and how many balls must have gone through the body of that fair lad of 18, who lies there extended on the cold pavement, not so cold as his lifeless frame, all of which were fired on that defenceless boy by the dauntless champions of the Place de la Bourse, or of the Rue Richelieu. Women, young and old; children of both sexes; the superstitious to cure their warts on their fingers; and the barbarous, to indulge their love of nakedness, blood, wounds, and death, get as near the dead bodies as they can, and then recount to the absent, who listen with breathless anxiety, all they have seen of this magnificent spectacle!

It was, then, on a very fine spring afternoon, in this very month of May, and, withal, on a Sunday afternoon, that some four hundred young tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, bakers, and others, set out from their respective garrets, cellars, or eighth or ninth floors above the entresol, in search of a government. "The better the day the better the deed," says the adage; and as Louis Philippe had not been able to get further than a provisional ministry, after some three months of hard labour, these republican-Buonapartists, most of them beardless, resolved on coming to the aid of the citizen-king. That there might be no mistake as to their intentions, they drew up a "proclamation," the substance of which was, that Louis Philippe was a tyrant, and that they were slaves; but that having, of course, come to the resolution, à la O'Connell, to break their chains, they had confided their provisional government to military leaders, who were to lead them on to victory—or death. The proclamation was a sort of condensed epitome of Daniel's last address to the lads of the Precursor Association; and the style was as nervous, i.e. as impudent, treasonable, and vulgar. To prove, however, that they were no *canaille*, but *Messieurs bien comme il faut*, they resolved unanimously to make the commencement of the revolt in a style of grandeur unknown to their forerunners, St. Just and Marat, but à la Robespierre, who was a dandy in his person, whilst a devil in his heart: in

one word, they took hackney-coaches, and arrived, as quick as coaches and horses could take them, to the scene of conflict. They began by attempts to open, after the manner of Vidocq, the doors of a gunsmith's establishment; but as these doors were barred and bolted, and would not yield to the pressing solicitations of those who demanded them to open, why, these heroic supporters of the rights and privileges of the people chopped the doors with their hatchets, and supplied themselves with those useful utensils for the chase, called guns. This was victory No. 1. It was gained over wooden doors, and the doors were made to suffer for their resistance,—for they were nearly chopped to pieces. As oaken or deal doors could not resist the iron choppers of the revolution, their victorious opponents now rushed with impetuosity to other scenes of amusement and occupation. Rapid and rough were their movements. Over the kennels, and down the dank, dirty alleys which lie between the Hôtel de Ville and the Rues St. Martin and St. Denis, they precipitated themselves; whilst others, turning to the right, proceeded to the Place du Châtelet. Oh, this Place du Châtelet! once covered by old towers, and surrounded by yet older recollections; but where, for the last quarter of a century, the old bedsteads and straw mattresses of those who have had their goods seized for rent, or for debt, are sold by auction every Wednesday and Saturday. In the centre of this place, once covered by monastic cells and papist towers, an elegant fountain was erected by Napoleon, in the year 1808. It is called *La Fontaine du Palmier*, and consists of a circular basin, twenty feet in diameter, with a pedestal and column in the centre fifty-eight feet in elevation. The shaft of the column represents the trunk of a palm-tree, and the capital the branches. Upon the pedestal are four fine statues by Boizot, representing Justice, Strength, Prudence, and Vigilance, which join hands, and encircle the column. The shaft is divided by bands of bronze gilt, bearing the names of the principal victories gained by Napoleon. At the angles of the pedestal are cornucopiæ, terminated by fishes' heads, from which the water issues. Two sides of the pedestal are ornamented with eagles, encircled by large crowns of laurel in relief. Above the

capital are heads representing the winds; and in the centre a globe, which supports a gilt statue of Victory, holding forth a crown of laurel in each hand. Little did Napoleon imagine, when he inaugurated the erection of this monument, that thirty years afterwards not a member of his family would be allowed to plant his foot on French soil; and that the remnant of his admirers, a few hundred ragged Radicals, would rush, on a bright May afternoon, to this same Place du Châtelet, and there vainly attempt to raise a cry in favour of the Napoleon dynasty. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

"N'importe!" There they arrived; and the guard-house, not the column, was the object of their attack. Bang—bang—bang! went the muskets of Lepage, or, rather, his sporting guns. The soldiers were surprised; they rushed into their guard-house, barricaded the doors (for soldiers as well as republicans barricade in France), and prepared for the conflict. It was short, but severe. The leader of this division of the insurgents called on the little band within to surrender! "Never!" was the reply; and the sergeant of the municipal guards, from within, suiting the action to the word, levelled his fusil, and in a moment the chief was dead. But a second chief rushed forward; it was a journeyman leather-cutter. He pointed his fusil at the door, and fired; the sergeant from within did the same: the journeyman leather-cutter was no more. But a third chief came forward. The heart of the sergeant failed; he had killed two men in one minute. He paused; but was about to charge the third time, when the trampling of horses was heard in the distance: they soon arrived; the insurgents retreated; the band of seven were liberated from the guardhouse; and foot and horse rushed to the Prefecture of Police, to save it from being captured. But though the insurgents had failed in their attempt to disarm the post, they returned to the guard-house, served the benches and chairs as they had done the wooden doors of Lepage, viz., chopped them to pieces; and then proceeded towards the Palace of Justice, and the guard-house there. The lieutenant was informed by his men that an armed mob was approaching! and was asked if they should charge their muskets? "No!" was the reply; "they are a

set of senseless vagabonds ; I will soon get rid of them." He advanced a few steps. "What do you want here?" he asked of the leader. "Your arms," was the reply. "Then you will not have them!" retorted the lieutenant; "go your way—interfere not with us." "You will then be made prisoners!" answered the rebel chief of this rebel band. "No, no!" replied the lieutenant; and, taking the leader by his arm, he said, "I could make you my prisoner, if I chose, this instant. "Fire!" cried the chief,—and the poor lieutenant was dead! Two of the soldiers rushed towards the body; they were killed on the spot. The remainder surrendered, and the guard-house was pillaged of guns, swords, and ammunition. But this was not all. A poor sick soldier, not ill enough to be in the hospital, but too poorly to mount the guard, lay tranquilly in one corner. "Here is one of the miscreants!" cried a voice, louder and rougher than the rest. "Fire!" cried the leader; and the poor wretch had not time to say, "Lord have mercy on me!"—he was dead.

Flushed with victory, and stimulated with the sight of blood, they proceeded, with hurried steps and bloody resolution, to the gates of the Prefecture. But the cavalry and the guards—the little liberated band of seven—had reached there before them. The gates were closed. "Surrender this instant!" cried the chief of the rebels. The muskets from within replied lustily to the insolent demand; and three republicans-Napoleonists, were prostrate lifeless on the ground. The rebels did not stop to carry away their slain; they saw that resistance would there be desperate; and their hopes of liberating the felons were destroyed. They traversed the Pont de la Cité, the Pont au Change, and the other little bridges conducting towards the quay on the Rues St. Denis and St. Martin side of the river Seine; and there commenced the work of destroying the lanterns, throwing up barricades, and preparing to defend themselves from the incursions of the cavalry. But here we must leave them for a moment, and proceed to the Hôtel de Ville.

When the band was first armed at Lepage's, one division, more bold and determined than the rest, proceeded to the Guildhall of Paris. The guards were few. Some were sleeping; others

were at the neighbouring wine-houses; two or three were strolling on the quay. Three hackney-coaches drove up. The warriors alighted. They had gone thither to take the Hôtel de Ville, and they began by capturing the guard-house. "Your arms, or your lives!" cried a long-bearded republican, about twenty-four years of age. "We are masters of Paris—surrender at once, or you are dead men!" The guards were stupefied. Some ran to seize their guns—two or three loaded them *instantly*—others were later in their arrangements: but shots were exchanged—five "Napoleon republicans" were dead the next instant; and, on the other hand, the soldiers and the municipal guards shared no better fate. The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the scene of so many a combat during both the first and the second revolutions, once more re-echoed the moans of the wounded and the groans of the dying; and the guard-house became the rendezvous of the insurgents. As the soldiers were disarmed, they took to flight—rushed into the interior of the city, proceeded to all the neighbouring guard-houses, fled to the barracks, and made known the astounding intelligence that the Hôtel de Ville was in the possession of the sovereign people! But this possession was of short duration. An infantry regiment arrived shortly afterwards on the spot: the guard-house was attacked and defended; soldiers and insurgents were alike killed and wounded; and, finally, the soldiery triumphed, and the rebels fled to join their companions in the quarters of St. Martin and St. Denis.

It was at this moment that "the hope of the family" (not of the nation), the Duke of Orleans, returned from the race-course on the Champ de Mars to his illustrious parents at the Tuileries. Whilst the soldiers and the rebels had passed their Sunday afternoon in the pastime of shooting each other, as though they were respectively so many rabbits in a large warren, the eldest son of the Orleans dynasty had been betting on "running horses and running mares" on the Champ de Mars. It was also at this moment that Marshal Soult arrived at the château. "When I heard, sire, that shots were exchanging," cried the hero of Toulouse, as he entered the palace, "I felt that my place was next to your side." Louis Philippe smiled ineffably; and

this was the pastime of the marshal. Thus every one had his peculiar amusement : and the king had his, for he resolved on making the Duke of Dalmatia minister of foreign affairs, and on becoming himself the secretary of his minister ; for the marshal is as much able to write a despatch, or draw up a diplomatic document, as he is to dance a hornpipe — but no more. Whilst the horses were running at the Champ de Mars, the soldiers and people fighting, Marshal Soult gazing at the king with wonder and admiration, and Louis Philippe sending off messengers in all directions, to M. Villemain, and I know not who else besides, to call on them in that moment of peril to become ministers, and save the monarchy, M. Dufaure, the (to be) minister of public works, was being quietly taken to the country by M. Passy, the (to be) minister of finance, to be made a little tipsy, in order that, when he returned to town at night, he might not be able to resist the entreaties, prayers, tears of the crown, but might consent to become a member of the Soult administration. The trick succeeded. Dufaure dined too well, and drank too freely ; and the *Courier Français* adds, in its own delightful and vigorous phraseology, that “ the infernal machinations of the court succeeded.” We must now return to our insurgents, in the quartiers St. Martin and St. Denis.

Did you ever, my dear Fraser, see a barricade ? Perhaps not. Then do let me give you a description. First of all, imagine a hundred fellows, some short and others tall, some ferocious, and others athletic, politely threatening to take away the lives of all the inhabitants of half a dozen houses in the next five minutes, if they make the least resistance to the formation of a barricade in front of their dwellings. Then imagine these hundred fellows seizing hold of iron bars, or spades, or crows, or whatever is the strongest and most handy, to tear up the paving-stones ; and the male inhabitants of the houses aforesaid compelled to aid in this work of preparation. Then the paving-stones are piled one on the other. Spades and shovels are used to dig a trench. The earth is thrown up. Planks, chests of drawers, ladders, poles, weighty and cumbersome articles, are all heaped together ; and “ confusion worse confounded ” is the order

of the day. Behind these rapidly collected and arranged materials the rebels charge their muskets ; and as no cavalry can pass, they have only to fear the infantry, who are armed like themselves. In the houses adjoining, at the first, second, and third floors, are planted rebel sentinels, who utter cries or make signs when the enemy is approaching. Up and down the street, at all the windows you see a hundred caps and bonnets. The women love a barricade, enjoy the fun of an *émeute*, rejoice at an insurrection, triumph at a rebellion ; and, in Paris, a favourite pastime for the fair and brave Parisian females, is to watch who takes the best aim, and shoots his brother or his neighbour with the most dexterity. “ C’est bien, c’est bien ! ” cried an old woman of sixty, when, from behind a barricade in the Rue Neuve St. Méry, a young beardless rebel of eighteen levelled his gun, and shot a captain of infantry dead on the spot. The soldiers looked up scornfully. The old woman repeated the cry : “ C’est bien, c’est bien ! ” she screamed. But she never uttered another word, for the soldiers became angry as well as scornful — pointed their muskets, and she was dead. This was the signal for new barricades, and new disorders.

The defeat of the rebels at the Préfecture had disorganised all their plans. They had hoped to have set the prisoners free ; to have organised bands of felons, who should proceed all over the capital, and shoot isolated soldiers and national guards in every direction ; and thus to have inspired the capital with terror. But they were reduced, by their failure at the Préfecture, to rely on their luck or good fortune ; and it had forsaken them. They counted on the support of the thieves, but they were still in prison ; and on the *appui* of the working classes, but they had been taken by surprise, and had no time to examine into the intentions of the ringleaders. They therefore stood aloof ; not because they loved the government, but because they feared defeat — or, rather, were unprepared for the movement. Thus unsupported, they resolved on a system of defence. They threw up barricades — overturned omnibuses and hackney-coaches, to render those barricades more formidable — got possession of by-streets — secured a retreat — shot isolated soldiers — drove back more

than once detachments of horse municipal guards, by firing on them when they could not advance, and were therefore obliged to retrace their steps; and, finally, kept the troops at bay on the one hand, or defeated them on the other, until night with its sable curtain favoured their dispersion.

Whilst these were the "pastimes" in one part of Paris, in another, armed bands of eight and ten patrolled the streets, fired at general officers, shot an aide-de-camp of the king, chased unarmed soldiers, and carried horror and confusion into nearly every quarter. In the Rue Richelieu, six unarmed soldiers of the line, who were returning after a day's excursion in the country to their barracks, were fired on by a band of rebels. They took refuge in a court-yard. The door was forced—they were fired on again; and then the band proceeded to the Place des Italiens, where the remains of the Italian Opera House occupy the ground, and there they shot in the back a general officer. These were the pastimes of the armed bands in the "centre of civilisation," in the capital of Europe, in the imperial city! There's no accounting for taste—is there, Edward Ellice? When you were here last, you longed to see an *émeute*. What a pity it is you did not stay! We really must get up something of the sort against your next visit.

You must not, however, imagine, my dear Fraser, that the people were deprived of *their* pastimes, in the midst of these varied amusements. Far from it! Oh, how they did pour forth from their garrets, cells, cellars, and wretched cabins, on Sunday evening! Every door was open—not a window was shut! How they did talk, and scream, and halloo, and describe the battle, and count the slain by hundreds; and lie, and swear, and drink, and fight; and rush to the scenes where their "fellow-countrymen" had fallen; and

examine the blood which had been spilt, and the guard-houses which had been destroyed! The bravest sought to find out the insurgents,—some to aid, others to attack them. The cowardly remained on the quays, peeping down the streets where the combats were proceeding, or else running away a few paces at every bang of a musket. But, oh, the tens of thousands of spectators! How they did pour to the environs of the spots in question—thousands upon thousands, and thousands still! There stood an old man, who narrated to a circle of twenty all that passed at the Place du Châtelet; and there stood a national guard, who had *very near been wounded* at the Pont au Change, and who was much more eloquent for having escaped. And so they grouped themselves together; whilst some cursed the king, others swore at the government, and a few rated at the republicans—not for shooting the unarmed and the helpless (for that is fair play in a Paris rebellion), but for not having better arranged their plans; and, in one word, for having failed!

At length came darkness. Paris was now full of troops! The soldiers bivouacked on the squares and places; the fires were lighted; their helmets glittered by the flames; the dingy buildings looked darker and more solemn than usual; and the clock of Notre Dame struck twelve! Louis Philippe was at the Tuileries; *the cabinet of the 12th May had been formed*; Thiers, the political rope-dancer, had been excluded from the ministry; and tipsy Dufaure found himself minister of public works! Good night to you all, said I; and I sought my pillow, the only pastime that is suitable to a sleepy man.

Yours truly,

YOU KNOW WHO.

ANATOMY OF THE CHESS AUTOMATON.

"Doubtless, the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat."—BUTLER.

MAN may be fairly styled an animal of the class "gullible." From the hour of his birth till the day of his death, never does the organ of credulity cease to bump out his cerebrum. It is a common saying among the legs of the turf, that "there is a flat born every minute." No dictum can be based on better grounds. Man appears to glory in being swindled, upon the same principle that leads Shakspeare's citizen to boast of "having had losses." Man is "done brown" daily; but never gets wholly baked, in the scorching oven of experience. The bumpkin yet gapes at Doncaster for the "little pea" beneath the thimble, with the same intense degree of viridity that poor Paddy drops his tinnepenny into the big beggarman's hat, in the full belief his copper will return to him hereafter in the form of gold.

As was man in the beginning, touching his hugeness of swallow, so is he now, and so will he ever be. This quality is part and parcel of his essence; and experience here availeth him not. Almost within our own recollection, did the bottle conjuror draw his hundreds, and the Cock Lane ghost her thousands. Each Scaramuccia fills the benches; whether it be Johanna and her cradle; or Chabot, with his beefsteak stewed in Prussic acid. The mob who have seen the show come away content, lest they be taken for dupes. Robert Macaire bows them forth; and Bertrand, beating the big drum, safely appeals to the verdict of the outgoers, as he calls on the multitude to tread in their path.

These sage reflections, and many more, equally pithy, suggested themselves irresistibly to our mind, while dusting the books in our humble library one sunny morning last week. During this interesting process, a thick tome fell on our head, quite "promiscuously;" and taking it up, on the principle of trying the "sortes Virgilianæ," we found it to consist of some half-dozen, or more, learned and voluminous tracts, on the subject of the automaton chess-player.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER!
Lofty title! magniloquent cognomen!

A composition of brass or wood, of ivory or of iron, called forth from the forest or the mine, to do duty, at no notice, for a Philidor, a La Bourdonnais, or a McDonnell; and going sententiously through the process of reasoning and calculation—in inviting, throughout Europe, all comers to break a spear in the tented field, and dealing forth checkmate so liberally from the unaided resources of its own precious block-head—marshalling its forces on the plain, and conducting them faithfully hither and thither, literally *without seeing the board*—courting the combat with our stoutest paladins, for some sixty or seventy years—and foiling every attempt to discover the whereabouts of the Promethean spark within—upsetting kings and kaisars, knights and castles, honest men and rooks, mitres and Amazons, as the boy knocks down his tiny ninepins—redressing the wrongs of injured queens, and seating them once more on their thrones of ivory or of ebon—conquering Napoleon Bonaparte and Frederick of Prussia in the mimic field of war, and forcing Eugene Beauharnois to cry "ransom"—lording it, in the strong spell of knowledge, over court and cottage, yet every where carrying off the laurel. Seriously do we pronounce the career of the Automaton to have been more gloriously brilliant, and certainly less bloodstained, than that of the greatest warrior who ever founded a kingdom or a dynasty.

The Chess-playing Automaton has never yet received, here, the meed of notoriety so long since fairly won. The British know him chiefly by name, though he has visited their shores, and dived his hand into their pockets. Be it ours, on the present occasion, to elucidate the subject, and place the great Turk on that niche in the temple of Fame, so justly due to his achievements. Alexander the Great had his Quintus Curtius. The Automaton, like Henri Quatre, must have his Sully.

We shall deal, however, with King Log, as beseemeth the scribe living among a free people. Great names may not hoodwink our eyes; and if we ever meet with an ass in the lion's

skin, we shall make bold to cudgel him out. We can distinguish between real merit and merely ingenious pretension; while we claim a right on all occasions to call things by their proper names—a cat being to us a cat. For three-quarters of a century, the Automaton Chess-man has been inscribed on a page of the history of earth, as of a construction and constitution absurdly miraculous; for when before did metal think, or timber calculate? We shall now examine whether the Automaton is best entitled to be typified as Jupiter Tonans or Jupiter Scapin, as Murat or Mantalini.

Let us here deposit, logically, a rough definition of what properly constitutes an automaton.

An automaton is a machine made by human hands, capable of performing sundry movements, gestures, or actions, of itself, upon the setting in motion of certain springs, or forms of power. As long as these means to the end desired are kept up and maintained, so long will the automaton perform; continuing its operations, during the whole time the moving principle remains in a healthy state. Such is an automaton in its most simple shape of existence.

The flying dove of Archytas, mentioned by Aulus Gellius (*Noct. At.*, lib. x. c. 12); as also the wooden eagle of Regiomontanus, which flew from the city to meet the emperor, and, having saluted him, returned back again, if they ever existed at all, may be fairly styled automata; as was the iron fly, which, at a banquet, flew out of its master's hands, and, first taking a round of the hall, again settled at the starting point (*Apol.*, c. x. sect. 1). The trumpeter of Maelzel, the flute-player of Vaucanson, the Apollonicon of Flight and Robson, the wooden lady playing the pianoforte (her family is tolerably numerous!), and a hundred other similarly curious engines of the same class of automata, are doubtless familiar to the recollections of our readers.

A second class of automata, like the first, may be worked by machinery, chiefly self-acting, upon a fixed principle; possessing, however, at the same time, a communication, not immediately apparent, with human agency; and hence, changing the regular order and succession of their movements, according to existing circumstances. There

is no third class of automata; since that form of automaton depending exclusively on human aid, however disguised, is but a spurious scion of the tree.

Can the Chess-player be ranked among either one of the legitimate species of automata? The crowd, who look only on the surface, have for seventy years answered this question in the affirmative, and placed Mr. Block in our second class of automata; but have they done so correctly? *Non verrens.* Were we to order a watch of Monsieur Leroy, which, at the word of command, would point its hands to whatsoever part of the dial we directed, the skilful French horologer would reply, that nothing but a living human hand could so shape its power of movement. Are not the two cases strictly on a par? Which, then, is the correct respondent, Monsieur Leroy or the beast called Legion? We lore a correct definition. The Automaton Chess-player was either a gross piece of humbug, or it was a sentient being, endowed, like man himself, with volition, judgment, and all the rest of it; but in neither case was it an automaton. Most true is it, that whenever Legion cannot readily solve any given problem, he prefers either adopting the cry of "miracle," or gulping down any solution offered, to seeking for himself the key to the mystery, through the medium of patient and laboured investigation.

But we may not further lengthen out our prologue to the farce; so pass we on at once to a glance at the original creation, life, and adventures, of our timber Frankenstein.

The Chess Automaton was the sole invention of Wolfgang de Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman, Aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the emperor in Hungary, and celebrated for great genius in every department of mechanics. From a boy, he had trod in the path of science, and was incontestably of first-rate capabilities as a mechanician and engineer. Invention was his hobby, and he rode it furiously, even to the partial impoverishment of his means. M. de Kempelen, being at Vienna in the year 1769, was invited by the Empress Maria Theresa to be present at the representation of certain magnetic games, or experiments, about to be shewn in public at the imperial court by M.

Pelletier, a Frenchman. During the exhibition, De Kempelen, being honoured by a long conversation with his sovereign, was induced casually to mention that he thought he could construct a machine, the powers of which should be far more surprising, and the deception more complete, than all the wonders of magnetism just displayed by Pelletier. At this declaration, the curiosity of the empress was naturally excited; and, with true female eagerness for novelty, she drew from De Kempelen a promise to gratify her wishes, by preparing an early and practical proof of his bold assertion. The artist returned to his modest dwelling at Presburg, and girded up his loins to the task. He kept his word with his imperial mistress; and in the following year presented himself once more at the court of Vienna, accompanied by the Automaton Chess-player. Need we say that its success was triumphantly complete?

The machine being set in motion, excited the admiration of the Empress Maria Theresa, as well as of the most illustrious and scientific individuals in her circle; all of whom were freely permitted to test its extraordinary powers. The fame of the figure spread over the face of Europe, whose newspapers and journals rang with the advent of the newly born prodigy; the performances of which were duly exaggerated, *selon les règles*, in the detail. De Kempelen, a modest and quiet man, was far from smiling at the celebrity hereby acquired. He would have been glad to achieve greatness, but cared little for it when thus thrust upon him. He was held up as a wizard, a Maugraby, a Michael Scott, *première qualité*; and was almost disgusted at the success of his contrivance. In fact, De Kempelen never hesitated to speak his mind plainly as to the real merits of his engine. "It is," said he to his friends, "a trifle, not without merit as to its mechanism; but those effects, which to the spectators appear so wonderful, arise merely from the boldness of the original conception, and the fortunate choice of the means employed by me to carry out the illusion." This is the language of a great mind, not choosing prematurely to open the eyes of surrounding dupes, but scorning to take to himself greater reputation than he felt was his due: and these words alone ought to have

satisfied men of *nous*, that the thing was merely a clever hoax; since, had it been in reality that which it appeared to be outwardly, viz. a machine, which by itself, and of itself alone, could conduct a game of chess, then, indeed, instead of its being a "trifle," as denominated by De Kempelen, it might proudly have reared its head, as an emanation from a mind which had discovered some hitherto unheard-of means wherewith to conquer matter.

It will be interesting here to describe the "outward man" of the Automaton, as he first appeared, while yet exhibited only in the private circle of its inventor; and we accordingly extract from the work of M. Windisch, one of the earliest believers in De Kempelen's gnome, and one of those who was honoured by seeing the babe, as may be said, in the cradle. (*Briefe über den Schachspieler des Herrn von Kempelen, &c.* Basle, 1783. 8vo.)

"The first idea which occurs on an examination of the Automaton Chess-player," says M. de Windisch, "is a suspicion that its movements are under the immediate guidance of some human being. From this error I was not myself exempt, when I saw, for the first time, the inventor draw from a recess his Automaton, fixed to a good-sized chest; and I could not, any more than others, help suspecting that this chest certainly contained a child, which, as I guessed from the dimensions of the case, might be ten or twelve years of age. Many of the visitors were equally convinced of such being the fact, and did not hesitate already to declare their opinions aloud. But we were all equally confounded on seeing M. de Kempelen turn up the garments of the Automaton, pull forth the drawer, and open all the doors of the chest. Moving it about, thus opened, by means of the castors on which it is placed, he turned it in all directions, and permitted us freely to examine it all over. I was not backward in this scrutiny. I searched into its darkest corners; and finding no possibility of its concealing any object of even the size of my hat, my self-love was terribly mortified at seeing my ingenious conjecture put totally to flight. All the spectators underwent a similar impression; and on their countenances were visibly depicted signs of extreme surprise. One old lady, above the rest, recollecting, doubtless, the fairy tales of her youth, first crossing herself, with a heavy and devout sigh, went and hid herself in a distant window, that she might no longer remain in a proximity so dangerous as that existing between

herself and the demon she now fully believed must occupy the Automaton. I have since viewed the machine frequently, have examined it in every way I could think of, and have played chess against it, and am still reduced to the humiliating avowal that I know nothing about it. Still I am consoled by the reflection that many other persons, though gifted with more profound knowledge and skill in mechanics, have not succeeded better than myself. Out of many thousand persons, of all classes, who have seen it, not one has discovered the secret. The Gordian knot presented to Alexander must have been less difficult to unravel. Is it an illusion? So be it. But it is, then, an illusion which does honour to the human mind; an illusion more surprising, more inconceivable, than all those which are to be found in the different collections of mathematical recreations.

"The Automaton receives its visitors in M. de Kempelen's study; in the ante-chamber of which nothing is to be seen but the tools of a joiner or locksmith, thrown about in most admired confusion. No communication can possibly exist between the Automaton and any adjoining room; as was proved by the figure's being carried for exhibition to the imperial palace. It runs on castors; and can, therefore, have nothing about it dependant on the construction of the floor. These are important premises.

"The first object which strikes the view, on entering the study, is the Automaton, which is placed opposite the door. The chest to which it is affixed is three feet and a half long, two feet wide, and two feet and a half high; and is, by means of the aforesaid castors, moved with facility from place to place. Behind this chest is seen a figure the size of life, dressed in the Turkish costume, seated upon a wooden chair fastened to the body of the Automaton, and which of course moves with it, when rolled about the apartment. The figure leans its right arm on the table, holding a long Turkish pipe in his left hand, in the attitude of a person who ceases to smoke. It plays with its left hand; which M. de Kempelen informed me was an oversight on his part, not discovered until the work was so far advanced, that to amend the Turk's manners would have required nearly total reconstruction. When the Turk is about to play, M. de Kempelen, as pipe-bearer, takes the pipe from his hand. Before the Automaton is a chess-board, screwed to the table, or upper surface of the chest, on which the eyes of the figure appear to be constantly fixed.

"M. de Kempelen opens the front

doors of the chest, and pulls out the drawer which is underneath. The chest is partitioned off into two equal parts, of which the left is narrower than the right. The left side, indeed, occupies scarcely one-third part of the length of the chest, and is filled with wheels, levers, cylinders, and other pieces of clockwork. In the division to the right are seen some wheels, some spring barrels, and a couple of horizontal quadrants. The remainder is filled with a casket, a cushion, and a small board, on which are traced certain letters in gold. At a subsequent point of time, and prior to the Automaton's commencing play, the inventor takes out this casket, and places it on a side table. He does the same by the board with letters; which is finally placed on the chess-board after the game is played, to enable the Automaton by these means to answer questions to be put to him.

"In the drawer of the chest above-mentioned are found chess-men, of red and white ivory, on a board, with which they are taken out to be placed on the side of the chess-board. There is likewise a small box, rather long in its form, containing six pigny chess-boards, each of which presents an ending of a game. Such situations are set up in detail on the Automaton's own board; and he undertakes to win each and every such game by force, whether he play with the white or red pieces.

"I had forgotten also to observe, that M. de Kempelen not only opens the front doors of the chest, but also those behind; by which means all the wheels are clearly seen, so as to give the most perfect conviction that no living being could be hidden therein. To render this *exposé* even more complete, the constructor usually places a lighted taper in the interior of the chest; thus throwing light into its remotest corners.

"Finally, he lifts up the robe of the Automaton, and throws it over his head, in such a manner as completely to shew the structure of the interior, where are also seen only wheels and levers; which so entirely occupy the body of the Automaton, that room is not left to hide even a cat. The very trousers of the Turk are furnished with a small door, likewise flung open, to remove the remotest shadow of a doubt.

"But do not imagine, good reader, that the inventor shuts one door as he opens another. The entire Automaton is seen at the same time uncovered; the garments being also turned up, and the drawer opened, as well as all the drawers of the chest. In fact, it is in this state he rolls it from place to place, around the room, courting the inspection of the curious."

We may here state that Maelzel, the last proprietor of the Automaton, adopted a very similar description of routine in the way he shewed the figure; and was equally successful in making the spectators believe, like Windisch, *that they saw the whole of the interior at once*. Maelzel varied some of the details, doing away with its brazen-head-like capacity of answering questions, under a just impression that this part of its black art approximated a little too closely to the feats of the learned pig, Toby. But the Automaton is all this time uncovered; and we resume Windisch's narrative, quickly, to prevent the poor thing from taking cold.

"After having allowed time for sufficient investigation of its anatomy," proceeds our eye-witness, "M. de Kempelen shuts all the doors of the chest, and places it behind a balustrade, made for the purpose of preventing the spectators from shaking the machine, by touching or leaning upon it when the Automaton plays; and also to keep clear for the inventor a rather spacious place, in which he occasionally walks, approaching the chest at times, on the right or left side, but without touching it, until it is time to wind up the springs. Finally, he passes his hand into the interior of the Automaton, to arrange the movements in their suitable order; and finishes all, by placing a cushion under the playing arm of the Turk.

"It must be stated, with regard to the casket, that M. de Kempelen places it on a little table near the machine, without, however, there being any apparent communication between the Automaton and the table, or the casket; to which the inventor has frequent recourse during the playing of the game by the Automaton; for he opens it from time to time, to look at the inside, which is kept hidden from the spectators.

"It is generally assumed that this casket is simply a device to attract attention; still M. de Kempelen assures his visitors that without it the Automaton could not play. The letters traced in gold on the board, to which allusion has already been made, serve as a new recreation when chess is closed. It is then placed on the chess-board; and the Automaton answers the questions of the audience, by pointing with his finger successively to the letters necessary to convey reply. To prepare for this latter recreation, the fabricator arranges certain movements in the interior of the machine."

Again must we interrupt the Herrn

von Windisch, to note particularly the care of De Kempelen lest his figure should be too rudely jostled by the audience. The grave assertion of our Austrian Archimedes, that the secret lay within the casket, must have been difficult for him to bring out without laughing. Windisch resumes:—

"The Automaton, when about to move at chess, slowly raises his arm, and directs it towards the piece he intends to play. He suspends his hand over the piece, spreads his fingers to grasp it, places it in its destined situation, draws back his arm, and again rests it on the cushion. If he have occasion to capture a man, the same process is used. At each move he makes, a slow sound of wheels and clockwork is heard. This noise ceases when the move is made. The Automaton always claims the first move. When his adversary plays, the figure lifts his head and overlooks the board. He courteously warns the queen of being attacked by bowing his head twice; and equally notifies check to the king by three bows. Should a false move be played, he indignantly shakes his head; but not confining himself to tacit disapprobation, instantly confiscates the offending piece, following up his capture by playing himself; and thus depriving his opponent not only of his piece, but of his move also. This *divertisement* happens not unfrequently; spectators wishing to test the figure's powers of discrimination. The advantage hereby gained contributes to the Turk's chance of winning; but the law being known beforehand, is equally fair for both parties: though the Automaton never commits an illegality.

"M. de Kempelen requests those chess-players who confront his warrior to place the chess-men strictly in the centre of the squares; this precaution being necessary, in order that the Automaton, in grasping a piece, may not be exposed to damaging its fingers, by coming imperfectly in collision therewith. The rules of the game are rigidly observed.

"The machine can play but ten or twelve moves without being wound up, but it is clear such winding up can produce no other effect than to maintain its moving power, without having any connexion with its directing power, or rather with its faculty of acting as required by circumstances. In such faculty, doubtless, consists the chief merit of the engine, and here lies the mystery. During the time of play M. de Kempelen never touches it, except for the purposes aforesaid of winding up, once in ten or a dozen moves.

"Mathematicians and mechanists of all countries have examined the Automaton with the most scrupulous attention, without being able to discover any trace of the secret. I have frequently seen the Automaton playing, surrounded by twenty or thirty persons, who kept their eyes incessantly fixed on the inventor. We have invariably observed him keeping at a distance of three or four paces from the figure, doing nothing, but occasionally looking in the casket before-mentioned, and never betraying himself by any movement which might indicate that he was even remotely in communication with the Automaton. To destroy the impression that magnetism is the principal of action, M. de Kempelen permits the most powerful magnet to be placed on the machine.

"The moving the knight successively over the sixty-four squares of the board, in as many leaps, is also a feat too remarkable to be passed over. As soon as the chess-men are taken off, one of the bystanders places a knight on any square of the board he chooses. The Automaton lifts up the knight, and beginning at the square on which he stands, causes it to cover the sixty-four squares in the same number of moves, without missing one, and without touching one square twice over. The spectator marks the squares in the progress of this difficult calculation, by placing a counter on each square to which the knight is played. No matter what square you first seat the knight upon, he never misses the performance of his task."

The above description of the Chess Automaton, as he first appeared, is as minute as can be desired: he played chess, and played it well. The data were fairly established, that it was impossible the figure could be in communication with either one of the adjoining rooms, the ceiling, or the floor; and the interior of the machine being apparently so thoroughly exposed to view, removed all idea of a human person being concealed therein. Indeed, in the words of Windisch, we find that it was agreed by the spectators there was not space even for the temporary lodging of "a cat." De Kempelen's gravely walking about the room with his casket, reminds one of Friar Bacon with his learned head, or Merlin and his wand. After a few moves are played, he kindly treats the Automaton to the refreshment of winding up, to recruit its fainting energies, as one would hand a man a glass of sherry. De Kempelen frequently turned

his back, moreover, on his progeny during three or four moves, conversing meanwhile with the spectators. The feat of moving the knight over the sixty-four squares in as many moves, is, it must be admitted, not quite so prodigious as represented by Windisch. There are many printed plans for performing this; and it is obvious that any one of these would do for De Kempelen's purpose, provided it be a re-entering series of moves; that is to say, the knight, when he leaps to the sixty-fourth square, must be just a knight's move from the square on which he originally started. We do not speak here of the difficulty of causing the machine to perform this, but would merely remind the reader that any person, when he has once acquired by heart the knight's move over the board, in a re-entering series, has but to apply the same chain of moves in every case, whatsoever square of the board the knight may choose to make the first link of that circular chain.

There could be hardly more than four forms of hypothesis broached by the spectators of the Automaton; and, by this time, we find they were all equally admitted to be fallacious. A concealed man, or boy, — confederacy with a person in another chamber, — dependency on the floor or ceiling, magnetism or electricity, doubtless each of these theories had its votaries, and each of them was analysed in vain. But much time was not given in this stage of the performance to the exercise of the thinking faculty on the part of Germany.

Torn to pieces by the crowd, who eagerly rushed to view the phenomena, De Kempelen found it was easier to raise a spirit than to lay him again. Pestered with letters, demanding explanation, from all the *savans* of Europe; annoyed at the absurdities dealt forth anent the matter by the public press; and called upon, morning, noon, and night, to set up "his motion" for the gratification of some man with a handle or a tail to his name, — poor M. de Kempelen began to find out that fame, however glittering, has its drawbacks. Many years of time, and the greater part of his fortune, had he lavished in improving the science of hydraulics. These efforts were before the public; but, although deservedly of merit, his improved fire-engines and water-pumps were altogether pushed

into the shade, in favour of his Automaton Chess-player! So situated, it is highly creditable to his memory that he refused the offer of large sums of money from several persons who wished to purchase the Automaton by way of speculation. For a long time, his nice sense of honour prevented him from stooping to coin cash, from metal so intrinsically base, as he felt the ore in question really to be. De Kempelen declined suffering the Automaton to be made a public exhibition; and, as the only means in his power of getting rid of the burden he had placed on his shoulders, actually took the figure partially to pieces, stowed it away, and gave out that it had been damaged by the frequent removals it had undergone from place to place. M. de Kempelen was again a free man, and once more devoted himself arduously to his really scientific discoveries in mechanics. His fame as a magician died away, and his friends shook him by the hand without fearing to be brimstone-marked in the contact.

Fallen from its throne, bruised and battered, limbless and motionless, lay the turbaned *soldan*, during an interval of many years, smothered with dust, buried in darkness, and forgotten in its fall from greatness by the shouting sycophants who had so loudly hailed the rising star. But its *avatur* was to come; and it was written in the book of fate, that, like a true Turkish sovereign, it should yet be dragged from the prison in which it pined, to march once more to the triumph of the battlefield, and the throne of talent over gullibility.

The Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, came with his consort, under the travelling style and titles of the Count and Countess du Nord, to visit the Emperor Joseph II., at the court of Vienna. Every device which human talent could suggest was resorted to, in order to give due entertainment to guests so illustrious; and, after a certain period, when the first eatings, drinkings, and dancings, were over, Joseph bethought him of De Kempelen and the Automaton. The royal wishes were conveyed to our philosopher, that he would oblige his sovereign by exhibiting his chess-playing figure once again, and De Kempelen cheerfully complied with the request. To the half-bred savages of the north, composing the suite of the royal visitors,

the exhibition could not fail to be striking; and the Emperor Joseph, doubtless, slept that night to the tune of "How we shall astonish the Browns!"

De Kempelen employed himself with so much zeal and activity in the furnishing up of his invention, that in five weeks' time the Automaton chess hero once more made his bow at court with entirely new "dresses, properties, and decorations." As before, its success was complete; the grand duke and his spouse, as well as the Emperor Joseph, were equally delighted and astonished by its feats. De Kempelen was handsomely rewarded, and the whole court joined in an earnest recommendation to him, for the sake of his family, no longer to resist the making an exhibition of his Automaton a matter of personal emolument. Grown worldly wise from experience, De Kempelen now considered that he should do wrong, longer to neglect this opportunity of restoring his broken fortunes. He felt, too, more assured of the merit of his secret, and determined to suffer no false delicacy for the future to prevent his reaping the harvest of his ingenious mystification. The emperor granted him a two years' leave of absence from the duties of his office, during which time his salary was equally to go on; and the Aulic counsellor prepared to travel through Germany, France, and England, in company with the wonderful figure whose fame had already diffused itself throughout civilised Europe.

It was in the year 1783 that De Kempelen and the Automaton first came to Paris. They were received with a hearty welcome, and the plaudits of *la grande nation* knew no bounds. The Automaton, however, as a player, was beaten by the great professors at the *Café de la Régence*, then the resort of the *élite*. But whether one's nerves are strung on wood or bone, one need not be ashamed at being vanquished by first-raters; and the merit of the figure, of course, did not depend upon its invariably winning. It is worthy of observation, that De Kempelen himself was very inferior to his Automaton as a chess-man; since in playing in the ordinary manner, a first-rate practitioner could give him the rook; but there was much less difference between the best flesh-and-blood players, and their wooden opponent. The first

French artists were foiled in their attempts to dive into the mystery, and many and elaborate were the theories set up on the occasion, all of which broke down as before on being put to the test. De Kempelen found his speculation a capital bit; and, leaving Paris for a time, crossed Dover Straits with the Automaton, to levy contributions on the pockets of John Bull.

Chess was at that period exclusively played in England by the aristocracy, and among that class was extremely fashionable, owing to Philidor (honour to his mighty shade!) This renowned player spent the greater part of his time in London, and thus gave an impetus to the cultivation of the game. Whether he personally played with the Automaton, we know not, and it matters little; he had formed a school of chess here, of greater extent than was ever seen before or after. To this cause may be attributed the high fee of admission to a sight of our Automaton, fixed by M. de K. at five shillings! Hundreds and thousands of persons flocked to the show; and the silver crowns rained down on the ingenious inventor, till he was almost knee-deep in the argent stream. An improvement had been made, too, in the really mechanical part of his figure, which now pronounced from its mouth something for *éché*, in giving check to the king.

But England contains a good deal of blood rather sceptical in these latter times as to the possibility of miracles, and there was not wanting a man now to stand up in the cause of common sense. Mr. Philip Thicknesse printed a pamphlet in 1785, in which he denounces the chess-playing Automaton as a piece of imposture, in no measured terms. Partly hitting the secret, he assumes that a child is confined in the chest, from ten to fourteen years of age, who plays the game; but adds, absurdly enough, that Master Johnny sees the state of the board reflected from a looking-glass in the ceiling. In fact, Mr. Thicknesse appears to have been one of those true old English grumblers who find fault with every thing, and therefore are certain now and then to be in the right, *by chance*. He had previously discovered a somewhat analogous case of curious imposture worth quoting, as tending to shew what had put him on the scent:—

nesse, "I found three hundred people assembled to see, at a shilling each, a coach go without horses, moved by a man within of a wheel, ten feet in diameter, just as the crane-wheel raises goods from ships on a quay. Mr. Quin, the Duke of Athol, and many persons present, were angry with me for saying it was trod round by a man within the hoop, or hinder wheel; but a small paper of snuff put into the wheel, soon convinced all around that it could not only move, but sneeze too, like a Christian!"

We wonder how De Kempelen would have met a proposition to throw an ounce or two of snuff upon speculation among his springs and levers?

Mr. Thicknesse proceeds to assume that the concealed child may be equally enabled to look over the board, through "Monsieur Automaton's robes and hair-trimmings." A similar idea was broached, with equal ingenious fallacy, in our own time. The high price of admission is especially complained of by Thicknesse. He writes,—

"I was one of the many who have paid fifteen shillings to shew my family the figure of a Turk, which has a movable arm, a thumb, and two clumsy fingers; which, by pulling a string within the arm, can embrace or leave a chessman just where a living hand directs it. Let the exhibitor, therefore, call it a good deception, and I will subscribe to the truth of it; but while he draws a large sum of money from us under the assurance of its being an automaton that moves by mechanical powers, he endeavours to deceive; and it is a fair game to expose it, that the price, at least, may be reduced; for I confess it is a curiosity, and I believe as much money would be received at one shilling each, as is now gained by demanding five.

"I saw," continues he, "the ermine trimmings of the Turk's outer garment move once or twice, when the figure should have been quite motionless, and that a confederate is concealed is past all doubt; for they only exhibit the Automaton from 1 till 2 o'clock, because the invisible player could not bear a longer confinement; for if he could, it cannot be supposed that they would refuse to receive crowns for admittance from 12 o'clock to 4, instead of only from 1 to 2. Indeed M. de Kempelen had the candour to say to a certain nobleman in Paris who asked him to disclose the solution of the problem, '*Quand vous le saurez, mon prince, ce ne sera plus rien.*'"

"Forty years since," writes Thick-

If not altogether correct, it is certain

that Mr. Thicknesse was very like "*burning*," in the approach he made towards finding the hidden treasure; but his *soi-disant* exposure being mere declamation, unaccompanied by any thing like architectural drawings or detailed proofs, fell quietly to the ground, and withered not the laurel on which it dared to breathe.

But the period was now at hand when the poor Automaton was destined a second time to afford fresh proofs of the ingratitude and inconstancy of man. He was to be deserted by his brilliant train of admirers, and go once more, for a space, into outer darkness. Returning from France and England to Germany, De Kempelen carried his Saracenic toy, by special invitation, to the court of Frederick (called "the Great"), at Berlin. This prince was an enthusiastic admirer of chess, and carried his devotion to Caissa so far as to even play a game, by correspondence, with Voltaire, sending a royal courier to and fro, between Paris and Berlin, with the moves. The Automaton beat Frederick and his whole court, which he might easily do, as the prince was only what is termed in the Westminster Chess-club, a "rook player." Eager to solve the riddle, Frederick adopted the truly royal means of purchasing it. For a large sum, the Automaton Chess-player became his majesty's subject, slave and serf, with all its rights and appendages. The cash being paid down, De Kempelen, in a *tête-à-tête* with the king, divulged the whole of his magic art. Frederick's pride was mortified by the disclosure, though he never revealed the secret; nor did he send his purchase to rot, like a living offender, in the dungeons of Spandau. He was hurt, however, at having been, as he fancied, duped. The spell was dissolved; the charm broken. The Automaton, shorn of its beams, and denounced by offended majesty as a swindling imposture, was carelessly thrown aside into an obscure lumber-room; where, for the next thirty years, it lay in profound repose, like the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale, awaiting a visit of the prince destined alone to dissolve its long inglorious slumber.

That prince came, and that prince was Napoleon; sent by fate to stir up many other slumberers nodding on their thrones, as well as our mighty wooden Tamerlane. Napoleon came

to Berlin, and the Chess Automaton was again himself. Freshly armed and caparisoned, did he gaily sally forth once more to victory. He had been forgotten, and was therefore received like a fresh creation. Accompanied, during the next few years of his life, by a demonstrator formed in the school of De Kempelen (then dead), the Automaton once more journeyed by land and by sea, in search of fresh victims. As of old, he was every where successful; and the veil of necromancy which covered his movements, remained still equally impenetrable to the lights of philosophy and science.

Napoleon, himself a chess-player, honoured the Automaton by playing a game in person against it. The contest was marked by an interesting circumstance. Half a dozen moves had barely been played, when Buonaparte, purposely to test the powers of the machine, committed a false move; the Automaton bowed, replaced the offending piece, and motioned to Napoleon that he should move correctly. Highly amused, after a few minutes the French chief again played an illegal move. This time, the Automaton, without hesitation, snatched off the piece which had moved falsely, confiscated it, and made his own move. Buonaparte laughed; and, for the third time, as if to put the patience of his antagonist to a severe trial, played a false move. The Automaton raised his arm, swept the whole of the pieces off the board, and declined continuing the game!

We must here pass rapidly over a rather long interval of time, at the end of which we find the Automaton Chess-player at the court of Eugene Beauharnois, then King of Bavaria. Preceded by its colossal reputation, our figure (the property then of M. Maelzel, the celebrated fabricator of the musical metronome, and other works of art), fully sustained his well-won fame. Eugene was fond of chess, and money was of little object. He could not resist the temptation of acquiring the secret which had set the wits of the world at defiance for so many years; and, for the second time, was the Automaton Chess-player sold, like a slave, for a price. Thirty-thousand francs were asked by the proprietor, and this sum was unhesitatingly paid by Prince Eugene for the machine and its key.

And now the moment has arrived when the treasured mystery of De

Kempelen is to be again opened at the golden bidding of royalty. The veil is about to be raised, and the curiosity of the king to be gratified. The courtiers are dismissed the room, the door locked by Eugene, and every precaution taken to ensure his acquiring the sole knowledge of the hidden enigma. The prince is alone with the demonstrator; the latter, unhesitatingly and in silence, flings open simultaneously all the doors of the chest; and Prince Eugene saw—what he saw!

Mr. Blue Beard, at the door of the azure chamber, looked not more blue than did Bavaria's monarch, but Eugene faced the *dénoûment* with greater wisdom than had done the former royal purchaser of the secret. He shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, laughed at the joke, and though he probably thought his purchase *rather dear at the price*, expressed much gratification at inspecting the figure in all its parts. He even subsequently placed himself in the necessary relation with the Automaton, and giving it the invisible impulse, conducted it during several games against some of his most intimate friends.

But, the novelty over, what was the use of the hero's newly-made purchase? Napoleon's followers had little time granted them for rest, and Prince Eugene felt the Automaton likely to become a dead, as well as a dumb, weight on his hands. True, he could amuse himself with it, by suffering it to march in his suite; but it appeared that a good player, a real living man, was a necessary accompaniment to produce the desired degree of *éclat*. The demonstrator, who received the audience, was not sufficient, and could do no good single-handed; a player must therefore be engaged and attached to the court to conduct it properly, and the fox would be unearthed from his hole in a fortnight. The prince found himself in a most unkingly description of dilemma. He had got the lamp, but found he must also retain the genius of the lamp, or else throw away his toy, like a child when it has broken the works of its threepenny watch to see what made it tick. Prince Eugene was still wavering as to the course to be adopted, when the sagacious Mr. Maelzel, who had already experienced some regret at parting with his *protégé*, requested the favour to be again reinstated in the charge, pro-

misising to pay Eugene the interest of the thirty thousand francs Mr. M. had pocketed. This proposition was graciously conceded by the gallant Beaumharnois, and Maelzel thus had the satisfaction of finding he had made a tolerably good bargain, getting literally the money for nothing at all!

Leaving Bavaria with the Automaton, Maelzel was once more *en route*, as travelling showman of the wooden genius. Other automata were adopted into the family, and a handsome income was realised by their ingenious proprietor. Himself an inferior player, he called the assistance of first-rate talent to the field as his ally. Our limits compel us to skip over some interval of time here, during which M. Boncourt (we believe) was Maelzel's *chef* in Paris, where the machine was received with all its former favour; and we take up the subject in 1819, when Maelzel again appeared with the Chess Automaton in London.

Here the exhibition drew crowds of visitors, and excited universal admiration. The press teemed with compliments to the wooden player; and its success, as a curiosity, was considerably enhanced by the circumstance of its almost universally coming off victorious. Maelzel well knew that the effect produced by the exhibition would be incalculably greater in proportion to the skill displayed by the figure. He engaged the powerful assistance of a first-rate English player, who conducted the Automaton for something like a twelvemonth; at the end of which time he was relieved from his laborious duty by the celebrated Mouret, one of the first players in France.

Mouret was a chess-player of the Deschappelles' school, and stood deservedly high on the list of great players. His game was, perhaps, less brilliant than sound and sure. To make the play of the Automaton still more striking, it was now resolved that it should give the odds of pawn and move to all comers. Under the inspiration of Mouret, it accomplished this, hardly losing one game in a hundred. Fifty of the games played during the Siamese-twins-like connexion of Mouret and the Automaton (body and board), were taken down, in 1820, by Mr. Hunneman, and published in a small volume. These games contain a fair specimen of Mouret's great skill,

and embody some beautiful emanations of genius. Throughout the whole, he gives the pawn and move, numbering among his opponents Messrs. Brand, Cochrane, Keen, and Mercier,—some of the first chess-players of the time. Mouret, be it stated, *en passant*, had the honour of being chess-teacher to the family of Louis Philippe, king of the French. Every encouragement was given by the chess circle to Mouret's talent; but he unhappily formed habits of dissipation fatal to his respectability and standing in society. He burnt out his brain with brandy, and died recently in Paris, reduced to the extremest stage of misery and degradation.

While the Automaton made this, his farewell visit to London, several published essays appeared on the subject. One of these, by an Oxford graduate (*Observations on the Automaton Chess-Player*, 8vo. London, 1819), gives a full description of the figure, and its mode of playing; which was but slightly varied, and that in unimportant points, from what the Automaton appeared as originally fabricated by Kempeleu. Its present proprietor had thrown the casket overboard; but gave equal facilities of inspection to the assembled crowd. He held a lighted candle in the interior before playing, to shew up even its remotest corners, and then left the candle burning on an adjoining slab. The Oxford graduate owns, that, with all his research, he could not solve the enigma; and dismisses it with a parcel of "probablys," leading to no conclusion whatever.

In that wherein Oxford failed, Cambridge was more successful. Mr. Robert Willis, of the University of Cambridge, gave the British public, in 1821, an interesting work on the subject, in which he builds up a hypothesis, partly, but not wholly, based on truth, as will be presently seen (*An Attempt to Analyse the Automaton Chess-Player*. 8vo. London, 1821). Mr. Willis fairly proves, by figures and drawings, that a man may be concealed in the chest, able to overlook the board through the stuff waistcoat of the figure; having shifted his position in his lonely little cell several times, while the different parts of the apparatus were being exposed successively to view. This is something like the view of the subject originally taken by Thicknesse; but it is now beautifully and exactly made

out even to demonstration, by the aid of a skilful draughtsman and mechanist. Dr. Brewster, in his clever work on natural magic, has copied his account of the Automaton from the work of our Cantab; but neither he nor Willis appear sufficiently to have taken into consideration the almost utter impossibility of the concealed man's being impervious to detection, with merely a veil between him and the public. The least sound or motion would, in such case, destroy the illusion, and his very breathing would infallibly lead to ultimate exposure.

Throughout the preceding pages of this essay, although we have said, probably, sufficient to put our readers on the right track, as to finding their own way to the centre of the Cretan labyrinth of which we write; yet have we purposely deferred fully uncovering our Mokanna prematurely to the gaze of the multitude. We now proceed to give our own explanation of the whole affair, and in so doing shall turn the Automaton Chess-player inside out. Our early reading supplies our memory with a bit of *Sandford and Merton*, in which one of the boys is deservedly reprimanded for taking the bread out of the mouth of a juggler, at the country fair, through neutralising a portion of his legerdemain by public exposure; and, for a somewhat similar reason, never should our good goose-quill have dissected the Chess Automaton without fair and sufficient cause. Still this demands explanation. The two cases of the juggler and the Automaton, placed in juxtaposition, are by no means analogous. The conjuror at once honourably admits that he works by sleight of wrist,—by confederacy,—and also by previously combining certain laws of nature, and established causes of effect, to produce corresponding results unknown to the vulgar. The Chess-Automaton, on the other hand, stood before its patrons with a lie in its mouth; dipping his timber fingers saucily into the pockets of the lies, under most foul and false pretences. Had the gulled mob opened their wits as wide as they did eyes and mouth, they would probably have broken Mr. Automaton's head; and in so doing would have incurred as little reasonable or legal blame for assault and battery as they would do for ducking a convicted handkerchief-conveyancer. Other causes combine to

give us absolution in the performance of our task. De Kempelen, Maelzel, and Mouret, are now all dead, and the Chess-Automaton will probably never revisit our shores. Mouret sold the secrets of his prison-house to the French penny magazine; and M. De Tournay, a member of the Paris chess-club, has also published an abstract of the matter in the *Palamède*. No one scruple of delicacy can cause us longer to refrain from completely unmasking this clever piece of sheer impudent imposture.

The man who really played the Chess-Automaton was concealed in the chest. Such, in half-a-dozen words, is the sum and substance of the whole truth of the contrivance; but the manner in which his concealment was managed is as curious as ingenious.

He sat on a low species of stool, moving on castors, or wheels, and had every facility afforded him of changing and shifting his position, like an eel. While one part of the machine was shewn to the public, he took refuge in another; now lying down, now kneeling; placing his body in all sorts of positions, studied beforehand, and all assumed in regular rotation, like the *a b c* of a catechism. The interior pieces of clock-work—the wheels, and make-weight apparatus—were all equally movable; and additional assistance was thus yielded to the fraud. Even the trunk of the Automaton was used as a hiding-place, in its turn, for part of the player's body. A very short amount of practice, by way of rehearsal, was found sufficient to meet the purposes of the occasion; and one regular order being observed by the two confederates as to the opening the machine, a mistake rarely or never occurred. Should any thing go radically wrong, the prisoner had the means of telegraphing his gaoler, and the performance could be suspended.

"But," says the reader, "what becomes of the vast apparatus of wheels, springs, levers, and caskets, which we ourselves saw? Why did Maelzel require to wind up his man of wood and brass?" The answer is short. These things were the dust thrown in the eyes of the public. The mind of the gaping spectator dwelt on the sound of springs and wheels, and was thus diverted from the main question. Mr. Willis, of Cambridge, with considerable sagacity, drew an inference from the

winding up, by Maelzel, of the machine, rather different to that which was intended. Take his own words:—

"In all machinery requiring to be wound up, two consequences are inseparable from the construction. The first is, that in winding up the machinery the key is limited in the number of its revolutions; and the second is, that some relative proportion must be constantly maintained betwixt the winding up and the work performed, in order to enable the machine to continue its movements. Now, these results are not observable in the Chess-player; for the Automaton will sometimes execute sixty-three moves with only one winding-up; at other times, the exhibitor has been observed to repeat the winding-up after seven moves, and even three moves; and once, probably from inadvertence, without the intervention of a single move; whilst in every instance the key appeared to perform the same number of revolutions; evincing, thereby, that the revolving axis was unconnected with machinery; except, perhaps, a ratchet wheel and click, or some similar apparatus, to enable it to produce the necessary sounds; and, consequently, that the key, like that of a child's watch, might be turned whenever the purposes of the exhibition seemed to require it."

Had the deluded public reasoned on the matter earlier, in this close and shrewd manner, verily King Automaton would have been speedily deposed from his high places.

"But, again," objects a friend, "how could a man be concealed in the interior, when we saw all of that interior displayed at once?" The same supposition was adopted by the original describer, Windisch; and herein again lay the real merit of the inventor,—that he ingeniously caused the public thus to believe they saw the whole at once, when, in reality, they saw its different compartments but in detail. Certain doors dropped and closed of themselves, with spring locks; others were opened in their places. The machine was turned round, but still was never wholly exposed to view at once. It becomes perfectly ludicrous to read over again Windisch's glowing description of the miraculous monster, when we find that even a reference to his own drawings shews that at the time he says all the doors were open, two were closed; and, doubtless, many of our readers who saw the Automaton in Spring Gardens, or St. James's

Street, will recollect that, after the pretended investigation, which so irresistibly reminds us of the Trojans probing the Greek wooden horse, all the doors were locked before the machine played. It is evident, that had the thing been, as pretended, a creation wholly of brass, and wood, and steel, the cause of the inventor would have been strengthened by allowing the whole of the interior to remain open while set in action; for there could have been but little fear of a spectator carrying away the plan, so as to form a second Dromio. The secret once known, how clear a meaning is thrown on the words of De Kempelen, as to its being a mere bagatelle, or trifle. It was, indeed, just that sort of clever hoax an artist of first-rate genius might form to please the mob of society; but no wonder he shrunk from the eulogiums lavishly bestowed upon his Caliban, when he found his jest was construed into earnest; and that men rushed, so very open-mouthed, to drain the cup of credulity.

Every adjunct that intellect could devise was skilfully superadded, to enhance the marvel. The machine was railed off, for a *now* tolerably clear reason; and a lighted candle having been first introduced into the body of the Automaton, to show the interior, *at a moment nothing could be seen*, was purposely left burning close at hand, in order to prevent any inopportune rays of light flashing from the interior, where a second candle was necessarily in process of ignition.

The director of the Automaton was quietly seated, then, in the interior. All public inspection over, and the doors being safely closed, he had only to make himself as comfortable as he could under existing circumstances. A wax candle supplied him with light, which the candle burning outside prevented being observed; and due measures were taken that he should not die for want of oxygen. Whether he was furnished with bread, meat, and wine, these deponents say not.

To direct the arm of the Automaton, the concealed confederate had but to set in motion a simple sort of spring, which caused its fingers to grasp the man he chose to play, and guide it to the performance of its task. To make the figure articulate check, nod its head, or perform other fooleries, similar strings, or wires, required but a pull. It must be observed, that care was

taken the performance should never last so long as to fatigue the player to exhaustion. We have before remarked, that the Automaton's chess-board and men were placed in public view before him. The concealed player possessed in the interior a second, and smaller, board, with the men pegged into it, as if for travelling. On this he repeated the move played by the antagonist of the Automaton, and on this he likewise concocted his scheme of action, and made his answer, before playing it on the Automaton's own board, through the agency of Mr. Wood's digits. A very interesting and ingenious part of the secret consists in the manner in which the move played by the stranger was communicated to the concealed artist; and on this, in point of reality, turned the whole thing. A third chess-board, blank, with the squares numbered according to the usual mode of chess notation, was fixed, as it were, in the ceiling of the interior; thus forming the reverse of the table on which the Automaton really appeared to play. Now, the men with which the Automaton conducted his game were all duly magnetised at the foot; and the move being made above, the magnets on the pieces moved set in motion certain knobs, or metallic indices, adapted to each square of the board on the reverse; and thus was the requisite knowledge of the move played communicated to Jack-in-the-box. To illustrate this more clearly would require the aid of engravings; but we have given the explanation at least sufficiently distinct for our purpose. The real Simon Pure, shut up in his cell, saw by the light of his taper the metallic knobs, or indices, above, vibrating, so as to mark the move just played. He repeated this move on his own little board, calculated his answering "coup," and guided the Automaton's fingers, in order to its being duly performed. The happy association of magnetism with the figure, thus hit upon by De Kempelen, was probably suggested to him by the magnetic experiments of Pelletier, at the court of the empress.

Tedious as a "twice-told tale," is the dwelling too long on the reading a riddle. When known, its solution seems simple enough; but the difficulty lies in its original construction. The Automaton Chess-player affords strong evidence of the fallibility of human

judgment and human testimony. Thousands of individuals have seen its performance in Spring Gardens, and St. James's Street, who would have had no scruple about taking their oaths that they had viewed the whole of the interior of the engine at once. In this respect, the ingenuity displayed by its original constructor is above praise. Man loves so to be duped!

In estimating the difficulty of the problem, be it remembered, that *it was never solved*, until one of the parties implicated in the fraud turned king's evidence. Several persons almost hit the mark; but none fairly planted his arrow in the gold. Had such been the case, a double of the Automaton would probably have started; indeed, as it is, we are of opinion that a similar figure would prove a first-rate speculation, in a pecuniary point of view, could the moving principle of action be changed, as it easily might, by a clever mechanician. A man inside will, most assuredly, never again work the charm; but, advanced as is science during the present generation, a Brunel or a Stephenson could easily, and successfully, vary the deception.

Referring back to our definition of the word automaton, it must now be clear that De Kempelen's figure came not within the meaning of the phrase. "The movements which spring from mechanism," says Mr. Willis, most truly, "are necessarily limited, and uniform. It cannot usurp and exercise the faculties of mind. It cannot be made to vary its operations, so as to meet the ever-varying circumstances of a game at chess."

The history of the Chess-playing Automaton, subsequently to 1820, may be shortly summed up. Having travelled over the greater part of Europe, it was transported to the United States of America, where for a time it proved that the natives of the New World were made of the same stuff as their elder brethren. Jonathan dropped his dollars freely; and the calculating spirit of the land of stripes and stars, Methodist conventicles and chained slaves, slumbered beneath the spell of Maelzel's magic. A German accompanied it, as holding the important post of invisible demonstrator, ordinary and extraordinary. Lynch-law would, doubtless, have been awarded the trio, had the secret been discovered in that sweet land of liberty!

Carrying out the same principle of conduct, the Automaton subsequently took to playing whist, as well as chess. For some years, latterly, the figure has lain in a state of inglorious repose in a warehouse at New Orleans; and there we leave him, fearing the word *resurgam* may not be applied to its escutcheon. A similar bubble once blown becomes for ever exploded in its pristine form.

Many must be the adventures of the Automaton, lost, unhappily, to the knowledge of man. A being that kept so much good company, during so long a space of time, must, indeed, have gone through an infinity of interesting events. In this age of autobiography, when so many wooden men and women have the assurance to thrust their personal memoirs on the world, a book on the life and adventures of the Automaton Chess-player would surely be received with proportionate interest. We ourselves recollect once hearing some amusing anecdotes of the thing from Mouret himself. Our limits permit our quoting but a couple of these logwood reminiscences, which we give, by way of wind-up.

In a journey once through a remote part of Germany, the Automaton set up his tent in a small town, where a professor of legerdemain being already in possession of the field, a clash between the interests of the two parties was unavoidable. The Automaton, as the monster of later arrival, naturally put the conjuror on the shelf; and poor Hocus-pocus, in the energies developed by famine, conversant as he was with the art he professed, discovered his rival's secret the first time he witnessed the show. Backed by an accomplice, the conjuror raised a sudden cry of, "Fire! fire!" The spectators began to rush forth in alarm; and the Automaton, violently impelled by the struggles of its inward man, suddenly rolled head over heels on the floor. Maelzel flew to the rescue, and dropped the curtain, before terror had quite driven the imprisoned imp to burst its chain, and rush to daylight.

On another occasion, Messrs. Maelzel and Mouret were exhibiting the Automaton at Amsterdam, when it happened that the former was indebted in a considerable sum of money, relatively speaking, to his agent for his services. In fact, Maelzel, acting on the philosophical aphorism of "base is

the slave who pays," had not given poor Mouret a shilling for a twelve-month; and the latter found that, although a spirit of darkness, he could not live upon air. Mouret was lodged and boarded, but wanted also to eat. It so chanced, under these circumstances, that one day the King of Holland sent a messenger to engage the chief part of the exhibition-hall that morning, for himself and court; and kindly seconded his royal command by the sum of three thousand florins, sent by the same courier. Maelzel proclaims the good tidings; a splendid breakfast is prepared; Mouret is pressed to eat and drink; and the parties are naturally delighted at the pleasing prospect of checkmating royalty. Maelzel hastens to arrange every preparation for receiving the Dutch monarch with "all the honours." The exhibition was to commence at half-past twelve; but, although noon had struck on every clock in the city, Mouret was not at his post. Maelzel inquires the reason, and is told that Mouret has got a fever, and gone to bed. The German flew to the Frenchman's chamber, and found half the story at least to be correct; for there, sure enough, lay Mouret, snugly tucked up in the blankets. "What is the meaning of this?" "I have a fever." "But you were very well just now?" "Yes; but this disorder—O ciel!—

has come on suddenly." "But the king is coming." "Let him go back again!" "But what shall I say to him?" "Tell him—mon Dieu!—tell him the Automaton has a sore throat!" "Can you jest at such a moment? Consider the money I have received, and that we shall have the saloon full." "Well, Mynheer Maelzel, you can return the money." "Pray, pray, get up!" "I cannot." "What can I do to restore you?" "Pay me the fifteen hundred francs you owe me!" "This evening!" "No; pay me now—this moment; money down, or I leave not my bed!" The case was urgent, and the means of restoration to health, however desperate, must be adopted. With a heavy sigh, Maelzel told down the cash; and never had the Automaton played with so much inward unction as he did that morning. The king declined compromising royalty by entering the lists himself; but placed his minister-of-war in the opposition chair, and graciously condescended to offer his royal advice in each critical situation of the pieces. The coalition was beaten, and the surrounding courtiers, of course, attributed defeat solely to the bad play of the minister-of-war! G. W.

*Westminster Chess Club,
26 Charles Street, Waterloo Place,
May 1839.*

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN.

No. V.

CHARON; OR, THE LOOKERS-ON.

THIS dramatic sketch — [“prior pars dialogi etiam *δραματικὴ* est,” says Petrus Mosellanus in his *Argumentum*, he might have extended the description to all parts] — is a sort of prototype of the *Diable Boiteux*; of which, however, the *Cobbler and the Cock* is the direct original. It bears a resemblance, also, to a much graver work—the *Paradise Regained*. Satan there takes our Saviour to a mountain to behold the kingdoms of the earth, and all their glory. Among other things, he is shewn the eastern kingdoms, at the time when

“The Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste,” &c.

Par. Reg. book iii. pp. 299–303.

On which Dunster remarks, “In the *Charon*, or *ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΥΝΤΕΣ* of *Lucian*, Mercury, in a similar manner, shews and describes to Charon, Cyrus marching on his expedition against Cræsus.” Having explained who Cyrus is, and having related his former conquests, he says, *καὶ ΝΤΝ ἱλασμένοι ἐπὶ Λυδίας τοῖσιν, ὡς κατέλαιν τὴν Κροῖσον ἀρχαὶ πάντων*. c. 9. This dialogue of Lucian is not without its resemblance, in other respects, to this part of our author's poem. Mercury, to gratify Charon in a short time with a full view of what is passing in the world, tells him that he must devise “a specular mount” on purpose—*τὴν ἰακὴν ΣΚΟΠΗΝ*. This he does by piling Pelion on Ossa, and Cæta and Parnassus on these. He then shews his friend an “outstretched prospect” of land and water, *γῆν πολλὰν* *καὶ ὄρη, καὶ ποταμούς*. Charon afterwards desires to see Nineveh, Babylon, and other famous cities of antiquity. The first of these, Mercury tells him, has been so completely destroyed, that no traces of it remain. The second he shews, and it may be remarked, describes it *ὑπεργῶς*, and *τοὺς μεγάλους πειρῶντας [ἰχθυόσας]*, which is very similar to our poets, “*Huge cities, and high towered.*” Ver. 261, *supra*, i. e. in *P. R.* The passage in Lucian to which Dunster refers is translated below, v. 592–603. We reserve for another occasion some remarks on the peculiar vein and the contracted theatre of Lucian's satires.

SCENE IV.

CHARON and MERCURY on Parnassus surveying the earth.

Cha. (looking towards Samos.) But who is he clad in a purple robe;
He with the diadem, to whom the cook 365
Offers a ring found in a cut-up fish?

“*In sea-girt isle, he boasts to be a king.*”

Mer. Well imitated, Charon! Thou beholdest
Polycrates, the Samian tyrant, who 370
Thinks he enjoys the height of happiness.
And yet he, too, betrayed by his domestic,
There standing by, Mæandrius, to the satrap,
Orætes, shall be crucified. Poor wretch!
All in a moment falling from his bliss.
This, too, I lately heard from Clotho.

Cha. Bravely, 375
Good Clotho! place them on the blazing pile;^a
Nail them to crosses, and lop off their heads,
That they may know that they are men. So far
Uplift them, as to make their fall more terrible;
And I shall laugh when recognising each, 380
I see him naked in my ferry-boat,
Shorn of the purple robe, and golden throne,
And proud tiara!

Mer. Such the fate of these.

But, Charon, look upon yon multitude :
Sailing or fighting, pleading in the courts, 385
Tilling the land, or taking usances,
Or begging.

Cha. I behold a motley crowd,
And life replete with discord. And their towns
Like hives, where each with his own sting is armed
To sting his neighbour ; while the few, like wasps, 390
Harass and rob the weaker. But explain ;
What is yon shadowy host that hovers round them ?

Mer. Hope, Fear, and Folly ; Pleasure, Avarice,
Anger, and Hatred, and the other passions.
Of these commingling with the crowd below, 395
See Ignorance ; and linked as brother-burghers,
Dwell with them Hate, Rage, Avarice, and Envy ;
Ay, and Perplexity and Want-of-knowledge.
But Fear and Hopes still keep their flight above ;
The one down-dropping sometimes fills the heart 400
With terror or amazement, and the others
Hovering o'er head, where many attempts to catch them
Soaring aloft escape, and leave him gaping.

Just what you see in the infernal world
By Tantalus is suffered. If thou lookest 405
With more attentive gaze, thine eye will see
The Fates themselves from off their distaff spinning
Some slender threads on which it is the doom
That all mankind must hang. Dost thou not mark
Something like spiders' webs spun from the distaff 410
Attached to every man ?

Cha. I see some thin
And tangled skeins, to each his several thread.

Mer. Right, Charon, for it is decreed that this man
Is to be slain by that ; that one should be
Heir of the other with a shorter thread, 415
And so forth ; for so means the intertwisting.
Seest thou not then upon what slender strings
All are suspended ? One man lifted up
Appears sublime ; but, a short moment after,
On breaking of his thread, no longer able 420
To bear against the weight, he, tumbling down,
Will make a mighty clatter ; while another,
Raised but a petty distance from the earth,
Will, when he falls, lie noiseless, even his neighbours
Scarce hearing of his drop.

Cha. For endless laughing, 425
All this is matter, Mercury.

Mer. Nay, Charon,
Thou scarce canst tell how worthy of derision
Are all their over-anxious cares and hopes,
'Mid which it is their doom to part the world,
Hurried away by that good fellow, Death.^b 430
Many thou seest, his messengers and servants ;^c
Hot and cold fever, peripneumony,
Consumption, and the sword, and poison-cup ;
Banditti, judges, tyrants. None of these
Enter their minds while they are doing well ; 435
But when they make a slip, then loud the cry
Of " Out, alas !" " oh, oh !" and " wo is me !"
But if from the first moment of their starting,
They had reflected they were doomed to die ;
And after a brief sojourning in life, 440
Should their departure take as from a dream,
Leaving all earthly things behind, they would

- Have lived much happier, and been less afflicted
 When death arrived at last. But now they hope
 For ever to enjoy their present life; 445
 And, therefore, when Death's minister arrives
 To lead them off as prisoners, fettering them
 With fever or consumption, they are wroth
 At the abduction, never having looked
 To being thus dragged away from things around them. 450
 What would he do who now with eager haste
 Builds up a mansion, urging on his workmen,
 Were he to learn his house indeed shall be
 Brought to completion; but that, for himself,
 He shall survive but to place on the roof, 455
 And then depart, leaving it for his heir's
 Enjoyment; he, its luckless master, never
 Even having supped within its walls? See him,
 Rejoicing that his wife hath borne a son,
 Calling his friends to feast; and to the child 460
 Giving its father's name. If he should know
 That at seven years of age the boy would die,
 Would he delight so keenly at the birth?
 But he rejoices, for he sees a father
 Proud of his son, the wrestler who has conquered 465
 At the Olympic games. He sees not him
 Who to the funeral pile bears forth his child,
 And knows not with what thread the new-born boy
 May be suspended. See how many wrangle
 About their landmarks, or keep gathering riches, 470
 Till called off by those messengers and agents,
 Of whom I spoke, before they can enjoy them.
Cha. I see all this, and ponder with myself
 What pleasure is in life, or why they grieve
 On parting with it.
- Mer.* Nay, behold their kings 475
 Who seem the happiest of the race, beyond
 The uncertainty, and as it were the doubt
 Of fortune; even with them it will be found
 The bitter far preponderates o'er the sweet.
 Around them spread fears, discord, hatred, plots, 480
 Anger, and flattery. To all of these
 Are kings exposed. I pass disease, and passions
 Which by the common lot of man are theirs.
 And when we know such ills attend the great,
 We may conjecture what are the afflictions 485
 Of those in humble station.
- Cha.* Mercury,
 Fain would I tell thee what to me appears
 These mortals and their lives all to resemble.
 Hast thou not sometimes seen upon the water^d
 The bubbles raised by some down-dashing stream;— 490
 I mean those air-blown things that make up froth?
 Now, some of them are small, and burst at once;
 But some last longer, and, collecting others
 Around them, swell to larger size, and boast 495
 A bulkier volume; but at last they, too,
 Are doomed to burst: it can't be otherwise.
 Such is the life of mankind—all swoll up
 With like inflation—greater some, some smaller;
 Of short continuance some, and speedy fate;
 Some even expire the moment they exist; 500
 But all must burst,—so wills necessity.
- Mer.* Thy simile, Charon, is not worse than Homer's,
 Who likens men unto the race of leaves.*

Cha. Then, being such thou seest what they are doing ;
 How they dispute, as rivals with each other ; 505
 For empires, honours, riches, still contending,—
 All which they must abandon, and come down
 To us of the nether world with but one penny.
 Should I not, then, being here thus perched on high,
 Exhort them, crying out with mighty voice, 510
 To cease their idle labours, and to live
 With death for ever set before their eyes ?
 Should not I say, “ O fools ! why take such thought
 About these matters ? Lay aside your toils ;
 You will not live for ever ; nothing here 515
 Esteemed illustrious is of endless date ;
 Not one of you will at his death-day bear
 Such things along with him. Inevitably
 He must depart in nakedness ; his house,
 And lands, and gold, transferred away to others,— 520
 Shifting their masters.” If I were to speak
 These words, and others of a similar strain,
 From such a place as they might well be heard,
 Should I not, think'st thou, much advantage life,
 And make men far the wiser ?

Mer. My good friend, 525
 Thou know'st not how deceit and ignorance
 Have so possessed them, that not even a borer
 Can pierce their ears, as thickly stuffed with wax
 By them, as by Ulysses were the ears
 Stuffed of his sailors, when he feared the Sirens. 530
 They could not hear thee wert thou even to burst
 Thy lungs with shouting. What the stream of Lethe
 Effects with you below is here by ignorance
 Effected. There are some, indeed—a few—
 Who have not with this wax so crammed the ear ; 535
 They bend towards truth, and with a keen, sharp eye,
 Scanning the matters of this world, discern
 What 't is they truly are.

Cha. Why cry we not
 Our warning, then, to them ?

Mer. Superfluous task 540
 To tell them what they know. Dost thou not see
 How, standing from the many all aloof,
 They laugh at things of life, and by no means,—
 By no means whatsoe'er,—are pleased with them ;
 But without question meditate escape
 From life to you, which makes the others hate them, 545
 And censure them for folly ?

Cha. Noble fellows !
 Bravo ! I say. But they are very few.

Mer. They are quite sufficient. Let's now descend.

Cha. Nay, Mercury, one thing more ; and that being shewn,
 Thou wilt have then completed our review : 550
 I wish to see those last receptacles
 Where they inlume their bodies.

Mer. These they call 555
 Tombs, sepulchres, and monuments, good Charon.
 Thou seest outside the towns those heaps of earth,
 Pillars and pyramids ? These are cemeteries,
 And storehouses of bodies.

Cha. Why, then, crown they
 These stones, and why with unguent rich anoint them ?
 And why do some, heaping a funeral pile
 Before the mounds, and digging out a trench,

- Burn sumptuous viands there, and in the ditches
Pour, if I right conjecture, mead and wine ? 560
- Mer.* I know not, ferryman, what use it can be
To those in Hades ; but it is believed
That souls returning from the world below
Will come to supper—very probable ! 565
Hovering about the savour and the smoke,
And from the trench will drink up the metheglin.
- Cha.* They eat or drink whose skulls are dry in dust !
But 't is ridiculous to tell thee this,
Whose daily task it is to bring them down. 570
Well dost thou know if they can back return,
Once having lain in earth ! And I too, Mercury,
Would be but drolly used, who as it is
Have quite enough to do, if I were bound
Not only to act ferryman, and take 575
The dead across, but row them back again
On drinking expedition. Foolish men !
What madness not to know how wide the bounds
Which part the business of the quick and dead,
And how we manage matters. 580
"The tombless man, and he who owns a tomb,
Alike are dead. Irus, the beggar, lies
With regal Agamemnon in like doom ;
With bright-haired Thetis' son Thersites vies.
For all are shadowy tribes of dead who dwell 585
Pitiless and bare in meads of asphodel."†
- Mer.* By Hercules ! how great a gush of Homer
Hast thou pumped up ! But now, as thou remindest me,
I wish to point thee out Achilles' tomb.
See, there 't is, by the sea-side, at Sigæum ; 590
And at Rhætæum, opposite, lies Ajax.
- Cha.* No mighty tombs. Shew me those famous cities
So spoken of below,—as Nineveh,
Sardanapalus' city, Babylon,
Mycenæ, and Cleone—Troy itself. 595
Well I remember ferrying thence across,
For ten whole years, so great a multitude,
That I could find no time either to land
Or dry my boat.
- Mer.* For Nineveh, 't is gone,
And not a single trace remains of it— 600
We scarce can tell where once it stood ; and Babylon,
There 't is before thee, with its well-built towers
And wide circumference—in no long time,
Hard to be found as Nineveh. Mycenæ
I should be shamed to shew thee, or Cleone, 605
And still more Ilion ; for I know full well,
That on returning thou wouldst strangle Homer
For his high-sounding verses. But they once
Were famous, though they now are dead ; for cities
Die, ferryman, as men : and, what is stranger, 610
Rivers die too. The stream of Inachus
Exists no more in Argos.
- Cha.* Wo upon
The epithets of Homer, and his praises !
"Wide-streeted, consecrated Ilion," and
"Cleone, nobly built !" But, while we speak, 615
What men are these engaged in fight, and why
Slaughter they one another ?
- Mer.* Thou beholdest
The Argives, and the men of Lacedæmon,

Under Othryades, their half-dead general,
With his own blood inscribing there a trophy. 620

Cha. What, Mercury, the cause of war ?

Mer. That field

On which they now are fighting.

Cha. Oh, what madness !

They know not how, if each of them possessed

Peloponnesus all entire, that scarce

A foot of ground would Æacus allot them. 625

In other times shall others till this field,

With ploughshare oft upturning from the furrow

This very trophy.

Mer. So these things shall be.

Now we descend ; and placing back the mountains,

Let us depart, I to perform my mission, 630

Thou to thy ferry-boat. I soon shall come

To see thee, with my convoy of the dead. [*Exit MERCURY.*]

Cha. (*alone*). Kindly done, Mercury ; thou shalt ever be

Marked as a benefactor. Thou hast given me

A knowledge of the affairs of wretched mankind. 635

Kings, golden ingots, hecatombs, and battles !

No thought of Charon ! [*Exit.*]

^a 376. In the received text, ἰδγν, ὃ Κλωδοῖ, γυνικῶς καὶ αὐτοῦς, ὃ ἐλπίστου, καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀποτίμνι, καὶ ἀνασκαλότηζι. The ordinary construction of καὶ αὐτοῦς καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀποτίμνι—cut off themselves and their heads—is not tolerable in any language, much less in Greek. Read, by a slight change, καὶ αὐτοῦς—burn them—cut off their heads. Of the three examples of the mutability of fortune here shewn to Charon, one, Cræsus, was destined to the pile—Charon, not being in the secrets of Clotho, did not know that he was saved there, and therefore must have concluded that he was burnt, as Mercury said nothing to the contrary ; Cyrus was beheaded, and Polyocrates crucified. Our version is made after the conjectural reading.

^b 430. Ὑπὸ τοῦ ἐλπίστου θανάτου.

^c 431. The reader of *Paradise Lost* will be reminded of the “many shapes of death, all dismal,” exhibited by Michael to Adam, in the eleventh book. Milton does not forget “all feverous kinds.” Here ἡπίαλοι καὶ πυρετοὶ—febres, tum fervidæ, tum frigidæ (Latinis veteribus querceræ dictæ).—*Mosellanus*.

^d 488. Cognatus waxes poetic on this comparison. “Vitas hominum bullis similes facit: quorum aliæ simulatque natæ sunt protinus evanescent; aliæ paulo diutius durant: omnes brevissimis quibusdam intervallis, aliæ succedunt aliis. Neque quicquam profecto potuit excogitari quod melius representaret quam nihil sit hæc vita nostra qua nihil fragilius nihil fugacius nihil inanius. Unde homines Homero μινυθάδναι sunt, cito perituri, sicut *Iliad* ε. Idemque eum foliis conferuntur quorum alia ventus humi prostrernit alia virescunt tempore verno. Et hoc sibi vult proverbium ab Erasmo nostro copiosissime explanatum, huic loco plurimum inserviens, Homo bulla. Est enim bulla tumor ille inanis, qui visitur in aquis, momenti temporis enascens simul, et evanescens.” This last sentence has a strange resemblance to Burns:

“’Tis like a snow-flake in the river—
A moment bright, then gone for ever.”

^e 502. *Il.* ζ. 146. οἷη τις φύλλον, κ. τ. λ.

^f 585. The preceding verses are collected from different parts of Homer, very prettily translated into Latin by *Mosellanus*.

^g 610. We translate after the reading Ινάχου—τάφρος, not Ιαχου τάφος of the ordinary text.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

GREAT SIR,—The reception you meet in all the parts of England you visit is, I understand, highly gratifying to your imperial highness. You did all that was expected of you, and a great deal more. You are a good-looking young man, full of promise and punch, and will, I doubt not, turn out a respectable sort of Emperor of Russia, as things go.

I am old enough to be your father, and therefore have no sort of hesitation in saying, that you have done the thing well. You were sent here to conciliate us by means of some humbug or political rascality; and you *have* conciliated us, by the candour, good-nature, and generous and honourable bearing of yourself. You are too young a lad to know that we can see as far through a millstone as our neighbours—and all the prepared part of the play you are performing is not worth a button. You yourself, personally yourself—listen to me—and some things which we hope or imagine came personally from yourself, are what we, the John Bull sort of people, like; no Pozzo rubbish, no nonsense of the old, long-handled, well-oiled, feather-sprung, ever-ready-to-go-off, lying-at-the-moment's notice. That you are popular, as, indeed, you appear to be, is due to *yourself*. Believe me in that. You are rich, therefore worshipped in England, as the heir-apparent of the devil would be under like circumstances, by the money-snuffers; you wish to show yourself disposed to be good-natured, which naturally wins the favour of the populace; and the gentlemen of the country desire to honour you for your rank. There is a base fancy afloat among the snobs of high name or low name, that it is something fine to insult men of hereditary station. Grovelling creatures like these, your clapping silences; and if the

loftiness of the position which in the course of nature you are destined to assume adds to you not a farthingsworth of moral elevation in the eyes of the noblemen of nature, they render you due homage, because they know that gradations in society can be fitly honoured by a regulated submission, which exacts in its deference as much consideration as it bestows.

But, to escape from this. I think your imperial highness has arrived here at the most fitting moment for affording a person of your place in European society matter for the due appreciation of the value of that “constitutional principle,” that “representative government,” that “responsibility to the people,” that “defiance of the aristocracy,” that “resistance to the power of the crown which has increased, still increases, and ought to be diminished;” that noble-minded and disinterested hatred of “backstairs influence,” and all the other wondrous matters which have no doubt been held out to you as things to be dreaded by the czar, the calmuct, the despot, the tyrant, the—and-so-forth, of all the Russias.

There is not one of those names, including the last, viz. the and-so-forth (in which I mean to include every title of abuse whatever, that may be imagined) that has not been applied to your father and his predecessors by the Whigs. God help you! if you were to read a speech of one Tom Duncombe [he is a playing man at Crockford's, now somewhat advanced in years, returned to parliament for Finsbury, a district in London full of pickpockets and Puritans, of whom the latter, men who thrive by snuffing, are most active in support of their member who thrives by shuffling]—if you were to read, I say, one of the speeches of that honourable

gentleman, who is very busy playing his cards this very moment for a pretty good stake, you would imagine that your father is a mixture of cannibal, kangaroo, tiger, and ourang-outang, for daring to govern by himself, without regard to the constitutional assembly, parliament, chamber, closet, or whatever it is to be called.

Hereditary grand duke, know you not,
That those who are prime humbugs must
be Whigs?

Your father is abused because he suppresses or controls the senate of Cracow; all the fat is in the fire when he wishes to keep under salutary regulation the beggarly creatures of the serfholding municipalities of Warsaw, and other Polish or Lithuanian congregations of dunghills; and deep is the dolor expressed at his cruel trampling upon the tender and the weak. In good time have you come to see that very party from which those reproaches emanate, trampling on the constitution of Jamaica, kicking out a representative body, and threatening West Indian senators, if they do not submit to the dictation of the imperial parliament, with the same fate as that with which your father threatened the corporation of Warsaw, if the Polish burghers did not submit to the dictation of his imperial self. There is, however, Grand Duke, this main difference. Your father, when he threatened to turn the guns of the Alexander battery against the town which resisted his orders, spoke out like a man; he stuck to his principles, and gave them forth in glorious words, worthy of being written, as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* would say, in letters of gold upon pillars of alabaster—or if you like it better, in letters drawn by the knout on the backs of the hypocrite corporators whom he addressed; our constitution-thieving ministers display the same hatred of weak representative bodies in their

suppression of the Jamaica assembly, without any symptom whatever of your father's pluck. The Emperor Nicholas asserts *his* principle, viz. no constitutional assemblies at all; they shouting "The representative system for ever," and crushing it when they can, assert no other principle than that of sneaking—ay, *sneaking* is the word; it would be an affront to your father's system to bestow upon it the respectable appellation of *tyranny*.

If you have been what they call constitutionally educated, you must have heard of the omnipotence of parliament, which, no doubt, was a good phrase in its day—but that day is gone. It is over-controlled wholly and totally by the omnipotence of petticoat. When you go back, tell your father—of course he knows you are out, though some people's mothers do not know when *they* are out—that such things as houses of commons are stuff, mere bugbears—turnips stuck upon poles with lanterns in them, to frighten clowns and old women,—

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala,

[Get old Pozzo, who was once a pedagogue, to translate this for you]—and that he need not be afraid of them. We had a flashy speech-making man here some years ago of the name of Canning, and he used to say, among other very fine and very foolish things, that the extreme potency of parliament was one of those *arcana imperii* which should not be brought forward until the most pressing necessity called for its appearance;

Clothed with red lightning and tempestuous rage.

And certainly, in one sense, what the flashy man Canning said is true enough—for, when it is sought for, it is found to be so completely an *arcanum*, that nobody can find out the secret retreat in which it is deposited.

You have heard Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell declare that they had lost the confidence of both houses—they never had the confidence of the upper house to lose—and that therefore they resigned office. Here is triumph for parliament. Its omnipotence is confirmed in the forced resignation of the most tenacious placeholders in the world. Nothing, indeed, short of Almighty power seemed sufficient to unlock the vicelike grasp of the Whigs upon office and pay; and parliament having succeeded, might justly claim the resistless strength attributed to its red right hand when let loose. It was great.

"Who can resist the Omnipotent in arms?"

And what was the reply? TWO PAIRS OF PETTICOATS! A heavy declension! Go tell your father *that*, and beg of him never to fear the omnipotence of parliaments any more.

They tell us, Great Sir, that the only check on the despotism of the Emperors of Russia is the check-string. Your grandfather moved out of the world in that fashion. Now, as it has never been maintained by the most eager panegyrist of Russian practice that this particular species of Benthamic compensation for despotic rule should be performed in public, I do not know how it is to be arranged, except by a backstairs influence of a kind very stringent on the sovereign. There is to be a private committee, exercising an influence through the crown greater than that of the crown itself. This influence, in practice, must be found extremely inconvenient to the sovereign; and, in theory, has been condemned by all writers and reasoners on constitutional government as a most anomalous method of conveying the governing power into the hands of a small irresponsible clique, whose *arcanum imperii* is really effective—no blunted thunderbolt like that of our parliament. You can silence these fellows for ever, by proving (how-

ever personally unpleasant the ceremony might be to yourself, when in the exalted station which is peculiarly honoured by such a preventive check) that the same thing exists in this peculiarly favoured land of regulated liberty. The palace circle here does not exactly strangle the sovereign, but they muzzle her, and make her dance to their tune, as if she was a she-bear in leading-strings. You will not fail to remark that the north of England is in a proclaimed state of insurrection, and the ministers confess that they cannot govern the country. But what of that? Let the cotton-mills be burnt—it is of more importance that the queen should have Lady Normanby.

Canada is just over a rebellion, and a virulent border enemy waits but for a favourable opportunity to rekindle the civil war with unusual atrocities; the ministers confess themselves incapable of governing—but the queen must have the Duchess of Sutherland.

Jamaica, and all the West Indian islands, in fact, are discontented, and verging fast to destruction. The ministers confess themselves unable to govern—but the queen must have Lady Tavistock.

There is a war in India, and the East in general; how got up, fostered, and encouraged, it would be mere gammon in me to pretend to tell you [*γάμμος* is a Greek word which will be explained to you by Pozzo,—he having been long an eminent professor of the science], and serious apprehensions exist as to its consequences, immediate and remote. The ministers confess themselves incapable of government; but the queen must have Lady Portman.

The Exchequer, under the guidance of a little man of the name of Rice, who calls himself a West Briton, is running down at the rate of a hunt—though things there are not exactly at *sixes and sevens*, because, as the West Briton's countrymen would say, there is

a scarcity of *thirteens*. The ministers confess themselves incapable of governing; but the queen must have the friends of her youth.

Perish Ireland, Canada, Jamaica, India! Up with the Chartist, and down with the revenue! But eternal existence to the ladies of the court, as ordered by a minute of council, disinterestedly dictated and drawn up by their own husbands, brothers, and cousins, much to the edification of the world at large.

You see, then, Great Sir, that the court is every thing—the people nothing—the aristocracy nothing—the representative body nothing—colonies, provinces, revenues, nothing. A fig for the East Indies, give me Lady Normanby. Ditto for the West Indies—give me Lady Tavistock. This is what I call just, wise, rational, and philosophical government. You may also tell your father, that in promoting the interests of the court there is no need of sticking at “enormous lying.” In this case, for instance, it was found convenient to call a set of ladies—each of them old enough to be the queen’s mother, some, indeed, to be her grandmother—friends of her youth, the bereavement of whom would leave her halls desolate, and her young heart blighted in its tenderest affections; the fact being, that not one of them entered either hall or heart until after she came to the throne; and you well know how admirably these rhetorical artifices, as a late Greenwich pensioner, one Mr. Shiel, of whom you may perhaps have heard, is in the habit of calling them, succeeded with that portion of the country which is pleased to style itself the Public.

Your imperial highness may also tell your father not to be afraid of what is called the Liberal press. You can inform him that you have seen Whittle Harvey, who owned several Liberal papers, presented at court by a minister

in whom he said he had no confidence—Wakley, another Liberal writer, voting with the Whigs, whom he denounced in print—the *Morning Chronicle*—

[We decline publishing the remainder of this portion of the letter, partly through fear lest the friends of liberty of the press might invoke the libel law against us, partly because we have reason to know that the grand duke requires but little information as to the best mode of managing the free and independent press throughout Europe. We also suppress the remarks upon Palmerston—first, because it appears to us that they are dictated through some personal pique against that eminent statesman, whom we strongly suspect the writer has an idea of succeeding in office—secondly, because we do not see the use of wasting our pages upon what every body knows, viz. that old Cupid, the ancient drivel, as Sir Philip Sydney calls that venerable deity, has disgraced and damaged us in Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Mexico, Algiers, Circassia, all the world over—and, lastly, because we are too proud and patriotic to give old Pozzo the satisfaction of chuckling over the trophies he has obtained at the expense of his hapless tool. Telling the grand duke that Palmerston has been humbugged in every transaction by Russian intrigue, would be carrying coals to Newcastle.]

Finally, Great Sir, you know the scandalous stories that travellers circulate about the court of your great-grandmother,—Catherine, “the greatest of all conquerors and —” so forth. Of course, you are not so hot-blooded as Sir Archy MacSarcasm, who quarrelled about his great-grandmother’s reputation; and equally, of course, you have not come here to play Don Juan in the court of Queen Victoria. However, you may tell your father that he need not fret himself about the tales of his grandmama’s court, the Club Phy-

sique of Moscow, or other little curiosities reported by impertinent travellers, because you can inform him that calumnies of the same kind are propagated here, even in this most virtuous and unimpeachable court. You may tell him that it is said that the prime minister, old man as he is, has been a defendant in two crim. con. actions—that a member of the household, the Marquess of Headfort, had ten thousand pounds damages awarded against him in another—that the illustrious functionary with whom you are best acquainted, Palmerston the Great, has figured tenderly in police cases—that his own special friend, Durham, when he too was playing despot, selected as his special friends one gentleman who seduced his wife's sister, and another who was in Newgate for a year for debauching away a girl of fifteen—all these, and many, many other calumnies, are propagated—God send nothing more may be propagated—concerning Buckingham Palace: and when persons so pure as these cannot escape slander, how can the Russian court expect to get off free? Would it be believed that, in consequence of a late

delicate investigation, as people here call things that have no delicacy about them, some persons are found abandoned enough to suggest that there is a Miss Protasoff in our palace? You remember the verses in *Don Juan*—

“As also did Miss Protasoff then there,
Named, from her mystic office, ‘L’Eprou-
veuse,’

A term inexplicable to the Muse.”

What are the functions of this lady—what it was she desired to try—whether her name begins with N., T., or P., seem to be moot questions; but they positively say, not only that such an officeress exists, but that she keeps a *Clerk*.

On the whole, you must have learnt a good deal in England. [The rest of the letter is private, relating principally to money transactions of a delicate nature.]

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your Imperial Highness's
most devoted and
obedient servant,

MORGAN O'DONERTY.

*Reform Club, Pall Mall,
Monday.*

A SECOND LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS, BY MICHAEL
ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead.

MY DEAR BRICABRAC,—You, of course, remember the letter on the subject of our exhibitions which I addressed to you this time last year. As you are now lying at the Hôtel Dieu, wounded during the late unsuccessful *émancipation* (which I think, my dear friend, is the seventeenth you have been engaged in), and as the letter which I wrote last year was received with unbounded applause by the people here, and caused a sale of three or four editions of this Magazine, I cannot surely, my dear Bricabrac, do better than send you another sheet or two, which may console you under your present bereavement, and at the same time amuse the British public, who now know their friend Titmarsh as well as you in France know that little scamp Thiers.

Well, then, from Jack Straw's Castle, an hotel on Hampstead's breezy heath, which Keats, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, F. W. N. Bayly, and others of our choicest spirits, have often patronised, and a heath of which every pool, bramble, furze-bush-with-clothes-hanging-on-it-to-dry, steep, stock, stone, tree, lodging-house, and distant gloomy background of London city, or bright green stretch of sunshiny Hertfordshire meadows, has been depicted by our noble English landscape painter, Constable, in his own Constabulary way—at Jack Straw's Castle, I say, where I at this present moment am located (not that it matters in the least, but the world is always interested to know where men of genius are accustomed to disport themselves), I cannot do better than look over the heap of picture-gallery-catalogues which I brought with me from London, and communicate to you, my friend in Paris, my remarks thereon.

A man, with five shillings to spare, may at this present moment half kill himself with pleasure in London town, and in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, by going from one picture gallery to another, and examining the beauties and absurdities which are to be found in each. There is first the National Gallery (entrance, nothing), in one wing of the little gin-shop of a building

so styled near St. Martin's Church; in another wing is the exhibition of the Royal Academy (entrance, one shilling; catalogue, one ditto). After having seen this, you come to the Water-Colour Exhibition in Pall Mall East; then to the gallery in Suffolk Street; and, finally, to the New Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall,—a pretty room, which formerly used to be a gambling-house, where many a bout of seven's-the-main, and iced champagne, has been had by the dissipated in former days. All these collections (all the modern ones, that is) deserve to be noticed, and contain a deal of good, bad, and indifferent wares, as is the way with all other institutions in this wicked world.

Commençons donc avec le commencement—with the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which consists, as every body knows, of thirty-eight knight and esquire academicians, and nineteen simple and ungentle associates, who have not so much as a shabby Mister before their names. I recollect last year facetiously ranging these gentlemen in rank, according to what I conceived to be their merits,—King Mulready, Prince Mac-lise, Lord Landseer, Archbishop East-lake (according to the best of my memory, for Jack Straw, strange to say, does not take in *Fraser's Magazine*), and so on. At present, a great number of new comers, now associates even, ought to be elevated to these aristocratic dignities; and, perhaps, the order ought to be somewhat changed. There are many more good pictures (here and elsewhere) than there were last year. A great stride has been taken in matters of art, my dear friend. The young painters are stepping forward. Let the old fogies look to it; let the old Academic Olympians beware, for there are fellows among the rising race who bid fair to oust them from sovereignty. They have not yet arrived at the throne, to be sure, but they are near it. The lads are not so good as the best of the academicians; but many of the academicians are infinitely worse than the lads, and are old, stupid, and cannot improve, as the younger and more active painters will.

If you are particularly anxious to

know what is the best picture in the room, not the biggest (Sir David Wilkie's is the biggest, and exactly contrary to the best), I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esq. R.A., "The fighting *Téméraire*"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old *Téméraire* is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold gray moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the Agamemnon and the Captain, the Vanguard, the Culloden, and the Victory, ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of St. Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so: but Bow-bellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson, when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvass, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely

lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "*Battle of Vittoria*," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "*God save the King*" was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his "*Fighting Téméraire*;" which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

I must tell you, however, that Mr. Turner's performances are for the most part quite incomprehensible to me; and that his other pictures, which he is pleased to call "*Cicero at his Villa*," "*Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus*," "*Pluto carrying off Proserpina*," or what you will, are not a whit more natural, or less mad, than they used to be in former years, since he has forsaken nature, or attempted (like your French barbers) to embellish it. *On n'embellit pas la nature*, my dear Bricabrac; one may make pert caricatures of it, or mad exaggerations, like Mr. Turner in his fancy pieces. O ye gods! why will he not stick to copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fard of her own? Fancy pea-green skies, crimson-lake trees, and orange and purple grass—fancy cataracts, rainbows, suns, moons, and thunderbolts—shake them well up, with a quantity of gambouge, and you will have an idea of a fancy picture by Turner. It is worth a shilling alone to go and see "*Pluto and Proserpina*." Such a landscape! such figures! such a little red-hot coal-scuttle of a chariot! As Nat Lee sings—

"Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
Skim o'er the surface of a slipshod hat;
While, to increase the tumult of the skies,
A damned potato o'er the whirlwind flies."

If you can understand these lines, you can understand one of Turner's landscapes; and I recommend them to

him, as a pretty subject for a piece for next year.

Etty has a picture on the same subject as Turner's, "Pluto carrying off Proserpina;" and if one may complain that in the latter the figures are not indicated, one cannot at least lay this fault to Mr. Etty's door. His figures *are* drawn, and a deuced deal *too much* drawn. A great, large curtain of fig-leaves should be hung over every one of this artist's pictures, and the world should pass on, content to know that there are some glorious colours painted beneath. His colour, indeed, is sublime: I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better—but his taste! Not David nor Girodet ever offended propriety so—scarcely even Peter Paul himself, by whose side, as a colourist and a magnificent heroic painter, Mr. Etty is sometimes worthy to stand. I wish he would take Ariosto in hand, and give us a series of designs from him. His hand would be the very one for those deep luscious landscapes, and fiery scenes of love and battle. Besides "Proserpine," Mr. Etty has two more pictures, "Endymion," with a dirty, affected, beautiful, slatternly Diana, and a portrait of the "Lady-Mayoress of York;" which is a curiosity in its way. The line of her ladyship's eyes and mouth (it is a front face) are made to meet at a point in a marabon feather which she wears in her turban, and close to her cheekbone; while the expression of the whole countenance is so fierce, that you would imagine it a Lady Macbeth, and not a lady-mayoress. The picture has, nevertheless, some very fine painting about it—as which of Mr. Etty's pieces has not?

The artists say there is very fine painting, too, in Sir David Wilkie's great "Sir David Baird;" for my part, I think very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint; in this is a great flashing of torches, feathers, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib; and swagging over him on a step, waving a sword for no earthly purpose, and wearing a red jacket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvass of "Lady Jane Gray" (which is worth exactly twopence halfpenny) as Sir David's poor picture of "Seringapatam." Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his histo-

rical compositions—they seem to be painted with snuff and tallow grease: the faces are merely indicated, and without individuality; the forms only half-drawn, and almost always wrong. What has come to the hand that painted "The Blind Fiddler" and "The Chelsea Pensioners?" Who would have thought that such a portrait as that of "Master Robert Donne," or the composition entitled "The Grandfather," could ever have come from the author of "The Rent-Day" and "The Reading of the Will?" If it be but a contrast to this feeble, flimsy, transparent figure of Master Donne, the spectator cannot do better than cast his eyes upwards, and look at Mr. Linnell's excellent portrait of "Mr. Robert Peel." It is real, substantial nature, carefully and honestly painted, and without any flashy tricks of art. It may seem ungracious in "us youth" thus to fall foul of our betters; but if Sir David has taught us to like good pictures, by painting them formerly, we cannot help criticising if he paints bad ones now: and bad they most surely are.

From the censure, however, must be excepted the picture of "Grace before Meat," which, a little misty and feeble, perhaps, in drawing and substance, in colour, feeling, composition, and expression, is exquisite. The eye loves to repose upon this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterwards. When, as I said before, lines and colours come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn-tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft, melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath-days, while waves under cloudless blue the peaceful golden corn. Some such feeling of exquisite pleasure and content is to be had, too, from Mr. Eastlake's picture of "Our Lord and the little Children." You never saw such tender white faces, and solemn eyes, and sweet forms of mothers round their little ones bending gracefully. These pictures come straight to the heart, and then all criticism and calculation vanishes at once,—for the artist has attained his great end, which is, to strike far deeper than the sight; and we have no business to quarrel about defects in form and colour, which are but little parts of the great painter's skill.

Look, for instance, at another piece

of Mr. Eastlake's, called, somewhat affectedly, "*La Svegliarina*." The defects of the painter, which one does not condescend to notice when he is filled with a great idea, become visible instantly when he is only occupied with a small one; and you see that the hand is too scrupulous and finikin, the drawing weak, the flesh chalky, and unreal. The very same objections exist to the other picture, but the subject and the genius overcome them.

Passing from Mr. Eastlake's pictures to those of a greater genius, though in a different line,—look at Mr. Leslie's little pieces. Can any thing be more simple—almost rude—than their manner, and more complete in their effect upon the spectator? The very soul of comedy is in them; there is no coarseness, no exaggeration; but they gladden the eye, and the merriment which they excite cannot possibly be more pure, gentlemanlike, or delightful. Mr. Maclise has humour, too, and vast powers of expressing it; but whisky is not more different from rich burgundy than his fun from Mr. Leslie's. To our thinking, Leslie's little head of "*Sancho*" is worth the whole picture from *Gil Blas*, which hangs by it. In point of workmanship, this is, perhaps, the best picture that Mr. Maclise ever painted; the colour is far better than that usually employed by him, and the representation of objects carried to such an extent as we do believe was never reached before. There is a poached egg, which one could swallow; a trout, that beats all the trout that was ever seen; a copper pan, scoured so clean that you might see your face in it; a green blind, through which the sun comes; and a wall, with the sun shining on it, that De Hooghe could not surpass. This young man has the greatest power of hand that was ever had, perhaps, by any painter in any time or country. What does he want? Polish, I think; thought, and cultivation. His great picture of "*King Richard and Robin Hood*" is a wonder of dexterity of hand; but coarse, I think, and inefficient in humour. His models repeat themselves too continually. Allen à Dale, the harper, is the very counterpart of *Gil Blas*; and Robin Hood is only Apollo with whiskers: the same grin, the same display of grinders,—the same coarse, luscious mouth, belongs to both. In the large picture, every body grins, and shews his whole *ratelier*; and you

look at them, and say, "These people seem all very jolly." Leslie's characters do not laugh themselves, but they make *you* laugh; and this is where the experienced American artist beats the dashing young Irish one. We shall say nothing of the colour of Mr. Maclise's large picture; some part appears to us to be excellent, and the whole piece, as far as execution goes, is worthy of his amazing talents, and high reputation. Mr. Maclise has but one portrait; it is, perhaps, the best in the exhibition: sober in colour, wonderful for truth, effect, and power of drawing.

In speaking of portraits, there is never much to say; and they are fewer, and for the most part more indifferent, than usual. Mr. Pickersgill has a good one, a gentleman in a green chair; and one or two outrageously bad. Mr. Phillips's "*Doctor Sheppard*" is a finely painted head and picture; his lady, Duuraven, and her son, as poor, ill-drawn, and ill-coloured a performance as can possibly be. Mr. Wood has a pretty head; Mr. Stone a good portrait of a very noble-looking lady, the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood; Mr. Bewick a good one; and there are, of course, many others whose names might be mentioned with praise or censure, but whom we will, if you please, pass over altogether.

The great advance of the year is in the small historical compositions, of which there are many that deserve honourable mention. Redgrave's "*Return of Olivia to the Vicar*" has some very pretty painting and feeling in it; "*Quentin Matsys*," by the same artist, is tolerably good. D. Cowper's "*Othello relating his Adventures*," really beautiful; as is Cope's "*Belgian Family*." All these are painted with grace, feeling, and delicacy; as is E. M. Ward's "*Cimabue and Giotto*" (there is in Tiepolo's etchings the self-same composition, by the way); and Herbert's elegant picture of the "*Brides of Venice*." Mr. Severn's composition from the *Ancient Mariner* is a noble performance; and the figure of the angel with raised arm awful and beautiful too. It does good to see such figures in pictures as those and the above, invented and drawn,—for they belong, as we take it, to the best school of art, of which one is glad to see the daily spread among our young painters.

Mr. Charles Landseer's "*Pillage of a Jew's House*" is a very well and

carefully painted picture, containing a great many figures, and good points; but we are not going to praise it: it wants vigour, to our taste, and what you call *actualité*. The people stretch their arms and turn their eyes the proper way, but as if they were in a tableau, and paid for standing there: one longs to see them all in motion, and naturally employed.

I feel, I confess, a kind of delight in finding out Mr. Edwin Landseer in a bad picture; for the man paints so wonderfully well, that one is angry that he does not paint better, which he might with half his talent, and without half his facility. "Van Amburgh and the Lions" is a bad picture, and no mistake; dexterous, of course, but flat and washy: the drawing even of the animals is careless; that of the man bad, though the head is very like, and very smartly painted. Then there are other dog-and-man portraits; "Miss Peel with Fido," for instance. Fido is wonderful, and so are the sponges, and hair-brushes, and looking-glass, prepared for the dog's bath; and the drawing of the child's face, as far as the lines and expression go, is very good; but the face is covered with flesh-coloured paint, and not flesh, and the child looks like a wonderful doll, or imitation child, and not a real young lady, daughter of a gentleman who was prime minister last week (by the bye, my dear Bricabrac, did you ever read of such a pretty Whig game as that, and such a nice *coup d'état*?). There, again, is the beautiful little Princess of Cambridge, with a dog, and a piece of biscuit: the dog and the biscuit are just perfection; but the princess is no such thing,—only a beautiful apology for a princess, like that which Princess Penelope *didn't* send the other day to the lord-mayor of London.

We have to thank you (and not our Academy, which has hung the picture in a most scurvy way) for Mr. Scheffer's "Prêche Protestante." This fine composition has been thrust down on the ground, and trampled under foot, as it were, by a great number of worthless academics; but it merits one of the very best places in the gallery; and I mention it to hint an idea to your worship, which only could come from a great mind like that of Titmarsh,—to have, namely, some day, a great European congress of paintings, which might be exhibited at one place,—

Paris, say, as the most central; or, better still, travel about, under the care of trusty superintendents, as they might, without fear of injury. I think such a circuit would do much to make the brethren known to one another, and we should hear quickly of much manly emulation, and stout training for the contest. If you will mention this to Louis Philippe the next time you see that *roi citoyen* (mention it soon,—for, egad! the next *émeute* may be successful; and who knows when it will happen?)—if you will mention this at the Tuileries, we will take care of St. James's; for I suppose that you know, in spite of the Whigs, her most sacred majesty reads every word of *Fraser's Magazine*, and will be as sure to see this on the first of next month, as Lord Melbourne will be to dine with her on that day.

But let us return to our muttons. I think there are few more of the oil pictures about which it is necessary to speak; and besides them, there are a host of miniatures, difficult to expatiate upon, but pleasing to behold. There are Chalon's ogling beauties, half-a-dozen of them; and the skill with which their silks and satins are dashed in by the painter is a marvel to the beholder. There are Ross's heads, that to be seen must be seen through a microscope. There is Saunders, who runs the best of the miniature men very hard; and Thorburn, with Newton, Robertson, Rochard, and a host of others: and, finally, there is the sculpture-room, containing many pieces of clay and marble, and, to my notions, but two good things, a sleeping child (ridiculously called the Lady Susan Somebody), by Westmacott; and the bust of Miss Stuart, by Macdonald: never was any thing on earth more exquisitely lovely.

These things seen, take your stick from the porter at the hall door, cut it, and go to fresh picture-galleries; but ere you go, just by way of contrast, and to soothe your mind after the glare and bustle of the modern collection, take half an hour's repose in the National Gallery; where, before the "Bacchus and Ariadne," you may see what the magic of colour is; before "Christ and Lazarus" what is majestic, solemn, grace, and awful beauty; and before the new "St. Catharine" what is the real divinity of art. O, Eastlake and Turner!—O, Maclise and

Mulready! you are all very nice men; but what are you to the men of old?

Issuing then from the National Gallery—you may step over to Farrance's by the way, if you like, and sip an ice, or bolt a couple of dozen forced-meat-balls in a basin of mock-turtle-soup—issuing, I say, from the National Gallery, and after refreshing yourself or not, as your purse or appetite permits, you arrive speedily at the Water-Colour Exhibition, and cannot do better than enter. I know nothing more cheerful or sparkling than the first *coup d'ail* of this little gallery. In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact; pretty women with pretty pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyflarth is a dear, delicious painter, and that her style is "so soft;" and that Miss Sharpe paints every bit as well as her sister; and that Mr. Jean Paul Frederick Richter draws the loveliest things, to be sure, that ever were seen. Well, very likely the ladies are right, and it would be unpolite to argue the matter; but I wish Mrs. Seyflarth's gentlemen and ladies were not so dreadfully handsome, with such white pillars of necks, such long eyes and lashes, and such dabs of carmine at the mouth and nostrils. I wish Miss Sharpe would not paint Scripture subjects, and Mr. Richter great goggle-eyed, red-cheeked, simpering wenches, whose ogling has become odious from its repetition. However, the ladies like it, and, of course, must have their way.

If you want to see *real* nature, now, real expression, real startling home poetry, look at every one of Hunt's heads. Hogarth never painted any thing better than these figures, taken singly. That man rushing away frightened from the beer-barrel, is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players; they have a penny pack of the devil's books, and one has just laid down the king of trumps! I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. MacIse, and see what genuine comedy

is; you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslies, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses; if I had the blue-devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled), I would but cast my eyes upon these grand, good-humoured pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect "Before and After the Mutton Pie," the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models, I cannot tell; they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as "Sancho;" blessed is he that has his portfolio full of them.

There is no need to mention to you the charming landscapes of Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Gastineau, and the rest. A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical.

Mr. Cattermole has, among others, two very fine drawings; a large one, the most finished and the best coloured of any which have been exhibited by this fine artist; and a smaller one, "The Portrait," which is charming. The portrait is that of Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn; and Henry the VIIIth is the person examining it, with the cardinal at his side, the painter before him, and one or two attendants. The picture seems to me a perfect masterpiece, very simply coloured and composed, but delicious in effect and tone, and telling the story to a wonder. It is much more gratifying, I think, to let a painter tell his own story in this way, than to bind him down to a scene of Ivanhoe or Uncle Toby; or worse still, to an illustration of some wretched story in some wretched fribble Annual. Wo to the painter who falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Heath (I speak, of course, not of Mr. Heath personally, but in a Pickwickian sense—of Mr. Heath the Annual-monger); he ruins the young artist, sucks his brains out, emasculates his genius so as to make it fit company for the purchasers of Annuals. Take, for instance, that unfortunate young man, Mr. Corbould, who gave great promise two years since, painted a pretty picture last year, and now—he has been in the hands of the Annual-mongers, and has left wellnigh all his

vigour behind him. Numerous Zuleikhas and Lalla Rookhs, which are hanging about the walls of the Academy and the New Water-Colour Gallery, give lamentable proofs of this : such handsome Turks and leering sultanas ; such Moors, with straight noses and pretty curled beards ! Away, Mr. Corbould ! away while it is yet time, out of the hands of these sickly, heartless Annual-syrens ! and ten years hence, when you have painted a good, vigorous, healthy picture, bestow the tear of gratitude upon Titmarsh, who tore you from the lap of your crimson-silk-and-gilt-edged Armida.

Mr. Cattermole has a couple, we will not say of imitators, but of friends, who admire his works very much ; these are, Mr. Nash and Mr. Lake Price ; the former paints furniture and old houses, the latter old houses and furniture, and both very pretty. No harm can be said of these miniature scene-painters ; on the contrary, Mr. Price's "Gallery at Hardwicke" is really remarkably dexterous ; and the chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures, are nicked off with extraordinary neatness and sharpness — and then ! why then, no more is to be said. Cobalt, sepia, and a sable pencil, will do a deal of work, to be sure ; and very pretty it is, too, when done ; and as for finding fault with it, that nobody will and can ; but an artist wants something more than sepia, cobalt, and sable pencils, and the knowledge how to use them. What do you think, my dear Bricabrac of a little *genius*? — *that's* the picture-painter, depend on it.

Being on the subject of water-colours, we may as well step into the New Water-Colour Exhibition : not so good as the old, but very good. You will see here a large drawing by Mr. Corbould of a tournament, which will shew at once how clever that young artist is, and how weak and *manière*. You will see some charming unaffected English landscapes by Mr. Sims ; and a capital Spanish Girl by Hicks, of which the flesh-painting cannot be too much approved. It is done without the heavy white, with which water-colour artists are now wont to belabour their pictures ; and is, therefore, frankly and clearly painted, as all transparent water-colour drawing must be. The same praise of clearness, boldness, and depth of tone must be given to Mr. Absolon, who uses no white, and only just so

much stippling as is necessary ; his picture has the force of oil, and we should be glad to see his manner more followed.

Mr. Haghe's "Town Hall of Courtray" has attracted, and deservedly, a great deal of notice. It is a very fine and masterly architectural drawing, rich and sombre in effect, the figures introduced being very nearly as good as the rest of the picture. Mr. Haghe, we suppose, will be called to the upper house of water-colour painters, who might well be anxious to receive into their ranks many persons belonging to the new society. We hope, however, the latter will be faithful to themselves ; there is plenty of room for two galleries, and the public must, ere long, learn to appreciate the merits of the new one. Having spoken a word in favour of Mr. Johnston's pleasing and quaintly-coloured South American sketches, we have but to bend our steps to Suffolk Street, and draw this discourse to a close.

Here is a very fine picture, indeed, by Mr. Hurlstone, "Olympia attacked by Bourbon's Soldiers in Saint Peter's, and flying to the Cross." Seen from the further room, this picture is grand in effect and colour, and the rush of the armed men towards the girl, finely and vigorously expressed. The head of Olympia has been called too calm by the critics ; it seems to me most beautiful, and the action of the figure springing forward and flinging its arms round the cross, nobly conceived and executed. There is a good deal of fine Titianic painting in the soldiers' figures (Oh, that Mr. Hurlstone would throw away his lamp-black !), and the background of the church is fine, vast, and gloomy. This is the best historical picture to be seen any where this year ; perhaps the worst is the one which stands at the other end of the room, and which strikes upon the eye as if it were an immense water-colour sketch, of a feeble picture by President West. Speaking of historical paintings, I forgot to mention a large and fine picture by Mr. Dyce, the "Separation of Edwy and Elgiva ;" somewhat crude and odd in colour, with a good deal of exaggeration in the countenances of the figures, but having grandeur in it, and unmistakable genius ; there is a figure of an old woman seated, which would pass muster very well in a group of Sebastian Piombo.

A capitally painted head by Mr. Stone, called the "Sword-bearer," almost as fresh, bright, and vigorous as a Vandyke, is the portrait, we believe, of a brother-artist, the clever actor Mr. M^rtan. The latter's picture of "Sir Tristram in the Cave" deserves especial remark and praise; and is really as fine a dramatic composition as one will often see. The figures of the knight and the lady asleep in the foreground, are novel, striking, and beautifully easy. The advance of the old king, who comes upon the lovers; the look of the hideous dwarf, who finds them out; and behind, the line of spears that are seen glancing over the rocks, and indicating the march of the unseen troops, are all very well conceived and arranged. The piece deserves engraving; it is wild, poetic, and original. To how many pictures, now-a-days, can one apply the two last terms?

There are some more new pictures, in the midst of a great quantity of trash, that deserve notice. Mr. D. Cowper is always good; Mr. Stewart's "Grandfather" contains two excellent likenesses, and is a pleasing little picture. Mr. Hurlstone's "Italian Boy," and "Girl with a Dog," are excellent; and, in this pleasant mood, for fear of falling into an angry fit on coming to look further into the gallery, it will be as well to conclude. Wishing many remembrances to Mrs. Bricabrac, and better luck to you in the next *émeute*, I beg here to bid you farewell, and entreat you to accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

M. A. T.

*Au Citoyen Brutus Napoléon Bricabrac,
Réfugié d'Avril, Blessé de Mai, Con-
damné de Juin, Decoré de Juillet, &c. &c.
Hôtel Dieu, à Paris.*

PIÙ CHE LEGGIADRA.

Prè che leggiadra sei, e più vezzosa,
Serba intatta la fede al tuo diletto;
Vivi di tua beltà, vivi gelosa
Di bel candore, che non ha difetto:
Ogni alito di molle insidiosa
Aura, che spiri da caduco aggetto,
Può la dolce scemar vampa amorosa
Che per gli occhj bevesti, e nutri in petto.
Sgorra dal cavo sen di balzi Alpina
Limpido il fonte, in cui vivo umore
Il sole per vaghezza i raggi affina;
Ma quando un picciol sulco or 'erba, or fiore
Folleggiando a lambir per via declina,
A poco a poco impoverisce e muore.

SALANDRI.

TRANSLATION.

O lady, list! Earth's loveliest though thou be,
Keep pure the vow unto thy dear one plighted;
Have in thine heart a noble jealousy,
"White in thy soul," by mean delights unblighted.
Each soft insidious sigh of vain desire,
That breathes from aught of frail and earthly kind,
Hath power to quench that sweet and hallowed fire
Drunk by thine eyes, and in thine heart enshrined.
Pure wells the fount, from Alpine cave descending,
O'er whose bright wave the sun his splendour streaming,
Laughs to behold his rays in glory blending;
But if it seek, in truant mazes gleaming,
Or herb to kiss, or flowret's dew-sprent eyes,
Weaker and weaker grown, it glitters, faints, and dies.

THE APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

AMIDST all the "explan-ations," expostul-ations, recrimin-ations, and exceeding vex-ations, which have followed the late ingress and egress of Sir Robert Peel into and out of Buckingham Palace, there has always appeared to us one strong and manifest ground of comfort and consolation, to which we have frequently and, indeed, perpetually turned. We mean, the thought, that however disappointing and annoying the feeling may have been, of having so nearly realized a Conservative administration; and yet having failed—it would have been far worse for the cause of good government, and the permanent well-being of the country, had the attempt been carried considerably further; had it apparently prospered for a much longer period, and then resulted, as it probably would, in a still greater failure, and a far more signal discomfiture.

We should not wonder if these words of ours, "as it probably would," were eagerly caught up by some of the ministerial prints, and paraded before their readers as conveying an important admission. Those among them who are altogether reckless of character may take them, if they please, and make the most of them. But if there be those among their number who have any wish to keep up an appearance of fairness,—to such we would say,—Quote not these four words without adding also our explanation of the sense, and the only sense, in which we could ever dream of using them.

Our apprehension that the proposed administration of Sir Robert Peel might, and probably would, have failed; and might, in its failure, have encouraged and strengthened the revolutionary party, is wholly founded on a single passage in the Right Hon. Baronet's speech, in which he explained his views and proceedings to the House of Commons. That passage is as follows:—

"Surely, Sir, in addition to the ordinary difficulties besetting the course of a Prime Minister, there are circumstances which render that position, at the present moment, peculiarly onerous and arduous. I had a strong impression that it was my duty to make every effort to conduct public affairs through the intervention of the present Parliament. I did not think it was desirable to follow the course taken in 1834, and commence the Government by a Dissolution. After the frequent Dissolutions that have taken place, and in the balanced state of parties, it was my deep conviction that it was my duty to make every effort, in the first instance, to conduct public affairs through the intervention of the present Parliament."

Now, we shall not presume to say, that, in forming this determination, Sir Robert Peel acted injudiciously; for it may be, and, as we shall presently shew, it probably was the case, that he had, at that moment, no option, no reasonable possibility of taking any other course. We merely observe, that from this passage we learn that it was his intention to go on, if possible, with the present Parliament; and that we have a deep-rooted conviction that such an attempt would have ended in a most disastrous failure. And therefore it is that we derive some degree of consolation, amid our momentary disappointment, from the reflection, that a longer continuance in office, closing at last in a bed-chamber intrigue and compelled retirement from it, would have been a calamity in comparison with which our present vexation is not worthy of a moment's thought. Let the ministerialist, then, who would quote our admission of a probable failure, give it without suppression. We believe that Sir Robert Peel, dissolving Parliament in a week after his acceptance of office, would have been so supported by the people as to be enabled to form a government which would have endured for the term of his natural life. But we also believe that Sir Robert Peel, endeavouring to carry on the Government with 330 Whigs and Radicals in the House of Commons, would have been entrapped and overthrown, probably before the termination of a single session.

To be fully understood, we must amplify a little what we have already said. And, first, of our admission, that we are not entitled to pass judgment on Sir Robert Peel's declared intention—inasmuch as it is quite possible that no other course was open to him.

With us out of doors, nothing is more easy than to say, "Oh, dissolve Parliament, to be sure." Nor can we doubt that Sir Robert Peel was as well

aware as other people of the immense advantage that would have resulted from a dissolution. But there was another point to which he would be obliged to give its just weight in the question; namely, how so bold a measure, suddenly taken, would have been received, both by the members of Parliament and by the constituencies.

As to the latter, there could not be much doubt. Very little difference of opinion, we believe, would have existed. Yet even here it is quite possible to be too hasty. We well remember that, in 1835, there were not a few, even of those calling themselves Conservatives, who chose to be offended by Sir Robert Peel's instant dissolution of Parliament, and exclaimed in a huff, that "the Duke was disposed to dragoon the people." There would have been little of this sort of language now; but still it is necessary to be cautious in so decisive and irremediable a step.

A greater difficulty presents itself in the case of the gentlemen who are already in quiet possession of their seats, and who would see no great amusement in being sent into the country, to the task of a hard canvas, coupled with a large expenditure. A little reflection might shew them the need there was of such a sacrifice; but if suddenly called upon when quite otherwise disposed, many of them might very naturally refuse to partake in such a costly, and, to them, unnecessary entertainment.

Nothing, therefore, is more easy than to imagine why, at the moment, no other course presented itself to Sir Robert Peel, than to make at least a short trial of the existing House of Commons. But we must next add our reasons for rejoicing that the opportunity was not afforded him of entering upon so dangerous a path.

We feel perfectly assured, that, at the outset, every thing would have appeared beyond all expectation favourable. The dread of a dissolution would have worked wonders. As many as *forty* of the Whigs, we have heard on unquestionable authority, would have given in an immediate adhesion: in most cases under the plea of the necessity of supporting any Government against the Radicals and Chartists; but in reality because nearly every one of them knew his seat to be lost if a dissolution took place. Besides these, there were divers of the more needy of the Radicals, and of O'Connell's tail, who were sure of their re-election, but who dreaded the expense. These could not, for shame, support a Tory government; but they would have cautiously avoided provoking it into a dissolution. From these two causes, the new ministry might have calculated upon carrying their speaker by a majority of at least 100. And here would have followed one obvious evil consequence. A dissolution would now have been put out of the question. The Conservative members themselves, not relishing unnecessary trouble and expense, would have insisted on the evidently favourable disposition of the House, and thus it would have become obviously impossible for the ministry even to think of calling a new parliament.

Assured, now, of at least the postponement of this danger, the Whigs and Radicals would begin to re-assume their former courage, and to stand upon the watch for coming opportunities. Their new circumstances, as an opposition, would speedily put an end to their dissensions, and another "compact alliance" would be formed. By degrees, those who had professed adhesion to the Conservative ministry would begin to absent themselves, or to assume a doubtful tone, or to talk of taking an independent line. This sort of manœuvre would soon become general, and the House would again be divided into the two classes, namely, 318 who were steady supporters of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, and 340 who were at least not his supporters. Still, however, the enemy would be careful to furnish the Government with no excuse for a dissolution, until the moment came in which such a step was no longer possible.

And come it would. The revolutionists in England, and the priests in Ireland, would soon press the Government to the limits of all possible endurance. O'Connell's rabble, especially, would be employed either to trample on the government, or to force it to bring forward harsh and unpopular measures. Some kind of restraint would probably become necessary, to prevent the dismemberment of the empire, or the dissolution of all civil society. Then, let the Government propose what it would,—let its requirements be as reasonable, as moderate, as the greatest wisdom could make them,—a pretence would speedily be found to denominate them "arbitrary," "tyrannical," and "atrocious." Lord

Grey's bill was denominated "the Algerine enactment," and what better language could Sir Robert Peel expect?

And now the standard of a vehement opposition would again be raised, and all the doubtful or hesitating would again be recalled to the ranks of the combined Whig-Radical army. In one of two ways a dissolution would be made an impracticable step. Either such an outcry would be raised in the country as to render the success of the Conservatives in a general election very uncertain; or, if that could not be done, the word would be given, by a friend at Court, that if the Queen would be firm, and withhold her consent from a dissolution, the ministry must retire, and Lord Melbourne be reinstated. And such would have been the close, before many months had elapsed, of the second attempt of Sir Robert Peel to govern England under a reformed parliament.

Are we, then, admitting that it is impossible for a Conservative ministry to keep its ground under the operation of the Reform Bill? Not in the least. We again say, that if Sir Robert Peel had continued premier, and had dissolved Parliament before the month of May had closed, the result would have been the return of a House of Commons so decidedly Conservative, as to render a Whig or a Whig-Radical government impossible for the next twenty years. Still, seeing the plain declaration in Sir Robert Peel's speech, that it was not his intention thus to have acted, we rejoice that he had no opportunity of experimenting in the hazardous, and, we fear, ruinous, course of "making trial" of the present Parliament.

Such is our consolation as to the past. Now for a hasty glance at present circumstances, and future probabilities.

What is the position of the ministry? It is the strangest, the most anomalous possible. On Tuesday they retire, declaredly on the just and constitutional ground, that they had lost the confidence of the House of Commons. On Friday they return to office, for no better reason than this, — that the queen has differed with Sir Robert Peel concerning two ladies of the bedchamber, and therefore wishes them to resume office. On this ground, solely, they come again before Parliament, and announce their intention of endeavouring to carry on the government; but without adding one syllable of explanation as to *how* it is to be carried on. Of course, in their silence, conjecture has been busy. First, it was said, that eight or ten Radical members, who had voted against them on the Jamaica question, had been lured or frightened back to their standard; and that they again possessed their majority of twenty-two. This, however, appears to be untrue. One or two waverers there may be, but the secession from their ranks remains for the most part as heretofore. And if the wound be not thoroughly healed, it will probably break out again and again. In matters of this kind, as well as in others, it may be said, that, *the first step is the greatest difficulty*. The ice being once broken, it is impossible that things can return to their former state. To give the ministry their former safe and trustworthy majority of twenty-two, without some great change in affairs, is now altogether impossible.

But the next supposition is, that some such change is about to take place. The ministerial journals have been indefatigable in their assurances to the grumbling Radicals, that now at last ministers have determined on a *forward movement*; that nothing more shall be said of "the finality of the Reform Bill," but that something tangible and important—if not quite all they would desire—shall be immediately conceded to them. Some of their fourth-rate people, such as Bulwer at Lincoln, have even begun to describe the identical concessions which the cabinet are about to make. These are, "a general penny-postage; the repeal of the rate-paying clauses in the Reform Bill; the extension of the ten-pound suffrage to counties; and the making the Ballot an *open question*."

The first of these has no imaginable bearing, that we can perceive, on Radicalism. It is a fancy taken up by many Conservatives as well as many Liberals; and in its results is no more likely to aid the cause of Radicalism, than the cause of Teetotalism. It is difficult to conceive how it got mixed up in a political controversy at all. Its chief promoter is a man of the name of Hill, a member of the family of jobbers of that name. There were five brothers, who kept a Socinian boarding-school in some lane at Tottenham, and who finding, we suppose, that five "Squeerses" were rather too large an allowance for one "Dothieboys' Hall," have lately drafted themselves off, and looked out for free quarters at

the public expense in other directions. One, who has been a useful lacquy of the Home Office for several years, has just got himself made "Recorder of Birmingham;" another gets together a parcel of gulls to form an Australian, or New Zealand, or Timbuctoo Emigration Society—we do not remember which;—and a third is evidently trying to worry the Post-Office until, wearied with his clamour, they shall buy him off with a good place.

Meanwhile, by dint of pertinacity, he has succeeded in working the "Uniform-penny-postage question" into an apparent momentary importance, and we should not be astonished if the government were to throw the dogs this bone, by way of keeping them quiet for the remainder of the session. But, as we have already said, we are quite unable to perceive what gain the Radicals, as Radicals, can expect to make by it.

The other matters are of greater political importance, and we shall consider each apart.

The weakest point in Lord John Russell's very sensible Letter to the Electors of Stroud, is his allusion to the rate-paying clauses in the Reform Bill. He says,

"If they, the Lords, cannot be persuaded to adopt even such amendments of the Reform Bill as to give a little further time to the rate-payer for the payment of his rates," &c. &c.

We believe that Lord John Russell is not aware of the real state of the case. The object of those who demand the repeal of the rate-paying clauses, is not at all "to give a little further time to the rate-payer for the payment of his rates," but *to introduce upon the register a set of vagabond voters, upon whom they may always rely for any required amount of ultra-Radicalism.*

There is not, at present, the least hardship upon the *bonâ fide* rate-payer,—i. e. upon him who wishes, or endeavours, to pay rates at all. Lord John Russell is, probably, not aware of the latitude which the law already gives. The Reform Bill merely provides, that every householder who is to be registered as an elector on the 20th of July, shall by that day have paid all poor-rates and assessed taxes which were due from him up to the 5th of April. But the act does not provide that a poor-rate shall be made *just before* the 5th of April, and, in fact, very few rates are so made. If Lord John Russell will inquire in the parish of St. James, Westminster, he will find that the poor-rate is generally made for the whole year, about Midsummer. There is no other rate, then, due on the 5th of April, 1839, in that parish, than that which was made in July 1838. Consequently, the householder who comes to be registered in July 1839, can only be rejected, on the rate-paying clauses, if he is *more than a year in arrear*. Surely this is latitude enough. The man who has left his rates unpaid for more than twelve months, is either one of those who pay nothing till they are compelled, or he is deplorably poor. In either case it is in no way desirable that he should be inserted on the register.

The parish of St. James's, Westminster, may be an extreme case, but it ordinarily happens that the latest rate demandable on the 5th of April, is a rate made about Christmas, or early in January. The voter, therefore, who is required to have paid such a rate by the 20th of July, has already *more than six months* allowed him. What can be reasonably required beyond this?

But, in truth, the object the Radicals have in view in urging this point, is the getting upon the register a class of voters whom they know to be exactly suited to their purpose,—men who hate all rates and all taxes, and who pay nothing till they are compelled:—men who are always ready to join in any revolutionary outcry that may be afloat.

The next proposition is even less reasonable, namely, the adding to the county constituencies the whole mass of ten-pound householders, excepting, of course, those already enfranchised in the borough towns. We do not think it at all likely that such an idea is seriously entertained; but not only has the coxcomb Bulwer promulgated it at Lincoln, but the respectable old Whig, Mr. Denison, has spoken of it in Surrey.

Yet the idea is objectionable, and, in fact, wholly inadmissible on several grounds. It would be a prodigious change in the Reform Bill; adding to the constituencies by tens of thousands at a stroke of the pen. If any such fancy could be listened to for a moment, the Reform Bill must never more be looked

upon as a settlement of the question, but rather as a rough draft or outline, to be afterwards improved upon at leisure.

But further;—if the ten-pound householders were added to the county constituencies, merely because occupiers of their class formed the bulk of the voters for the boroughs, they must at least submit to the provisos which regulate that sort of franchise. The payment of rates and taxes must be made a condition of registry, as in town constituencies. This would introduce into the county registrations an entirely new feature, making them twice as complex and troublesome as at present, and tending to make the whole business of registration a perfect nuisance to the public.

A third objection would be, the prodigious masses of voters which would, on this plan, be united in single constituencies. All the houses in Chelsea and Kensington, from 10*l.* a-year up to 50*l.* to be added to the Middlesex register! The like of Edmonton, Tottenham, Hampstead, and Highgate! And what would be the bulk of the register of voters for the West Riding of Yorkshire? Would four large volumes in quarto contain their names? No!—we cannot believe that any such monstrous scheme as this is seriously entertained by any one above the rank of a treasury whipper-in.

But the one demand upon which the Radicals have of late laid the most stress, is that of making the Ballot “an open question.” To a great and culpable degree, it is so now; for we have seen, in the last two divisions, subordinate members of the Government voting in its favour without dismissal, and even without rebuke. But what the Radicals demand is, that it shall be publicly and authoritatively declared to be a question entirely open, so as to enable them to call for the support of every member of the administration who has at any time declared his opinion to be favourable to its adoption. This one point they rightly judge to be of so great importance, as to render the loss of a whole session, if only this were extorted, a trifling service for such a concession.

And why do they attach so much importance to this so (seemingly) trifling a boon?

1. Because they know, to use the words of the *Courier* (May 24), that

“A popular principle, having once become an open question, is certain of adoption before many years pass over.”

2. Because they are equally well aware that the Ballot, once adopted, would lead to so many and so great changes, that in a very short space of time, not a vestige of the ancient Constitution of Great Britain would remain. All this Lord John Russell has well explained in his recent letter. He says,

“Some rebuked me for mixing two questions altogether distinct; and some among my friends voted for Ballot, determined not to consent to an extension of the suffrage. It was with some satisfaction, therefore, that I saw in the *Morning Chronicle*, of March 25th of the present year, this manifesto:—

“Our first point of union is the Ballot. But the Ballot, combined with the present limited franchise, and in the present, which is likely to be the permanent, temper of the disfranchised, would be an unendurable anomaly. It would aggravate the existing breach between the middle and working classes.”

“Indeed! I entirely agree in this opinion. I believe if Ballot could be made effectual, those who have no votes would be far more discontented than they now are. Ballot is suited to an absolute Government of the few, or a free Government where the suffrage is universal.—The absolute aristocracy of Venice used it in its perfection; the people of the United States use it—it accords with their principle ‘that the majority is to govern.’ The will of the people of the United States is supreme; it has no check; and every one shares in the sovereignty. But for the middle classes of this country to pretend to an irresponsible and secret power over the destinies of the country, would be, as the *Morning Chronicle* says, ‘an unendurable anomaly.’

“But then Household Suffrage—on your principle you do not go far enough. Will the non-householders be satisfied? Are the working classes, not householders, ready to submit to their entire exclusion in favour of the householders? Will they not exclaim against the partiality? Will they not join in demanding that, with Vote by Ballot, Universal Suffrage is the only tolerable scheme?

“Moreover, these words, Household Suffrage, do not explain the plan. Is the country to be divided into departments? If the middle-sized towns are still to send members, Household Suffrage and Ballot will make them sinks of corruption. If not,

will they bear to be swamped in the surrounding country? Before the people are excited to throw aside the Reform Act, these questions should be answered."

But the Radicals know all this quite as well as Lord John. Is it not, then, an act of prodigious coolness,—in other words, an act of audacious impudence, in these men to go to Lord John, or to Lord Melbourne, *as they have lately done*,—and to prefer it as a reasonable demand, "that the Ballot shall be made an open question." What! When it is confessed, as it is on all hands, that it is required to be made "an open question" first, in order that it may be carried immediately afterwards; and that the success of the Ballot-men brings the Household Suffrage-men to our very doors, with the Universal Suffrage-men immediately behind them,—what, with all this inevitable sequence of demand full in view, are the men who are so entirely entrusted with the care of the throne of our youthful Queen,—are they to be asked *only* to make the Ballot an open question? What is this but the unblushing proposition of an enemy, who believes the man he is speaking to to be in heart a traitor? "You are afraid of me; perhaps you think I want to rob the house; you doubt if it will be safe or proper to give me even a night's lodging within your walls. Well, then, I will only urge one small request. When you retire to rest at night—*just leave the back door open*, or at least, *do not bolt it!* Oblige me in that little matter, and you shall find me grateful."

No housebreaker would venture even to whisper such a proposition as this, if he did not fully believe that he whom he addressed was at heart unfaithful. Nor can any Radical insult Lord Melbourne with a proposition, that the Ballot may be made an open question, *in order* that it may be carried,—*in order* that Household Suffrage and Universal Suffrage may follow in due course,—except as he believes that the Premier is at heart a traitor, who, with the greatest professions of attachment to his sovereign, would yet care nothing for the betrayal of her throne, if such a step could answer his own selfish ends.

Considering all these things, we are incredulous as to the probability of any considerable change in the policy of the Melbourne administration. We must assume that they mean nothing more than simply to take up again their resigned offices, and to go on just as if nothing had happened.

But is this possible? Can they allege that such an attachment to themselves and their system has been shewn, alike by the Queen and the people, as to warrant them in reconsidering the matter, and in recalling their former determination?

On the contrary, never, perhaps, did men fall so universally unlamented; and never did a cabinet re-assume office amid so scanty a measure of approbation and support.

Some Whig will perhaps exclaim, on reading this, "What I are not the daily papers filled, morning by morning, with meetings, and resolutions, and addresses, expressive of gratulation and delight at the resumption of office by Lord Melbourne and his colleagues?"

Have you, who put this question, ever read the resolutions and addresses to which you allude? If you had, you would scarcely have spoken so confidently of this matter.

We have taken the trouble to wade through some of these proceedings, and never were we so fully aware of the extent to which the Whig-Radical Journals rely upon the blindness and gullibility of their readers. They have been, for the last ten days, cramming their subscribers with pretended addresses and resolutions in praise of the Melbourne Cabinet—when, in point of fact, any one who closely examined these documents, would find, that more than half their number *actually prayed for a change of ministers!*

We ran over two or three numbers of the *Globe* newspaper, just now, and our eye immediately rested upon the following passages in some of these so-much-vaunted addresses. And let the reader remember that the writers of the whole of these declarations well knew that there was no vacancy or change in the administration—that the whole matter was, that Lord Melbourne's Cabinet had been fully restored, men and measures, just as it stood a week before. This being the fact, let our readers peruse the following sentiments, all emanating from Whig-Radical meetings, and say whether ever before was a Cabinet found which reckoned *such* declarations as these to be complimentary, and to redound to its honour?

HULL.—“ This meeting expresses a fervent hope that her Majesty will surround her throne with such advisers as will,” &c.

SOUTHAMPTON.—“ Imploring your Majesty to call to your councils such ministers as will,” &c.

WARE.—“ We humbly beseech your Majesty to call such men to your councils as will,” &c.

YARMOUTH.—“ We anticipate with confidence the selection of ministers, who, by supporting all necessary reforms,” &c. “ will secure,” &c.

HACKNEY.—“ To pray your Majesty to admit to your councils those ministers only who will,” &c.

BRAINTREE.—“ Your memorialists the more earnestly pray that your Majesty will be pleased forthwith to call to your councils ministers who,” &c.

LINCOLN.—“ Entreat your Majesty to take to your councils statesmen of enlarged and liberal views.”

LEITH.—“ We earnestly pray your Majesty to call to your councils such ministers as, while they will,” &c.

PLYMOUTH.—“ To humbly pray she will call to her councils only such men as will,” &c.

RICHMOND.—“ That your Majesty will, at this momentous crisis, call to your councils those only who are,” &c.

BRIGHTON.—“ To impress on the mind of her Majesty the necessity of calling to her councils men who,” &c.

These specimens might be doubled. And what is their uniform language? Why, knowing that Lord Melbourne and his colleagues had quietly resumed their places, these addresses, instead of thanking and felicitating her Majesty on the recovery of her lost treasure, one and all speak of her as if about to choose, to select, to call to her councils, a new set of advisers! And these are the documents upon which the Ministerial Journals are so abounding in exultation!—documents which, as we before said, are tantamount to a request for a *change of ministers*!

The obvious truth is, that all these addressers and resolvers were taken in. They read Lord Melbourne's resignation, and they believed it. They saw him declare that he could no longer carry on the Government, and they took for granted that he meant what he said. Of course, therefore, when they saw him return to his post, they naturally concluded that his intention was, to attempt the construction of a new Cabinet. This view, and this only, explains their language; which, when Lord M. simply “ gets his bankruptcy superseded,” and goes on just as before, becomes the language of sarcasm, or rather of direct censure.

Meanwhile, there stands this miserable ministry,—no one being able to make out either how it got into its present position, still less, how it is ever to get out of it. Nearer to a stand-still it is scarcely possible for any thing called a “ government ” to come. In fact, we feel our very pen paralysed by a doubt whether it will be in existence when this leaves the press!

But the impossibility of the continuance of the present state of things, makes it the more necessary that the Conservatives should, one and all, prepare for the emergency which must very soon arrive. We trust that Sir Robert Peel will not again consent—and that none of his friends will wish him to consent—to conduct the government of these realms upon any other condition than that of immediately summoning together a Conservative House of Commons. After all that has passed, this must become the one leading point, in any future negotiation; and our main object is, in these few hasty lines, to urge the Conservatives, both in the House of Commons and in the various constituencies, to lose no time in making all needful preparations for such an emergency.

TWO SONNETS FOR JUNE.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

I.

I MUST proceed, like Tristram, to narrate
 A story of Lefevre. At the time—
 (Not of the Siege of Dendremond, my rhyme
 Sternly forbids Sterne's story to relate ;
 But at a period)—big with funeral fate
 Of Melbourne and his cabinet, Abercromby
 (Who now must, as Dunfermline, ever dumb be,
 Gagged by his peerage) dropped the Speaker's state ;
 And in his place, to gratify Whig wants,
 Was not set up Ralph Bernal, though his eye,
 Gleaming from chair, is precious as a Jew's,
 But Shaw Lefevre, an M.P. of Hants,
 Brother of him, Poor-Lord-Commissioner-High,
 Paunch-stinting *chef* of gruels and burgoos.

II.

They chose him, therefore, amid much applause ;
 And there he sits—the thing is not mistaken—
 Yon Hampshire hog, as if he were a Bacon,
 Presiding o'er the factory of laws.
 Loud burst the cheering forth from Whiggish jaws,
 When it was told that he the day had won :
 And yet it was a mystery to none,
 That, spite of all the Radical "hems-and-haws,"
 They'd knuckle to the ministers, and give
 In such a house the balance. But, I ween,
 Dear Johnny Russell, you could ne'er believe
 That balance would have dwindled to *eighteen* ;
 And as nine tailors make a man, good squeaker,
 That twice nine tailors should make up your Speaker.

M. O'D.

So ends the June Number, and the first volume for 1839. What is to be the sonnet in January? Leave that to him who is to make it.

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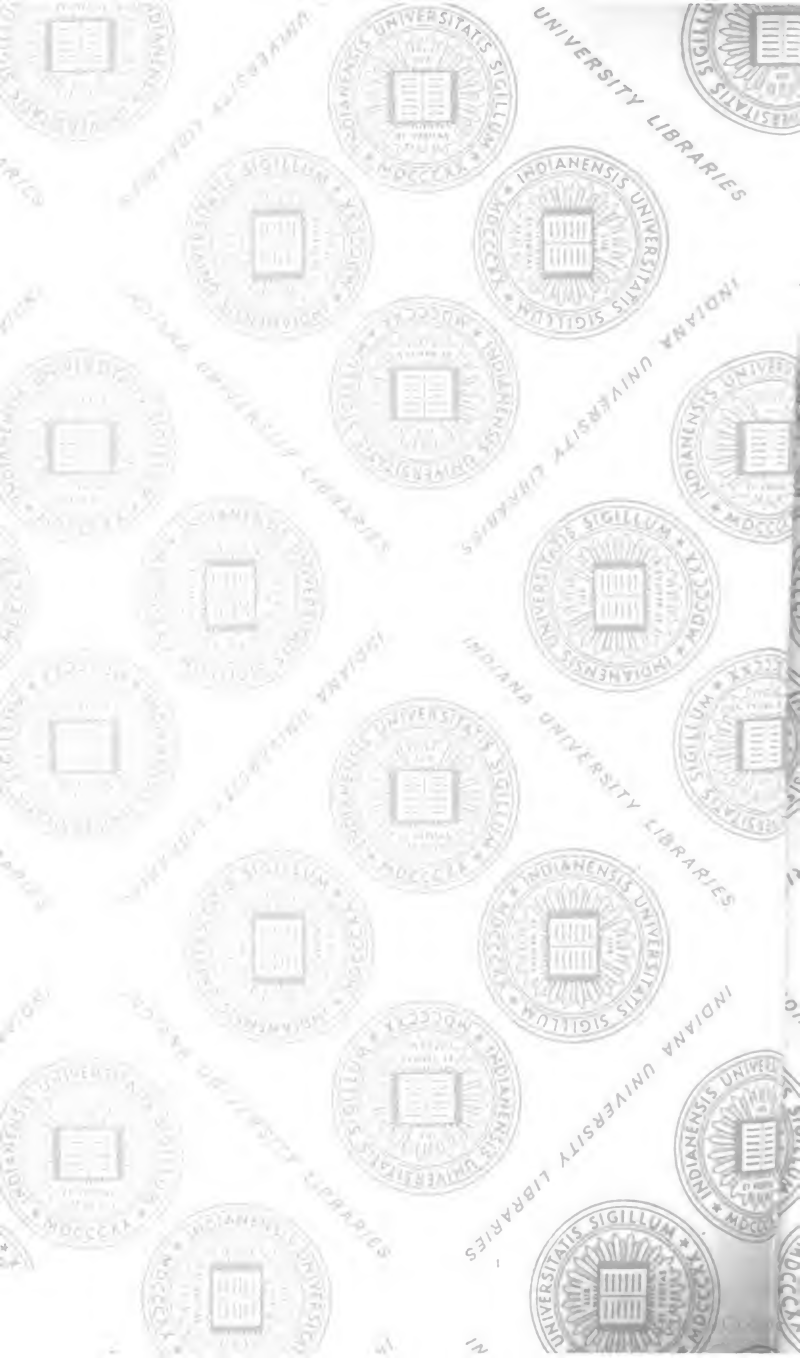
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